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July 1963 / Sixty Cents

Harper's

magazine

**The Apish Origins of
Human Tension: THE CASE OF THE
AMIABLE CHIMPS AND THE NERVOUS BABOONS**
JOHN E. PFEIFFER



ADLAI E. STEVENSON

The Hard Kind of Patriotism

JOSEPH RODDY AND HENRY B. CABOT

The Impregnable Boston Symphony

RUSSELL LYNES

How America "Solved" the Servant Problem

ALAN L. OTTEN AND CHARLES B. SEIB

Rockefeller's Triple-threat Brain Trust



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199612

Just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

How the Bell System is helping to develop gifted young scientists and engineers

ow's top scientists and engineers are hidden in high school classrooms. The problem is to find and inspire them. And the Bell System is helping this national effort with a variety of teaching aids.

A physics teacher demonstrates the "Wave Motion," which illustrates wave behavior combined, light, electricity. The Bell System also includes a film, books and a lecture.

Two of the units are illustrated here and four more described at the right. They are already being used in thousands of high schools.

Now in its third year, this science program has aided busy teachers and spurred eager students. As one Bell Laboratories man remarked, "Just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

The program will continue, with the cooperation of leading educators, as long as it serves a useful purpose.

And the Bell System will benefit only as the nation benefits—from better teachers and abler young scientists and engineers.

Two other aids offered to America's schools, besides those illustrated:

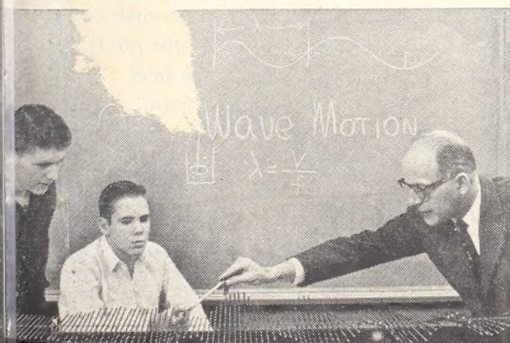
Ferromagnetic Domains, a basic approach to the study of magnetism, including books, a motion picture and four demonstration units.

Solar Energy Experiment for advanced students, containing all the materials necessary to turn silicon slabs into working solar cells.

Aids to be offered in Fall, 1963:

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Harper's

magazine

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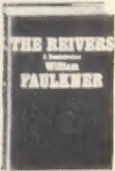
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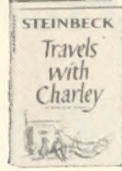
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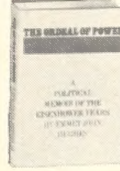
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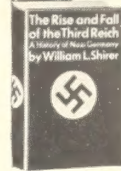
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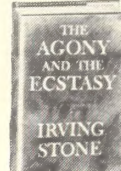
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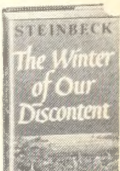
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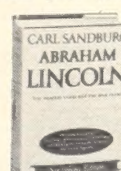
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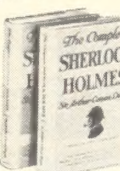
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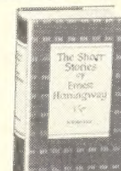
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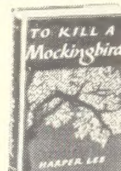
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LETTERS

Whiz Kids

"How Three-year-olds Teach Themselves to Read—and Love It" [Maya Pines, May] is the most spine-chilling article to appear in your pages. Surely these mad scientists are not serious about painting babies' fingernails, then shoeing them into sound-proof, air-conditioned, automated booths to "play" with talking typewriters! . . . Let us hope that one of these clinically-tested . . . wonder babies can come up with some sort of human policy to save our cubicle-and computer-riddled civilization. Incidentally, I have three average children. With haphazard joy and abandon, they all read [and] wrote . . . before reaching kindergarten. All were confined to the "Responsive Environments Laboratory"; it used to be spelled H-O-M-E.

ELIZABETH C. SCOTT
River Falls, Wis.

Baldwin in Israel

As an Israeli, I feel that James Baldwin [in "Letters from a Journey," May] has given neither an accurate nor a representative picture of my country. Mr. Baldwin maintains that the Jews in Israel are united by remembrance of World War II and by the resurrection of the Hebrew language. First of all, . . . the Zionist movement and the state of Israel were conceived by Theodor Herzl and were advocated by many others long before World War II. Second, . . . one-third of the present population of Israel was not even born before the beginning of the war or, if they were, most did not suffer directly from it. They know of the horrors and the persecutions of the Jews through their parents—who lived through it—or through books and movies. Furthermore, the most Orthodox Jews in Israel, who live in Jerusalem, do not speak Hebrew. They speak Yiddish.

In my opinion . . . Israel is presently united by the threat of the surrounding Arab nations who wish to wipe her off the map permanently. The Jews have a homeland and they want to keep it. Is it memory of the

second world war that keeps Israelis united on the Gaza strip, one foot from the guns of the enemy? I do not think that even Mr. Baldwin could affirm this.

DORIKAM EVEN-ZAHAV
New York, N. Y.

Music to Whose Ears?

In this age of prostitution of art and music and the acceptance of both by a pseudo-intellectual and hoodwinked public, Hubert Lamb's article, "Music in the Age of Zak" [May] emerges as the most completely honest, thoroughly thought-through piece of work I have ever read.

THUSNELDA L. KUENLEN
Tenaflly, N. J.

I feel I must call attention to Mr. Lamb's incredibly false statement that "so many performers, including the majority of our reigning virtuosi, have failed—in the face not of difficulty but of impossibility—to embrace the cause of disordered music with enthusiasm." As an habitu  of new music recitals, I have heard just about all of the most important new music performed in New York in the past five years. Simultaneously with the coming of electronic music there has been the most astounding renaissance of instrumental virtuosity (not in our reigning virtuosi, because they are disinterested and mistakenly believe that audiences want the tried and true) not only in old music but in the newest and most difficult music. To wit, singers Bethany Beardslee [and] Susan Belink, . . . instrumentalists Matthew Raimondi [and] Ronald Roseman, . . . conductors Ralph Shapey [and] Arthur Weisberg, . . . to mention only a few. It is impossible to walk into a concert of new music nowadays and hear a bad performance. . . . And no musician of this young, talented variety ever talks about the impossibility of a piece. In fact, I have heard several young performers complain that there isn't enough really difficult, challenging music around for them to show off their abilities. . . .

LORNA SALZMAN
Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.

Toward a Two-party South

Virginus Dabney is to be congratulated for a forthright analysis of "What the GOP Is Doing in the South" [May]. He is one of the few writers who recognize that a strong civil rights position, long a plank in the Republican platform, need not be inconsistent with a conservative philosophy of economics or the role of federal government. One cannot help being encouraged by his report of campus activity and of the realization, by some young leaders, that votes cannot be won with promises to "out-segregate" the Democrats. A two-party South could be the major political accomplishment of the 1960s.

DOUGLAS P. WHEELER
Hamilton College, Class of 1963
Clinton, N. Y.

Protectionist Market?

Congressman Henry S. Reuss's article ["America Gets an Unexpected Break," May] performs a great service by calling attention to the inability of the Trade Expansion Act of 1962 to deal effectively with the European-American—indeed, the world—trading situation. But he does an equally great disservice by leaving the impression that the Common Market countries are on a course of moderately-increasing protectionism.

He is certainly correct in pointing out that nonmember countries will be "hurt" (in an economic sense), by the establishment in Europe of a common external tariff and a zero internal tariff. This is precisely the theory of an economic union. But this theory carries the corollary principle that the benefits, in terms of world economic welfare, will be greater than the "hurt"—depending on the tariff policies pursued by the union. The crucial question then is not whether harmful effects can be found—of course they can—but rather whether the Common Market is, in reality, "inward-looking," i.e., protectionist, as Mr. Reuss charges. The "recent inward-looking course" to which he refers is primarily found in the political sphere and, even here, [is] a point of view which may

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BIG EYE

During the summers in Antarctica, the sun shines 24 hours a day, and scientists who live there in the line of duty get a staring, glazed look called Big Eye for want of sleep.

We've known people to get something like Big Eye in our board rooms as a result of watching the tape hour after hour. They stare and stare and sometimes seem to be mesmerized by the parade of prices across the Trans-Lux screen.

Now it's perfectly true that we often tell investors to keep track of their holdings, but the form of Big Eye just described is not what we mean. A speculator who trades on minor price variations may watch the tape with reason, but a long-term investor should not concern himself with minute-by-minute price fluctuations. As long as his company is a good one and continues in an upward trend, and as long as there is no news development that seems likely to alter it, he certainly doesn't need to keep an hourly check on his stock.

Of course, the opposite of board-room Big Eye, which might be called the ostrich syndrome or the head-in-the-sand reaction, is as dangerous as Big Eye is foolish. Everyone who owns securities should keep regular tabs on their behavior and be prepared to sell them if they prove disappointing. That's simply having common sense about common stocks.



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LETTERS

be attributed chiefly to President de Gaulle and which is clearly not wholeheartedly shared by de Gaulle's five partners. In the economic sphere, on the other hand, the evidence refutes Mr. Reuss's "inward-looking" charge. Professor Emile Benoit has convincingly demonstrated that the predominant orientation of the provisions of the Treaty of Rome and of the Common Market policy-makers is toward a liberal trade policy. The Common Market's 20 per cent unilateral reduction in the common external tariff in 1961 should further substantiate this belief. It is difficult to imagine, nor does the Kennedy program provide for, a similarly liberal American approach to world trade.

Mr. Reuss's complaint is based, not on the realities of Atlantic trade policies, but on the fact that the American ox is about to be gored. Certainly . . . the Europeans have had far greater reason to complain of American tariff policies all the way from the pre-Civil War period to the post-World War II period, than we of theirs. Indeed, the South was uniformly and continually "hurt" by the protectionist policies pursued by Northern industrialists. The South Carolina reaction to the infamous Tariff of 1832 provides a significant case in point. Foreign countries, especially England, were similarly "hurt" by the protectionist policies of the American customs union. In light of tariff history, especially in the U.S., what is surprising is *not* that *so much* "economic harm" and trade diversion is resulting from the establishment of the Common Market, but that *so little* is occurring. While it is still too early to say whether the Common Market will continue to improve its initially liberal approach, we should perhaps praise that relatively liberal trade policy rather than condemn it.

M. GLEN JOHNSON
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Ky.

Superpatriot

"Allston Wheat's Crusade" [Mark Epernay, May] is an excellent parody of the thinking of the radical right. I should like to believe that laughter is a more powerful weapon than argument against such thinking; but I fear that the rational tone and the

seemingly authentic documentation of this essay are so convincing that many readers became indignant with "Allston Wheat" and missed the point of the satire. Did they?

HERMANN C. BOWERSOX
Roosevelt University
Chicago, Ill.

Yes.—THE EDITORS

No longer must Americans put up with what is second-rate. They need not merely return . . . to 1775 with the DAR. Mr. Allston Wheat will lead them back to the rugged individualism of the Mesolithic Revolution itself. . . . To aid his cause, I would like to make a modest proposal. Individualism does not begin with athletics, gentlemen. It begins at home. If we smash the most rudimentary of all teams, later attacks on the Green Bay Packers, General Motors, the American Government, [and] the American Army will no longer be necessary. The family, gentlemen, must be destroyed, for it is this insidious subversive institution which takes the young, helpless child, . . . places him at a common family table with the rest of the team and forces him to put the good of those around him above his own personal individualism. . . .

A. M. BUTLER
Lennoxville, Quebec, Can.

Allston Wheat should crusade for the abolition of all our modern gladiatorial spectator sports, whether team or individual. This is the opinion of an old cactus, age 73, who lives out in the desert and walks four miles daily for his bath except when the blowing desert dust cleanses him.

HERBERT SPENCER CROLLY
El Paso, Tex.

The Specter of China

While I agree with John Fischer's general thesis that population pressures . . . are probably in the long run a greater and more basic source of world tensions than are armaments ["What Women Can Do for Peace," Easy Chair, April], I believe that oversimplifying that thesis renders it unnecessarily vulnerable to contradiction. Ordinarily, demographic factors affect foreign policy only through such intermediate vari-



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LETTERS

ables as relative rate of economic development, position in the world geopolitical structure, ideological orientation of the national leadership, type of administrative system, and so forth, and the effect is not uniform. In the case of Communist China, . . . without population pressures and the partly consequent economic crisis, China might be more moderate in specific policies, but basically she would be no less aggressive than she is now and far more influential in the world. China's population problems at present probably contribute to a weakening of her potential in foreign relations, including, specifically, her capacity to wage large-scale warfare, for which we may as well be thankful! . . .

JOHN S. AIRD

Analytical Statistician, Foreign
Demographic Analysis Division
Bureau of the Census
Washington, D.C.

TenSHUN

Hayes B. Jacobs' description of his World War II experiences with military profanity ["Unhappy Talk." March] applies to my own experience during the Korean conflict. . . . When I was serving aboard an auxiliary ship in the 7th Fleet in the early 'fifties, we got a new CO on board who was fresh from the Pentagon environment and didn't care for the type of verbal communication that was prevalent around the ship. He therefore put out a notice . . . the gist of [which] was: "ATTENTION ALL HANDS. Since my arrival . . . I have been particularly unimpressed by the limited, four-letter vocabulary that seems to characterize the vast majority of this crew. . . . Swearing is not the hallmark of a good sailor and henceforth it will be stopped. Silent swearing and obscene thoughts will be tolerated so long as they are not verbalized in the presence of myself or any of the ship's officers."

This notice was posted on the crew's bulletin board . . . and when we came through the mess hall for noon chow, a penciled notation had appeared on the bottom of the notice. Censored, it read, "Obscenity you, Captain, and obscenity your ship's officers. This message has not been verbalized."

J. R. MULLINS
Hakalau, Hawaii



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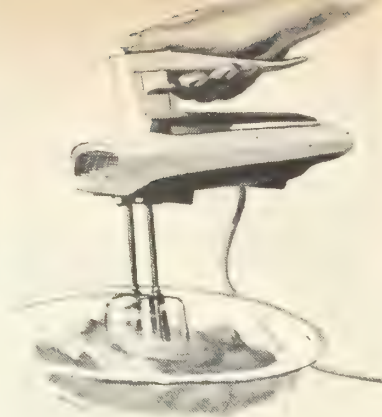


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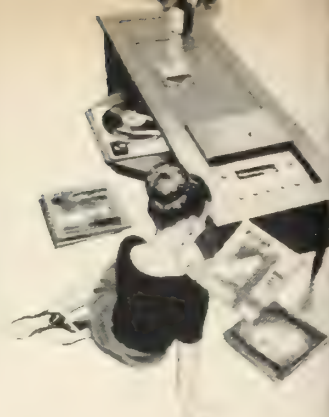
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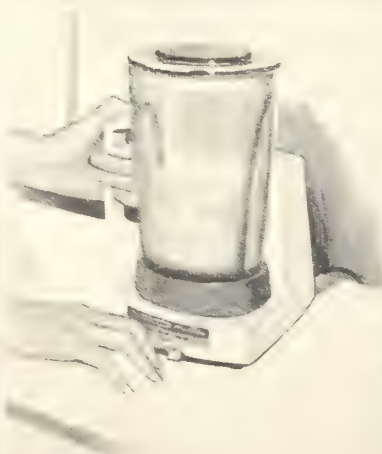
Clotheswasher



Hair dryer



FM-stereo radio



Blender



Portable television



Clothes dryer



Intercom and sound system



Lamps



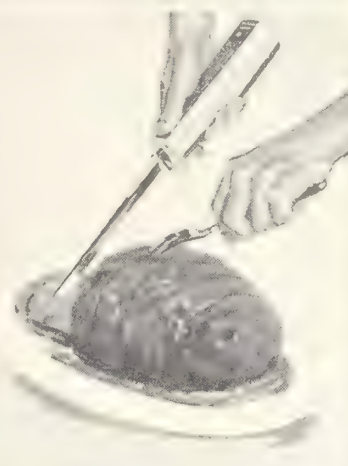
Refrigerator-freezer



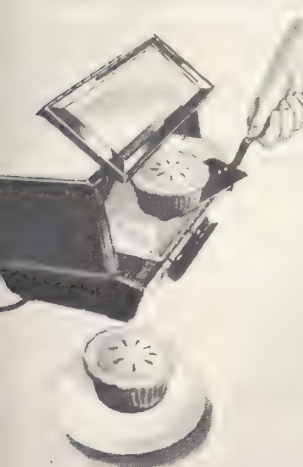
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Myths About Publishing

by John Fischer



Geoffrey Wagner, a British novelist now living in this country, announced recently in an English magazine that, "American publishing has become big business." In his view, this is a calamity. "Most small publishers of interest," he says, are being swallowed up by a few big firms. The survivors, he claims, are adopting a "blockbuster technique" which has "resulted in astronomical pre-publication deals, movie tie-ins, etc." Although "the killings are much bigger than they used to be," Mr. Wagner believes this is a bad thing, especially for novelists. It helps nobody but the insolent and materialistic publishers, "gloating over [their] stock exchange listings."

This lament is simply an echo of rumors which have been rustling around in the American (and British) literary world for several years. So long as they were confined to this milieu—notoriously flighty and gossip-prone—they could do little harm. About 1961, however, they reached Wall Street, which is even more susceptible to rumors, fads, and hunches. Soon a lot of supposedly hardheaded brokers, speculators, and investment counselors convinced themselves that publishing really *was* becoming a big business, with an extraordinary growth potential.

The upshot was that a good many people got badly burned. They started buying publishing stocks—the relatively few available to the public on the stock exchanges and over-the-counter—with no more discrimination than they had shown a little earlier, when they plunged into the so-called space-age and electronics industries. Prices shot up, in spite of warnings from several worried publishers that there was no rational basis for such enthusiasm.

The boom was brief. In 1962 publishing stocks dropped as swiftly as they had risen, to an average of less than half of their previous highs.

At this writing, however, they are beginning to creep up again. Brokers are issuing surveys of the publishing industry; some investment funds are showing an interest; and even a few authors—inspired perhaps by accounts such as Mr. Wagner's—have recently bought into publishing firms. Consequently it might be of some use to try to sort out the facts from the myths about publishing; and to look at the various parts of the business—such as textbook, paperback, juvenile, and "trade" publishing—which operate in quite different ways. (It would be unfair to expect Mr. Wagner to do this. After all, he specializes in fiction.)

To begin with, is publishing actually Big Business?

In comparison with other industries—steel, chemicals, automobiles, air lines, or even the ladies' garment trade—it is quite small. The total sales of all American book publishers climbed above \$1 billion a year only in 1960—and that includes all texts, encyclopedias, reference books, and paperbacks, as well as trade books: *i.e.*, ordinary hardbound fiction and non-fiction sold through bookstores. For the last decade book sales have been growing at a steady but unspectacular rate of about 10 per cent a year; they may total close to \$1.5 billion in 1963.

Do a few big firms dominate the industry?

Again, no. Publishing is one of the most competitive of all businesses. Nobody can be quite sure how many firms are engaged in it, since

anybody can bring out a book now and then for only a modest investment. But if you count only those firms which published at least five books in 1962, you would find (according to *Publishers' Weekly*) 470 of them. No one company published as much as 3 per cent of the total number of titles.

Are "most small publishers of interest" being swallowed up by their giant competitors?

Far from it. Every year some companies disappear, through bankruptcy or merger, but new ones constantly take their place. Today there are more firms in the business than ever before—and some of the liveliest and most "interesting" are only a few years old.

The representative firm—if one can speak of such a thing in so diverse an industry—probably has got bigger (in sales volume and number of titles published) in recent years. In part, this is due to the natural growth of population and of the whole economy. Then, too, rising costs of paper, printing, postage, and everything else have forced publishers to look for every possible economy; and some savings do result from large-scale operations. As a consequence, many houses have tried to round out their line with paperback, juvenile, and other departments, in addition to the traditional trade books.

This seems, however, to be a self-limiting process. Publishing is a peculiarly personal business. Whenever a firm gets so big that it can no longer give constant, intimate attention to each author—if it begins to turn out books like so many cans of beans—then it probably is on the verge of a decline. Its writers will soon drift away to smaller, nimbler,

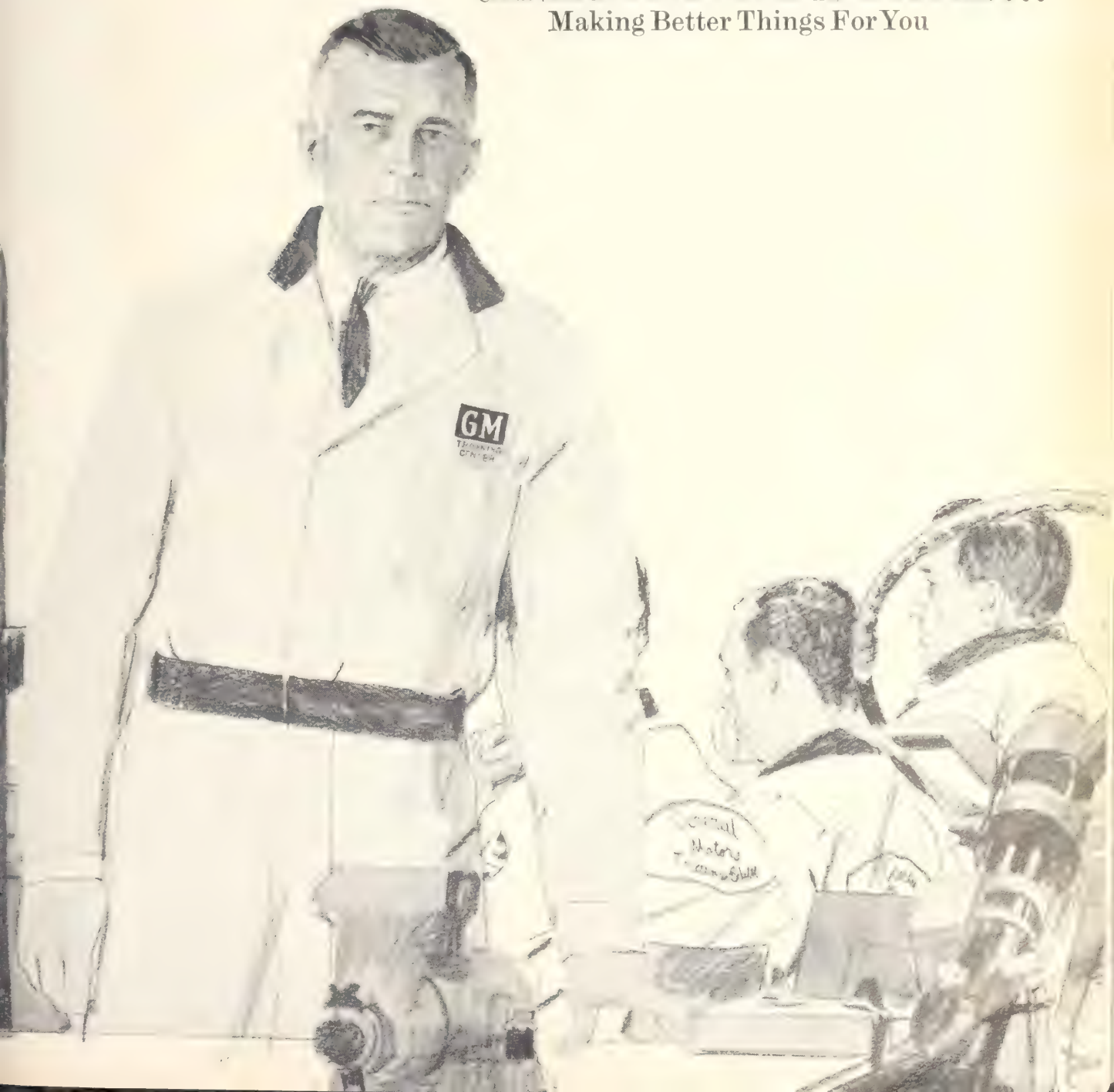
INSTRUCTOR

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more imaginative publishers. It is astonishing how quickly a publisher can gather a stable of first-rate authors, if he can show them that he is primarily interested in them and their work . . . in producing the best possible books, rather than the fastest possible buck. For this reason, every successful publisher has been editorial-minded—in some sense, a professional man. He must of course be a competent businessman as well; but if his business grows to the point where he has to worry more about management than about writing, he is in trouble. Hence it is most unlikely that any one company will ever dominate publishing, in the way that General Motors and U. S. Steel dominate their industries.

How about those financial killings?

Another myth. Publishers had a pretty good year in 1962, but on the average they probably earned only about 4 per cent on their sales after taxes. The best houses (not necessarily the largest) did somewhat better; many did worse. Indeed, any publisher considers himself lucky when he barely breaks even on the bookstore sale of his general list; for any profit, he looks to subsidiary income from reprints and book clubs, and to specialized works such as juveniles and textbooks. Contrary to common belief, the publisher seldom gets a share of any film, TV, or magazine rights income; ordinarily all that goes to the author.

Those "astronomical pre-publication deals, movie tie-ins, etc." are exceedingly rare—much rarer than they were in Hollywood's heyday. In fact, most publishers refuse to make pre-publication reprint deals, for an obvious business reason: if a book sells well in its original hardbound edition, it will fetch a better price from the reprint houses than it could when its sales potential was untested. The same thing holds for film rights—although occasionally an established popular novelist does make a movie sale before his new book is published, or even written.

Well, then, why is Wall Street taking over the publishing industry?

It isn't. Thirteen publishing companies are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. About two dozen more are publicly owned, with stock traded over-the-counter. The great majority of firms—more than four

hundred of them, including some of the largest—are still privately owned, by individuals, families, or small groups operating in effect as partnerships.

Most of the houses that have "gone public" in recent years did so for one of three reasons:

1. To facilitate a merger—as, for example, when a trade publisher joins forces with a textbook firm, to offer a more complete line of books and more effective marketing than either could offer alone.

2. To raise capital for expansion.

3. To avoid destruction by inheritance taxes. If a firm is owned entirely or in large part by one man, his heirs might have to liquidate the business in order to pay the inheritance taxes. Consequently the founder of a publishing house may—as he gets on in years—convert it into a public company, in order to spread the ownership and to get cash in advance for the tax collector. Or, as in one recent case, he may prefer to merge with a company which already is publicly owned, and whose publishing policies he respects.

Is public ownership, even on a small scale, a bad thing for literature?

In theory, it could be. David Dempsey suggested a few weeks ago in the *Saturday Review* that: "The fact that it is publicly held changes a company's viewpoint. The head of a firm can no longer afford to indulge quite so many of his personal whims. A very considerable number of great authors—Conrad is the supreme example—got their start on the poor business judgment of their publishers. With the old family-owned houses, this could be done, and we were all the richer. But when stockholders expect an operating profit, year in and year out, it becomes more difficult."

This apparently is what bothers Geoffrey Wagner. In his article he complained that "today, books are published, not authors . . . few younger novelists can count on being followed through a number of books in the way not only possible but probable a century ago." In other words, if a fledgling novelist writes two or three books which the public refuses to buy, his publisher may not be eager to bring out a fourth.

True enough. Most publishers now

probably will not carry an unprofitable novelist at a loss for quite as long as they would have done before World War II. The reason, however, may be different from that cited by Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Wagner.

For fiction has been losing ground to non-fiction for at least forty years. Back in the 'twenties, readers bought roughly two novels in their original editions for every one non-fiction book; today the reverse is true.* So in those days, a publisher could afford a bigger gamble on a young novelist, because if he eventually turned out to be a Scott Fitzgerald, a Hemingway, or a Harold Bell Wright, the losses on the early, unsuccessful books would eventually be recouped. Today the chances of this happening are much smaller. For example, the *average* sale of Wright's nineteen novels was more than half-a-million copies each, while one of them reached 1,650,000. Nowadays a sale of 50,000 is often enough to put a novel at the top of the fiction best-seller list; and the author's next book cannot by any means be sure of an eager, automatic audience of the kind that Wright and scores of other novelists once commanded. Moreover, it cost less to gamble on a novelist in the old days; a publisher could then break even if he sold some 1,200 copies—while today he would have to sell at least five or six times as many.

Personally I have not yet seen any hard evidence that publicly-owned publishing firms are becoming less venturesome—but they are now, I think, more likely to gamble on non-fiction projects than on novelists. So are privately-held companies. And this change seems to be related to a shift in public taste, rather than to the financial structure of the industry.

Why are readers turning from novels to non-fiction?

Any answer is at best a guess; but these are the explanations heard most frequently around publishers' lunch tables:

1. The rising level of education and America's increasing involve-

* In paperback reprints the trend is in the same direction, but slower. *Best-sellers* Directory reports that in 1956 about 14 per cent of such reprints were non-fiction; by 1960 the figure had risen above 26 per cent.

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And you get the complete first

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How LONG Is Too SHORT?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Rummaging through the attic of an old Kentucky farm house, the new tenants came across two dusty shoe boxes.

One box bore the label "String-saved;" the other, "String-too short to save".

To the conscientious string saver, the recurring question is "How long is too short?" Thus, a judgment is tied to the end of each string.

Likewise, what to save and what to throw away as the mash passes through the still, is of prime concern to us bourbon distillers. What some of us save and others don't, makes all the difference in our whiskies.

Now the simple function of a still, in case you're interested, is to separate the whiskey from the mash. In so doing, certain flavoring agents called congeners may or may not accompany the bourbon, depending on the "set" of the still.

It follows, therefore—the more congeners the more generous the taste.

Inside our old-fashioned pot stills, we save "string" other distillers throw away. This is because our family distillery addresses itself to serving a special coterie of bourbon men who like their whiskey to sit up in the glass!

Unlike certain of today's bland versions with most of their congeners "boiled" away, our OLD FITZGERALD comes through the still at a just-right proof to tote the rich bourbon flavors along, then goes on to mature to fragrant mellowness after 6 or more years in new white mountain oak.

If you are one who selects your brand for *depth* of flavor instead of *lack*, we invite you to join this inner circle of the Bourbon Elite who have discovered the satisfying goodness of OLD FITZGERALD, and find it pleasant to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

ment with the rest of the world have led to a growing interest in serious non-fiction—particularly history, biography, politics, and international affairs. This kind of subject matter, for the same reason, is attracting many of the best writers.

2. The real world has become more exciting, and sometimes more fantastic, than the world of fiction. When men are exploring sunken cities beneath the sea, preparing journeys to the moon, building mega-death weapons, creating new nations by the score, cruising under the polar ice cap, and staging rebellions every other weekend, it is hard for a novelist—short of genius—to compete. As Philip Roth recently said: "The actuality is continually outdoing our talents, and the culture tosses up figures daily that are the envy of any novelist. . . . The world we have been given, the society and the community, has ceased to be as suitable or as manageable a subject for the novelist as it once may have been."

3. Many former buyers of light fiction—romance, Westerns, mysteries, adventure stories—now get the same commodity on television, free.

4. Among serious fiction writers, one large group now seem (in the words of a veteran publisher) to be "more concerned with self-expression than with entertaining the public." Wagner defines them as the poetic novelists. With them, and with most of the critics who make "serious" literary reputations, storytelling has become disreputable. Their main concern is with sensibility, with the inner drama of the psyche, not with the large events of the outside world. Often they are accomplished craftsmen. Their style is luminously burnished . . . they write on two levels, or even three . . . their work contains more symbols than a Chinese band . . . it may plumb the depths of the human soul . . . it may be (in Felicia Lamport's phrase) as deeply felt as a Borsalino hat. But all too often it just isn't much fun to read.

If such exercises in occupational therapy don't sell very well, the author has small grounds for complaint. He has written them, after all, primarily to massage his own ego and to harvest critico-academic bay leaves. Since he isn't interested in a mass audience, why should it be interested in him?

Does this mean that less fiction is published nowadays?

Strangely enough, it does not. Publishers remain incorrigibly hopeful; last year they brought out 1,787 new novels—an all-time high—even though they probably lost money on a majority of them. (A first novel, for example, is lucky to sell more than three thousand copies; while the publisher's break-even point is about seven thousand.) They keep trying because there is always a chance that the next unknown novelist will turn out to be a Richard McKenna. His first book, *The Sand Pebbles*, won a major prize novel contest, was serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post*, became a book-club selection and stood for many weeks at or near the top of the best-seller list. Then, too, every good publisher brings out some novels every year which he knows will lose money, simply because he believes in the book's quality or the author's not-yet-fully-developed talent.

If he is a sensible businessman, why doesn't a publisher take on only best-sellers?

Some have tried; but they have been no more successful than the horseplayer who bets only on favorites. Nobody has yet figured out a system for predicting with certainty how a novel or general non-fiction book will sell, or whether it may be a book-club selection, or what appeal it may have for reprinters. The successful trade-book editor still has to operate on an indefinable mixture of taste, experience, hunch, and personal conviction.

Against such unpredictable odds, how can a publisher survive?

If he depended only on trade books, his chances would make an actuary blanch. But, although such books get most of the public attention and practically all of the review space, they make up only a small part of the book business—less than 8 per cent of total sales. Consequently the prudent publisher usually tries to hedge his bets by developing other lines. For example, textbooks or juveniles or paperbacks, each of which brings in more money for the industry as a whole than hardbound trade books do. (In the case of textbooks, nearly four times as much.) Moreover, juveniles and textbooks are the fastest growing segments of the business. Paperback sales seem to



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way for continuous protection for your family. (We've made two assumptions: that you use your dividends to purchase additional protection automatically; that our current dividend scale is applied, although these scales change from time to time.)

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guaranteeing you at least \$250 a month for life. Of course, if you'd rather, you can set up your personal pension plan through life insurance alone.

More details? We'll be glad to mail them to you. Just write New England Life, Department H2, 501 Boylston St., Boston 17, Massachusetts. Or, better still, talk with one of our agents. Now—before you're 40.

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Love Letters to Rambler



Lt. David A. Corey

U. S. Coast Guard Lieutenant David A. Corey of Quaker Hill, Conn., has owned many different cars—is now driving his first Rambler.

But you can bet it won't be the last, to judge by his enthusiastic comments on his Classic Sedan with stick-shift. He writes:

"NEEDED NO CORRECTIONS ON THE 2,000-MILE CHECKUP"

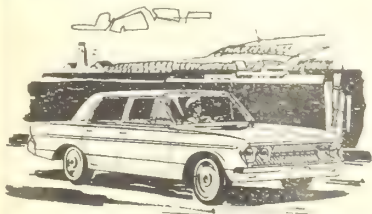
"I have owned at least one each of the cars of all the so-called 'big three,' and the success I had with them could not even approach that which I have had with Rambler.

"This is the first car I've ever had that needed no corrections on the 2,000-mile checkup.

"I have just driven my 20,000th mile... (with an outstanding mileage of just over 22 miles per gallon). Aside from the gasoline, oil and lubrication costs, the only money I have spent has been for one fan belt.

"These have been the most enjoyable miles I've ever driven. Too bad more people don't experience this 'delightful driving'."

But thousands and thousands of people are discovering Rambler's "delightful driving"—year after year. Proof: more than 2 million of them have made the switch to Rambler and the number's growing at a record clip.



Why? Simply because Rambler gives them more in value and comfort and economy. And Rambler '63 is Motor Trend Magazine's "Car of the Year"! See your dealer and see it for yourself.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

have leveled off—for the moment, at least—except for the higher-priced, more intellectual reprints. This is hardly surprising, since the reprinters have run through three thousand years of literature in twenty-five years, and now have to depend heavily on the current output of the original hardbound publishers.

In these lines, too, nobody has discovered how to pick a winner every time. But the odds are a bit less daunting with textbooks, juveniles, and reprints than with trade books, and the profit margins are not so thin. Therefore, the publisher who spreads his bets over the whole field is less likely to be wiped out by a few bad guesses.

Why should any investor put his money into such a chancy business?

A hard question. The enthusiasts point to the steady rise in total book sales—a growth somewhat faster than that of the American economy as a whole, and not much affected by business cycles. They argue that this growth is likely to continue, because the number of schoolchildren keeps increasing; so does their demand for textbooks, since new knowledge is developing rapidly in many fields; and every year more students go on to higher education. Moreover, better-educated people read more books, throughout their lives.

So long as you look only at the total figures, all this is true. But any individual book is a gamble—and sometimes a very expensive one. A publisher may invest several hundred thousand dollars in a textbook project, only to find that a competitor beats him to the market with a better one. Or, on his trade list, he may have a half-dozen best-sellers one year and none the next. Furthermore, a publisher's chief asset is his ability, and that of his editors, to find good manuscripts—a highly intangible asset, and one remarkably hard for an outside investor to judge. With this peculiar talent, the successful firm must also combine, somehow, a special kind of managerial ability; for each book published is a different product, requiring its own special treatment in editing, manufacturing, advertising, and marketing—through a distribution system which is still far from ideal.

Consequently an investment in publishing is not like an investment

in the utilities industry, which provides a standard product to a predictable market. Nor is it like the electronics industry, which is likely to make spectacular profits from time to time by scientific breakthroughs. It is not the best place, therefore, either for the widow who wants maximum safety, a steady return, and a minimum of bother; or for the speculator looking for a quick killing. For the moderately venturesome, who will take the trouble to study the individual firms in the industry with considerable care, it may offer its rewards; and it does provide (for some of us, at least) a fascination which no other business can match. But before anyone even thinks seriously about putting his money into it, he would do well to forget the current myths about publishing, and to soak himself thoroughly in the prosaic facts.

COMING IN Harper's

HOW TO READ
THE FINANCIAL PAGES
WITHOUT GOING BROKE

By Peter Bart

THE ICE TIGER

A report on polar bears, their mysterious ways, and the people who hunt them.

By Mary Jean Kempner

LOUISIANA'S WONDERFUL
POLITICAL INVENTION

By Ed. Kerr

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S
SILENT ENEMIES

By Albert Axelbank

THE ONLY WAY TO WRITE
A MODERN POEM
ABOUT A NIGHTINGALE

By Aldous Huxley

What will it cost to provide a job for him?

Two types of jobs will be available in private industry to this year's crop of graduates: (1) New jobs created by our expanding economy, (2) Vacancies in established jobs created by such natural causes as retirement, death, illness and winning tickets on the Irish Sweepstakes.

Established or new, though, it takes a large amount of capital investment to provide most jobs in the U.S. Here at Union Oil, for example, there is an average net investment of \$70,000 in tools, drilling rigs, refineries, etc., behind each job in the company.

Obviously, the "tools" required to put a secretary to work at Union Oil don't cost \$70,000. On the other hand, the equipment behind one of our refinery workers may run twice as high. So the figures are realistic. Admittedly, the oil industry is on the high side in capital-per-employee requirements. But the average for all U.S. manufacturing is between \$15,000 and \$20,000.

Now under our economic system, there are three sources of new "tool" money for private industry. They are: (1) **Equity capital** invested by owners or stockholders, (2) **Borrowed capital** provided by loans or bond issues, and (3) **Profits** that can be plowed back into the business. (Money set aside for **depreciation** helps replace worn out equipment but doesn't buy tools for new jobs.)

However, without adequate profits—or the reasonable anticipation of them—no company can continue very long to acquire either equity capital or borrowed capital. So profits are the key to the whole "tool" money situation.

If we are to continue to provide the additional jobs which our growing U.S. labor force requires—and continue to increase our nation's productivity—adequate profits for American industry are an absolute must.

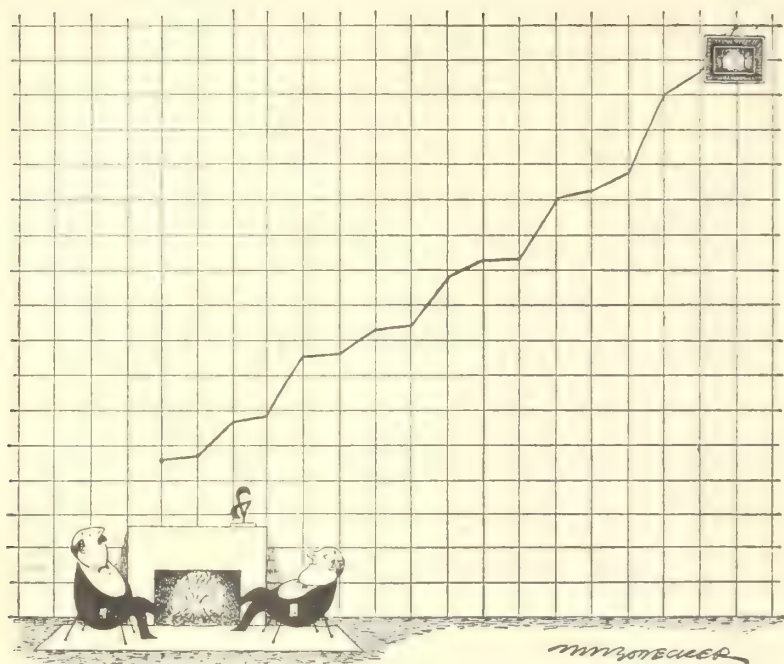
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AFTER HOURS



THE FRAMED DOLLAR by John Carter

Mr. Carter is associate for American operations to Sotheby's, the London auction house. A well-known authority on rare books, he here takes a mildly sardonic look at the international picture market.

PAINTINGS are the most newsworthy and the most expensive of all works of art; and their economics are the most volatile. Consequently, the various elements which make the world of connoisseurship such a rewarding study in human manners and mannerisms are apt to be seen in their most vivid, often indeed fauvist, colors in the picture market.

To say that pictures cost more than other works of art is not, of course, to suggest that one cannot still buy good pictures for very little money and pay very dear for third-rate porcelain or furniture. It is simply that the stratosphere is higher. The top auction price ever achieved in the silver market was the Berkeley Castle dinner service, made by Jacques Roettier of Paris in 1734, which brought \$580,000 in London in 1960 (thanks to competition between Mr.

Stavros Niarchos and a famous collector in Newport, Rhode Island). The most expensive piece of jewelry ever sold at auction was the Rovensky diamond necklace sold in New York in 1957 for \$385,000. The most expensive piece of furniture was a marquetry table by Oeben for which the Duchesse de Richelieu's agent paid \$860,000 in 1960, again in London. The public auction record for an illuminated manuscript is held by the St. Albans *Apocalypse* from the Dyson Perrins collection: \$182,000 in 1959. And auction prices are not always, of course, the highest ever paid. For example, the most expensive printed book ever sold at auction is the so-called *Bay Psalm Book* of 1640, the first book printed in what is now the United States of America. A copy of this great rarity brought \$151,000 in 1947, but that figure has been several times exceeded in private transactions; once, to my knowledge, by a copy of the first edition of the Bible—commonly known as the Gutenberg Bible—which was rediscovered in Dorset, after a century-and-a-half's obscurity, in 1950, and which shortly thereafter flew the Atlantic on my lap.

Yet all these mildly astronomical

figures pale by comparison with the top prices paid for really important pictures. The record-breaking figure of \$2,300,000 paid by New York's Metropolitan Museum in November 1961 for Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* achieved world-wide notoriety. So did the more recent sale in London (by what might be called public treaty) of the Royal Academy's Leonardo cartoon of the Holy Family for \$2,240,000. But these prices are hardly more, in relation to today's dollar, than Henry Huntington paid in 1921 for *The Blue Boy* (\$688,700). And as long ago as 1914, the Tsar of Russia paid, in Paris, a million and a half dollars for the Benois *Madonna and Child*, by Leonardo da Vinci—a price equivalent to something between eight and nine million dollars of today's money.

"Today's equivalent"; yes, that raises the whole thorny question of the validity of comparisons, as evidence of changes in taste and fashion in collecting, between a thousand dollars today and a thousand dollars under Mr. Lincoln's Administration. And before I proceed to a few such comparisons, I must answer that question as best I can. My countryman, Gerald Reitlinger, a veteran collector and critic, published not long ago a very thoroughly documented book on *The Economics of Taste, from 1760 to 1960*. He worked out, with the help of professional economists, a table for converting earlier prices into today's terms. Here is the rough gist of it.

For a figure 200 or more years ago, multiply by 12 (that is to say, if Veronese's *The Presentation in the Temple* brought \$3,000 in 1751, as in fact it did, the equivalent in today's money is \$36,000).

For a figure between 100 and 200 years ago, multiply by 10.

For a figure 50 to 100 years ago, multiply by 6.

For the interwar years, multiply by 3½.

For 1945-55, multiply by 2½ (so that the \$150,000 paid for Veronese's *The Rewards of Philosophy* by the National Gallery of Australia in 1947 becomes \$375,000 today).

Now, the notion that picture prices in the last few years have become suddenly very high—some would say inflated, others would even say crazy—is a fallacy. To demon-



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The men who proudly wear the green beret of the Army's Special Forces are experts in a strange new kind of hit-and-run warfare — *counterinsurgency*. Their current mission: to help the struggling new nations of the Southern Hemisphere train troops that can cope with the guerrilla tactics of Communist-led insurgents.

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strate that fallacy I propose to cite a few examples from Mr. Reitlinger's book. (But if I have relied on him for my facts, he is in no way responsible for the conclusions I may draw from them.) I have converted his sterling prices into dollars at \$5 to £1, which is, of course, somewhat arbitrary. And I have invented the sign R\$ (or Reitlinger dollar) for the contemporary equivalent to the original figures.

Let us look first at *The Salon d'Or* by William Frith, which sold for £4,000 (R\$120,000) in 1872. In 1932 this same work, by the once popular painter of *Derby Day* and *Paddington Station*, was bought by the Rhode Island School of Design for \$150 (R\$525). This is less than one half of one per cent of its price sixty years earlier.

Similarly, a typical painting by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., entitled *The Finding of Moses*, was commissioned in 1902; price 5,000 guineas; today's equivalent, roughly \$150,000. In 1960 the same picture was sold at auction in London for \$800. In 1914, Duveen sold Hoppner's *Tambourine Girl* to the Stotesburys of Philadelphia for \$350,000, which is about \$1,750,000 in today's money. In 1944 the picture was again sold in New York: this time for \$6,500 (R\$16,000)—less than one per cent of the earlier price.

No Picasso at public sale has yet (relatively speaking) equaled the price paid in 1874 for a painting called *The Shadow of Death*, by the Pre-Raphaelite Holman Hunt. Hunt, who was then forty-seven, got £11,000 (R\$330,000) for the picture. At that stage in Picasso's life you could have bought paintings of his for \$500.

The ups and downs—especially the downs—of these prices and of many others which I have no room to cite, demonstrate the volatility of taste, the vagaries of enthusiasm, in the picture market. Shall we see a serious revival in the works of Holman Hunt and Alma-Tadema? I simply don't know. What I do know is that if you think highly of either of these artists (or, for that matter, of Rosa Bonheur or Constantin Troyon), now is a good time to buy one.

It is clear, too, that by comparison with prices paid for fashionable pictures a century or a generation ago,

the figures now headlined in the London, Paris, and New York newspapers are in terms of today's dollar often quite modest. In the heyday of the American millionaire's addiction to English eighteenth-century portraits, Duveen was regularly getting a quarter of a million 1915 or 1925 dollars for run-of-the-mill Hoppners, Romneys, Raeburns, Lawrences, and Beecheys, along with the Gainsboroughs and Reynoldses. Why should we all go into a tizzy today about the price of a major Goya or Cézanne or Van Gogh? Actually it is quite a good deal less than pictures of comparable vogue would have brought in Duveen's day.

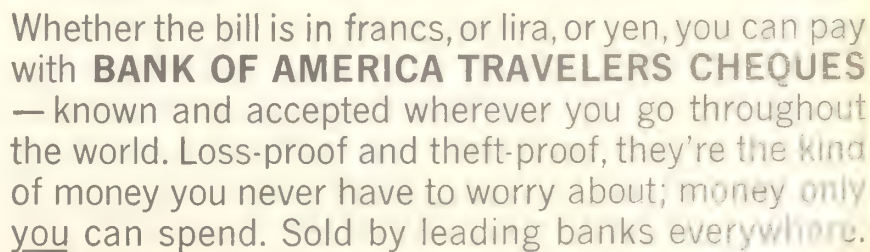
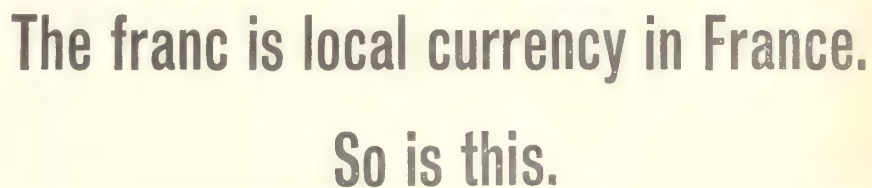
Of course, the public has traditionally accepted the fact that "old masters" are expensive. High prices have been paid at auction within the past few seasons for pictures like the Erickson Fragonard, *La Liseuse* (now in the National Gallery, Washington), the Duke of Westminster's great Rubens *Adoration* (now hanging, I am happy to say, in the chapel of my college at Cambridge), Gainsborough's entrancing conversation piece of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews (now in London's National Gallery), and the Duke of Leed's Goya portrait of the first Duke of Wellington. All these notable occasions were, indeed, sparsely reported in the press—even if the interest often lay in the circumstances surrounding the sale (or, in the case of the Goya, its aftermath) rather than in the merit of the pictures. And it is a measure of current expectations that the price realized at New York's Parke-Bernet recently for Oscar Cintas' well-known picture, *The Merry Lute-Player* by Frans Hals, which was knocked down to a London dealer bidding by telephone, should have been headlined in a responsible New York newspaper as "a measly \$600,000."

BUT the reason high prices for modern pictures make news even more readily is that it is still surprising to the man in the street that works by artists quite recently dead—men like Degas, Bonnard, Matisse, Rouault, Brancusi, de Stael, Jackson Pollock—or even still alive—Braque, Henry Moore, Dali, above all of course Picasso—should command, from museums as well as from private collectors, prices which put them in the same commercial league, if

not with Titian or Velasquez, at least with Canaletto, Hobbema, Poussin, Corot, or Constable, not to mention Terborch or Lorenzo Lotto.

But there is another, more technical factor, less often recognized. Fifty years ago, even ten years ago, a preponderant majority of the business in modern pictures—that is, by painters from Cézanne onwards—was handled privately by dealers. Once in a while there would be an auction, such as those held of the contents of the studio after Manet's or Degas' or Sargent's death. But it was generally thought that the moderns, even those whose work had begun to command high prices in the trade, were too speculative to stand exposure in the arena of public competition. The dealer who specialized in a contemporary or recent painter's work would have to risk seeing one of his pictures fetch a low—and publicly low—price, or else support it expensively to a high one.

The great change in the past five or ten years is that these apprehensions have been swept away, first by resolution and then by facts. Modern art is now out of the closed preserves of the Rue St. Honoré, East 57th Street, and the plush-lined salons of Mayfair, and into the open, where the public can see it before it is sold and read the prices in the next morning's paper. With all respect to the Cognacq and Margaret Biddle sales in Paris, it was my firm, Sotheby's, I am proud to say, who led this revolu-



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tion, with our present chairman, Peter Wilson, first over the barricades. It was nervous business at first, like all innovations. I remember I had a terrible time persuading Mr. Alfred Schwabacher of New York to risk with us the first substantial collection of Impressionist and Post-impressionist pictures ever sold at auction in London or New York. It is hard to believe that that was as recently as 1957.

Today modern, including contemporary, art is demonstrably quite big business. Yet high prices for any commodity bring troubles in their train. And the troubles engendered by this particular development may be listed as follows: status seekers and snobs, tax-deduction manipulators, speculators, forgers, and thieves.

AN 1890s fictional character based on Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago made two observations which I have always cherished. "Keep up with the procession, is my motto," she said, "and head it if you can. I *do* head it and I feel that I'm where I belong." I daresay the Rockefellers and the Whitneys feel much the same today, though of course they wouldn't say so out loud. She also explained that "people in our position would naturally be expected to have a Corot." For Corot, read in 1963 an oil by Chardin, Guardi, Boudin, Renoir, Picasso; a drawing by Tiepolo, Ingres, Modigliani, Henry Moore. If this sounds condescending to Mrs. Palmer, which I would never wish to be, remember the retort of the director of her city's Art Institute to the visitor who patronizingly remarked that its roomful of Renoirs must have cost the museum a pretty penny. "Not at all," he said severely, "in Chicago we don't buy Renoirs. We inherit them from our grandmothers." And indeed, thanks to the Bartletts and the Ryersons and the Winterbothams and others who followed Mrs. Palmer's lead, the Art Institute has one of the finest collections of Impressionist and Post-impressionist painting in the country.

Patronage of the arts has been from time immemorial an obligation, as well as often an active pleasure, to royalty and the aristocracy. Pericles and Augustus, Medici and d'Este, Francois Premier and le Grand Monarque, Charles I and George III and

IV; the list is endless. It is therefore natural that the *nouveaux riches*, in any age, should have regarded works of art as status symbols.

Merchant bankers and robber barons of the Renaissance vied with Popes and Princes for the service of Michelangelo or Leonardo or Bernini. The newly ennobled land-rich or coal-and-iron-rich or plantation-rich English of the eighteenth century commissioned portraits from Reynolds and brought back wagonloads of dubious Italian pictures from the mandatory Grand Tour. A century later the industrial and commercial millionaires of Scotland and the North Country kept Royal Academicians in affluence and bought Barbizon pictures by the yard. In America, Huntington, Stotesbury, Frick, the Wideners, Altman, Havemeyer, and their like were self-made millionaires, for whom great artistic possessions procured a *réclame* more satisfying, because more sophisticated, than castles or yachts or private railroad cars. It would be more than invidious, it would be libelous, to name their living successors: but I expect most of you can think of half-a-dozen of them as easily as I can.

Many of these powerful and energetic collectors have been, and are, generous benefactors to institutional museums, galleries, or libraries, whether national, municipal, or academic. And one aspect of this American philanthropy has had an important effect on the international art market. I refer, of course, to that provision of the United States tax laws which has permitted a man to write off up to 20 or in some cases 30 per cent of his income for charitable gifts, including works of art at an appraised value. This attractive arrangement allows the benefactor to serve both God and Mammon; and sometimes he can even make a deal which allows him to keep his Winslow Homer or his Toulouse-Lautrec over the mantelpiece during his lifetime. It is obviously grist to the mill of the museum directors, who are steadily absorbing every thing nowadays. Its total additional burden on the other taxpayers who have to make good the difference has not seemed to worry Uncle Sam's tax collectors. They only very recently started scrutinizing the more outrageously generous appraisals. Its

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advantage for professional tax strategists may be studied in an elaborately documented and lavishly produced brochure, lately published for a New York firm of art and furniture dealers. (Why *they* should be arguing against private enterprise I don't know.) This is succinctly entitled *Taxes and Art*. You do have to adopt one or another of the suggested "favorite tactics" to make a profit out of these benefactions. But it doesn't look too difficult.

What these potential tax deductions do to the art market is obvious enough. The man who likes to buy works of art, *and* has his favorite museum, knows that the picture, or whatever it is, is going to cost him, in the end, only (say) fifteen cents on the dollar. Is he going to grudge an extra thousand or two on his bid? Not bloody likely, as Eliza Doolittle used to say. So, up go the prices still further.

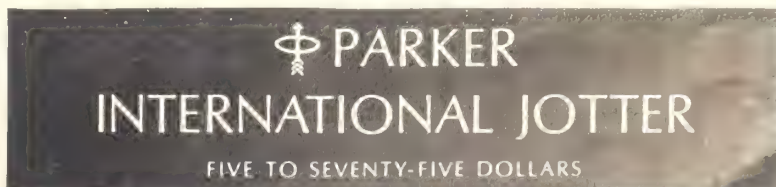
BIDDING against him, however, there may well be a speculator or two. By "speculator" I don't mean a dealer. The dealer makes his living by buying shrewdly and selling advantageously. He is a professional, backing his knowledge and judgment against his competitors'. I mean a private collector. He may be one of the kind the French call *marchands amateurs*. Or he may be simply a man with money to burn, who decides that art, usually modern art, has more "growth possibilities," as the brokers say, than stocks and bonds. Some of his predecessors, whether by exploiting their own hunches or taking sound advice, have made money by buying on a rising market and unloading smartly. Their successes are widely reported, and widely admired. Those whose hunches or advice were faulty, and who burned their fingers, lick them quietly at home—not in the hearing of the gossip columnists at El Morocco.

The speculator is a menace to any market. He is especially menacing to a market so delicate, so subjective, so essentially artificial as the fine art market. The professionals, and those who genuinely care for pictures, have a vested interest in the stability of prices. The speculator has none; he is here today and gone tomorrow. It is constantly necessary to remember one thing, which the speculators



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sometimes do not. Some works of art are, it is true, made of an industrially utilitarian substance like gold or diamonds. Others *can* be used in the house, like silver, carpets, porcelain, or furniture. Nevertheless, *as works of art*, they have no *intrinsic* value whatsoever. Their value, which is beauty, lies entirely in the eye of the beholder, and their price in the market will depend on the value set on them by other beholders. At one end of the scale is the philistine contention that a Tintoretto is just so many yards of old canvas with daubs of paint on it. At the other is something said to me by an American friend of mine who had just bought a wonderful but headline-priced picture in our rooms. "Did I pay too much?" he asked; and before I could answer, he said, "you know, you stand in front of a picture like that, and what is money?" You do, of course, have to have the money.

Unfortunately, the speculators these days are being encouraged not only by a rather raffish condition of the market, especially in New York. They are also being supplied, by the popular magazines and others, with pages of charts and graphs and percentages; would-be Dow-Jones indexes to art prices; putative Dun and Bradstreets for individual artists. I saw recently in New York a sort of Kiplinger letter which might have been written by an illegitimate disciple of Duveen with no Berenson looking over his shoulder to check his facts. By a haphazard selection of prices; by making no distinction between an important picture and a slight sketch by the same artist; by lumping authenticated originals with school-pictures, you can, in this highly specialized field, produce almost any figure you want in the last column. From one of these price-trend sheets I learned that since 1946 Bonnard stock has gone up 4,046 per cent and, G. A. Berckheyde (the seventeenth-century Dutch painter) 4,033 per cent. This sounds astronomical; but it is nothing. E Heckel, a German painter born in 1883, of whom I daresay few of my readers have ever even heard, has gone up by 10,666 per cent. How do we know? A picture of his was sold before 1959 for \$30; another, sold during the 1961-62 season, brought \$3,200. Simple, isn't it?

From this lunatic fringe we must

adjourn briefly to the laboratory and the police court. For the fourth of my list of uncomfortable by-products of the boom in art is forgery. Let me be clear what I do *not* mean by the word. I do not mean what ordinarily comes under the heading of restoration, nor do I mean replicas from the artist's own hand or from his studio, nor the matter of questionable attribution of old masters.

By *forgery* I mean the real outright fraud of manufacturing or causing to be manufactured an object intended to be passed off as the work of someone else. The famous forgers—Chatterton and Ireland, Vrain Lucas with his letters from Cleopatra to Caesar, Dawson with his Piltdown skull, Dossena, the marvelous sculptor, and van Meegeren, whose *Christ at Emmaus* deceived not only Marshal Goering but even Bode himself—most of these had other motives besides mere gain: vanity, self-aggrandizement, or frustration. The dangerous forgers for the everyday market are the clever, cynical hack painters who operate on a wholesale basis for distribution by shady dealers. There was a Canaletto factory established at Richmond (Surrey, not Virginia) within fifty years of the painter's death. Friends of mine in Rome have promised to take me to a studio (up beyond the Esedra) where fakes of modern French pictures are turned out by the dozen. The law, helped by Picasso, dropped in only a year or so ago on a couple of fellows in San Francisco who had staged an exhibition of fifty paintings by fashionable moderns, every one of which was a blatant forgery.

No law (so far) but Mr. Canaday of the *New York Times*, the Art Dealers' Association of New York, and the art expert of *Life* magazine last fall stigmatized as fakes about seventy pictures in Mr. Walter P. Chrysler's appropriately titled exhibition, *The Controversial Century, 1850-1950*, then hanging on the walls of the National Gallery of Canada.

At Sotheby's we get an average of half-a-dozen fake Utrillos, Modiglianis, or Renoirs every year. Some can be spotted at once. Others may stand for days' or weeks' study on an easel, before the corporate verdict is given. An auction house whose reputation depends on its expertise as well as its integrity needs to be staffed by hawks and lynxes.

AFTER HOURS

Last of all among the profiteers on the boom in picture prices come the thieves and blackmailers. When the *Mona Lisa* was stolen from the Louvre in 1911, she was absent for two years. But the thief never attempted to sell her, and his motive—he was an Italian—was seemingly political: the French had looted the picture, and Italy ought to have it back. Fifty years later, to a day, one of Goya's three portraits of the first Duke of Wellington, which Mr. Charles Wrightsman had handsomely relinquished to the British government, was stolen from the National Gallery in London. He is still AWOL, and if the successive anonymous letters from the thieves are genuine, as they surely are, the Iron Duke is being held for ransom.

The series of thefts recently perpetrated in Italy and in London and up and down the French Riviera could have one of two motives. For fashionably salable but not universally familiar paintings there are, no doubt, fences in the trade, and presumably customers somewhere who don't ask for provenance or documentation. But one, at least, of the French thefts of modern pictures, and the more recent theft of old masters from a villa near Como, were clearly aimed at blackmailing an insurance company. In due course, the paintings were suddenly back again, without any public explanation—or any thieves going to jail. Whether this gambit will be tried with the several outstanding cases remains to be seen. But meanwhile institutional custodians, picture dealers, and private owners who keep their pictures on the wall and not in the strong room must be sleeping rather uneasily.

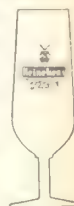
Anita Loos laid it down in my youth (and, it seemed, forever) that diamonds are a girl's best friend. More recently, consequent upon some particularly high jinks in the picture market, Alistair Cooke opined that Renoirs seemed to becoming an acceptable substitute. I am told that diamonds, like pearls, can be dyed, or otherwise sophisticated. I know that Renoirs (and by no means only Renoirs) have been faked. I also know that not every picture which has Botticelli's name on the frame was in fact painted by Alessandro di Mariano dei Filipepi. Where *do* we go from here?

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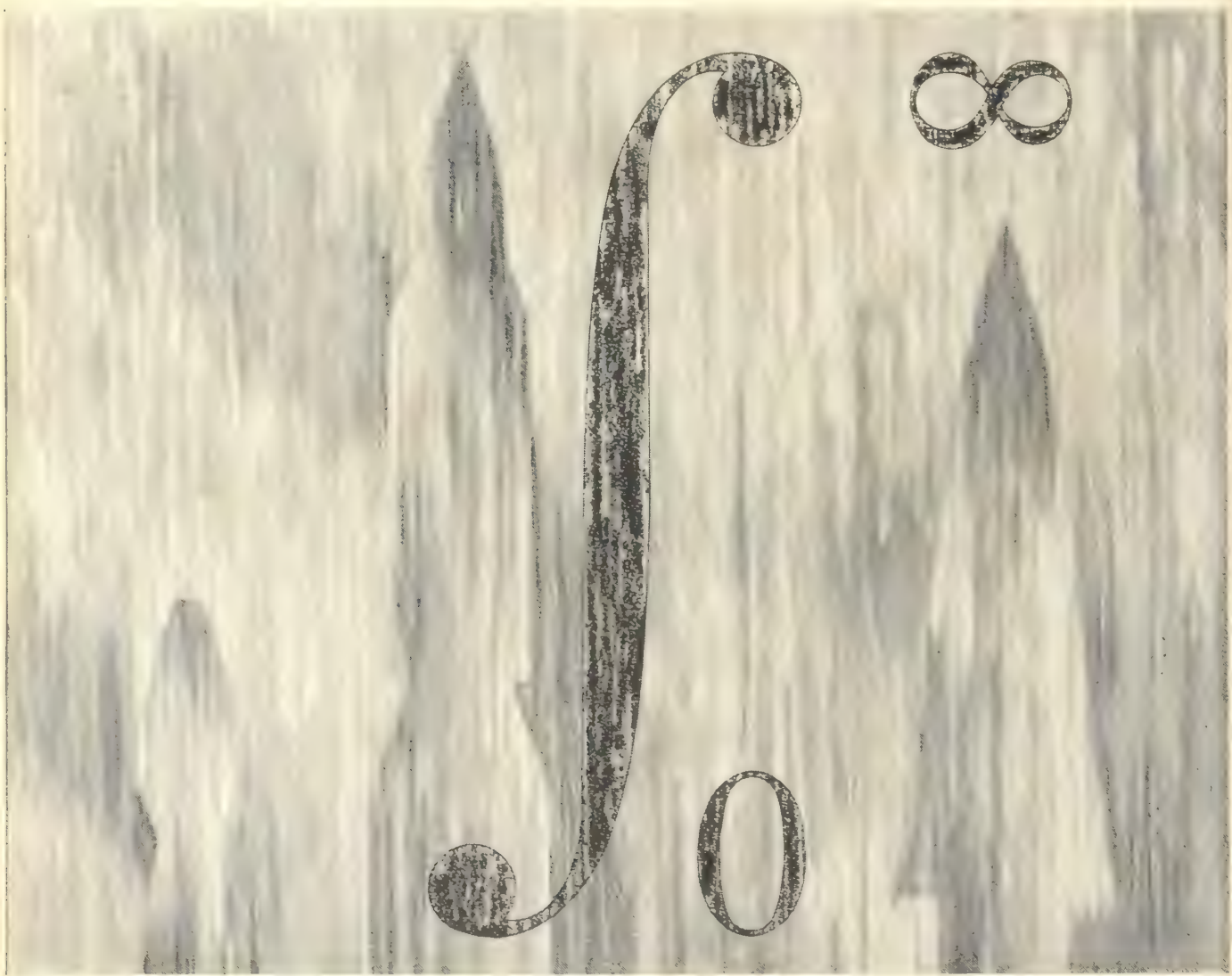
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Aerospace planners find themselves with a number of potential vehicle designs for any given mission. To avoid the multimillion dollar expenditures testing even a few of these would entail, industry has devised mathematical procedures that do the big job of weeding out the poorer designs. □ Douglas missile and space system mathematical simulation programs are among the most advanced and comprehensive in operation today. The company's researchers have developed a variety of procedures that "flight test" hyper-

MATHEMATICAL MISSILES

...AND WHAT DOUGLAS IS DOING WITH THEM

sonic vehicles in the laboratory... "expose" configurations to intense heating and loading environments... even conduct "battles" between missiles. Another aid is a unique Douglas viewing system which allows relationships between various parameters (trajectories, et cetera) to be observed in three dimensions.



Advanced mathematical short-cuts to better aerospace systems are among the numerous research programs in 23 broad technological areas now under way at Douglas.

Major Douglas Divisions are located in Santa Monica and Long Beach, California, **DOUGLAS** Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Charlotte, North Carolina.



Harper's

magazine

The Hard Kind of Patriotism

By Adlai E. Stevenson

Why it is increasingly necessary for Americans to learn to love their country in a new—and more difficult—way.

It is not easy to be a patriot these days—not because it is difficult to love one's country. The difficulty lies with loving one's country in the right way.

The love itself is profound and instinctive, rooted in our childhood discovery of all the infinite delights of being alive—for me, the vast skies, the spring green of the corn, the fall colors and winter snow of the Illinois prairie; for all of us, the shining Christmas trees, the colored mesas and bright flowers of the desert, the rocky shores and pounding seas “way down East,” the aspens showering autumn gold on the slopes of the Rockies.

It doesn't matter what your picture is. For all of us, it is “home,” the place where we spent the endless, dream-filled days of childhood, the

place that still nourishes our secret, life-giving imagination, the place we love as we love bread, as we love the earliest image of maternal care, as we love life itself. In doing so, we love what has largely made us what we are. The difficulty is, as I have said, to love it in the right way.

I think the complexity of modern technological society makes the loving difficult for everybody, but here in America we have some quite special problems, which come not from our complex present but from our historical inheritance.

Some states emerge from some pre-existing tribal unity, some grow up within an already established culture, and some are forged by conquest, with victor and vanquished settling down to a new synthesis.

None of these routes was followed by America. Our people have come from every “tribal” group; they have largely had to create their own civilization as they went along to absorb a continent. They have never been conquered or had any sort of synthesis imposed upon them. Their community had, in fact, a unique beginning—it was

from the moment of its birth a land "dedicated to a proposition"—that men are born equal, that government is a government of laws, not men, and exists to serve them, that "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are man's inalienable right.

But consider the consequences of this astonishing start. We are Americans because we belong to a certain ideal, visionary type of political and social order. We can't point back to a long, shared civilization. It is true, most of us have Europe and the West behind us. But not all—and, anyway, it is a concept of the West that we create rather than inherit. And no one is standing on our necks keeping us down and together.

The result is a community, surely, whose instinctive, rooted, taken-for-granted unity has to be all the more dynamic. If we are not dedicated to our fundamental propositions, then the natural cement in our society may not be enough to take the strain.

I would agree that there are substitutes. When a President said that "the business of America is business," he told us something about the degree to which a standard of living can do stand-in duty for a way of life. But the question, "What manner of people are we?" cannot be everlastingly answered in terms of two-car families or split-level homes.

Will the Fabric Hold?

America is much more than an economic or geographical fact. It is a political and moral fact—the first community in which men set out in principle to institutionalize freedom, responsible government, and human equality. And we love it for this audacity! How easy it is, contemplating this vision, to see in it—as Jefferson or Lincoln saw in it—"The last, best hope of man." To be a nation founded on an ideal in one sense makes our love of country a more vital force than any instinctive pieties of blood and soil.

But it also demands a more complex and discriminating love. Will the fabric hold if the ideal fades? If the effort to realize our citizens' birthright of freedom and equality is not constantly renewed, on what can we fall back? As a going concern, we can no doubt survive many shocks and shames. It was Adam Smith who remarked that "There is a great deal of ruin in every state." But can we survive, as a confident and growing community, if the essentially liberal thrust of

our origins is forgotten, if we equate liberty with passive noninterference, if we exclude large minorities from our standards of equality, if income becomes a substitute for idealism, consumption for dedication, privilege for neighborly good will?

Well, you may say, "Why be so concerned; after all, one of the most forceful elements of our free society is precisely our discontent with our own shortcomings. Because we are free, because we are not the victims of censorship and manipulated news, because no dictatorial government imposes on us its version of the truth, we are at liberty to speak up against our shortcomings. We don't confuse silence with success. We know that 'between the idea and the reality . . . falls the shadow,' and we are determined to chase away that shadow in the uncompromising light of truth."

But *are we*? It is at this point that our patriotism, our love of country, has to be a discriminating, not a blind force. All too often, voices are raised, in the name of some superpatriotism, to still all criticism and to denounce honest divergencies as the next thing to treason. We have risen up from the pit of McCarthy's time, when honest men could lose their jobs for questioning whether there were 381 known Communists in the State Department. But the intolerant spirit which equates responsible criticisms with "selling the country short" or "being soft on communism" or "undermining the American way of life" is still abroad.

I can give you no comfort in suggesting there is an easy way around this type of criticism. Our position today is equivocal. We *are* in one sense a very conservative people—for no nation in history has had so much to conserve. Suggestions that everything is not perfect and that things must be changed *do* arouse the suspicion that something *I* cherish and *I* value may be modified. Even Aristotle complained that "everyone thinks chiefly of his own, hardly ever of the public interest." And our instinct is to preserve what we have, and then to give the instinct a colored wrapping of patriotism.

This is in part what the great Dr. Johnson meant when he said: "Patriotism is the last

As U. S. Representative to the United Nations and Representative in the Security Council, Adlai E. Stevenson speaks often for America both on matters of crisis and on everyday affairs. This article is based on a recent address made by Ambassador Stevenson in acceptance of the Patriotism Award of the Senior Class of the University of Notre Dame.

refuge of a scoundrel." To defend every abuse, every self-interest, every encrusted position of privilege in the name of love of country—when in fact it is only love of the status quo—that indeed is the lie in the soul to which any conservative society is prone.

We do not escape it—but with us, an extra edge of hypocrisy attaches to the confusion. For our basic reason for being a state is our attempt to build a dynamic and equal society of free men. Societies based on blood ties can perhaps safely confuse conservatism and patriotism. People with long backward-looking traditions can perhaps do so. Countries under the heel of dictators must do so. But if the world's first experiment in the open society uses patriotism as a cloak for inaction or reaction, then it will cease to be open—and then, as a social organism, it will lose its fundamental reason for existence.

Do not, therefore, regard the critics as questionable patriots. What were Washington and Jefferson and Adams but profound critics of the colonial status quo? Our society can stand a large dose of constructive criticism just because it is so solid and has so much to conserve. It is only if keen and lively minds constantly compare the ideal and the reality and see the shadow—the shadow of self-righteousness, of suburban sprawl, of racial discrimination, of interminable strikes—it is only then that the shadow can be dispelled and the unique brightness of our national experiment can be seen and loved.

The patriots are those who love America enough to wish to see her as a model to mankind. This is not treachery. This—as every parent, every teacher, every friend must know—is the truest and noblest affection. No patriots so defaced America as those who, in the name of Americanism, launched a witch-hunt which became a byword around the world. We have survived it. We shall survive John Birchism and all the rest of the superpatriots—but only at the price of perpetual and truly patriotic vigilance.

This discriminating and vigilant patriotism is all the more necessary because the world at large is one in which a simple, direct, inward-looking nationalism is not enough.

We face in Communist hostility and expansionism a formidable force, whether Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Mao Tse-tung pull together or apart. They disagree so far only on whether capitalism should be peacefully or violently buried. They are both for the funeral. So long as this fundamental objective remains, we must regard the Communist Bloc as a whole with extreme wariness.

Even if the Communists are divided and confused everywhere—even if they have scored no late none of the victories in Africa, East Asia, and the Middle East our doomsayers predicted—still the Communist Bloc is aggressive and powerful and determined to grow more so. Taken individually, the European states are all outnumbered. Even America has only a margin of superiority over the tough, austere Soviet Union. Even if the Russian forces in Cuba are not going to conquer the Americas, still their presence in this hemisphere endangers the peace.

So we have sensibly concluded in the NATO Alliance that our separate sovereignties and nationalisms must be transcended in a common, overwhelming union of deterrent strength. Together our weight keeps the balance of power firmly down on our side, and it removes from each state the temptation of playing off one state against another and weakening the overall power in order to strengthen its own. This is the first reason for transcending narrow nationalism.

The second follows from our economic interdependence. The Atlantic world has taken 70 per cent of world trade and absorbed 70 per cent of its own investments for the last seventy years. We are an interwoven international economy. Bank rates in Britain affect investments in New York. Restrictions here affect carpet makers in Belgium. French farmers affect everybody. We can only avoid the mismanagement of this community if we pursue joint policies. My friend Jean Monnet has outlined the essential list: expansion of demand, currency stability, investment overseas, trade with the developing nations, reserves for world trade. Without joint policies here, we could easily slip back to the debacle of the period between the great civil wars of Europe of 1914 and 1939.

After Many Tribal Wars

In this context, separate, divisive nationalism is not patriotism. It cannot be patriotism to enlarge a country's illusory sense of potency and influence, and reduce its security and economic viability. True patriotism demands that, in some essential categories, purely national solutions be left behind in the interest of the nation itself. It is this effort to transcend narrow nationalism that marked the supremely successful Marshall Plan. It marks the great enterprise of European unification—after so many tribal wars. It could mark the building of an Atlantic partnership as a secure nucleus of world order.

So our vision must be of the open society fulfilling itself in an open world. This we can love. This gives our country its universal validity. This is a patriotism which sets no limits to the capacity of our country to act as the organizing principle of wider and wider associations, until in some way not yet foreseen we can embrace the family of man.

And here our patriotism encounters its last ambiguity. There are misguided patriots who feel we pay too much attention to other nations, that we are somehow enfeebled by respecting world opinion. Well, "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" was the very first order of business when the Republic was created; the Declaration of Independence was written, not to proclaim our separation, but to explain it and win other nations to our cause. The founding fathers did not think it was "soft" or "un-American" to respect the opinions of others, and today for a man to love his country truly, he must also know how to love mankind. The change springs from many causes. The two appalling wars of this century, culminating in the atom bomb, have taught all men the impossibility of war. Horace may have said: "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country." But to be snuffed out in the one brief blast of an atomic explosion bears no relation to the courage and clarity of the old limited ideal.

Nor is this a simple shrinking from annihilation. It is something much deeper—a growing sense of our solidarity as a human species on a planet made one and vulnerable by our science and technology.

For, on this shrunken globe, men can no longer live as strangers. Men can war against each other as hostile neighbors, as we are determined not to do; or they can coexist in frigid isolation, as we are doing. But our prayer is that men everywhere will learn, finally, to live as brothers, to respect each other's differences, to heal each other's wounds, to promote each other's progress, and to benefit from each other's knowledge. If the evangelical virtue of charity can be translated into political terms, aren't these our goals?

Aristotle said that the end of politics must be the good of man. Man's greatest good and greatest present need is, then, to establish world peace. Without it, the democratic enterprise—one might even say the human enterprise—will be utterly, fatally doomed. War under modern conditions is bereft of even that dubious logic it may have had in the past. With the development of modern technology, "victory" in war

Unabridged All Right

(Noah Webster! thou should'st be living at this hour . . .)

wistaria . . . 2 a : a pale purple that is redder and paler than average lavender, bluer and lighter than phlox pink, and bluer, lighter and stronger than floss-flower blue b : a light violet that is redder, less strong, and slightly darker than average bright periwinkle—called also *wistaria violet*

wistaria blue n : a light purplish blue that is redder and deeper than lupine and darker and slightly redder than average periwinkle.

—Webster's Third New International Dictionary, Unabridged, 1961.

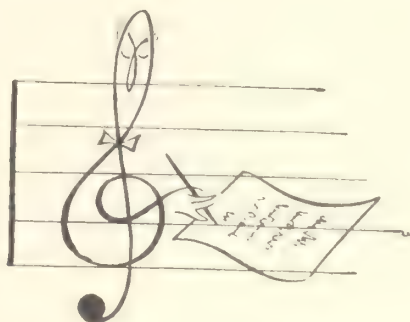
has become a mockery. What victory—victory for what or for whom?

Perhaps younger people are especially sensitive to this growing conviction that nowadays all wars are civil wars and all killing is fratricide. The movement takes many forms—multilateral diplomacy through the United Nations, the search for world peace through world law, the universal desire for nuclear disarmament, the sense of sacrifice and service of the Peace Corps, the growing revulsion against Jim Crowism, the belief that dignity rests in man as such and that all must be treated as ends, not means.

But whatever its form, I believe that, far from being in any sense an enemy to patriotism, it is a new expression of the respect for life from which all true love springs. We can truly begin to perceive the meaning of our great propositions—of liberty and equality—if we see them as part of the patrimony of all men. We shall not love our corner of the planet less for loving the planet too, and resisting with all our skill and passion the dangers that would reduce it to smoldering ashes.

I can, therefore, wish no more for the profound patriotism of Americans than that they add to it a new dedication to the world-wide brotherhood of which they are a part and that, together with their love of America, there will grow a wider love which seeks to transform our earthly city, with all its races and peoples, all its creeds and aspirations, into Saint Augustine's "Heavenly city where truth reigns, love is the law, and whose extent is eternity."

The Impregnable Boston Symphony: *Mr. Cabot Meets the Chorus Crasher*



by Joseph Roddy and Henry B. Cabot

Anybody who exchanges letters with the unabashed Mr. Roddy does so at his own risk (and delight) . . . as the amiable President of the Boston Symphony Orchestra discovered.

In a recent issue of this magazine, I made a public confession of my fraudulent career as a singer. For about as long as I can remember, listening to music has seemed an ungratifying substitute for performing it, and because of that I had made a practice of performing fairly regularly with the best conductors and orchestras in the country.

I managed to do this by slipping into the large choral groups engaged to sing the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony* and most of the other staples in the choral repertoire. To pull off these

chorus crashes without any embarrassment, I arrived for my performances properly dressed (tux, tails, or choir robe) and as knowledgeable as I could get about every note the conductor expected to hear from the singers.

I counted these concerts high among the really exalting experiences of my life, yet when I was singing my sixth *Ninth* (my second with Toscanini was the best), I felt the need to move in even closer on music. I began wondering whether my modest skill as a violoncellist—arrived at after three years of instruction started three years ago—might sustain me through a crash into some large and illustrious symphony orchestra's string section. I could, after all, play better than I could sing. What I lacked most was a repertoire, so I started building one. When completed, it consisted in its entirety of Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and Beethoven's *Violoncello Concerto*, both with cello parts so baby-simple

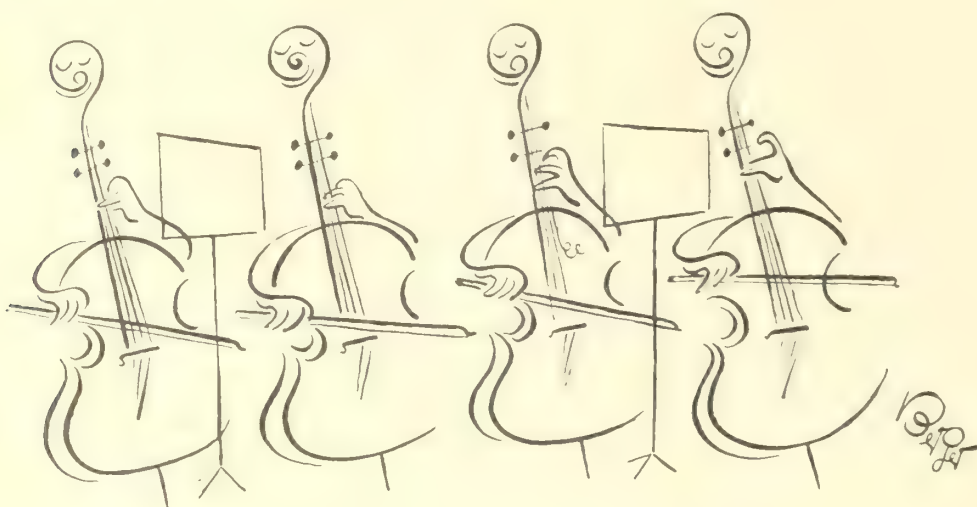
that after months of hard practice I came to regard myself as their master.

For my debut as an uninvited instrumentalist I decided on the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As a chorus-crasher I had performed with that ensemble at Tanglewood and in New York, and once even made a recording with it in Boston. But old loyalties were not the deciding factor in this new venture. I chose the Boston because it had an odd number of cellists. String players in symphony orchestras ordinarily pair up to share music stands, and this meant that in Boston the last cellist always played alone. I, I decided, would steal in at the last minute and sit

beside him whenever his orchestra played my pieces. I would, of course, be properly dressed—tails by night, undertaker garb by day. But, anyway, I told all this before, and you could look it up in the November 1962 issue of *Harper's*.

Within two weeks after the article was published I had two written invitations to come out of retirement and crash choruses, and four invitations to sign on as a bona fide baritone—no audition required.

A short while later, at *Look Magazine* where I now work, I had a letter from Henry B. Cabot, President of the Board of Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra:



Boston Symphony Orchestra
SYMPHONY HALL
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

November 20, 1962

Dear Mr. Roddy:

I am sorry to disappoint your expectation of a place on the last stand of the Boston Symphony Orchestra cellos. There are now twelve in the section and so to find a place you will have to check on the health of the section. I suggest that the personnel manager, Mr. Mazzeo, could give you a steer on this. It would give you a chance to perform with our new conductor, Erich Leinsdorf. You don't mention him in your "Confessions" and as you have sung with all our recent conductors, Monteux, Koussevitzky, and Munch, I think you owe yourself an exposure to Leinsdorf.

At Tanglewood, as you know, having been a

member of the chorus, many students are given scholarships to cover the tuition which is \$300. At the time of receiving a scholarship each student is asked to sign a statement acknowledging its receipt and indicating an intention, when as and if his finances permit, to reimburse the school. Inquiry in the office fails to disclose any such statement from you (which is understandable). I am led to believe that there is little difference financially between *Look* and *Life*, and as *Life* has given the Boston Symphony Orchestra Mr. C. D. Jackson, it is now *Look's* turn.

Most sincerely and enviously,

Henry B Cabot

P.S. My wife says I am braver than you—I played the clarinet to the Boston Symphony.

P.P.S. A two-week scholarship—the smallest—is \$75.

LOOK
COWLES MAGAZINES AND
BROADCASTING INC.
488 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK 22 NY

November 29, 1962

Dear Mr. Cabot:

A few weeks ago in Lincoln Center as the Boston Symphony Orchestra was playing the Mahler *First Symphony* (a work with a cello part beyond my present skills) I could not help noticing that the membership of the cello section was even-numbered. Since then, and until your recent letter, I have been waiting here in a slough of despair knowing that sooner or later the full force of some authorized voice in your city would charge me with a miscount, and then claim that the crime I so fancifully planned could not possibly be pulled off. It helps little at all now for me to note in my defense that your cello section looked odd-numbered about two years ago when I first counted it. At any rate, with the truth out, I am to miss my chance with the orchestra. But then, so is the orchestra to miss its chance with me. That, I suppose, is the way certain chords in life resolve. So much for my late aspiration—unless your Mr. Mazzeo is lucky enough to catch one of his cellists' fingers in a door jamb the night Erich Leinsdorf plays the Mozart *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and Beethoven *Violin Concerto*.

The rest of your letter offers me more in the way of compensation than I had expected. You urge me, quite forthrightly, to endow Tanglewood with a scholarship, and I will give that my closest consideration. I have often heard it said that I am generous to a fault, though the fault some others say is parsimony. But surely it would be only proper that I make some immediate show of appreciation, as it were, to acknowledge your gracious proposal that I, as an editor of *Look*, become a Trustee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In doing this, as you point out, I would be only following the precedent set by a Mr. C. D. Jackson, whom I take to be a working hand at *Life Magazine*. I am, of course, Mr. Cabot, perfectly willing to throw in with your orchestra in this capacity. It is traditionally an honor to be asked to serve as a Trustee, and I regard it perhaps even more of an honor to accept. (May I be allowed to savor the notion that though my strength upon the violoncello's strings may be found wanting in places, the resounding sinews of my character are still to be heard along the banks of the Charles.)

The public announcement of my appointment I

will leave to you entirely to handle in the customary way. But just to get a little advance grip on the orchestra's overall situation I thought I might ask Jackson to drop up to my office and spell out a few of the problems we will face together. It will be nice anyway to meet a fellow Trustee in the same general line of business with a heart full of music, and I suspect we will get along well.

I suppose you are generally correct in thinking that there is little difference financially between *Look* and *Life* now. We were worried about them for a while (though I would not want this to imperil Jackson's position on the Board). Now that his *Life* crowd has managed to raise the price of the magazine from nineteen cents to a full twenty cents, they should find the going a little easier sometime in the future. We charge a quarter of course and find quite a few more readers, but we think it is good to have some kind of competition around. Surely the Boston orchestra would not like to have the New Haven or Rochester orchestra go silent now.

But there I go rambling from music to magazines and back again, a bi-tonality I will try never to be guilty of at our Board meetings.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph Roddy

P.S. Your mention of your wife reminds me of mine. She is as fashion conscious as most women nowadays. She wants me to be sure to ask you what Trustees wear to Board meetings in Boston.

Boston Symphony Orchestra
SYMPHONY HALL
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

February 20, 1963

Dear Mr. Roddy:

Ever since I received your letter of November 29th I have been haunted by a sense of apprehension. I felt sure that, as a leopard does not change its spots, so the opportunity to crash the Boston Symphony Board would prove too tempting. For this reason and in spite of the warning you gave me in your letter, I was afraid that, relying on the old jingle about the limited acquaintance of Cabots and Lowells, you might try once more. I found consolation, however, in the fact that I do know by sight all eighteen members of the Board of Trustees, which gave me some feeling of security.

I have also been somewhat concerned that you

might have misconstrued my letter. I am, therefore, writing in order to set the record straight.

My letter of November 20th was intended merely as a suggestion that in view of your apparent pleasure in crashing the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the past, you might care to respond with a financial donation to the Orchestra, which is supported in large part through the generosity of friends.

The mention of Mr. C. D. Jackson of *Life* Magazine was intended as a reference to his generosity to our Orchestra which, perhaps indiscreetly, I assumed had been facilitated by the success of *Life* Magazine.

With reference to the second and third paragraphs of your letter, let me say that while no doubt crashers have joined forces with our Orchestra from time to time, it has not been the policy of the Board to select new Trustees in this manner, nor do we see any reason to change the policy at this time.

Yours sincerely,
Henry B Cabot

P.S. In answer to your wife's question as to what one should wear to Board meetings, you may tell her that our Trustees are customarily garbed in a sense of humility possibly greater than that to which she may be accustomed.

LOOK
COWLES MAGAZINES AND
BROADCASTING INC.
488 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK 22 NY

March 29, 1963

Dear Mr. Cabot:

That last letter of yours did not get to me one day too soon. I was making plans to quit my job, sell my house, and borrow a lot of money before moving to your city to get closer to my new line of work.

From the time I thought I had been invited to join the Board of Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra until I learned that I had never even been under consideration, I spent most of my spare time at farewell parties in my honor and the rest at the cello. Somewhat foolishly it now appears, I had permitted myself to expect that you would have a little reception planned to follow my installation ceremonies in the Board room, and I did not think that modest gala should be without a *moment musicale* of its own. To get set for it, I spent every minute I could during the last month working up my half of a duet for cello and clarinet by the Dutch composer Hans

Leerinck as well as the three duos of Beethoven's Op. 147, all of which I had planned to play with you while the other Trustees listened, I imagined, admiringly.

But one blow follows close on another these days. In quick succession I seem to have been blocked from the Boston Symphony Orchestra's cello section, from its Board of Trustees, and now from a chamber-music session with its President. Yet maybe this last loss of mine can be averted. Even though you and I are not to meet in the Board room where I had expected to help retrieve the orchestra from the fix C. D. Jackson and the other Trustees got it into, surely the two of us owe it to ourselves to make a little conciliatory harmony together.

Perhaps this might be the way: we could play a very high-priced benefit somewhere, preferably in some well-appointed hall where the shade of Florence Foster Jenkins might feel welcome. You come in humility, I'll wear a tin cup, and the scholarship fund for Tanglewood gets everything thrown our way.

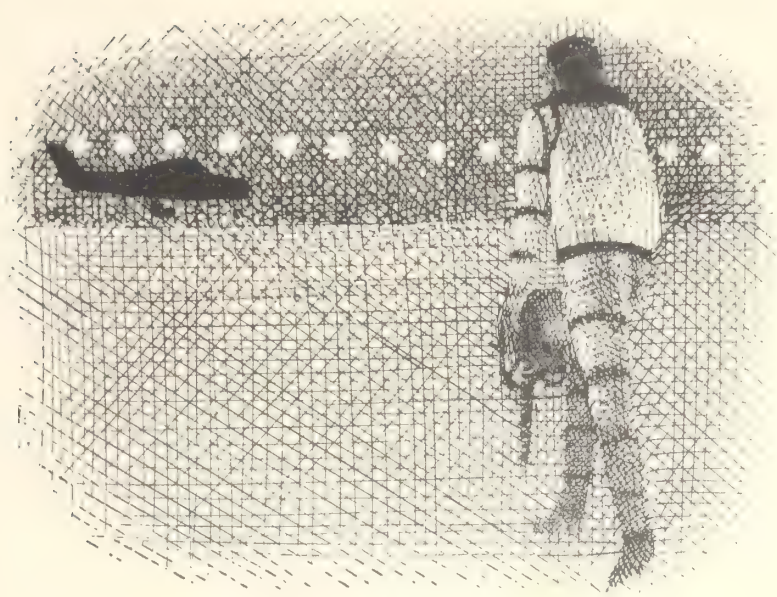
Sincerely,
Joseph Roddy

P.S. Have you noticed *Life* Magazine costs twenty-five cents now, same as *Look*? That's a plucky bunch, isn't it? And speaking of C.D., do you suppose he plays an instrument? Could he join us for trios? He could come in ignominy. My wife (the original Fabric Maid) says it wears better than humility. She says that Trustees garbed in humility, like emperors dressed in fine clothes, can be seen through.



Fighter Pilot

by Richard Bach



How to learn one of the most exacting—and hazardous—jobs in the air . . . and why the psychological gulf between single- and multiengine pilots can't be bridged.

I belong to a group of men who fly alone. There is only one seat in the cockpit of a fighter airplane; there is no space allotted for another pilot to tune the radios in the weather or make the calls to air traffic control centers or to help with the emergency procedures or to call off the air-speed down final approach. There is no one else to break the solitude of a long cross-country flight. There is no one else to make decisions. I do everything myself, from engine start to engine shutdown. In a war, I will face alone the missiles and the flak and the small-arms fire over the front lines. If I die, I will die alone.

Because of this, and because this is the only way that I would have it, I do not choose to spend my time with the multiengine pilots who live behind the lines of adventure. It is an arrogant attitude and unfair. The difference between one pilot in the cockpit and many on the flight deck

should not be enough to cause them never to associate. But there is an impassable barrier between me and the man who prefers the life of low and slow.

I ventured one evening to break the barrier. I talked to a pilot in a National Guard squadron that had been forced to trade its F-86s for four-engine transports. If there ever was a common bond between single- and multiengine flying, I could see it through the eyes of this man. "How do you like multi after the Sabre?" I had asked, lights dancing on the pool beside the officers' club.

I had picked the wrong pilot. He was new in the squadron, a transfer.

"I've never flown an 'eighty-six and I have no desire to fly one," he said.

The words "'eighty-six" sounded foreign in his mouth. I discovered that there had been a complete turnover of pilots in that squadron when its airplane changed from fighter-interceptor to heavy transport, and that my partner in conversation had a multiengine mind. The silver wings above his pocket were cast in the same mold that mine had been, but he lived in another world. I have not since bothered to speak with a multiengine pilot.

Every so often a single-engine pilot is caught

in a web of circumstances that transfers him from a fighter squadron into the ranks of multi-engine pilots, that forces him to learn about torque pressure and overhead switch panels and propeller-feathering procedures. I have known three of these. They fought furiously against the change, to no avail. For a short while they flew multiengine airplanes with their single-engine minds, but in less than a year all three had been released from active Air Force duty at their own request.

The solitude that each fighter pilot knows when he is alone with his airplane is the quality that shows him that his airplane is actually a thing of life. Life exists in multiengine airplanes, too, but it is more difficult to find through the talk of crew on interphone and how are the passengers taking the rough air and crew chief can you pass me up a flight lunch. Flight lunch! It is sacrilege to eat while you fly an airplane.

Solitude is that key that says that life is not confined to things that grow from the earth. The interdependence of pilot and airplane in flight shows that neither can exist without the other. And we are confident in each other. One fighter squadron motto sums up the attitude of fighter pilots everywhere: *We can beat any man in any land in any game that he can name for any amount that he can count.*

In contrast, I read on the wall of Base Operations at a multiengine base: *The difficult we approach with caution. The impossible we do not attempt.* I could not believe it. I thought that it must have been someone's idea of a joke for the day. But the sign was neatly lettered and a little gray, as if it had been there for a long while. It was joy to spin the dust of that runway from my wheels and to be out again in a sky designed for fighter pilots.

Training or Courtship?

When I was a boy I lived in a town that would last from now to now as I fly at 500 knots. I rode a bicycle, went to school, worked at odd jobs, spent a few hours at the airport watching the airplanes come and go. Fly one myself? Never. Too complicated.

But the day came that I had behind me the typical history of a typical aviation cadet. I did not make straight A's in my first college year and I thought that campus life was not the best road to education. For a reason that may have had something to do with Life and Adventure, I walked into a recruiting office and told the man

behind the desk that I wanted to be an Air Force pilot.

To my surprise, I passed the tests. I matched the little airplanes in the drawings to the ones in the photographs. I identified which terrain was actually shown in Map Two. I wrote that Gear K will rotate counterclockwise if Lever A is pushed forward. The doctors poked at me, discovered that I was breathing constantly, and all of a sudden I was offered the chance to become a United States Air Force Aviation Cadet.

I raised my right hand and discovered that my name was New Aviation Cadet Bach, Richard D.; A-D One Nine Five Six Three Three One Two. Sir.

For three months I got nothing but life on the ground. I learned about marching and running and how to fire the .45-caliber pistol. Every once in a while I saw an airplane fly over my training base.

The other cadets came from a strangely similar background. Most of them had never been in an airplane, most of them had tried some form of higher education and did not succeed at it. They sweated in the Texas sun with me and they memorized the General Orders and Washington's Address and the Aviation Cadet Honor Code. They were young enough to take the life without writing exposés or telling the squadron commander that they had had enough of this heavy-handed treatment from the upper class. In time we became the upper class and put a stripe or two on our shoulder boards and learned about being heavy-handed with the lower class. If they can't take a little chewing out or a few minutes of silly games, they'll never make good pilots.

"Look here, Mister. Do you think this joke's a program? Are you smiling, Mister? Are you showing emotion? Maintain eye-to-eye contact with me, Mister! Don't you have any control over yourself? God help the United States of America if you ever become an Air Force pilot!"

And then, suddenly, Preflight Training was over and we were on our way to become the lower class at a base where we began to learn about airplanes, and where we first breathed the aluminum-rubber-paint-oil-parachute air of an airplane cockpit and where we began to get a

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tiny secret idea, shared in secret by every other cadet in the class, that an airplane is actually a living thing, that loves to fly.

I took the academics and I loved the flying and I bore the military inspections and the parades for six months. Then I left Primary Flight School to become part of the lower class in Basic Flight School, where I was introduced to the world of turbine and speed and spent my first day in Basic Single-Engine Flight School.

A strange face above white-banded boards and a set of white gloves. "Fall in, gentlemen."

A flight of four sun-burnished silver jet training planes whistle over the base. Jets. "Let's expedite, gentlemen, fall in."

"Welcome back to the Air Force, gentlemen, this is Basic." A pause. Distant crackle of full throttle and takeoff. "You tigers will get your stripes here. It's not a lot of fun or a no-sweat program. If you can't hack it, you're out. So you were Cadet Group Commander in Primary; you let up, you slack the books, you're out. Stay sharp and you'll make it. LaiUFF, HAICE! Ho-ward, HAR!"

The B-4 bag is heavy in the right hand. A sign: *Cadet Club*. Rows of tar-papered barracks. Dust on shined shoes. Hot Texas air doesn't cool as I move through it. Away, a lone jet trainer heads for the runway. Solo. I am a long way from Primary Flight School. A long way from the chug of a T-28's butter-paddle propeller. And a long way still from the silver wings above the left breast pocket.

"This is your barracks," says the whitegloves. "There are T-33 pilot's handbooks in every room. Learn the emergency procedures. All of them. You will be asked. Someone will be around later to answer questions."

Questions.

"Inspections every Saturday?"

"Are the classes tough?"

"What is the airplane like?"

"When do we fly?"

A cold night in a white-collar bed. Talk in the dark barracks.

"Just think, boy, jets at last!"

"So it's tough. They'll have to throw me out. I'll never quit because it's hard."

". . . airspeed down final with the gun-bay doors open is one twenty plus fuel plus ten, right?"

"Let's see, Johnny, is that 'climb to twenty-five thousand and rock wings'? Twenty-five thousand feet! Man, we're flying JETS!"

"Never thought I'd make it to Basic."

Behind the quiet talk is the roar of night-fly-

ing turbines as the upper class learns, and the flash of landing lights bright for an instant on the wall opposite my open window. Tenuous sleep. Upper-class voices by the window as they return in the night. "I never saw *that* before! He only had ninety-five per cent and his tailpipe was bright red . . . really red!"

". . . so then Mobile told me to climb in Sector One to thirty thousand feet. I couldn't even find the field, let alone Sector One."

My glowing Air Force watch says 0300. Strange dreams. The beautiful blonde looks up at me. She asks a question: "What's your air-speed turning base leg with three hundred and fifty gallons of fuel on board?" A crowded and fantastically complex instrument panel, with a huge altimeter pointing to 30,000. Helmets with visors, red-topped ejection seats, instruments, instruments.

Sleep soaks away into the pillow and the night is still and dark. What do I do with a zero load-meter reading? Battery off . . . no . . . battery on . . . nono . . . "Activate electrical device." Outside, the green beam and the split white beam of the beacon on the control tower go round and round and round.

"Look Around, Gentlemen"

But once again the days pass and I learn. I am concerned with ground school and lectures; with first flights in the T-33; and after ten hours aloft with an instructor in the back seat, with flying it alone. Then with instruments and precise control of an airplane in any weather. With formation. With navigation.

It would all be great fun if I knew for certain that I would successfully finish Basic Training and wear at last the silver wings. But when instrument flying is new, it is difficult, and my class that numbered 112 in Preflight is now cut to 63. None have been killed in airplane crashes, none have bailed out or ejected from an airplane. For one reason or another, for academic or military or flying deficiencies, or sometimes just because he has had enough of the tightly controlled routine, a cadet will pack his B-4 bag one evening and disappear into the giant that is the Air Force.

I had expected some not to finish the program, but I had expected them to fail in a violent sheet of flame or in a bright spinning cloud of fragments of a midair collision.

There are near-misses. I am flying as Lead in a four-ship flight of T-33s. With 375 knots

and a clear sky overhead, I press the control stick back to begin a loop. Our airplanes are just passing the vertical, noses high in the blue sky, when a flash of blurred silver streaks across our path, and is gone. I finish the loop, wingmen faithfully watching only my airplane and working hard to stay in their positions, and twist in my seat to see the airplane that nearly took all four of us out of the sky. But it is gone as completely as if it had never been. There had not been time for reaction or fear or where did he come from. I think about it for a moment and begin another loop.

A few weeks later it happened to a lower-class cadet, practicing acrobatics alone at 20,000 feet. "I was on top of a Cuban Eight, just starting down, when I felt a little thud. When I rolled out, I saw that my right tiptank was gone and that the end of the wing was pretty well shredded. I thought I'd better come back home."

He didn't even see the flash of the airplane that hit him. The base settled down to wait for the other airplane. In a little more than an hour, one airplane of all those on Mobile Control's list of takeoffs failed to have an hour written in the column marked "Return." Search airplanes went up, arrowing through the dusk like swift efficient robots seeking a fallen member of the clan. The darkness fell, and the robots found nothing.

The base held its breath. Cadet dining halls were still, during the evening meal. Not everyone is home tonight. Pass the salt please, Johnny. The clink of stamped steel forks on mass-fired pottery. I hear it was an upperclassman in the other squadron. Muted clinks, voices low. Across the room, a smile. He should be calling in any minute now. Anybody want some more milk? You can't kill an upperclassman.

The next day, around the square olive-drab briefing tables in the flight shack, we got the official word. You can kill an upperclassman. Let's look around, gentlemen; remember that there are sixty airplanes from this base alone in the sky during the day. You're not bomber pilots here, keep that head on a swivel and never stop looking around.

And we briefed and flew our next mission.

Then, suddenly, we had made it. A long early morning, a crisp formation of the lower class in review as we stand at parade rest, a sixteen-ship flyby, a speech by a general and one by the base commander.

They return my salute, shake my hand, present me a cold set of small wings that flash a tiny beam of silver. I made it all the way through.

Alive. Then there are orders to advanced flying training and the glory-soaked number that goes F-84F. I am a pilot. A rated Air Force pilot. A fighter pilot.

"Keep Your Mach Up"

Today, flying fighter-bombers in Europe, our formation is not for school flybys but for the business of fighting a war that might be. Fighter-bombers. Ours is the task of strafing and dive-bombing and gently directing our hungry schools of armor-piercing rockets into enemy tanks.

Our airplane was not designed to engage fighter airplanes at altitude and destroy them. That is the job of the F-104s and the Canadian Mark Sixes and the French Mystères. We attack enemy airplanes only when they are easy targets: the transports and the low-speed bombers and the propeller-driven fighters. It is not sporting to attack only a weaker enemy, but we are not a match for the latest Iron Curtain airplanes built specifically to engage other fighters.

We practice air combat among ourselves against the day when we are engaged over our target by hostile fighters. If hours of practice suffice only to allow us a successful escape from a more agile enemy, they will have been worthwhile.

We spread out, after takeoff, into a tactical flight. Three and Four climb together a thousand feet above Lead and Two, each wingman sliding to a loose-angled trailing position from which he can watch the sky around as well as the airplane that he protects. In tactical formation and the practice of air combat, responsibility is sharply defined: wingman clears leader, high element clears low element, leaders look for targets.

I am Checkmate Four, and I watch from my high perch. It is slow motion. Turns at altitude are wide and gentle, for too much bank and G will stall the airplane in the thin air and we will lose our most precious commodity: airspeed. Airspeed is golden in combat. There are books filled with rules, but one of the most important is Keep Your Mach Up.

With speed I can outmaneuver the enemy. I can dive upon him from above, track him for a moment in my gunsight, fire, pull up and away, prepare another attack. Without airspeed, I cannot even climb, and I drift at altitude like a helpless duck in a pond.

There. At ten o'clock low, a pair of F-84s (not of our flight and therefore called "bogies" and carefully watched) fly in a long circling climb

into the contrail level, coming up toward us as goldfish toward food on the surface. At 30,000 feet the bogie lead element begins to pull a con. The other part of his formation, his high element, is nowhere in sight. I call the bogies to Three, my element leader, and look around for the phantom high element.

After the first enemy airplanes are seen, it is the leader's responsibility to keep them in sight and plan an attack. I look out for other airplanes and keep my leader clear. When I am a wingman, it is not my job to shoot down enemy airplanes. It is my job to protect the man who is doing the shooting. I turn with Three, shifting back and forth across his tail, watching, watching.

And suddenly, there is the bogie high element. From above the con level and behind us, from five o'clock high, come a pair of swept dots. Turning in on our tail, hoping that we are intent upon watching the two decoys. I press the microphone button. "Checkmate Three, bogies at five high."

Three continues his turn to cover Checkmate Leader during his attack on the bogie lead element in their climb. "Watch 'em," he calls.

I watch, twisted in my seat with the top of my helmet touching the canopy. The two are counting on surprise, and are only this moment, with plenty of airspeed, beginning to pull short white streaks of contrail. I wait for them, watching them close on us, begin to track us. They are F-84s. We can outfly them. They don't have a chance.

"Checkmate Three, break right!" For once the wingman orders the leader, and Three twists into a steep bank and pulls as many Gs as he can without stalling the airflow over his wings. I follow, seeking to stay on the inside of his turn, and watching the attackers. They are going too fast to follow our turn, and they begin to overshoot and slide to the outside. They are not unwise, though, for immediately they pull back up, converting their airspeed into altitude for another pass. But they have lost the surprise that they had counted on, and with full throttle we are gaining airspeed. The fight is on.

A fight in the air proceeds like the scurrying of minnows about a falling crumb of bread. It starts at high altitudes, crossing and recrossing the sky with bands of white contrail, and slowly moves lower and lower. Every turn means a little more altitude lost. Lower altitudes mean that airplanes can turn more tightly, gain speed more quickly, pull more G before they stall. Around and around the fight goes, through the tactics and the language of air combat: scissors,

The White Geese

by Valerie Worth

THEY burn their whitest when light
Is nearly gone; grass falls dull
When sun is not across it.
But the geese stand incandescent,
Feathered in some brighter element
Than earth; they cluster loosely
Through the field, but do not flicker
Like stars, nor kindle one by one
Out of a darkening ground—they shine
Together, each as much magnitude
As any other, made of one rare stuff.
The sky puts forth a single planet;
The geese still blaze; reflecting
Hunger and the will to sleep, they move
Nearer together, in finite numbers,
To advance across the blackened grass
In a clear line, depending on the bonds
Of appetite to lead them most directly:
Knowing where home lies, going there,
They spend their luminosity as well
As the wild suns that wander off to die.

defensive splits, yo-yos, and "Break right, Three!"

I do not even squeeze my trigger. I watch for other airplanes, and after Three calls, "Padlock," and rivets his attention on one enemy airplane, I am the only eyes in the element that watch for danger. Three is totally absorbed in his attack, depending on me to clear him of enemy planes. If I wanted to kill him in combat, I would simply stop looking around.

In air combat more than at any other time, I am the thinking brain for a living machine. There is no time to keep my head in the cockpit or to watch gages or to look for switches. I move the control stick and the throttle and the rudder pedals unconsciously. I want to be *there*, and I am there. The ground does not even exist until the last minutes of a fight that was allowed to get too low. I fly and fight in a block of space. A giant game of three-dimension chess, across which moves are made with reckless abandon.

In two-ship combat there is only one factor to consider: the enemy airplane. I seek only to stay on his tail, to track him with the pipper in the gunsight and pull the trigger that takes close-

ups of his tailpipe. If he should be on my tail, there are no holds barred. I do everything that I can to keep him from tracking me in his gun-sight, and to begin to track him. I can do maneuvers in air combat that I could never repeat if I tried.

I saw an airplane tumble once, end over end. For one shocked moment the fighter was actually moving backwards and smoke was streaming from both ends of the airplane. Later, on the ground, we deduce that the pilot had forced his aircraft into a wild variation of a snap roll, which is simply not done in heavy fighter airplanes. But the maneuver worked.

As more airplanes enter the fight, it becomes complicated. I must consider that this airplane is friend and that airplane is enemy, and that I must watch my rolls to the left because there are two airplanes in a fight there and I would fly right through the middle of them. Midair collisions are rare, but they are always a possibility when one applies too much abandon in many-ship combat flights.

I have a friend who was hit in the air by a Sabre that saw him too late to turn. "I didn't know what had happened," he told me. "But one of my wings had disappeared, my airplane was tumbling, and I began to get the idea that I had been hit. The next thing I remember, I was alone in the middle of a little cloud of airplane pieces, just separating from the ejection seat.

"I was at a pretty good altitude, about thirty-five thousand, so I free-fell down to where I could begin to see color on the ground. Just when I reached for my ripcord, the automatic release pulled it for me and I had a good chute. I watched the tail of my airplane spin down by me and saw it crash in the hills. A couple of minutes later I was down myself and thinking about all the paperwork I was going to have to fill out."

When a fight spirals down to altitudes where dodging hills enters the tactic, it is broken off by mutual consent, as boxers hold their fists when an opponent is in the ropes. In the real war, of course, it goes on down to the ground, and I pick up all the pointers I can on methods to scrape an enemy into a hillside. It could all be important some day.

A Spin Below 10,000 Feet

How slowly it is, though, that we learn of the nature of dying. We form our preconceptions, we make our little fancies of what it is to pass beyond the material, we imagine what it feels like

to face death. Every once in a while, we actually do face it.

It is a dark night, and I am flying right wing on my flight leader. I wish for a moon, but there is none. Beneath us by some six miles lie cities beginning to sink under a gauzy coverlet of mist. Ahead the mist turns to low fog, and the bright stars dim a fraction in a sheet of high haze. I fly intently on the wing of my leader, who is a pattern of three white lights and one green light.

The lights are too bright in the dark night, and surround themselves with brilliant flares of halo that make them painful to watch. I press the microphone button on the throttle. "Go dim on your nav lights, will you Red leader?"

"Sure thing."

In a moment, the lights are dim, mere smudges of glowing filament that seek more to blend his airplane with the stars than to set it apart from them. His airplane is one of the several whose "dim" is just too dim to fly by. I would rather close my eyes against the glare than fly on a shifting dim constellation moving among the brighter constellations of stars. "Set 'em back to bright, please. Sorry."

"Roj."

It is not really enjoyable to fly like this, for I must always relate that little constellation to the outline of an airplane that I know is there, and fly my own airplane in relation to the mental outline. One light shines on the steel length of a drop tank, and the presence of the drop tank makes it easier to visualize the airplane that I assume is near me in the darkness. If there is one type of flying more difficult than dark-night formation, it is dark-night formation in weather, and the haze thickens at our altitude. I would much rather be on the ground. I would much rather be sitting in a comfortable chair with a pleasant evening sifting by me. But the fact remains that I am sitting in a yellow-handled ejection seat and that before I can feel the comfort of any evening again, I must first successfully complete this flight through the night and through whatever weather and difficulties lie ahead. I am not worried, for I have flown many flights in many airplanes, and have not yet damaged an airplane or my desire to fly them.

France Control calls, asking that we change to frequency 355.8. France Control has just introduced me to the face of death. I slide my airplane away from leader's just a little, and divert my attention to turning four separate knobs that will let me listen, on a new frequency, to what they have to say. It takes a moment in the red

light to turn the knobs. I look up to see the bright lights of Lead beginning to dim in the haze. I will lose him. Forward on the throttle, catch up with him before he disappears in the mist; hurry.

Very suddenly in the mist I am closing too quickly on his wing and his lights are very very bright. Look out, you'll run right into him! He is so helpless as he flies on instruments. He couldn't dodge now if he knew that I would hit him. I slam the throttle back to IDLE, jerk the nose of my airplane up, and roll so that I am upside down, watching the lights of his airplane through the top of my canopy.

Then, very quickly, he is gone. I see my flashlight where it has fallen to the plexiglass over my head, silhouetted by the diffused yellow glow in the low cloud that is a city preparing to sleep on the ground. What an unusual place for a flashlight. I begin the roll to recover to level flight, but I move the stick too quickly, at what has become far too low an airspeed. I am stunned. My airplane is spinning. It snaps around once and the glow is all about me. I look for references, for ground or stars; but there is only the glow. The stick shakes convulsively in my hand and the airplane snaps around again. I do not know whether the airplane is in an erect spin or an inverted spin, I know only that one must never spin a swept-wing aircraft. Not even in broad light and clear day. Instruments. Attitude indicator shows that the spin has stopped, by itself or by my monstrous efforts on the stick and rudder. It shows that the airplane is wing-level inverted; the two little bars of the artificial horizon that always point to the ground are pointing now to the canopy overhead.

I must bail out. I must not stay in a spinning airplane below 10,000 feet. The altimeter is an unwinding blur. I must raise the right armrest, squeeze the trigger, before it is too late.

There is a city beneath me. I promised myself that I would never leave an airplane over a city.

Give it one more chance to recover on instruments, I haven't given the airplane a chance to fly itself out.

The ground must be very close. There is a strange low roaring in my ears.

Fly the attitude indicator.

Twist the wings level.

Speed brakes out. I must be very close to the ground, and the ground is not the friend of airplanes that dive into it.

Pull out.

Roaring in my ears. Glow in the cloud around me: Saint Elmo's fire on the windscreen, blue and

dancing. The last time I saw St. Elmo's fire was over Albuquerque, last year with Bill Radee.

Pull out.

Well, I am waiting, Death. The ground is very close, for the glow is bright and the roaring is loud. It will come quickly. Will I hear it or will everything just go black? I hold the stick back as hard as I dare—harder would stall the airplane, spin it again.

So this is what dying is like. You find yourself in a situation that has suddenly gone out of control, and you die. And there will be a pile of wreckage and someone will wonder why the pilot didn't eject from his airplane. One must never stay with a spinning airplane below 10,000 feet.

Why do you wait, Death? I know I am certain I am convinced that I will hit the ground in a few thousandths of a second. I am tense for the impact. I am not really ready to die, but now that is just too bad. I am shocked and surprised and interested in meeting death. The waiting for the crash is unbearable.

And then I am suddenly alive again.

The airplane is climbing.

I am alive.

The altimeter sweeps through 6,000 feet in a swift rush of a climb. Speed brakes IN. Full forward with the throttle. I am climbing. Wings level, airspeed a safe 350 knots, the glow is fading below. The accelerometer shows that I pulled seven and a half Gs in my recovery from the dive. I didn't feel one of them, even though my G-suit was not plugged into its source of pressured air.


"Red lead, this is Two here; had a little difficulty, climbing back through 10,000 feet."

"Ten thousand feet?"

"Roger, I'll be up with you in a minute, we can rejoin over Toul TACAN."

Odd. And I was so sure that I would be dead.

The stars glow steadily in the darkness of their meadow, part of my world. I think, for a moment, of all that has been said of this cathedral of air. A million words, written and spoken and turned to photograph, in which people who fly risk the curse of sentiment, that deadly curse, to tell what they have seen. The enchantment does not lend itself to paper and ink or to syllables, or even to sensitized film, but our willingness to risk the curse is itself witness to the sight and the mood that waits the man who travels the high land. Cloud and star and bow of color are just so many words to be laid carefully in a shallow grave of corrasable bond. The sky, in the end, can only be called an interesting place. My beloved sky.



How America "Solved" the Servant Problem

by Russell Lynes

We've been trying to get somebody else to do our housework ever since the Revolution. Our "solution" to the problem may not be glamorous . . . but it certainly is American.

In January the furnace door of my house, which is in a village in New England, blew open while I was away and smoke poured out and up. It seeped through cracks in the floor, whispered up staircases, swirled in the updrafts above radiators. It made greasy black lace of heretofore invisible cobwebs; it turned curtains black on their upper edges, put grease on the clothes in closets, darkened books and pictures and rugs and upholstery. In a few hours it made a mess of a three-story house that had been mostly repapered and painted just last summer. Fortunately, I was covered by insurance.

"The first thing to do," said the insurance adjuster, "is get the house completely cleaned."

"How?" I asked.

"Get in the house cleaners, of course," he said

and gave me the name of a company in a nearby town that does nothing but what was once done by domestic servants. . . . It cleans, scrubs, washes windows, mows lawns. It does not cook and serve meals; other companies now do that; just as laundries have replaced laundresses and oil burners have replaced furnacemen.

It looks as though we Americans may be nearing the end of the "servant problem." It will end, of course, only when there are no servants at all. For the men who founded our Republic—in insisting on equal rights for all men—wrote the servant problem into the Declaration of Independence and confirmed it in the Constitution.

Obviously, we would much rather have a servant problem than a servant class. We wish the problem would go away, but we cannot abide its alternative, and rather than solve it by means that seem to us unhumanitarian and undemocratic, we have changed the ground rules in a characteristically American way. We have treated the servant problem as though it were a mechanical one, and by and large we now do pretty well with it on that basis. But in some respects we are right back where we started. Our present domes-

tic arrangements are not unlike those of the frontier house, and we get along by organizing the family to do the domestic chores and by getting in occasional "help." We have moved a long way mechanically; we are almost where we started humanly.

Domestic Service as a Steppingstone

The first chapter of this peculiarly American experience with the servant problem starts more or less with the outburst of the republican spirit in the Jackson era when no one would admit to being anyone else's creature and when, as Mrs. Trollope, an English tourist, noticed, it was "more than petty treason" to call anyone a "servant."

In those days, the only way to keep a house was the hard way, and the only way to keep up with the structure's constant demands was to wage unrelenting war with its refusal to stay clean, orderly, warm, ventilated, nourishing, and pleasant. The main power was womanpower, and one woman was not enough to tame the house, much less make it the "genteel" surroundings in which most women wished to disport themselves. It was taken for granted that almost every family, including the families of farmers and mechanics, had some kind of domestic help. What we now call "middle-income families" had two "in help" at least (a cook and a maid) and the rich from five to a dozen or more.

The Greek Revival and Gothic houses and the Tuscan villas of the nineteenth century, for all their high-ceilinged elegance, their leisurely air, and sense of well-being, were the antithesis of efficiency. They almost seem by our standards to have been designed with the intent to aggravate the servant problem. In city houses, servants' quarters more often than not were dark, low-ceilinged rooms in the basement near the kitchen. If not in the basement, then they were under the tin roof, three or four flights from the front door and a long way up to haul a pitcher of water and a slop jar. The country servant was little better off. Her room was likely to be in the attic, or she might live in a cubby on the back of the house. All too often the servant's room was hot and airless, rugless, uncurtained, and unadorned, with a straw-ticked bed and left-over furniture.

The house servant's day started an hour before the rest of the family got up and it was not finished until after the last member of the household had gone to bed. The day began with the

wood or coal fires, of course—not just the kitchen fire, but the parlor and dining-room fires as well. Furthermore, the grates had to be cleaned, and the brasses of the andirons polished before the appearance of the family. The boots and shoes had to be shined, the table set, and the master's coat brushed. Once breakfast was over and the ladies of the family retired to their chambers to dress, there were silver and plate to polish, bibelots to dust with feather dusters, tables to rub with oil, and a hundred other chores. The day ended as it began, with the fires.

But the design of the house was not at the root of the servant problem; neither was the length of the day. It was the idea that unlike any other kind of service or labor one might perform for another man or woman, domestic service was somehow demeaning. Part of this attitude can unquestionably be traced to the plight of the indentured servants of Colonial days. They were often ruffians shipped out of England as good riddance, and they were little better off (and sometimes a good deal worse off) than slaves. The status of servants changed with the Revolution; indeed, the word "servant" all but disappeared. Those who were caught up in the new republican spirit had their work done by "helps" or by "domestics" and not by servants.

"Help" implied the very opposite of the master-servant relationship; help and helped were on the same social footing. Help worked for an employer, not a master, and, except in the fancier households, worked side by side with the mistress of the house, who did her fair share of the physical chores.

Mrs. Trollope, the indefatigable ambassador of middle-class English morality and manners, ran head-on into the American concept of "help" as soon as she arrived in Cincinnati in 1828. "The whole class of young women," she wrote with characteristic exaggeration, "whose bread depends upon their labor, are taught to believe that the most abject poverty is preferable to domestic service." Indignant at the difficulty of finding help and appalled at the outrage to her gentility, she added: "Hundreds of half-naked girls work in the paper mills, or in any other manufactory, for less than half the wages they would receive

Russell Lynes is the author of "The Taste-makers," "Cadvallader," and other books. This article is adapted from a chapter of his next book, "The Domesticated Americans," to be published this fall. Besides being managing editor of "Harper's," Mr. Lynes is a fellow of Berkeley College, Yale University.

in service; but they think their equality is compromised by the latter."

Men, as well as women, however, did work as domestic help, and like the women had no intention of letting this fact in any way change their social status or limit their activities on their time off. Some rich families tried to get their male help to wear the traditional servant's costumes but few Americans, said a visiting European, "would submit to the degradation of wearing a livery, or any other badge of servitude. This they would call becoming a man's man." Harriet Martineau was surprised and pleased to discover, for example, that the man who waited on her when she spent an evening at the house of the president of Harvard was also Major of the Horse in the local militia. "On cavalry days," she reported, "when guests are invited to dine with the regiment, the major, in his regimentals, takes the head of the table, and has the president on his right hand . . .," after which "he goes home, doffs his regimentals, and waits on the president's guests at tea."

This sort of relationship between what Europeans would have considered "master and servant" existed nowhere else in the civilized world, and to the forward-looking it seemed to offer great promise—greater promise, indeed, than time proved was justified. Most Americans could not abide even an impermanent inequality, and they never considered domestic service as anything more than a steppingstone to something, if not better paying, at least more independent. The result was that, unlike his European counterpart, the American servant had "his mind con-

stantly engaged in making plans for the future" and as soon as he had collected a few dollars, set out on his own.

The outcome of this attitude was salutary for the nation but hard on the housewife with her multiplicity of domestic problems and her ambitions to lead a genteel life. To her the nub of the matter was the shortage of servants. It was the dream of every mechanic's wife to raise her daughters to a life of suitable indolence, the mark of social achievement and the condition of gentility. The more airs and graces the ladies attempted to put on, the more stringent became the servant problem. The daughters of farm families, who early in the century had been the best kind of help that a family could find, took to the factories and the needle trades, so that wages in those jobs were depressed by too many available hands, and wages for "help" went up. "They did it," Catharine Beecher said, "mainly because they would not take positions in families as an inferior laboring class by the side of others of their own age who assumed as their prerogative to live without labor."

To the helped, the "help" were inefficient, imperious, rude, independent, and insolent. To those like Catharine Beecher who were trying to knock some sense into the heads of American women, the fault was that of the housewives and not of their employees. How could you expect servants to be respectful and efficient if you hadn't the vaguest idea how to explain their jobs to them? The servant problem belonged squarely on the shoulders of the housewife and not on the independence of the American laborer, male or female.





When Snobbery Was in Flower

Such was the state of service in the household at mid-century. One might have thought that the importation of a ready-made servant class from Europe, which began to arrive then, would have solved the American servant problem. It didn't, of course, but it gave it an entirely different complexion. It took some of the solemnity out of the battle between householder and domestic, if none of the fury, and made it one of the wryest jokes of the time. Crusaders for improving the lot of servants developed a whole new set of theories in keeping with the changing attitude toward the rights of labor. Lip service to the republican ideals that had made Americans drop the word "servant" was forgotten, and people began to talk quite frankly about servants again and were not embarrassed to do so; on the contrary, as America became more generally class-conscious after the Civil War, as the gap between the rich and the poor widened alarmingly, and Society began to solidify its position, the "badges of servitude," so distasteful a generation before, blossomed out as elaborate liveries for coachmen, butlers, and waiters, and as uniforms for parlormaid.

It was famine and political unrest in Europe in one direction, and treaty negotiations between the United States and the Chinese, in the other, that gave the servant problem in America a quite

different look. Suddenly, in the late 1840s, a wave of hungry, penniless Irish and Germans began pouring into our northeastern ports. Then at the other side of the continent, the treaty with the Chinese in 1844 opened the doors of the West to the Orient, and by 1870, there were 56,000 Chinese in America. By 1880 we had a foreign-born population of nearly seven million, of which about two million were Germans and another two million were Irish, and half a million were Scandinavian. If all had become servants, as a certain class of Americans thought they should have, it is still unlikely that there would have been more of them than the households of America could absorb.

Prosperity, which puts many families in a position to afford service in their houses, also puts those who might be servants in a position to do jobs more to their liking. A great many of the Irish and Germans who started life in America as domestics quickly caught the spirit that made native-born Americans revolt against servitude. They took to mills and factories and shops to earn a living. But even in 1890, when almost 60 per cent of all white women of foreign birth in America who had jobs were engaged in domestic service, there was still a scramble for cooks and maids. Cooks were getting \$3.80 a week and a "second girl" \$3.04 plus their lodging and board, which families figured at twice the cost of their servants' wages.

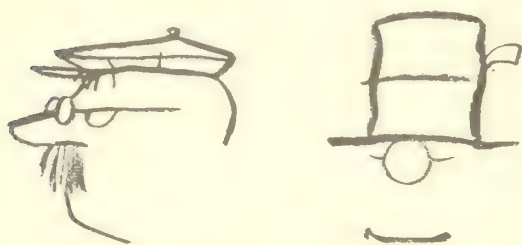
Yet housewives thought that they were being outrageously persecuted by servants. Bridget or Biddy was generally accused of "surly independence amounting in many cases to aggressiveness." She willfully broke the ivory handles off the family's best knives; she wasted soap and food and fuel. There was no household sin too heinous for her to commit.

It was still true, as it had been in the 1830s, that there were a great many women who had not the slightest idea of how a servant should be trained. So they complained and they competed with one another for the services of the servants who claimed to have any proficiency. They demanded long hours of work, expected Bridget to put up with a tiny bedroom and no place to sit but the kitchen, and objected to her having friends, and especially men, come to visit her. Indeed, if the housewife did not think it was part of her duty to look out for the comfort and pleasure of her servants, she most certainly did think that she should supervise their morals.

The influx of a great many untrained young women, and some not so young, and the importation of a relatively few professional servants

from Europe helped to overthrow entirely the old ideal of "help" and all that it implied. America had acquired a "servant class," and class snobbery, which had been kept reasonably well under wraps in the era of republicanism, became more or less taken for granted. It had been there all along, of course, because snobbery is as characteristic of classless societies as of those with rigidly and traditionally defined social levels; indeed, it is sometimes more so.

New fortunes were being made with astonishing alacrity after the Civil War, some of them vast, and it became chic for Americans to imitate the manners and mannerisms of Europeans, and especially of the English. Families who had always done their own chores found themselves in a position to hire servants. They treated them with the imperiousness which, they guessed, was typical of English gentlemen and ladies, and demanded servility in return. The very rich insisted on hiring servants who had been trained abroad, and they paid dearly for it, not in exorbitant wages only, but in the sufferance of impudence as well. "Yellow-plush" was Thackeray's name for the British flunky, and the editors of *Harper's Bazar* insisted that if "he is bad enough in Europe, he is a hundred times worse here."



"Just like Children . . ."

But it was not only the rich who took the servant class for granted; so, indeed, did nearly everyone who could afford to own a house, live in a boarding house, or, at the end of the century, in an apartment or an apartment hotel. The common attitude became a proprietary one, even though the difficulties of acquiring servants often made women in pursuit of them lose their dignity. Servants in the North had once more become creatures, as the Negroes in the slave states had always been and continued to be.

Books of etiquette are given to exaggeration, to be sure, but as they are meant to instruct the unsophisticated, they do reflect in some degree sophisticated attitudes. The anonymous author of *The Complete Bachelor*, for example, was in

no doubt in the 1890s what one's stance in relation to servants should be. "In the treatment of servants," he wrote, "a man must exercise an iron will." And he continued:

He can be kind and considerate, but he must never descend to dispute with one, and certainly not swear at him. To be on familiar terms with one's servants shows the cloven foot of vulgarity. . . . Encourage your servants now and then by a kind word, and see that they have good and wholesome food, clean and comfortable quarters. Once in a while give them a holiday, or an evening off, a cash remembrance at Christmas, and from time to time some part of your wardrobe or cast-off clothing. They are just like children, and must be treated with the rigor and mild discipline which a schoolmaster uses toward his pupils. In all their movements they should be noiseless and as automatic as possible in their actions.

Treat them like children, indeed! No wonder there was a scarcity of servants.

The process of finding those who would respond to this treatment, well or ill, meant that housewives spent a good deal of time seated in straight-backed chairs interviewing servants in domestic-employment agencies where they often felt that it was not the prospective cook or parlormaid, but they who were being interviewed. Bridget had her own snobbishness and her own quite definite ideas about the conditions under which she would work. Sometimes she insisted she would not accept a position in a household that did not employ a manservant; sometimes she insisted that the family have its own carriages and not depend on the livery stables.

The jokes about servants and their employers cut both ways. On the one hand (according to *Harper's Bazar* in 1912):

Knicker: What's the matter?

Bocker: The cook has divorced us and wants alimony.

and

Mistress: Bridget, do you spoil *every* piece of meat you cook?

Maid: Oh, no, mum. Sometimes it comes bad from the butcher.

On the other hand:

Maid: Please, mum, could I have one o' yer red geraniums to kape in me bedroom?

Mistress: Oh, no, Bridget, your room is too dark. It would die. Plants must have sunlight and fresh air.

Since they could not entertain in a manner that they thought becoming, a great many families did not entertain at all. One of the by-products of the perpetual servant shortage was a decline in

American hospitality. "We are afraid or ashamed to conform honestly and hardily to a state of things purely American," Harriet Beecher Stowe observed. Hospitality, she said, was "much neglected." Nearly fifty years later, in 1910, an Englishwoman visiting in America still found this to be true. "Weekend stays," she wrote, "are exclusively the indulgence of the rich in America. There is one thing that militates mightily against private hospitality in the United States"—the gradual disappearance of the servant. "The trouble with the servant girl in America," she said, "is that she wants an easy job terminating in an easy husband."

What Changed Monday

All sorts of devices and admonitions were used in the attempt to keep the servant class from disappearing altogether. The promoters of efficient housekeeping lectured the housewife roundly on her responsibilities to the help who worked for her. In addition, architects lectured her on the subject of attractive and healthful servants' rooms and sunny kitchens. The clergy encouraged her to see that her servants had a decent amount of time off, uplifting books to read, and a place and time to entertain their friends. The *Emily Posts* of the day told her to mind her manners when dealing with servants. Yet none of the advice seemed to have any effect, and more drastic schemes were proposed.

One desperate band of housekeepers seriously suggested that public schools be abolished after the primary grades. Too many girls, they believed, were educated "beyond their station," and they refused to hire anyone in their homes "who had been beyond the third reader and the multiplication table."

Another group advocated the introduction of courses in housework into all public schools, so that there would be a continual supply of properly trained housemaids and cooks.

Democratic means were tried, though, in a variety of ways. In the 1860s Melusina Fay Pierce attempted to organize "Cooperative Housekeeping," a scheme for a dozen or more families to get together, open a grocery store, a bakery, a laundry, and a kitchen, and pool all of their energies and housewifely talents so that the chores of cooking, sewing, and laundry could be carried on at some central point, thereby eliminating the necessity of servants. But not everybody wanted to patronize the cooperative store, or have their meals at the same time, or work as



hard as their neighbors, and such schemes came to nothing.

Some families decided that the only answer was to have their servants sit at the table with them, as servants had done in the days of "helps." But the climate was quite different in the 1890s from that in the 1830s. No longer was there any trace of the apprentice system which had made this kind of relationship a usual one. The factory had not only changed the means of production and consumption; it had changed the nature of the class structure as well.

In the 'seventies a few people were beginning to talk about the "living-out" servant as the democratic answer to the problem. "Servants would be relieved from that constant interference with their independence . . . that insufferable consciousness that they are never . . . in free possession of themselves," said the authors of the *Bazar Book of the Household* with uncommon good sense and prophetic insight. There was also talk of a servants' union, which housewives found alarming, and satirists found funny.

But the real and lasting reform in the household came from a quite different source. Since it seemed impossible to reform either the housekeeper or the servant, it was the house and its equipment that gradually and tacitly adapted itself to the change in the nature of service. Gradually the basement kitchen disappeared. Furnaces took the place of open fires. Water was made to run to the upper floors; the washstand with its basin and pitcher disappeared. The icebox replaced the cold-cupboard. The washing machine, though hand-operated, changed the character of Monday. The carpet sweeper took

over many of the duties of the broom. The telephone reduced the number of errands to be run. Each of these innovations took over part of the work that had been done by servants. The house was rapidly becoming mechanized, though its design continued, basically, to be that of a house which belonged to the era when servants were more plentiful. The house that had once needed five servants now ran pleasantly enough with two, and the one that had needed three made do with one.

Nobody But the Family

If the servant problem had been serious in America for a century, the first world war made it seem to housewives all but hopeless. War factories were magnets that drew women out of kitchens and parlors like so many steel filings. The pay was good, and though the hours were long (sixty hours was standard), they were not as long as the servant's day that started at seven in the morning, or earlier, and usually lasted until eight or nine in the evening, with Sunday afternoons off and "maid's night out" on Thursdays. The exodus from the household did not stop with the Armistice in 1918. Too many women had had a taste of a more independent kind of life; their men had good jobs, and the crest of what turned out to be a false prosperity was rapidly rising. In 1922 the *Literary Digest* announced "The Passing of the Household Servant," and based its pronouncement on the findings of Paul W. Brown's book *America at Work*. "If the present tendency keeps up," Mr. Brown said, "there will be literally nobody there but the family. . . . An age is dead: an age is born," he added. "Of all the new things given to the world by the United States, the well-to-do servantless house holds perhaps the biggest significance."

A good many families that had always taken for granted that servants were essential to their happiness and respectability began to discover that there were some delights in the privacy of the servantless house. They found that they could do quite well with "a woman to come in and do the heavy cleaning," and occasionally hiring a maid or "a man in a white coat" when they gave a party. Any husband could learn to shake up a white lady or an orange blossom or a sidecar, or any other of those sweet and frothy drinks so popular in the flat-chested and bell-bottomed gaiety of the 'twenties.

The crash of 1929 spoiled the fun but it did not reverse the seemingly inexorable decline of the

domestic supply. There were, of course, a great many desperate people who would take any sort of job they could get, and some ugly employment practices developed. But there were also fewer people who could afford servants, and young couples starting out on their married lives took it for granted that there were much more important and interesting things on which to spend what little extra money they might have than service. Even the prosperous young, who were still receiving handouts from their parents, got along happily with an occasional "cleaning woman."

That is not to say that all households were servantless. At the time of the Lindbergh kidnapping in 1932 Mrs. Lindbergh's parents, the Dwight Morrows, who lived in Englewood, New Jersey, had twenty-nine in help, and, compared with the Whitneys and Astors and Hearsts and other spectacularly rich families of the day, they did not live ostentatiously. Instead of the \$12 a month that the average parlormaid was earning in 1890, the maid of the 'twenties was earning \$70 to \$80 a month; and instead of \$15, a cook was getting \$75 or, if she lived in a house of the Morrows' sort, she might well be getting \$150. Forty years before, half of the women in America who had jobs were working in other people's kitchens and parlors, nurseries and bedrooms; by the 'twenties, of the almost nine million women who had jobs only about one-ninth, or a million, were cooking, cleaning, and answering doorbells.

Just before the second world war there was a spate of attempts to get the servant problem to make sense. On November 29, 1939, the *New York Times* reported under the headline "How to Get a Maid Debated by Women": "Five hundred women eager for a solution of the problem of a shortage of household help despite the extent of unemployment crowded the conference rooms of the Hotel Roosevelt yesterday for a symposium in which delegates from twenty-four organizations participated. An all-day discussion failed to offer any panaceas. . . ." The best they seemed to be able to do was to advise the delegates, many of whom came from women's clubs, to go home and tell their friends what the nineteenth-century reformers had been saying all along—both housewives and servants needed to be educated "on the factors involved." Attempts were made by the Woman's Trade Union to get laws passed that would regulate the number of hours a week that domestic servants could work "because many women persist in being unfair to their household help." The good women of New Jersey organized a Household Employment Standards League in



hopes of establishing "standards" of hours, duties, and facilities. This was by no means greeted with enthusiasm by all housekeepers.

Delivered from Bondage?

The second world war certainly did not help to solve the old problem, but it changed it. If the first world war had reduced the supply of servants and pushed up the wages of those who were willing to work in other people's houses, the second altered the nature of service itself. It introduced a new kind of domestic helper (indeed, several new kinds); it made a reality of at least one of the nineteenth-century suggestions for revising the patterns of service, and it sent some people back to living as their grandparents and great-grandparents had.

The new kinds of domestic helpers were teenagers and married men. The "baby sitter" on whose head has been poured all of the old vituperation that used to be the lot of Bridget (slovenly, greedy, insolent, and so on and so on) came to save the family from the bondage of small children. And husbands, who a generation earlier had never been expected to raise a finger to a domestic chore, found themselves in aprons washing dishes, down on their knees waxing floors, and in chef's caps presiding over backyard barbecues. The change in the domestic stance of the husband was largely based on what happened to

the young men who came back from the army to their young brides. In a great many cases they went back to school on the GI Bill and their wives took jobs to help them pay their college tuition and to support the family. While Mother was at work, Father was at home studying, taking care of the baby, and doing the dishes. He became, in other words, a part-time wife and part-time Bridget. Having once established himself as domestically competent and useful, there was little chance that he would ever again be able to avoid the responsibilities of the house servant.

But both the sitter, usually the daughter of a neighbor, and the husband-maid had a status that was quite unknown in the old servant classes or, at least, unknown since the days of "helps." They were both socially the equals of the women for whom they worked, a very important factor in changing the nature of service today. Though it is now half a generation from the time when the young men first took advantage of the GI Bill, the pattern has become firmly established. As young couples are marrying earlier than they did a generation or two ago and many of them are continuing their education in graduate schools (sometimes both husband and wife), the domestic responsibilities continue to be divided on the post-war basis. Almost the only "living-in" servants today are husbands.*

* One definition of the suburban husband is "a groundsman with sex privileges."

The suggestion bandied about in the 1870s, but not taken very seriously, that the way to solve the servant problem was to have maids and cooks who lived at home and came to work by the day, has to a very considerable extent been the solution to today's servant situation. From the point of view of the domestic worker the ideal family is one in which both husband and wife have jobs and are out of the house all day and thus are not in a position to meddle in the affairs of the household. The servant in such households is no longer called cook or maid or general houseworker; she is a housekeeper. If you will look under "Help Wanted" in a newspaper today, you will find columns of advertisements for "housekeepers"; you will find very few for cooks and maids. You will also find some kinds of listings that would have been impossible a couple of decades ago. Employers advertise that they not only supply "own room" but also "own bath, TV, and air-conditioning." They advertise the fact that they are "working parents" and have a "happy, comfortable home." It is not uncommon to find a request for a couple (a "housekeeper-cook" and a "handyman-gardener") at \$500 a month, or, in this day of pensions and preoccupation with tenure, to find ads including the words "secure future." There is still a trickle of foreign-born and trained professional servants who can be hired at tidy wages through agencies. In general, it is considered

not proper today to make the distinction between white and Negro servants, and some agencies get around this by saying that they have on their lists both "local" and "Southern" maids. Those who advertise for work under "Positions Wanted, Domestic" want, for the most part, a five-day week (Monday through Friday) and to "live out." Some want nine-to-five jobs.

Those who have reverted to the mode of life of their grandparents have set up a manner of housekeeping in apartment hotels in which meals and maid service are supplied by the management. The old-fashioned boarding house has all but disappeared; the apartment hotel in this era of prosperity is thriving, though its tenants have incomes in the top 10 per cent of the nation. There is also a reversion to nineteenth-century customs at a quite different financial level. The kitchen, as a result, has again come into its own as a center of family life, so that those who have to do the household chores are not isolated from the rest of the family. No one would design a house that built the cook into the living room unless the cook was also the mistress of the house and the wife of the homeowner.

But we have gone a step further than that. We have taken over many of the ideas of the co-operative housekeeping movement of the 1870s, without its aggravations. A great deal of our food is cooked in central kitchens, packaged, canned, or frozen, and made available to us with almost no effort at any moment we want it. The laundress has disappeared in favor of the commercial laundry, the Laundromat, or the home automatic washer and drier. Our rugs and clothes are cleaned, our windows washed, and our household pests exterminated by companies that do nothing else. All of these were servants' jobs.

The mechanization of the house and the organization of all sorts of services to supply the home and to reduce the amount of physical labor that it demands have in some ways forced, and in other ways compensated for, the vanishing of the servant class. But in a great many respects (social not physical ones) we are right back where we started, and better off because of it. With the exception of a very slim slice of people at the very top of the financial pyramid, we are again relying on "help" whom we treat with the respect that is due them. The domestic worker today, whether paid by the householder or by the company that provides his or her services to the householder, is an "employee" not a servant, and certainly not a *creature*. That part of the servant problem is solved.



The Apish Origins of Human Tension

The case of the amiable chimps
and the nervous baboons

by John E. Pfeiffer

The conflict between the individualist and the organization man was built into human nature by an accident of evolution about 500,000 years ago. And it may explain both our creativity and our neuroses.

Scientists today are generally agreed that man is descended from apes who lived the easy life about three million years ago among lush tropical forests in South and East Africa. Until very recently our knowledge of these ancestors was based almost entirely on the study of their fossil remains or observations of their direct descendants in zoos and laboratories.

Lately, however, enterprising anthropologists and zoologists have begun to study—and even live with—some of the large apes and monkeys in their native habitat. A sharp increase of interest in man's beginnings—and of funds available from the National Science Foundation, the National Institutes of Health, the National Geo-

graphic Society, and other organizations—has spurred such studies. Some twenty-five zoologists, anthropologists, and psychologists are carrying out research based on field trips to Java, Thailand, Japan, India, Borneo, and various African countries. They have been observing a variety of primates, from tree shrews and langurs and howlers to mandrills and gorillas. I have talked with some of the researchers during the past year and learned from them that these creatures behave quite differently in the wild and in captivity. The new findings, many still unpublished, tell a fascinating story—not merely about the nature of our remote forebears, but about prehistoric and prehuman tensions that evolved into the conflicts that stir us today.

Long before man appeared on earth, the animal which most closely resembled him was a very clever ape which could not have been too different from the present-day chimpanzee. Back in the 1760s the French naturalist Buffon observed that chimpanzees differ more from other apes than from man. Modern research has established striking similarities between human and

chimpanzee chromosomes, blood proteins, and other characteristics.

For these reasons the systematic study of wild chimpanzees is of special interest. A top authority on this subject, today, is Jane Goodall, an attractive graduate student in zoology at Cambridge University. Still in her early twenties, Miss Goodall began her firsthand investigation only three years ago.

Living in a tent at the northeast edge of Lake Tanganyika in Kenya, she spent eighteen months among chimpanzees in the nearby mountains and forests, working from sunrise to sunset with an African boatman-cook as her only human companion. She spent her first five months trying to make friends—or at least gain a measure of social acceptance—among the chimps. In the beginning they simply moved away when they saw her.

"It wasn't fear, just resentment of your presence," she explained when I chatted with her not long ago. "Like people in an English village they don't care to be stared at by strangers." Males apparently get over the resentment first. They often greeted her as one of their own: they screamed, pounded on tree trunks, and shook branches. Then they ignored her and sometimes fell sound asleep while she was nearby.

Females presented more of a problem. At first they kept at a distance of two hundred yards or more. A year later they still stayed up to fifty yards away from their now familiar but still untrusted observer. Possibly their role as perpetuators of the species makes the females more conservative, less friendly, more suspicious of aliens. Despite such obstacles, Miss Goodall was able to compile the most detailed record yet made of the chimps' daily lives—a free-and-easy existence which sometimes borders on anarchy. Seldom do they travel in groups except at mating time in September when the wild figs are ripe. Even then the groups tend to be unstable and are likely to break up and change membership. The most close-knit unit is a mother with a newborn infant and a three-year-old child; but loners, couples, and other threesomes are also common.

This social flexibility makes them different

from most primates—the zoological category which includes man, apes, monkeys, marmosets, and lemurs. Almost all the others live by formal, rigid hierarchies and deep-seated patterns of dominance and submission. Among wild chimpanzees there are no fixed castes, no established leaders and followers. Usually in a dispute a large male will win out—although it depends very much on what he is arguing about and with whom. Chimpanzees have few habits and schedules. Sometimes they follow traditional paths and trails, but they also wander freely and widely and observe no boundaries or off-limits territories. They are individualists supreme as, perhaps, were our ancestors.

Interestingly, such rugged individualism seems to be quite compatible with nonviolence—at least among apes in the wild. In this important respect we have been misled by the behavior of caged apes who often go berserk and even kill their infants. Such observations have been cited as evidence for an inherent and probably ineradicable instinct in man. Hence the legend that we are all "sons of Cain," "half-apes not half-gods," "bearers of the mark of the beast," and so on and on.

Such melodrama hardly jibes with the facts. Miss Goodall has never seen chimpanzees fighting and believes a male will never strike a female.

Once during the mating season a rejected male became extremely angry, but expressed his frustration merely by shaking the branch the female was on. Presently, her three-year-old daughter chased the unwanted suitor away. On another occasion Miss Goodall saw eight males queuing up and patiently waiting for their turn to copulate with a receptive female. If we are indeed "innately aggressive"—whatever that means—we cannot blame it on our prehuman ancestors.

How to Be Happy Though Clever

Although chimpanzees communicate with one another in a number of ways, language seems to be beyond them. More than fifteen years ago two American psychologists, Keith Hayes of the Yerkes Laboratories of Primate Biology and his wife Cathy, reared a chimpanzee from infancy in their home and reported that after three years of intensive training it could use only three words: "mama," "papa," and "cup."* That was its limit. (At the same age a human infant can use some two hundred words.) Observations in

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* *The Ape in Our House*. Harper, 1951.

the field likewise confirm the fact that chimpanzees do not talk.

However, Miss Goodall found that they use a wide range of what she calls "vocal signs." These are variations on a theme, based often on a sort of "who" sound. Their morning greeting as they set out on their wanderings is a regular, repetitive "who-who-who-who . . ." They indicate surprise by a short, cut-off "who"; defiance of leopards, airplanes, and other unwelcome things by "who" uttered faster and louder. Assorted grunts and panting sounds signify different kinds of pleasure and satisfaction, while an eloquent silence expresses fear and is usually followed by a swift departure.

In their use of gestures chimpanzees seem remarkably, almost uncomfortably, human. When they are uneasy or impatient they may tap a branch or tree trunk softly and rhythmically like a man drumming his fingers on a tabletop. Miss Goodall once saw a male, who was waiting for a presumably female companion, pick a flower, fidgeting as if his mind were on something else. "He gave the general impression of a man looking at his wristwatch," she said. Chimpanzees also scratch their heads when they are undecided about whether, for example, to eat some nearby shoots or go farther afield for more tasty fruits.

Chimpanzees make and use a special tool for a special purpose. This spectacular exhibition of applied intelligence is inspired by their favorite food—termites. For three weeks at the onset of the rainy season in late October or early November this delicacy abounds in swarming termite-hills. The clever chimpanzee gathers long straws, breaks off frayed ends, and trims them to a nearly uniform length of about a foot. (If straws are not handy he selects slender twigs or vines, carefully removing leaves and sideshoots.) With a half-dozen straws in his hand, he steps up to a convenient termite-hill, pushes a straw into one of the holes, and leaves it there for a few seconds. He then pulls out the straw, which is covered with a solid mass of clinging termites. Then in a single swift and triumphant sideswiping motion he licks the insects off. Miss Goodall is the first scientist who has observed any wild ape making tools of any kind.

In general these chimpanzees live an idyllic, happy-go-lucky, unmolested life. They have no enemies in the forests near Lake Tanganyika. Leopards, the only dangerous carnivores in the neighborhood, prefer baboons to chimpanzees and baboons are plentiful. Unlike most primates—which are chronically jumpy and apprehensive of imminent catastrophe—chimpanzees tumble

around, play, and go about their business in a casual and utterly relaxed manner.

Things are not quite perfect, however. When chimpanzees move out of their ancestral forests into more open territory on the high slopes of mountains, Miss Goodall observed a subtle change. They become jittery, alert, on guard, and there is tension in the air.

Out of Eden

This altered behavior suggests what may well have happened to man's ancestors in times long past. According to one theory, apes—at some point—were driven out of their prehistoric Eden in South and East Africa, perhaps because rainfall declined and the forests withered. Or possibly the primate population exploded so rapidly that there was not enough food to go around and some species had to seek food outside the forests.

In any case, hordes of apes left the shelter of familiar forests where they could nest and play under cover of abundant leaves. Exposed and unprotected, they now had to cope with an environment where there were few places to hide. Their new world consisted of great grassy open savannas bordered by green forests. Many species could not survive the change and vanished without trace as lions and other carnivores enjoyed excellent hunting. But investigators point out that among the vulnerable newcomers were certain breeds of more fortunate apes who were relatively well-equipped for the shift from forests to grasslands. For one thing, they had first-rate brains. Also, and probably more importantly, they could stand upright, thanks to the considerable tree climbing they had done. (Climbing and walking call on the same sets of muscles.)

The fossil evidence is clear that natural selection favored animals that could stand erect. Apes so endowed lived longer and had more offspring than their less upright contemporaries. Perhaps it was a matter of efficient reconnaissance. The upright position afforded them a panoramic view of the surrounding grasses, enabling them to detect hostile carnivores from afar.

Most anthropologists and prehistorians have considered such theories plausible for a number of years. However, a more recent line of speculation suggests that certain psychological factors were also at play and that in one important respect our erect ancestors may not have been well-adapted for life in the wide open spaces. They may at this stage have been almost too intelligent to survive, overendowed, at least, with

that aspect of intelligence which fosters individuality, independence, and nonconformity. To be casual and relaxed is perhaps the proper consequence of intelligence, and this is all very well in untroubled times.

But life was different in the hazardous savanna. It seems almost as though nature developed a faculty prematurely—rather like the car makers who introduced streamlining before the public was ready for it. Perhaps a strategic and, we may hope, a temporary retreat was inevitable. Survival demanded something other than intelligence and charm—above all a modification of the qualities that rebel against rigid patterns of behavior. To deal with tough tooth-and-claw times, organization of some sort was essential.

Organization Primates

Two American anthropologists have lately cast light on how the behavior of our chimpanzee-like ancestors may have been shaped by these hard necessities. Sherwood Washburn of the University of California at Berkeley and Irvén DeVore of Harvard have spent nearly two months observing baboons in Kenya's Royal Nairobi National Park and in the Amboseli Reserve at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro. Baboons roam freely around the area and—as I saw for myself last year—clamber boldly over your car looking for food.

DeVore has achieved a rather close acquaintance with baboons. He told me that he has learned to distinguish eighty different individuals by their appearance and has a name for each of them. He understands their "language" and can even speak it on occasion, a skill he finds very handy at times, as for instance when he makes the mistake of startling an infant. This is a major, intolerable faux pas among baboons. The scared baby's yelps bring irate and formidable adults rushing to the spot. Since inquisitive infants stick their noses into everything it is difficult not to startle them. DeVore has learned to expostulate with the outraged adults. He smacks his lips loudly and rapidly, a commonly used signal which freely translated means: "Very sorry. It was a mistake. No harm intended." Generally the baboons accept his explanation in good faith.

Zoologists classify baboons as monkeys rather than apes. They rank lower than chimpanzees on the evolutionary scale and are not as clever. They will not use—much less make—tools even when given a sporting chance. For example, they have

been observed visiting the same Lake Tanganyika regions where Miss Goodall watched chimpanzees gather and eat termites with their prepared sticks and straws. The baboons intermingle and often play with chimpanzees, pick up sticks from time to time, and watch chimpanzees eating the termites which they also relish. Occasionally a baboon manages to catch a few with his hands. But none has yet been seen imitating the chimpanzee's effective technique. This sort of thing is simply beyond their power of comprehension.

Kenya baboons are strictly organization primates. They inhabit open savannas very much like the country our ancestors roamed after coming out of the forests, and their special forte is living by regular schedules, in clearly defined groups. Troops may vary from ten to two hundred individuals, but the average is about forty (some six adult males, twelve adult females, and twenty-two juveniles and infants). They sleep in the upper branches of trees located along streams or rivers, and their daily movements tend to follow predictable patterns.

With the first glow of sunrise, which, at the beginning of the dry season in May and June, may come shortly after 5:00 A.M., they start to yawn and stretch. But they are sluggish and it takes them an hour or two to wake. According to DeVore, man's groggy condition in the early morning is an ancient heritage. "You get the impression that what the baboons need most is a cup of coffee," he said. They move en masse out into exposed grasslands around seven, when the sun has lighted the ground.

Often an adult male walks purposefully away from his tree bed, straight toward a feeding place which may be a mile or more away. The rest of the troop follows in formation. Behind him is another adult male and perhaps a large juvenile or two. In the center are females and their young, other juveniles and the most dominant males, followed by a few adult males and large juveniles. Generally the rear of the troop is a mirror image of the front. Thus if a predator decides to attack, no matter from what direction, he finds a large male between him and easy food.

The troop at first eats intermittently, then steadily—chiefly a vegetarian diet of tubers, roots, shoots, and the like. The day's first feeding may end at about ten o'clock, when the baboons move on to a shady spot for a long rest period. During this interlude, adults groom each other in pairs, take siestas, and keep an eye on the antics of infants and juveniles. Around three

they move en masse to another eating place, usually one nearer the previous night's sleeping quarters. The baboons are always skittish and on the alert. By late afternoon they become even more tense, and by twilight have generally taken refuge in a familiar grove. Often they return to the same tree where they slept the night before and shortly after sunset they are huddled up for the night.

The day has come full circle. The troop has moved a total of two or three miles (occasionally they cover as much as seven miles). It is a close-knit, tightly ordered little cluster of monkeys. Normally every member is constantly in sight of the other members, and many baboons spend their entire lives within three miles of the place where they were born.

Most troops have rigid social hierarchies. As you might expect a baboon's place on the scale is determined chiefly, but not solely, by his strength and fighting ability. His "connections" may also be important. The most dominant male is not necessarily powerful enough to defeat any other troop member in direct combat. But he may spend much of his time with baboons Numbers 2 and 3—and they will back him up if he is threatened by a stronger baboon which happens to rank lower in the hierarchy.

With "The Establishment" thus maintaining order by joint action, fighting is rare. Each member of the troop knows his place. If two baboons are close together and a banana is thrown between them, the dominant one promptly grabs it while the other may not even look at it. Potential battles are commonly forestalled by the approach or even the stare of a dominant male. In fact, the stare is one of the baboon's most powerful gestures: "If a child is misbehaving, making too much noise or treating his playmates too roughly, an adult male will stare hard and directly at him. The child may be twenty to thirty feet away, but it's like a blow. He screams and may cringe as if he had been hit," DeVore told me.

No Room for Loners

Clearly, in the life of the baboon, the community is all-important. There is no family group, no separate unit of father and mother and children. The rearing of infants and young children is a community activity involving adult males and juveniles as well as mothers.

Fossil records indicate that baboons have not changed physically for twenty-five million years.



There is no reason to believe that their basic behavior patterns changed much either. They evolved in a dangerous environment where adhering strictly to the rules was a matter of life and death. Habit is security; novelty is suspect.

The entire drama of survival is summed up in the fate of a lone baboon, one which can no longer keep up with the troop because it is sick or injured or too old. The troop simply abandons him, and death comes quickly. Within hours after the troop has gone and probably before its heart stops beating, the deserted baboon is devoured by a predator.

Such a world, in which organization mattered above all, confronted the intelligent, chimpanzee-like apes which ultimately evolved into human beings. These carefree creatures had to be "baboonized" when they moved into open country where there is no place for a loner with the independent ways of the forest. So these individualists had to bow to a social order rigid enough to insure survival. Thus a freewheeling species was molded into a close-knit way of life, learned to submerge individuality, and form deep and intense emotional attachments to the organized group.

One of the great puzzles of human evolution is how nature accomplished this feat without dousing the flame of individuality. We know that it was done biologically, not by formal tradition or culture, for laws and taboos and crimes and punishments would not be invented until the rise of man. Perhaps the trick involved adjusting the intensity of sexual desire. Sex does not seem to play a major role in the lives of chimpanzees. Males are active chiefly during the mating season; females are receptive only during estrus.

Washburn and other anthropologists have considered one theory which relates group cohesiveness and sex. The idea is that individualists might become joiners more readily, and adjust themselves less reluctantly to organized systems, if sexual desire were somewhat stepped up. If

males had more intensive sexual drives and females had longer receptive periods, perhaps the resulting increase in mutual attractiveness would have served as a kind of social cement. If that is indeed how the change took place, it was by no means an ideal solution. Placing a premium upon male aggressiveness and competition creates new forces that tend to disrupt the group.

The theory has certainly not been proved, although a number of investigators consider it plausible. In any case—and whatever the mechanism—the important point is that organization life replaced easy individualism. Inevitably this would cause a continuing and unresolved conflict between the individual and the group. The forest ape, evidently, had evolved into a creature so intelligent and so individualistic that he could not adapt to open-savanna dangers without developing a permanent source of tension.

There was, there is, no way out of this difficulty. But current research on baboons, chimpanzees, and other primates emphasizes a very special and spectacular feature of evolution. Evolution is opportunistic with a vengeance. It can turn the tables on circumstances and come out ahead of the game after teetering on the edge of catastrophe. It can take root in unlikely places, persist in the face of formidable obstacles, and then, by a series of amazingly effective adjustments, transmute the obstacles into positive advantages.

Primate research suggests that something like this happened when prehuman creatures evolved into human beings. At first, individuals attempted makeshift adjustments to the conflict between them and the group. Many failed. The conflict was something to be overcome if possible. But essentially it was not possible. So gradually our ancestors learned to live with their tensions. And today the development of man as a species may actually depend on the existence of conflict. In other words, what was once an obstacle has become an essential element in our evolution, a built-in source of discontent which drives us on.

Self-feeding Restlessness

Fossils provide hints of what may have happened. Although we have yet to unearth traces of the intelligent apes that gave rise to humanity, recent research throws considerable light on the subsequent step in evolution. The world's richest site for remote prehistory is the Olduvai Gorge in Tanganyika, a miniature Grand Canyon where Mary and Louis Leakey have been digging for more than twenty years. Here on ancient living

floors, places where remains exist undisturbed as they were left long, long ago, there are the remains of ape-men with brains not much larger than the chimpanzees'.

These creatures were tool- and weapon-makers. Among their remains are stones with crude but effective cutting edges. Archaeologists have also found the bones of their victims—rodents and young antelopes and other small game—who were hunted nearly two million years ago according to the latest potassium-argon measurements.*

Dating of fossils found at a higher level in the same gorge shows that man appeared on earth about a half-million years ago. This is only yesterday on the evolutionary scale. His brain was by this time double the size of that of his forebears. Anthropologists generally agree that the greatest single factor causing this brain increase was probably the accelerating development of hunting.

The hunt placed a premium on both individual initiative and the ability to function as a member of the group. Hunters lived longer if they were not only strong but could also devise the best ambushes, traps, pitfalls, and weapons, and predict the movements of prey. They also had more children than their less gifted brethren. Yet as early men went after bigger and bigger game, hunting became increasingly an organized group activity. The group would have more to eat if extra-clever individuals did not try hunting on their own but joined parties and took their share of red meat. The hunt, by favoring both individual exploits and teamwork, preserved and accentuated a basic and uniquely human conflict. And so has everything else since then—agriculture, science, industrial revolutions, and population explosions.

The conflict between the individual and the group originated in man and his ancestors. In man for the first time nature has evolved an organism with a kind of self-contained, self-feeding restlessness. The process has created a continual dissatisfaction with things as they are, and has fostered continual change. It has enormously accelerated evolution even in the absence of favorable genetic mutations which have played the major role in the development of other species. It is hardly necessary to emphasize that the same process, the same restlessness, persists today as life in its latest and most elaborate form—namely, us—prepares to invade and exploit space.

* Potassium atoms are radioactive "clocks" which decay to argon gas. The steady rate of decay provides a way to calculate the passage of time.



Those Annoying Farmers: Impossible But Not Really Serious

by
Jack Heinz

The handouts they are getting are a national scandal—but there are some good reasons why nobody is likely to do anything about it for quite a while.

The *National Hog Farmer*, published at Grundy Center, Iowa, has announced:

Manure Smell Furnishes Farmstead's
Power Needs;
Gas Produced From Dung: Fertilizer
Value Saved.

Those of us who hail from the hog latitudes have known for a long time that the odors are powerful, but we never suspected they could be put to good use. Our next feat should be to harness the gas agriculture produces in the Halls of Congress. This year Congress is proving, as it has time and again in the past, that it can't solve the farm problem.

In essence, the problem amounts to this: We have too many farms, which produce so much that

supply outruns demand. This has two effects. Farmers receive low prices for their products; the government has to spend billions to bolster farm income. So far, our ingenuity in finding ways to cope with surpluses hasn't held a candle to our genius for discovering new ways to create them. Although there have been many recent innovations in farming methods even more incredible than the manure motor, our farm programs are the same old models designed during the Great Depression.

Whether or not these government control schemes ever did provide satisfactory regulation of agriculture, they don't today. Since they were started, we have doubled farm output, while halving the farm labor force. Successive Secretaries of Agriculture have coaxed, bribed, and coerced farmers into planting fewer acres—but, at the same time, technicians in the Department have been busy discovering improved fertilizers, tillage methods, and hybrid crop varieties. These now enable farmers to grow 100 bushels where 50 grew in the 1930s. Surpluses, stored in grain

bins all over the countryside, are huge.* The government pays over a million dollars a day in storage costs alone. But the evils of the farm programs have been pointed out so many times, and in such laborious detail, that there is no sense in reciting once more the commonplace enormities.

The more interesting—and difficult—question is: What are we going to do about it? Since World War II there have been several major attempts to change these laws. Different reformers offered a wide variety of approaches. Congress rejected all of them. Presidential Candidate Kennedy opined that agriculture presented “our number one domestic problem,” but since taking office he hasn’t made much more progress toward solving it than did his predecessors. Last year, the Administration made an all-out effort to get real changes in the programs. In spite of political pressure which made one strong Congressman weep that his arm was sore “from the twisting it has taken,” the Legislative Branch decided to put the Administration’s plan in storage and continue the existing programs for another year. So we are still stuck with an expensive, outmoded system of regulations and subsidies. Why?

The Mythical Farm Bloc

Urban newspaper editors seem to believe that the programs are shoved down city folks’ throats by a highly organized, all-powerful, monolithic Farm Bloc. There is no such thing. Today farmers are in chaotic conflict among themselves. The old Farm Bloc—never such a phalanx as the popular mythology would have it—has been thoroughly dispersed.†

Many competing, conflicting factions within American agriculture have separate, narrow interests—based on the particular crops they grow, or on the area they come from. Government programs help only some of these factions. To others, the plans are a pestilence.

Still, farm bills are made by and for farm interests—they are the only ones who take part in the legislative milling. Reformers usually view

* If we continue to use farmland as sites for storage bins, a friend of mine once hypothesized, we must eventually reach a point where enough land has been removed from farming to create a shortage of grain, therefore causing the bins to begin to empty. This is long-term thinking.

† For the first indications that this might be taking place, see Carroll Kilpatrick, “What Happened to the Farm Bloc?” *Harper’s*, November 1957.

the legislative process as a battle between “The Public” and “The Special Interests.” In real life, however, struggles over farm bills take place between special agricultural interests on one side, and other special agricultural interests on the other. Other parts of The Public are busy struggling over special interests of their own.

When voting on farm bills, city Congressmen usually go along with the farm Congressmen of their own party. Their motive may be fence-mending, with an eye toward rural support for bills in which cities are interested. Representative Victor Anfuso, a Brooklyn Democrat who had been placed on the Agriculture Committee to get urban support, tried in 1958 to do just that in one of the least subtle vote-trading speeches ever made on the floor of Congress:

As a city person . . . it is my philosophy that farm legislation is not a one-way street and that we must travel the road on a two-way basis. If we do something for the farmers, we expect the farmers to do something for us, too, such as housing legislation and other necessary measures. I am going to support this bill and I am going to ask my city friends on both sides of the aisle to support this bill. . . .

I am hopeful that we will have a housing bill, but for the time being I am not going to deny the farmers of America their right to legislation.

The impasse in farm legislation is not the result of a deadlock between farm and city Congressmen, but of a stalemate among the different farm interests. We continue to stumble along under old programs because the fragmentation of farm political power has created a great many “veto groups” on farm policy. No one faction has enough power to get the program it wants, but cumbersome Congressional procedures give each of them the power to block bills it doesn’t like.

These factions will not reunite in another Farm Bloc, for their differences are not the kind they can compromise. If a farmer raises livestock, and has to buy corn to feed it, he wants low corn prices. Naturally Congressmen who represent livestock farmers oppose high price supports for corn and other feed grains. For example, since corn growing is much less important in Wisconsin than the raising of dairy cattle (which chomp up a lot of corn), Dairyland’s Senator Proxmire

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deserted his fellow Midwestern Democrats last year, and opposed the Administration's feed-grain bill.

Farmers also fight when the crops they grow compete for the same markets. There is even such a conflict within the grain-growing camp. Charles Hoeven of Iowa, ranking Republican on the House Agriculture Committee, has taken great pains to make certain that surplus wheat will not be used for animal feed, in competition with corn. To Iowa corn farmers, apparently, it is important that wheat rot in government bins.

Competition causes many crops to conflict with others—often for reasons not immediately apparent. Illinois' Senator Douglas, whose state is full of soybeans, took the Senate floor to attack a bill which would have increased cotton acreage. He reasoned: "As more cotton is produced, cottonseed production is, of course, also increased, and hence more cottonseed oil will help to drive down the prices of soybean oil and soybeans." To complicate matters further, dairymen oppose both the soybean and the cotton farmers, since both soybeans and cotton are sources of oleomargarine. Butterfat, corn oil, cottonseed oil, soybean shortenings, and lard all compete in the general market for fats.

Even growers of the same crop may feud over farm bills. Western cotton growers in Arizona, New Mexico, and California, for instance, strongly oppose the law restricting the number of acres each farmer may plant to cotton, because they feel it favors the growers of the Old South. Even Barry Goldwater, who usually worries about the Big Problem, fights to get for his Arizona constituents their inalienable right to plant as much cotton as they like.

But perhaps the most important conflict is the new split between the South and the Midwest. The Farm Bloc first became a powerful force in national politics when corn Congressmen from the Midwest and cotton Congressmen from the South joined to put over the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bills in the 1920s. The alliance

worked well for many years, but by the late 'fifties there was bad blood between the two camps. Senator Ellender of Louisiana, Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, opposed a corn bill in these words:

I do not know of a commodity which has received more consideration than has corn. Corn happens to be the sweet little blue-eyed, curly-haired girl of the farm program. It gets almost anything it desires.

The trouble started when tight controls on the amount of cotton each farmer may plant, designed to reduce cotton surpluses, caused many Southerners to go into livestock raising. The old cotton farmer now has reason to oppose high price supports for the Midwestern corn he buys for his new livestock. He is also wary of production controls which would prevent him from making further shifts into the production of traditional Midwestern crops. This conflict, severing the alliance which had prevailed since the 'twenties, has destroyed The Farmers' ability to make farm policy. Since there is no common ground among all those people called "farmers," it is apparently impossible to write legislation that will satisfy even a working majority of them.

Ironically, our political inability to cope with farm problems may stem from the same technological developments which have made them so serious. New techniques enabled us to overproduce. They also changed the alignment of farm political interests. The irrigation of desert land, and the development of new machinery adapted to it, made it possible to grow cotton in the West. These developments, therefore, produced the new group of Western cotton growers who oppose the Southerners. Then, the competition from Western cotton made the South look for new crops to raise—and led to its conflicts with the Midwest. Technology is now about to aggravate them: cattle breeders are working on a milk cow that will be contented in hot weather, so that the South can go into dairying in a big way.



These specific changes in farming—and in the political interests of different farm areas—have been accompanied by a general trend toward specialization. A farmer who once grew many crops may now grow only one or two. Since each region is increasingly concentrating on the crops for which its soil and climate are best suited, each Congressional District is now likely to produce only a few different crops. Therefore, much of the common ground which once united the old Farm Bloc is gone. Congressmen are no longer interested in raising the general level of agricultural prices; instead, each is concerned with increasing the profit on the few crops grown in his district. As the diversity of crops grown on the typical farm decreases, the political diversity within all of agriculture increases.

Even the Cows Get Frustrated

It isn't very clear where all this will finally take us. Lately, farm politicians have accomplished about as much as a flock of scratching chickens. They kick a lot of dust into each other's eyes, and redistribute the gravel a little, but they never get rid of the gravel or arrange it in an orderly pattern.

So far, all attempts to impose order on this chaos have failed. Charles Brannan, Secretary of Agriculture under President Truman, and Ezra Taft Benson, Eisenhower's Secretary, both advocated bold new programs. Although they took opposite approaches—Brannan favoring high government payments to farmers and Benson favoring low ones—both were repudiated.

There was reason to think President Kennedy and Secretary Orville Freeman might be more successful. Their proposals were less ambitious. They accepted the existing system, but sought reform within it. A look at how much Congress gave them might, then, give us an idea of what we can expect in the future.

First, some background. The idea behind price supports and production controls is that if you restrict the number of acres farmers may plant, this will make crops scarce enough to raise their prices above the government-guaranteed support level; thus, the government will not have to spend so much to bring farmers' incomes up to that level. It hasn't worked. Farmers pour fertilizer onto the fewer acres permitted them, and produce more than they did before. They then get the high, government-guaranteed price for each bushel without really having to reduce the number of bushels.

To stop this, the Kennedy Administration moved to tighten production controls, in part by applying them directly to the number of bushels a farmer could sell, as well as to the number of acres he could plant. In effect, the Kennedy program said to the farmers, if you don't want price supports, O.K.—but if you do want the government to guarantee your prices, you have to cut back on production.

Congress defeated the bill, for an obvious reason. Farmers who profit from this loophole didn't want it closed. They are perfectly happy with the ineffective controls and high prices. Even a group which opposes the current controls prefers them to the Kennedy approach. Livestock raisers, whose prices are not supported, dislike *any* controls which would raise the price of the grain they have to buy for feed. But the present, ineffective acreage restrictions do not reduce grain supplies enough to raise the price very much; while stricter controls of the Kennedy type really might. Many different kinds of farmers (some of whom are on opposite sides of the market) opposed effective controls. They all hollered about "the freedom to farm," and paraded the horrors of "socialism."*

Attempts to get really effective legislation for other crops were also defeated. One important bill asked that unprecedented, direct controls be put on the supply of milk. Our cows had been outdoing themselves, and our citizens had been unappreciative. Fear of cholesterol and Strontium 90, and a new-found distaste for the elegantly ample silhouette, all drove people to drink something else. Milk production rose, while per capita consumption fell. The government's costs rose to a record \$600 million for the year.

Desperately, the President toasted a news conference in milk, and allowed the sides of buses to be covered with a portrait of him holding a glass of the white nectar (he came off as sort of a Minnesota Man of Distinction). Only when all this failed did the Administration give up trying to get people to drink the stuff, and start trying to get controls instead. In less than a month, the dairy interests had the tight-control proposal beat. Like grain farmers, they manage to have their programs and avoid them too.

In our legislative system, it takes strength and skill to pass new laws, but much less power to block them. Last year the President got very

*Socialism, apparently, is where the government makes you give up something for the money you get. If you get paid without having to give anything in return, that isn't socialism—that's a grant to promote the rural virtues.



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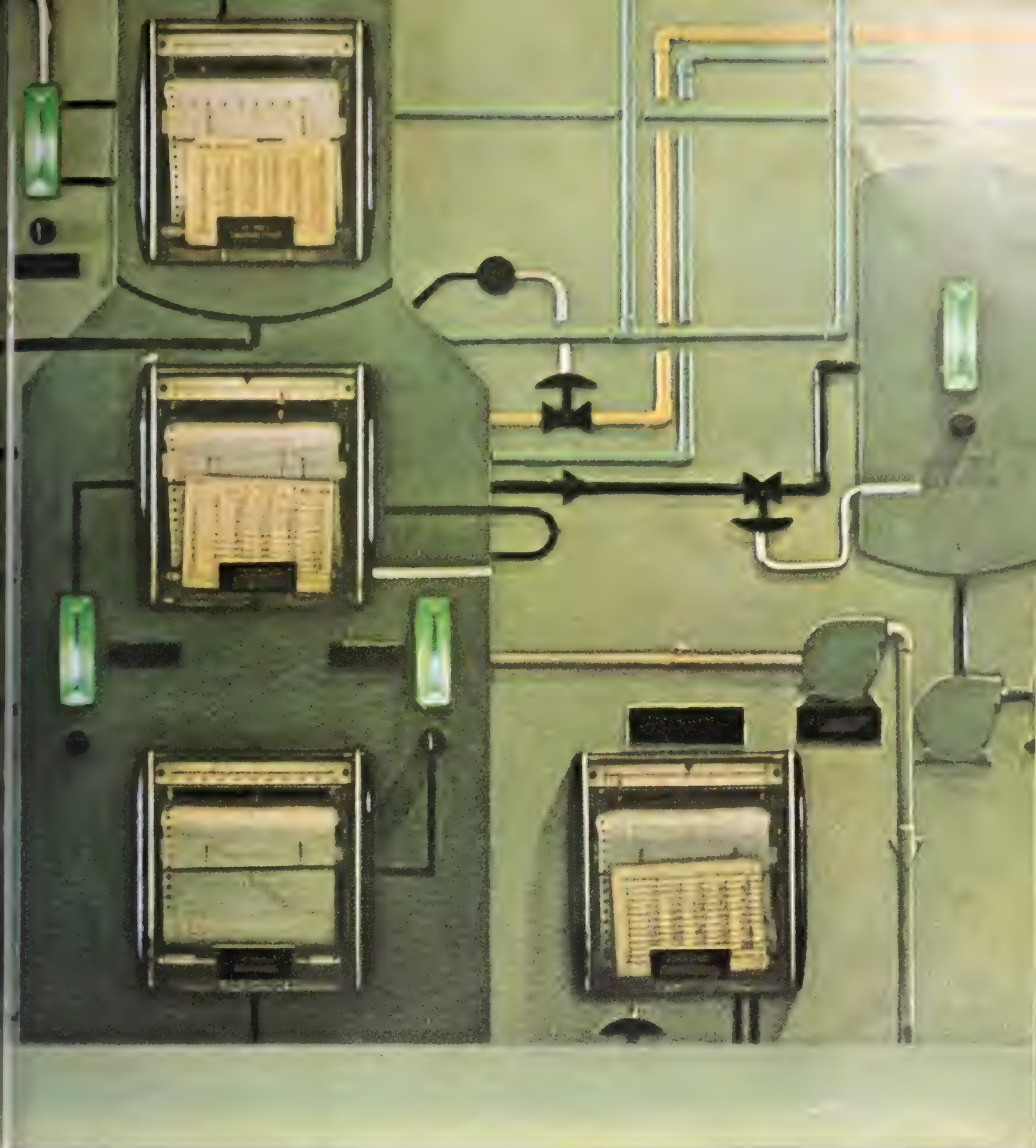
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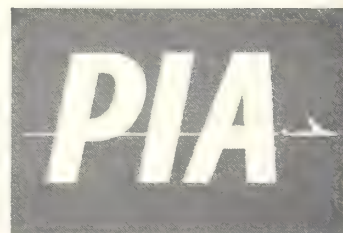


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little of what he asked. The dairy and feed-grain control programs were entirely lost. The Administration's strict wheat control plan made it through Congress by a narrow margin, but was soundly defeated in a national referendum of wheat farmers held late this May.

In all thirteen previous referendums, the wheat program had received more than the necessary two-thirds vote. The Kennedy program—which called for direct controls on the number of bushels sold in addition to the traditional, less effective controls on the number of acres planted—failed to get even a simple majority. The prevailing farm viewpoint was expressed in a letter to the weekly newspaper in my home town in southern Illinois: "The issue at stake here is not for more money in our pockets but the entire future of farming and our way of life. I for one want to take this opportunity for a public stand for Freedom."* Such unlikely traveling fellows as the *New York Times* and the National Farmers Union, however, urged a "yes" vote since the program seemed to them a fair compromise. It would have provided price supports high enough to guarantee the farmers an adequate income, and controls effective enough to guarantee urban taxpayers a limit on the number of bushels supported at those high prices.

The alternative offered by the referendum was unlimited production and about a 50 per cent decrease in price. Many farmers believed, however, that if they defeated the program, Congress would pass some other emergency wheat plan this summer to keep prices up. They believed this in spite of the Administration's warning before the vote that there would not be another chance this year if its program failed to be passed by the farmers.

When the returns came in, the President still predicted that no wheat bill would get by Congress this year since there is "no consensus on agricultural matters." But if the Administration would actively support a compromise wheat bill, the bill would probably pass. Many Democratic Congressmen who will be up for election next year, including majority leaders Mansfield and Albert, come from wheat-growing areas. Moreover, Corn Belt Congressmen are eager to pass a program to prevent cheap wheat from moving into animal feed markets. On the other hand, if the Administration opposes the bill, either openly or tacitly, the passage will be more doubtful. Urban Congressmen must realize that if they bail farmers out now, they may never get

them to accept effective controls in return for price supports. Without Party pressure, which has caused many city Democrats to vote for farm bills in the past, they might let the farmers have their "Freedom."

So far in this session of Congress, the Administration has appeared to be resting up after its political beatings. It has supported no major new legislation—and is unlikely to. A feed-grain bill passed in May but it was just another extension of the present programs. Several attempts by cotton and dairy interests to get much-needed legislation for these crops have been frustrated by disagreement within each industry. If it is left to the farmers, the problem will be with us long after the cows have come home.

City people have not concerned themselves with farm policy. As the remarks of Representative Anfuso show, urban Congressmen prefer to follow the lead of one or more of the rural elements in their party. The much-bemoaned overrepresentation of rural areas is not crucially important in votes on farm bills, so long as city Representatives don't act independently anyhow.

In their own best interests, the cities logically should support more effective controls on farm output. Since a control program like the 1962 Kennedy bill would not raise the price guarantees to farmers appreciably, and since farmers get such a small portion of the prices charged in supermarkets, grocery bills shouldn't go up much.* And, as taxpayers, city people can only gain by having the government pay farmers the same amount per bushel, for a smaller number of bushels.

But even if city people do get indignant enough to exert real pressure, they probably won't be sophisticated enough to support the Administration's program. More likely, they will just make heated demands to get the farm hogs out of the public trough. If they do that, they will help their opposition. Arguments against government interference will only aid those farm interests who are fighting tighter controls—thereby preserving the expensive, absurd status quo. The cities can never succeed in abolishing farm programs entirely, under any foreseeable circumstances. Although the farm interests are divided, enough could quickly reunite to prevent that.

But all this is academic, for it is extremely

*Although food prices have risen in recent years, most of the increase has come from fancier packaging and more "labor-saving" services performed on the food before the housewife gets it (the ultimate absurdity in this trend is the TV dinner). Even with these increases, groceries have been taking a smaller share of the average household budget.

"Freedom" is the opposite of "socialism," defined above.

unlikely that city people will get interested enough in the farm problem to exert any real pressure. It only touches them directly once each year, and then it is hidden in their total tax bill. They have lots of other things they can see and worry about every day. Urbanites have never become excited about the farm problem before. Why should they now?

The overwhelming chances are, then, that there will be no major reform of the present system in the foreseeable future. This does not mean that there will be no innovations in the way we deal with farm surpluses. Some proposed changes have a good chance, precisely because they do not attempt to reform the present programs, but rather would provide supplementary relief outside of the established subsidy system. For example, plans are now well advanced for a World Food Bank, to be affiliated with the United Nations. The surplus-producing countries would lend agricultural commodities to nations which are short of them—similar to the way the World Bank now makes loans of harder stuff. This would put the crops we have piled up to good use, and at the same time reduce storage costs.

Several other proposals may be adopted. One calls for larger appropriations for research on possible industrial uses of farm products. If we can't eat it all up, maybe we can ride on it, or make plastics out of it, or something. A third plan would turn our farms into parks. The argument goes that we need more outdoor recreation areas, complete with wildlife, since we are breeding more and more people, and since many of these people associate the term "wild animal" with a large, unruly poodle. Finally, economy-minded types have suggested spending our money on a more permanent solution to our surplus problems—retraining farmers for other work, which really needs doing, and relocating them in the cities.

Some of these plans, or parts of them, stand a good chance of getting Congressional approval. Everyone supports the principle of making constructive use of excess farm products, excess farms, and excess farmers, rather than just forcing them to stand idle. In fact, one politician likes to call these proposals "Motherhood" programs, since taking a four-square stand for them is like endorsing Mother Love.

Yet, there are obstacles even to the Motherhood programs. Our past efforts to distribute excess crops around the world, through such programs as Food for Peace, have been frustrated by problems of international relations. Surplus-producing allies have complained that we depress

the prices they get for their crops, when we "dump" our excess supplies abroad. Advocates of the World Food Bank hope that working through the United Nations will promote compromise of these differences. But it certainly will not eliminate them—no amount of cooperation can change the essential conflict of national interests.

Other plans face even more serious problems. Finding industrial uses for corn, wheat, and cotton would be nice—but Agriculture Department scientists have been working on this for years, with meager results. Technology, in fact, has found many more substitutes for farm crops (especially synthetic fibers) than it has found ways to substitute these crops for other raw materials. The proposal to turn our farms into playgrounds for the urban idle also has major limitations—in spite of the fact that a modest, pilot version of the program was enacted as a part of last year's farm bill. Converting good farmland, worth several hundred dollars per acre, into relatively low-paying picnic, camping, or hunting grounds would be costly. Wooded land would come cheaper, and would make better recreation areas, but since crops don't grow there, that wouldn't reduce surpluses.

Finally, moving farm families to the cities to do other work might make good, inhuman economic sense—if there were enough jobs. But since we already have a lot of unskilled labor out of work, our factories aren't likely to absorb the million or more workers we would have to transfer in order to have much effect on farm output. And if these farmers simply increased the number of unemployed, the cost of relief payments might be greater than the savings in the farm program. In short, no *deus ex machina* is going to get us out of this one.

Nobody Loses All the Time

The disaster is not as great as it may seem. The controls may be bad, but they are not guilty of the worst charge brought against them—that by disturbing the free market mechanism and freezing production in old patterns, they will make our agriculture stagnant and inefficient. According to classic economic dogma, as soon as you start interfering with competition, the unfit start surviving—and this is bad. But during the 'fifties, farm output per man-hour increased by 80 per cent. The improvement was two to three times as great as the average in our other industries.

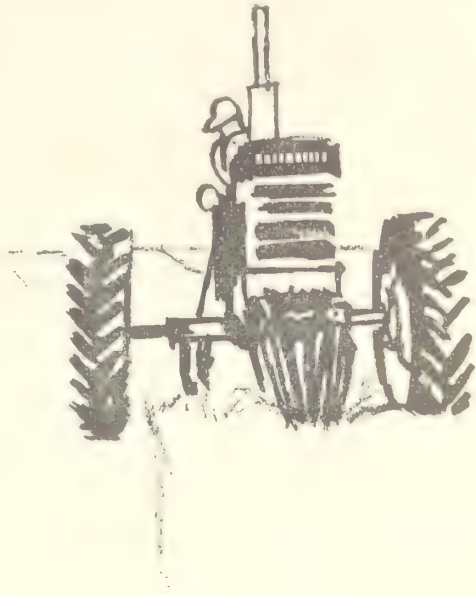
In spite of restrictions, our agriculture remains dynamic. Great shifts in production have taken place, from one crop to another, and from one area to another. (Changes in farmland use, 1953-58: wheat *down* 23 million acres; cotton *down* 13 million; soybeans *up* 8.5 million; grain sorghum *up* 10.5 million.) Because these shifts increase efficiency, they make grocery prices lower than they would otherwise be—but also increase surpluses, and thus raise government costs.

What we need most is to remove from agriculture significant amounts of all three productive resources—farmers, land, and capital. Happily, this is also taking place, slowly. Farmland is being changed into housing developments, shopping centers, highways, and airports at the rate of two to three million acres per year, and farmers are being changed into city dwellers at a rate of about 850,000 per year. Subsidies have not made farming so attractive that farmers don't want to quit.

My city friends seem to believe that the countryside is teeming with affluent bumpkins who drive Cadillacs to town to pick up government checks. In fact, according to the Census, people who live on farms make less than half as much money as people who live anywhere else. In 1959, farm families averaged about \$650 per person from their farming operations. They received another \$320 per person from other work or investments, for an average net income per capita of less than \$1,000.* Those of us fortunate enough to live elsewhere averaged over \$2,200. Most farmers don't acquire their red necks by going to sleep under a sun lamp.

Without the government programs, farm incomes would be even lower. Economists at several universities have attempted to estimate just how much. One major study found that the removal of controls could reduce net receipts by as much as 75 per cent, depending on the crop grown, even if the transition to a free market were made gradually, over a period of several years. Although such a cut in already low farm incomes would put many farmers on a diet of grits and gravy, the study predicted that few would quit farming. Where would they go? The poorest—uneducated Southern cotton farmers, with their mules and small plots of land—are not fit for any other work. Ironically, the most modern, most efficient farmers might be forced out

first. Many of them went heavily in debt to buy fancy new machinery. If they couldn't meet their payments, they would fold—although their land and machinery would probably still be operated, by the banks.



The Invisible Hand

The result would probably be politically as well as economically harmful to the nation. Farm protest movements threaten the political stability of several European governments.* Even de Gaulle was forced this spring to take measures to prevent rural riots, and to increase the French farm subsidies. In our country, where political protest is traditionally limited to switching a disfavored politician off the TV screen, revolt may seem unlikely. But early last fall, a Midwestern farm group called the National Farmers Organization received a great deal of publicity when it staged a dramatic, if ineffective, "holding action"—the rough equivalent of a strike. In a more fanciful protest, NFO members dumped their Sears-Roebuck catalogues on sidewalks in front of Sears stores. A Sears executive is the vice-chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, which had urged government action to remove two million farmers from the land. If a mere recom-

* Transition from an agricultural or mixed economy to a highly industrial one is difficult in any country. In many, it is accompanied by some sort of political strife. Virtually all of the Western nations with highly developed economies have a farm problem. Most have responded with a government subsidy program. In fact, the aid given is usually proportionately greater than that provided by the U.S. In Great Britain, for example, the subsidies amount to 19 per cent of gross farm income, compared to only 6 per cent in the United States.

* We might also credit the farmers with a small additional amount of non-cash income, for the value they receive from living on the land and producing some of their own food. But as farms become larger and more highly commercialized, farmers produce less for family consumption.

mendation can cause farmers to part with their mail-order catalogues, what would happen if price supports were, in fact, substantially reduced?

At the least, the farm problem would then become the one decisive political issue in rural communities. Rural overrepresentation in Congress might then become more significant; farmers still control more than enough seats to give them the power to block legislation. They could prevent the passage of tax-reform or foreign-aid bills, not to mention welfare legislation, until they got what they wanted. And if their incomes were really going to hell, there is no reason why farmers would not do exactly that. It would not be unprecedented. In the early 'twenties, when the farmers suffered a postwar depression while the rest of the economy prospered, the newly organized Farm Bloc got what it wanted after it had threatened to tie up the entire government.

Perhaps some sort of Invisible Hand works to achieve equilibrium in a free political marketplace, where many different interest groups compete for the favors of government. Accommodation among competing interests promotes political stability. Unfortunately, it also prevents the adoption of rational, internally consistent government policies. Either the solution unsuccessfully advocated by the Committee for Economic Development (get the government out of agriculture) or that unsuccessfully advocated by the Kennedy Administration (impose tighter controls) might make more economic sense and cost less than the present, pragmatic hodge-podge of programs. But neither is likely to be adopted. Policies which result from the conflicting pulls of several political forces are likely to be compromises which neither entirely please, nor particularly outrage anyone. Moreover, for a related reason, such policies are not usually changed quickly. The current programs reflect the existing interests. The only way to alter the reflection is to change what is being reflected.

One important change in the political forces might result from recent Supreme Court decisions which have held that a city person is entitled to have his vote count as much as a rural vote, and that courts can order state legislatures to draw new electoral districts which will provide this equality. Farmers are going to lose their present, disproportionate power in Congress with all the deliberate speed of the judicial process. But thanks to such creations of the genius of American democracy as the filibuster and Rules Committee, they will retain for some time their power to tie up the Congress. Besides, a further de-

crease in rural voting strength on the floor of Congress will not bring any real reforms of the programs. Too much is settled before the bills ever reach the floor.

Real reforms will require a change in the groups which take an interest in the development of farm policy and frame the alternatives presented to the rest of Congress in roll-call votes. This change could come either from a shift in those already participating in the primary debate, or from city groups getting into the argument. Both possibilities are unlikely. At present, city people know very little about farm programs, and neither they nor their Congressmen show much desire to get bogged down in the details. If they don't know what they are talking about, they can be of only limited effectiveness.

But there may be some hope. Last year, the Committee for Economic Development took a more direct role in the debate than had been played by any city group in several years. There would be even more hope if the President succeeded in getting a tax cut which stimulated the economy and made more jobs available in the cities. With work going begging, city people might then find it more outrageous to give farmers handouts, and become angry enough to have a real effect in Congress.*

The second way we might get reform is through a change in the groups already participating in the debate—the farm groups. This change might occur if we had another widespread agricultural depression of the 1920s variety. The misfortune of all farmers would transcend their present differences, and would probably cause them to unite on a new program. Each of these hypothetical political changes, then, would result from a change in the economy which made the existing programs intolerable to one or more of the interest groups. That suggests a final reason why we cannot solve the farm problem.

The farm problem is not bad enough—the programs are not, at present, intolerable. In fact, the Invisible Hand may have achieved a rough balance. We are giving farmers enough to preserve political stability, but not so much as to prevent the gradual readjustment of the economy or to bankrupt the country. The United States can afford the farm program. It only costs us money. It could be worse.

* And for their part, farmers, if they could get jobs in the cities, might find lower subsidies less objectionable, since another way of earning a living would be open. Furthermore, if a large number of farmers moved to cities, those remaining could tolerate lower prices, since fewer of them would be splitting up the pot of total farm income.



PIDGIN: no laughing matter

GARY JENNINGS

The UN would like to abolish it—but even it probably can't kill off one of the world's most useful and widespread languages.

SOME years ago, when I was a soldier in Korea, a young lady of Taegu had occasion to ask me, "Hey, you PX go more s'kosh', catch me Grennecks?"

"Grennecks?" I said, puzzled. I had understood most of her request, but I'd never heard of that last; it sounded like a breakfast cereal. "What means Grennecks?"

"Grennecks!" she repeated, exasperated at my thickness.

She spent some time making descriptive gestures and repeating the word. Finally she had to go next door and borrow a box of it from a neighbor, to enlighten me. It was a box of Kleenex.

I mention this small incident, and will come back to it later, because it illustrates several salient factors of one of the world's most useful and most universal languages.

Pidgin, as it is called the world over, is not unknown to Americans, at least not to those who've visited the Far East. I encountered it, and made good use of it, during the Korean War. The troops of World War II spoke it to the

natives of the South Pacific. Although I never became what you could call fluent in Pidgin, I was sufficiently interested in it (and occasionally amused by it) to do some research into Pidgin's history and present-day status. There has been precious little written about it, either for the professional linguist or the layman, but I did confirm that it was not invented merely for the temporary exigencies of communication between GIs and the local panderers of liquor, women, and souvenirs.

Pidgin is an old and legitimate language. Although today it is ignored, derided, and marked for extinction, still it quietly continues to gather converts throughout a good part of the world, and even threatens to become a new weapon of the Cold War. Most people call it "pidgin-English" and all they know of it is the Chinese laundryman's traditional "no tickee, no shirtee." They'd be surprised to learn that Pidgin is not just a quaint relic of the old opium-and-warlord days, nor the comic-relief dialogue in *Terry and the Pirates*, but a language both viable and valuable.

To be sure, Pidgin's limited vocabulary can engender some laughable quotations, such as the oft-reprinted description of a piano by a New Guinea native: "Him fella big box, you fight him, he cry." Or the classic announcement by a Chinese servant that his master's prize sow had given birth to a litter: "Him cow pig have kittens."

And in some situations the language is ad-

mittedly unwieldy, not to say dangerous. A special handbook issued to American and Australian troops in the Pacific during World War II instructed guards to snarl their "Halt or I'll fire!" in this manner: "You fella you stand fast. You no can walkabout. Suppose you fella walkabout me killim you long musket." If the trespasser *did* turn out to be an enemy, chances are the guard wouldn't get to finish that harangue.

But Pidgin's seemingly imprecise vocabulary can be almost poetic at times. There could hardly be, in any language, a friendlier definition of a friend than the Australian aborigine's "him brother belong me." Or consider his description of the sun: "lamp belong Jesus." Pidgin can be forthright, too. An Aussie policeman is "gubmint catchum-fella." An elbow is "screw belong arm." Whiskers are "grass belong face." When a man gets old there, he is "no more too much strong." When he's thirsty, "him belly allatime burn." Even the English language is a little spicier today for the inclusion of a good many expressions borrowed from Pidgin, though few who use them are aware of their origin. Among them: chow, make-do, savvy, can do (and no can do), pickaninny, joss, and look-see.



THE earliest recorded form of Pidgin was the lingua franca or polyglot jargon with which the Crusaders made themselves understood in the various countries they crossed on their eleventh-century expeditions to the Holy Land. Probably Marco Polo also talked some kind of Pidgin to Kublai Khan. But the Pidgin that survives today was born on the China coast three hundred years ago, when the Western nations first began to trade there.

The crewmen of merchant vessels and trading posts were disinclined to bother learning Chinese, and the Chinese saw little sense in the involved grammatical locutions of the traders' languages. They compromised by adopting the Westerners' words and adapting them to Chinese

syntax. The resultant goulash became known to both parties as "business" language, or—because the closest a Chinese could come to pronouncing business was "bishin" or "bijin"—eventually Pidgin. (It has nothing to do with a pigeon, though it's sometimes spelled that way.) Pidgin is also known in some parts of the Pacific as Beach-la-Mar, from the Portuguese *bicho de mar* (a sea slug prized as a table delicacy in China, and a staple of trade there). Elsewhere, the language is sometimes scornfully called Beachcomber's English.

The Pidgin of the coast trade gradually became an amalgam of English and Portuguese words (these two nationalities being the earliest traders), of Chinese words, and a sprinkling from other languages—German, East Indian, Malay, French—all of them subtly transmuted by the vagaries of pronunciation.

Thus we have the word "cumshaw"—ubiquitous in the Orient—meaning gratuity or bribe or rake-off. The expression was originally "come ashore money"—a sailor's tip to the launch boatman. "Savvy," meaning to comprehend, is a corruption of the Portuguese *sabe*. The word "chow" comes from the Chinese *tsau*, or wine. "Joss," indicating something sacred, was originally the Portuguese *Dios*. "Pickaninny" was the Portuguese *pequeninho*, meaning small, and is used in Pidgin to mean also child or offshoot. "Squeeze" got its slang sense of "putting the squeeze on somebody" from an unspeakable torture method of Old China.

Another form of Pidgin developed along the same lines in Australia, where exiled British convicts were among the first settlers to consort with the aborigines. Still another variety of Pidgin was spread among the island chains of Polynesia and Melanesia by sealing and whaling fleets and the "blackbirding" slave hunters. French colonials in Africa developed an African Pidgin and disseminated it—again via the slave trade—to the West Indies and Louisiana, where a trace still survives as "Creole." Similarly, the first American colonists conversed with the Indians in a sort of Pidgin ("Great White Father send you much wampum!").

Thus, for much of the past three centuries,

Gary Jennings' writing has appeared in many magazines, and his first book, "March of the Robots," a history for children, was published last year. He was an Army correspondent in the Korean War, and he has worked in newspaper reporting, advertising, and magazine editing.

Pidgin was indeed an auxiliary "international language." Variants of it were spoken by whites and natives alike, from Hawaii to Hong Kong, from Australia to Vladivostok, from Africa to Haiti.

"A WEED-GROWN JARGON"

It seemed to me that, because of the basic similarity of make-up of the various forms of Pidgin, and despite geographical variants, it *should* conceivably be possible for, say, a San Francisco Chinese and a Melanesian Kanaka and a Senegal tribesman to chat together without too much difficulty. For that matter, I wondered, why couldn't a Pidgin-speaking American, a Spaniard, and a Russian?

But I am no linguist, so I consulted Professor William F. Marquardt of New York University's linguistics department. He quickly disabused me of my rosy notion that Pidgin might someday become the one "Earth language."

"Pidgin does not have a structural standardization between widely separated areas," he said. "Although all the varieties *are* undeniably alike—in the respect that they lack case, gender, tense, and number—still each form of Pidgin must rely on word order to make sense. And that word order will be determined by the native language from which each particular variety of Pidgin is derived."

Nevertheless, I pointed out to him, Pidgin has often in the past been the sole means of contact among widely disparate cultures. Professor Marquardt, while refusing to concede Pidgin as a potential international language, was at least amused by the story of a British consul in China who was once asked to perform a marriage between a young Danish sailor and a Chinese girl—no one of the three knowing the other languages. Accordingly, the official said to the bride:

"This man wantchee take you home-side makee wife-pidgin. Can do, no can do?"

Said she demurely, "Can do," and the consul pronounced them man and wife.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* dismisses Pidgin as "a weed-grown jargon . . . filled with nursery imbecilities, vulgarisms, and corruptions," but has to concede that it is "above all, utilitarian." L. and

M. S. Herman, in their book *Foreign Dialects*, more charitably characterize it as "a sort of short-hand language." Pidgin achieves what the *Britannica* calls "the lowest common denominator of understanding" by virtue of its extreme simplicity. Each native variety has a vocabulary borrowed from foreign languages (predominantly English) consisting of anywhere from four hundred to a thousand nouns, forty to fifty verbs, a hundred or so adjectives, pronouns, and adverbs—the whole given its distinctive flavor by the inclusion of some forty or fifty native words.

Those who deride Pidgin as "baby talk" have the erroneous idea that they can speak it merely by tossing off an occasional "catchee" or "alla-samee." But, despite its simplicity and its lack of familiar textbook grammar, each Pidgin tongue does have a set vocabulary and rules of construction which do take a little while to learn. The ignorant tourist who bellows his conception of "pidgin-English" at a bewildered Noumean stall keeper might just as well be bellying Swahili.

However, there do not yet exist any definitive textbooks or comprehensive dictionaries of the language—and the otherwise omniscient Berlitz does not teach it. So about the only practical way to learn Pidgin is to go and live among the people who use it daily.

Let me go back momentarily to that Korean girl's request: "Hey, you PX go more s'kosh', catch me Grennecks?" This translates literally as, "Hey, if you're going to the Post Exchange anytime soon, how about bringing me a box of Kleenex?" (Notice how many words it takes *me* to ask it.)



JOSEPH HANSEN

FREEWAY COUNTRY

THEY travel like some circus of despair,
 Heeling on wheels and creaking down the street,
 Whole houses homing nowhere through the night,
 Hung with mad lanterns, but in no sense gay,
 A blind and halting progress of the lost,
 The plundered, the uprooted, the betrayed,
 Shunted from one lie to another lie,
 From one stand—broken-windowed at the last,
 Defiled at night by children strewing paper
 Cups and pizza crusts and contraceptives
 Across the playpen nakedness of floors—
 To stand elsewhere, awaiting rape again.

Behind them, to the morning side, they've left
 Foundations, and front steps, and steps in back
 That tidily lead up to empty air;
 Roses lie among them, bougainvillea,
 Wisteria, that needed walls and chimneys,
 Porch roofs to climb on and to heap with bloom,
 Heaped on the ground, on lawns already sere;
 The walks, between weed-choking beds of iris,
 Geraniums and phlox, lead out to streets
 Tree-lined, but where no cars come any more;
 Hollyhocks nod by nonexistent fences
 In backyards now no longer back of anything,
 Where coasterwagons rust, and rollerskates,
 And a dog's house says BROWNIE to the bees.

Tomorrow, or the week or month or year
 After tomorrow, the loud mockingbirds,
 The jays and doves, the lizards lodging in
 The sun-warmed ruins, will receive their notice:
 The roaring, orange monsters will appear,
 And what was anything but plain before
 Will suddenly be treeless and without
 Foundation, suddenly will be made plain,
 And graded, and, in time, the giant mixers,
 Tumbling immense potentials in their bellies,
 Will pour forth pale gray, liquid promises
 Of new escape routes from the old concrete
 Realities of now, that will become
 Tomorrow's new concrete realities.

And soon a hundred thousand cars a day
 Will stream towards home or hospital or work
 Or love or death or other common hazards,
 Across the nameless graves of neighborhoods,
 Swirling in their wake the ghosts of roses.

This short request demonstrates how Pidgin adopts only the most basic verbs (go), and utilizes only one tense (the present); how one verb (catch) can serve for infinite different meanings—get, fetch, buy, bring, etc. It also demonstrates how Pidgin borrows and transmutes foreign words. S'kosh' is an elision of the Japanese *sukoshi*, meaning little, and is used here to mean shortly, soon, or a little while. (The addition of the English comparatives—more s'kosh', most s'kosh'—make "sooner" and "soonest," etc.) Gren-necks is of course mispronounced because of the well-known Oriental inability to enunciate the Western "t" sound.

Considering the original progenitors of Pidgin—illiterate seamen, uncouth convicts, and piratical slavers—it is hardly surprising that Pidgin is lacking in high-toned elegance and is replete with taboo vulgarities. (When an earlier version of this article was read before a class in Structural Linguistics at New York University, two sweet-faced little nuns in the audience insistently plied me with questions that touched on some of these touchy aspects of Pidgin. Embarrassed and stammering, I had to invent some new Pidginisms of my own, on the spot, to euphemize some of the rawer expressions.) However, all of these vulgarities are used innocently, with meanings far different from their originals. It's not too easy to blaspheme in Pidgin, but it's very easy to pray.

Indeed, since 1935 the Roman Catholic Mission in New Guinea has been publishing the monthly magazine *Frend Belong Me* (My Friend), written entirely in a phonetic Pidgin. It contains religious articles, jokes, fairy tales, even crossword puzzles. The Mission also publishes Pidgin Bibles, songbooks, prayer books, etc. Far from losing any beauty or sanctity in translation, these Gospel tracts often display a childlike purity and refreshing insight. For example, the book of Biblical stories *Jesus Is Our Leader* is titled in Pidgin *Yesus em i forman belong yumi*, or "Jesus him the foreman belong you-me."

Pidgin, in one form or another, is still the lingua franca of a goodly portion of the Pacific lands. Its usefulness cannot be slighted—the natives of the Papua–New Guinea area alone speak more than seven hundred separate tongues, but are enabled to converse and trade by means of one Pidgin common to them all. This demonstrable utility and adaptability is the reason for Pidgin's adoption wherever civilization has pushed its frontiers.

Nevertheless Pidgin is omitted from the 126 "Principal Languages of the World" listed in the

World Almanac, although it is estimated that from thirty to fifty million people now speak some form of the language, either solely or as an adjunct to their native tongues. Even if we accept the smallest estimate, the Pidgin language should rank about twentieth among the *Almanac's* 126, sharing the place with such others as Polish and Korean. Or, to put it another way, more earthlings speak Pidgin than speak Norwegian, Armenian, Greek, Hebrew, Albanian, Estonian, Latvian, and Lithuanian combined.

CASTE MARK OR CIVILIZER

AND yet professional linguists, philologists, and ethnologists have long refused to recognize Pidgin as a language; tourists abroad have always thought it "cute"; colonial administrators have long sought to supplant it with their Old World tongues. It has traditionally been the language one used to lackeys, not to equals. Just twenty-five years ago, a British army officer remarked, with a pomposity worthy of a Colonel Blimp, that the Pidgin tongue "usually takes a form in which the language of the ruling or more powerful race is adapted to that of the ruled or weaker race."

Recently, however, one variety of Pidgin has achieved national status—with the emergence of Indonesia as an independent republic after World War II. What is now called "Indonesian" was earlier known as "Bazaar Malay," a Pidgin developed by the former Dutch governors of the country to emphasize the caste separation between themselves and the natives. The Indonesians are now proud of their adopted language; and in their insistence upon ousting the Dutch from New Guinea, Pidgin has played no small part.

Lately, in their overdue concern about equality for all mankind, the Western World's policy makers have become ashamed of Pidgin, as a reminder of the ugly old caste system, and they now seek to uproot it. In this latter-day compulsion to "civilize" every "backward" nation in sight, Pidgin is invariably considered one of the first backwardnesses to be jettisoned.

This could prove to be a mistake.

In 1953, a United Nations Trusteeship Council investigated conditions in the Australian Mandate of New Guinea, and proceeded to recommend—among other "improvements"—that the Pidgin language in use there be abolished and gradually succeeded by English.

One vociferous dissenter was Robert A. Hall, Jr., Professor of Linguistics at Cornell University,

who championed the existing order in a book called *Hands Off Pidgin English!* He pointed out that the normal New Guinea native can learn Melanesian Pidgin well enough in six months to begin instruction as a medical assistant. To achieve a command of English sufficient to undertake the same instruction would require five or six years.

Professor Hall believed that this hortatory use of Pidgin could be a factor in the Cold War struggle in the Far East. Pidgin is as fluent a language for preaching doctrine as it is for preaching religion or hygiene. During the many years it would take the Westerners to teach English to any or all of the Pacific peoples, Communist infiltrators speaking the familiar old Pidgin would have plenty of time to propagandize, instruct, indoctrinate, and convert. If it will make the UN feel better about retaining Pidgin as the language of Melanesia, suggests Professor Hall, some of the taint of caste symbol might be removed by renaming the language Modern Melanesian or Neo-Melanesian.



Still, by any name it has ever known—Pidgin, Beach-la-Mar, Beachcomber's English, weed-grown jargon, shorthand language, baby talk, or whatever—the language appears to be here to stay, beyond the powers of prohibition of any paper edict. English is now, by UN proclamation, the official language of New Guinea's trust territory. But in July 1962, when the UN invited one of the native members of its Trusteeship Council—a prosperous copra planter named Somu Sigob—to address a meeting at the New York headquarters, he nonplused the delegates by addressing them in Pidgin.

The good things, the simple and useful things like Pidgin, die hard. In some far distant day, when an Earth spaceman lands on the first-discovered inhabited planet, it's a safe bet that he'll announce himself with—not "take me to your leader"—but the time-honored Pidgin greeting: "Me friend."

Rockefeller's Triple-threat Brain Trust

by

Alan L. Otten and Charles B. Seib

Chief challengers of the Kennedy team are some brilliant, unobtrusive, dedicated men . . . who are sure they have a winner, even though he may be a little headstrong.

A latter-day fable titled "The Rocky Road to Happiness" regaled readers of the *San Francisco Chronicle* not long ago. In the climactic scene the hero, Rocky, asks his sweetheart, Hysterical O'Brien, to marry him. His mind, however, is not exclusively on romance; he is also pondering the effect on his political future. Midway in his proposal he calls to one of his aides, "Bring in the charts!"

A battery of experts enters and sets up charts, graphs, precinct lists, and a slide projector.

"Okay," says Rocky, "let's run through it once more, fellas."

This soap opera by columnist Arthur Hoppe was, of course, a spoof on the politico-marital tribulations of New York Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller. However, the picture he painted of Rockefeller's elaborate staff mechanism was no fantasy. Indeed, the most dazzling spectacle at the annual conference of Governors of the fifty states is Rockefeller's entrance. The other Governors come—to business sessions at least—alone or perhaps with a couple of assistants. Rockefeller sweeps in with a half-dozen or more purposeful, briefcase-carrying lieutenants. "He makes the rest of us feel like an underdeveloped nation," said an aide to California's Pat Brown,

whose burgeoning state is now the biggest of the lot.

Rockefeller's entourage is, of course, much more than the appurtenance of a busy Governor. He happens also to have an exacting social conscience, which requires substantial staff support. So too do the far-flung activities of a red-hot Presidential hopeful. Rockefeller is in the fortunate position of having sufficient public and private resources to conduct the grand-scale operation which these diverse interests dictate.

He is, in consequence, the only current star on the American political stage whose supporting cast can compete in size and talent with President Kennedy's. Yet few of the Rockefeller men are well-known. Most are old friends or long-time work associates. Lawyers predominate and there are several academicians but few businessmen or full-time politicians.

As a group, they are older than the Kennedy team though comparable in energy. And they are united in one overriding purpose: the care, glorification, and elevation of Nelson A. Rockefeller. To this end they are ever battle-ready for the political wars in California, New York, or intermediate points; available at any moment to write a speech, head up a task force, take on an official post, or advise from the shadows.

Except for a few maverick Democrats, they are "liberal" Republicans. Like their New Frontier counterparts they tend to be more interested in solutions to problems than in abstract principles, pragmatic rather than doctrinaire in their thinking. They are worldly, cultured men, used to making hard decisions in private life, yet curiously

amateurish about statecraft and politics. Indeed, compared to the politically tough Kennedy operators, most of them seem like Rover Boys, still afflicted with the same naïveté which doomed Rockefeller's abortive try for the GOP nomination in late 1959 and 1960.

Nonetheless—and despite his recent remarriage—Rockefeller remains a front-runner for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1964. How would he and his staff perform if they should reach the White House?

This much can be said: Rockefeller runs a spirited ship but not a tight one. There is no neat table of organization, no carefully charted assignment of functions.

Some of the present crew are on the state payroll in the Governor's office, which is two-thirds larger and twice as costly as that of his Democratic predecessor, Averell Harriman. They are, however, only the most visible components of the Rockefeller apparatus. Happily commingled with them is a multitude of other aides, handsomely paid (some at salaries of \$30,000 a year or more) out of the Governor's own pocket or by some other enterprise of the Rockefeller clan. In addition, a host of family retainers and old friends can be tapped, as needed, to take time off from their regular pursuits and pitch in on the vast and complex job of making a President—or at least a candidate for office.

The Top Three

At present, the Rockefeller team is loosely organized in a three-platoon system: one works mainly on the affairs of New York State; another concentrates on the national Presidential effort; and a third is available for trouble-shooting in any area. All the platoons contain interchangeable parts; duties overlap and assignments shift. It is possible, however, to highlight a few men who really count, whose attitudes and judgments are relevant to discovering what sort of President Rockefeller might be.

One is William J. Ronan, who heads the state platoon. His title is Secretary to the Governor but in fact he serves as Assistant Governor. Soft-spoken, precise, and cautious, fifty-one-year-old Ronan is a political-science Ph.D. He was dean of the Graduate School of Public Administration at New York University in 1956 when he became staff director of a state constitution commission. Rockefeller, then a gubernatorial dark horse, was chairman. The studies Ronan directed gave Rockefeller a broad grasp of state government—

and a deep faith in Ronan. Though Ronan is still ranked as an amateur by most New York politicians, Rockefeller has come to rely increasingly on his judgment in national politics as well as his encyclopedic knowledge of state affairs.

In addition to Ronan, a few other members of the Governor's official state staff are being drawn into affairs outside New York. However, major responsibility for the national effort rests with the platoon headed by George Hinman, a courtly fifty-seven-year-old corporation lawyer from Binghamton, a small upstate city where his family has long been active in Republican politics. Like Ronan, Hinman entered the Rockefeller circle through the 1956 constitutional study commission (he was its counsel). He was subsequently retained as part-time counsel to the Rockefeller Brothers though he continued to look after his own prosperous practice in Binghamton. His political experience confined largely to Broome County until Rockefeller's 1958 gubernatorial campaign, Hinman became Republican National Committeeman from New York in 1959 and has been called "one of the most elevated men to make politics his concern in New York." On becoming Governor, Rockefeller gave him chief responsibility for the job of recruiting for the top posts in his administration. Currently he spends most of his time arranging Rockefeller's out-of-state appearances, attending political gatherings around the country, and keeping in constant touch, by correspondence and phone, with GOP leaders everywhere. He is, in fact, engaged around the clock in selling—very, very softly and politely—his man's qualifications for the White House.

For help in these negotiations and in the complex and continuing task of hammering out the candidate's speeches and policies on the whole range of America's national and international problems, Hinman can draw on a bevy of high-powered collaborators.

Some of them float, as needed, between Hinman's platoon and the trouble-shooting contingent. Outstanding member of this last rather amorphous group is tall, spare, gray-haired John E. Lockwood, whose association with Rockefeller dates back to the 1930s. He was general counsel to the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-Ameri-

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can Affairs which Rockefeller headed during the war, afterward became his personal lawyer, and is now counsel to the Rockefeller Brothers. Though he professes to know little about politics, he played an important role in both gubernatorial campaigns, has helped draft major speeches, and was at Rockefeller's side during the chief crises of his political career to date.

Though Ronan, Hinman, and Lockwood are at the moment Rockefeller's chief lieutenants, he has other key advisers. Furthermore, the overall situation in the Rockefeller camp is fluid. Within the advisory family, a man may be suddenly plucked from his current job to write a speech, organize a task force, or do a state job. If he performs well and Rockefeller learns to trust his judgment, almost any chore or responsibility may subsequently be tossed to him.

"Sometimes you have to see who's getting the carbons," one state official said tartly, "to spot who's been in on a particular decision."

Sometimes, too, it is difficult to discover *where* the decision was made. Rockefeller and his staff are mobile and the platoons occupy command posts of suitable variety and splendor.

Think Factory at Rockefeller Plaza

During the early winter months when the legislature meets in Albany, Rockefeller and the state platoon bivouac from Sunday night through part of Wednesday on the second floor of the cavernous granite and marble State Capitol. During the latter half of the working week (virtually all week long when the legislature is not meeting), he uses as his base two connected Rockefeller-owned town houses on West 55th Street in New York City, where the first feverish Rockefeller-for-President drive was born. Occasionally there are weekend work sessions at the huge Pocantico estate, thirty miles to the north on the Hudson River. Then there is 5600. This is the family shorthand for the 54th, 55th, and 56th floors of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Here are the permanent offices of the Rockefeller Brothers and the working quarters of some of the chief advisers in the Governor's current national strategy.

If the discussion concerns foreign policy or defense matters, a large group of full- and part-time assistants can be tapped. The dominant voice is likely to be that of Henry Kissinger of the Harvard Center for International Affairs. He has long been one of Rockefeller's favorite experts. Back in 1955 he helped Rockefeller—

who was then a special assistant to President Eisenhower—organize the conference at Quantico, Virginia, which produced the Open Skies proposal for the Geneva Summit Meeting. The next year Kissinger began directing the Rockefeller Special Studies Project, which produced six lengthy reports on the major problems confronting the nation in the 1960s. More recently Kissinger was the chief author of such Rockefeller speeches as the one delivered in Chicago last February attacking the Kennedy Administration's policy toward our European allies and an April statement in New York City proposing U.S. help for a European nuclear force.

Kissinger sees the Governor periodically, prepares memos for him, analyzes the assorted foreign-affairs proposals offered by others, and occasionally chaperons other experts for Rockefeller to cross-examine. On atomic questions, a frequent adviser is physicist Edward Teller, staunch opponent of a test-ban treaty. Another counselor on military and foreign affairs—who is also an across-the-board confidant—is Oscar Ruebhausen. A quiet, studious attorney, back in 1950 he was counsel to an advisory board on foreign aid which President Truman appointed and Rockefeller chaired. Along with Lockwood, Ronan, writers Emmet Hughes and Hugh Morrow, and veteran Rockefeller economist Stacy May, Ruebhausen did much of the arduous spadework on the Governor's 1962 Godkin Lectures at Harvard on federalism. While this project was under way, Rockefeller met with some or all of these aides at Pocantico every weekend for two months. One lecture went through fourteen drafts, a second twelve, a third ten.

Compulsive editing and rewriting, interminable group discussions, are commonplace and probably inevitable in a staff as large as Rockefeller's. For example, a recent session called to set up the Governor's speaking schedule for the next month ended up with eighteen people in attendance. In Albany, Sunday evening meetings during the legislative session include thirteen regular members of the state staff and an unpredictable number of extras. The most influential regulars have been called "the inner six" while the others are known as "the outer seven."*

* The "inner six" include Ronan; Press Secretary Robert L. McManus; and four other state officials: Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson, a knowledgeable, conservative veteran of the State Assembly; Sol Corbin, the Governor's Counsel, charged with drafting official bills and messages; the Attorney General, Louis Lefkowitz; and Budget Director T. N. Hurd, a veteran of the Dewey days.

Almost inevitably, some internal jealousy, jockeying, and sniping have developed, though most Rockefeller team members deny it. The expansion of Ronan's power has caused considerable grumbling; there are charges of a logjam on his desk, that state affairs grind to a halt when he's home with a cold. Hinman and the 1962 campaign chairman, William L. Pfeiffer, didn't get on particularly well together.

"This is becoming a very tense organization," one New York Republican official observes. "They all feel they're with a big man who's going places, and they want a place at his right hand." He cites as evidence the scene when Rockefeller and his aides were listening to the 1962 election returns and it became clear that he would fall short of his 1958 margin, lagging far behind his running mate, Senator Javits. "At one point, the Governor looked around the room, and everyone leaned forward anxiously," he relates. "Then he called Emmet over to sit with him. Hughes strutted over, proud he had been tapped to sit with Rockefeller in that dark hour, and every other man sank back crestfallen because he hadn't been chosen." An Albany reporter ridicules the way aides jostle to join the Governor in the Capitol elevator when he's heading out of the building, or to ride in the limousine with him to the airport.

Near the Seat of Power

Yet on the whole the Rockefeller organization seems less confused and disordered than other large bureaucracies. Most of the team have worked together for years, are used to each other, and when necessary can communicate smoothly and productively.

The policy advisers, for example, have all-ready-to-go Rockefeller positions on "several dozen" major problems. "We could put together a definitive speech or statement on practically any important topic within twenty-four hours," one man boasts.

Short summaries of all the prepared positions are kept in a looseleaf book. There are also separate volumes for each major subject—tax policy, medical care, aid to education, and so on. Each volume gives the chief background facts; summarizes Kennedy's proposals, what he and top Administration officials have said on the subject, the views of other GOP leaders, Rockefeller's past utterances in the area; and finally sets forth a completely argued current position for the Governor.

Much of the responsibility for pulling together the loose policy ends is carried by Roswell ("Rod") Perkins, another young lawyer. A brilliant analyzer of other people's proposals more than an original thinker, he was an assistant to Rockefeller when the latter was Under Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare in Washington, and became the Governor's first legislative counsel in Albany.

Another all-purpose counselor is Rockefeller's Dartmouth classmate, Victor Borella, though labor policy and contacts with union leaders are his chief assignments. In 1939 he left General Motors to handle labor relations at Rockefeller Center, then served with Rockefeller in Washington during the war. He is now executive vice president of Rockefeller Center as well as the Governor's top adviser on all problems involving labor.

Rockefeller suffered an irreparable loss in the death in January 1960 of Francis Jamieson, who had been one of his ablest and most trusted advisers ever since his World War II days in Washington. The dapper, white-haired Jamieson was a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter and a brilliant political analyst with a relationship to Rockefeller akin to that of Louis Howe to FDR. There has been no one else of equally independent mind in whose judgment Rockefeller has had implicit faith.

After Jamieson's death, Emmet Hughes was placed in his slot—known as Senior Adviser on Public Policy to the Rockefeller Brothers. Chief of *Time-Life* foreign correspondents, Hughes had earlier been an intermittent Eisenhower speech writer. He and Rockefeller were drawn together during their White House service, presumably by shared frustrations. Hughes worked with Rockefeller in the 1958 campaign and in the 1959 Presidential exploration. He was the major author of the almost anti-Republican statements which Rockefeller spewed forth in 1960 before and during the GOP convention.

Hughes's departure from the official Rockefeller circle was almost surely occasioned by his controversial new book, *The Ordeal of Power*, with its anti-Eisenhower, anti-Nixon strains. However, a graceful exit was arranged several months before its publication when Hughes received an offer to write a column for *Newsweek*, and accepted. Some Rockefeller men suggest this was all just as well—that Hughes's global cerebrations and purple prose were not too useful for a candidate with a homespun oratorical style and earthy political problems. Both Rockefeller and Hughes originally insisted they would continue

to have a close if unofficial relationship, though all early indications were that the two have had an intellectual as well as physical parting.

A long-time confidant of the Governor is his brother Laurance, an expert in the field of recreation. The Governor calls Laurance the "most philosophical" and "deepest" of the family. Nelson and Laurance roomed together as children and have always been intimate. Nelson also values the judgment, particularly on economic matters, of his youngest brother David, President of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Though the six Rockefellers all visit back and forth frequently, Nelson does not lean much on the other two brothers or his sister. He is, on the other hand, likely to turn for almost any sort of advice to architect Wallace K. Harrison. (His firm was one of the designers of Rockefeller Center, the UN buildings, and—most recently—the preliminary design for a \$25-million complex of new state buildings in Albany.) Harrison worked with Rockefeller in Washington during the war and though the two men now see each other only occasionally, there continues to be instantaneous rapport between them.

Indigestible Task Forces

The size and methods of his advisory staff reflect Rockefeller's own character. He is not an intellectual or philosopher; nor is he committed to any specific ideology. He particularly dislikes the "conservative" and "liberal" labels.

"You sit down and study what the problem is," he has said, "what the factors were, and then you study out what the steps are that need to be taken to deal with it, and you take those steps. . . . You don't say, 'Am I going to take a liberal or conservative position on this?' If you did, you would be like the man who says, 'Don't confuse me with the facts; my mind is already made up.'"

To date, Rockefeller seems to have made up his mind that he is for the free enterprise system but for government doing what must be done if individuals themselves can't do it; that he prefers keeping government activity as local as possible, yet doesn't fear state or federal action if needed. He firmly supports equality of opportunity and civil rights. Internationally, he distrusts the Communists and generally favors a "tough" line; he recognizes the need for U.S. aid to developing lands, especially in Latin America; he'd like to progress toward some vaguely conceived union of the Western democracies.

Faced with a problem, he is impatient to move

quickly to a solution—the best solution fitting these general attitudes. Though he has a deep—and still increasing—faith in his own abilities and instincts, he at least goes through the motions of seeking a large body of outside ideas and advice, preferably through a task force made up of the "best brains" in a given area.

Right after his election as Governor in 1958, he created some forty task forces to survey every conceivable state problem from housing and mass transit to medical care and fallout protection. "We finally had to quit," an aide recalls. "The legislature was getting indigestion."

Since the death of Jamieson and the departure of Hughes, there has been a conspicuous lack of "no" men on his staff. The experts, of course, are paid to be outspoken in their areas of special competence. And a few of the generalists—notably Ronan, Hinman, Lockwood—do differ with him from time to time, but they choose their times with care. The rest are even more circumspect. "After all," one man said, "he's not just a Governor and a Presidential candidate, he's a Rockefeller too."

On major personal decisions, Rockefeller clearly counsels with no one, and probably never has. He may discuss with friends and aides some of the mechanical problems—how to announce his divorce, what Presidential primaries to enter—but he alone decides whether to get a divorce, whether and when to remarry, whether to run for the Presidency. "If I let events flow along," he likes to say, "I'll know when and how I must decide these matters."

On less personal decisions, on matters of policy and politics, he clearly does seek advice. But while most Rockefeller men continue to insist that he heeds this advice to shape or change his point of view, he has always had an impetuous, headstrong streak and seems to be favoring it more and more.

"He doesn't have a particularly disciplined mind," one associate asserts. "He's given to uncritical enthusiasms."

Such was his response, for example, when in 1961 Secretary of State Rusk appealed to him to back President Kennedy's proposal for long-term foreign-aid financing. Without checking with his advisers (who approved the proposal in principle) he fired off telegrams to every GOP Congressman giving unqualified support to the controversial Administration plan which, in effect, robbed the House of its cherished annual control over aid appropriations. George Hinman bore the brunt of the predictable Republican explosions that followed.

Replies ranged from a simple "nuts" to "tragically ill-advised." A week later Rockefeller beat a strategic retreat. "While I strongly support long-range planning in foreign aid," he wired this time, "I am at the same time opposed to doing it through so-called backdoor financing." The resulting impression was of a man either thoroughly confused or trying frantically to take both sides of an issue.

"He'll listen to eight or nine guys and then cast his ten votes," said one aide. This intransigence—or depth of conviction—led him for example to continue pushing his fallout shelter program in New York State long after his staff had unanimously agreed that the public couldn't care less.

"He always had the arrogance of wealth," says one reporter, "but back in 1958 and '59 he at least realized he had a lot to learn about government and politics. Now he thinks he knows as much as Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy together."

Not Locked Up Yet

In the mechanics of running a political campaign, Rockefeller and his team can justly claim to be pros. Though his re-election margin was disappointing, the 1962 campaign was a model of efficiency—amply staffed, and well researched, planned, and financed. But arranging to have the candidate eat blintzes in the right parts of Brooklyn and setting up a saturation TV campaign in one state are tasks calling for very different skills from the complex combination of diplomacy and pressure needed to capture delegates at a national GOP convention.

Supplementing George Hinman's efforts in this department, from time to time, is J. Richardson Dilworth, a forty-six-year-old investment banker (not to be confused with his cousin, the Democratic former Mayor of Philadelphia). Dilworth is senior financial adviser to the Rockefeller Brothers, a job which, according to one whimsical aide, entails "advising the family on whether to sell North Dakota or buy the Strategic Air Command." He has wide contacts across the country among well-to-do Republicans whose lack of enthusiasm for Rockefeller's Presidential candidacy in 1959 largely influenced the decision to bow out at that time.

Probably the most professional politician in Rockefeller's immediate entourage is his appointments officer, Carl Spad. A former president of the state Young Republicans and aide to the state

GOP chairman, Spad now has charge of patronage, deals extensively with state legislators, and serves as liaison with the state Republican Committee. Since he travels everywhere with the Governor, he is also acquiring a widening circle of political acquaintances around the nation. Rockefeller finds him not only a shrewd political observer but also a gay and relaxing companion. Spad's motto is: "Smile and stay anonymous."

The new Republican State Chairman, Fred Young, former presiding judge of the New York State Court of Claims, is rated an extremely canny political operator and a highly effective organizer, but as a "new boy" in the Rockefeller circle he will initially concentrate on state matters and will be a while developing full influence. He was named only this spring.

Rockefeller made his debut in New York politics under the wing of L. Judson Morhouse, who at one point seemed almost sure to remain a key political adviser. Late in December Morhouse resigned as Republican State Chairman, shortly in advance of refusing to waive immunity before a grand jury investigating corruption in the State Liquor Authority. Long before this official exit, however, Ronan, Hinman, Spad, and others of the inner circle had edged him toward the perimeter. They had decided that his talents were better suited to wooing upstate legislators than to the national political arena.

Though he may irk his advisers by listening and not always heeding, Rockefeller is not secretive in Nixon's style. He keeps his staff informed of his thinking and is, they say, deeply loyal to them. "The Governor never assesses blame," says one. "No heads roll, no one goes to the doghouse."

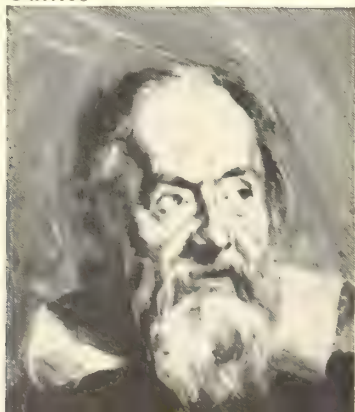
Deeply devoted to their chief, the Rockefeller entourage, according to some observers, has become something of a closed circle, inaccessible to outside views. This year, for example, the Governor was warned by virtually every important Republican in the New York legislature that he must keep his campaign pledge not to increase taxes. His immediate advisory family decided this was nonsense and devised a way to raise the \$100 million the state budget required by increasing auto and liquor license fees. Their semantic public-relations campaign to prove that a "fee" is not a "tax" failed to impress anyone and Republican legislators rebelled in droves against a Governor of their own party.

Finally, a face-saving compromise was arranged for the Governor. And it may well be that the Rockefeller team—large, knowledgeable, and energetic—has learned from the experience. They are, after all, pragmatists.

BREAKTHROUGH



Galileo



In night skies he sighted the dawn
of a space age.



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Before Galileo's observations early in the 17th century, no man had seen the mountains of the moon. Unknown were phenomena like the phases of Venus which were to supply *visible* evidence that the planets revolve around the sun.

Then Galileo—astronomer, physicist, mathematician—using lenses set in a lead tube, opened heaven's wonders to view. Through his telescope came knowledge leading to new knowledge... knowledge that will help man travel to the moon.

That is the way of breakthroughs. They launch new ages of scientific progress. To insure tomorrow's advances, we must encourage today's men of vision. That is why Shell undertakes a program of support for education which provides scholarships

for deserving students, research grants for universities, and unique Shell Merit Fellowships for science teachers seeking better training techniques.

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A Story by VED MEHTA

CALL GIRL



RAM woke with a heavy head, as though he had not slept at all. He stood for a long time under a hot shower; in India there was no pressure to water, but in America the water burst out of the pipes, humming and ringing.

Yes, he thought, he would do it this very night. After all, he had slept with Indian women. It was just a difference in the color of the skin, that was all. And from the way the faculty members talked at the refectory, the Empress of Silence had to be safe; he had passed the bar-restaurant a number of times, and from the outside it always did look very dark.

He dried himself with a big beach towel, first his thick, black hair, then his narrow, round shoulders, and finally, with swift, rotary motions, his back.

Earlier that afternoon, Ram had returned as usual from teaching physics at Columbia to his second-floor flat on Central Park West; for a little bit more money he could have had a better-lit apartment a little higher up, but Ram, while quite vain about that sort of thing, had decided to conserve a little money. He had dropped his shoes and socks in the foyer, and, mixing himself a tumbler of whiskey and soda from his new green drink cabinet and putting the glass on the night table beside the Princess phone which was beside his pillow, had stretched out on his bed. Teaching a section in America was far more tiring than lecturing to a hall full of students at Delhi University. It

was not only that there everyone knew that at twenty-three he was the youngest and most promising theoretical physicist in the country, but somehow it was just easier to lecture to a class sprinkled with shy, demure girls in saris who, when listening to his jokes, sat at the edge of their seats, giggled easily, looked reverential after an especially good lecture.

Once or twice he had started, thinking he heard the first bell of his extra-loud telephone ring; he'd especially had an extra-loud telephone installed so that he wouldn't miss a call if he were taking a shower or was out in the hall waiting for the lift. But, as always, it was a false alarm. He was certain Angelica, who sat in the corner seat of the front row of his Columbia class—she had lovely green eyes and a very delicate nose—was interested in him. In fact, he knew by heart the addresses and telephone numbers of Angelica and the two other girls who inevitably appeared in all his classes. Often he had dialed their numbers, but hung up just short of the first ring. After all, he was a teacher, a professor.

Propping himself up on the bed, he had drunk some whiskey and, as he had so many times before, dialed 411.

"Good afternoon. This is Information." He felt sure that with the operator's fresh voice went Angelica's green eyes and delicate nose.

"Operator, may I please have the number of Mr. Gerald W. Thompson?" He was the chair-

man of Ram's department, and had such a nice wife; she had helped him buy all his "contemporary" furniture at B. Altman & Co.

"Gerald W. Thompson?" the operator asked.

"Yes, Gerald W. Thompson," he echoed. Actually, Ram knew their number. He also knew that the number was unlisted, but he liked talking to the operator. That was the reason why he had asked for Gerald W. Thompson's number every day for the last four months, indeed from the very first week he had arrived in New York. The miraculous thing was that he never got the same operator twice. Surely if he had they would have recognized his thin, soft, foreign voice, and said, "I told you, sir, the number is unlisted." But they never did. He didn't know where exactly the magnificent information service was situated, but he pictured it somewhere in the vast expanse of the Midwest, occupying a space of hundreds of acres, with blond, tall, and well-filled girls, dressed in orange, pink, and red, waiting to receive callers, plugs in hand. To his mathematical mind, nothing seemed easier than imagining a mechanism whereby calls from all over the country went to one enormous central exchange. If only each city had its own exchange, if only the central exchange were located in New York. Perhaps it was somewhere in this city. He must make discreet inquiries.

"Sorry, sir,"—she was *speaking* to him—"Mr. Thompson *does* have a telephone, but he does not wish his number listed. He has asked that the number be unlisted." Reluctantly he had put down the receiver, and finally slept in fits and starts.

Now, after drying himself thoroughly, he put on his best raw silk shirt and the trousers of his best suit, which his mother had especially ordered from Made-to-Order English Tailors in Delhi. He decided against the waistcoat—it would make him look too old and remote—and he began debating about a sweater; his mother had loaded him with a collection of hand-knitted sweaters. There was a blue one with cables, a red one with snakes, and a gray one with sleeves. He slipped on, along with his waistcoat, the red sweater, fuller than the others and even, perhaps, a little flashy.

He walked around the block of the Empress of Silence several times, glancing at all the menus of all the restaurants, letting his lips form the various items—"Spaghetti Bolognese," "Won Ton Soup"—and then he sprinted into the dark portal of the iniquitous Empress of Silence. He expected, well, he didn't know what he expected.

In Munich, where he had broken his journey to America for a day, one of his fellow passengers on the plane, a tall, overpowering Sikh, J. J. Singh, had lured him to a street with places just like the Empress of Silence. Of this street, he only remembered countless German women, almost naked and twice his size, with big thighs and big chests, sitting, lion-like, on thick wooden tables, their feet swinging in time to the music. Actually, he had been quite attracted to them, but their extraordinary feet had frightened him away. The endless rows of feet had appeared to him as alarming as the thunder of marching armies.

When Ram's eyes were adjusted to the darkness of the Empress of Silence, he surveyed the restaurant from his corner table. There were no rows of feet, only young and old people, boys and girls. He wouldn't have minded even his mother seeing him at the Empress of Silence. Mother, he thought, putting a forkful of shrimp curry into his mouth, he must write to her that night; he felt wary again. In his first few letters he had told her all there was to tell. He had told her about New York buildings, the Columbia campus; he had described meticulously the head of the private foundation which had made his visit possible, the head's wife, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and his Altman purchases, the long sofa and the coffee table, even his telephone, the wallpaper in his bedroom. For the last three months he had had nothing new to tell her, but his mother nagged him for more news in letter after letter.

With coffee arrived the "boss" of the restaurant-bar; Ram had seen him in the mirror, shaking hands with several customers.

"Are you from India?" the boss asked. His accent was good, his smile narrow and aristocratic. He didn't look any more a hustler than Ram.

"Yes," said Ram, and added in a rush of words, "I am in the Columbia Directory of Faculty, and I am certainly looking forward"—according to the refectory gossip, these were the Arabian passwords—"to meeting your friend." Then, nonchalantly, the boss and he exchanged addresses.

AT HOME, adjusting his tie and his silk handkerchief in his breast pocket in front of the mirror, he focused on the friend, but she became confused among the trample of elephantine feet, the telephone voice, and the green eyes of Angelica. Trying to keep the picture of Angelica in his mind, he experimented

with various combinations of lights in his living room, seeing his apartment as she would see it. The lamp next to the sofa threw the light upward and was too glaring, the small Chinese lamp on his green cabinet was too dim, the overhead light was dreadful. The Chinese lamp was the best of the three, but if they started undressing on the sofa it would be too far away. He decided in favor of keeping the lamp beside the sofa burning and, sitting down beside it, he waited. The wait was unbearable. He rang up 111 a couple of times, and then an idea struck him. In the foyer of his apartment there was an intercom system; if he held down the top button with his forefinger he could eavesdrop on the lobby below, and the friend's voice talking to the doorman, when she arrived. He held the recalcitrant button down forcefully, but in half-an-hour of intercom waiting all he heard was once or twice the sound of high heels and someone whistling.

Indeed, she arrived on his doorstep suddenly, like an angel—unheralded; her face reminded him of a basket of strawberries, her eyes were green, and her complexion white as fresh cream—just like buttermilk, he thought. The scar around her hair was supernaturally just like the silk handkerchief in his breast pocket.

"Do you like cats?" she asked, daintily sitting down on the sofa beside him, in a beautifully modulated voice.

"No, I am a dog lover," he said in a breath.

"That's the way it should be," she said, her words coming like gentle raindrops. "Women should like cats, men should like dogs." How poetic, he thought, how true. "Do you have a dog?" He shook his head. "I could get you a dog very cheaply. Would you like that?" How kind she was.

"What would you like to drink?" he said, in another single breath.

"I don't drink," she said, "except some diluted stuff when I am at the Empress of Silence. Then I try to raise the tab for the boss." "Tab," he pondered, what a wonderful word. What could it mean? There was a mystery about her.

"How long have you been in this—career?" he stuttered, even though he was certain that this was her first evening.

"I became a professional girl when I was sixteen," she said, with her face full on him. She didn't look a day over seventeen, in fact she looked younger, much younger.

"I don't know much about this sort of thing," he said. "I've never done it. I mean about money and . . . can I get you a drink?"

"Don't be embarrassed," she said. "I'll have tomato juice if you want me to drink." He brought her an iced glass of tomato juice, and handed it to her tenderly, affectionately. She took a sip and put it down on the coffee table. "Shall we talk for a while and then come to an arrangement later?" That was so feminine; women of his color would have bargained, as in a bazaar. They were coarse, but she was refined.

"The boss said I could stay here for two hours," she added, "so there is no hurry."

There was an uncomfortable silence. He couldn't think of anything to say.

"You teach at Columbia?" He nodded. There was another silence. "Would you like to know how I became a professional girl?" He came a little closer to her.

"Well," she said, putting her hand on his knee, light as a feather, "I was a model in Los Angeles." A girl from Hollywood! "Mind you, I had a very good career ahead of me." He was sure he had seen her picture somewhere. "A girl friend told me there were opportunities in New York, but when I first got here it was so lonely . . ." How he agreed with her, this city of glary lights and steely buildings and hard times, and this poor girl coming from three thousand miles. True, he had come ten thousand miles, but she was a girl.

"I modeled in New York," she was saying, "but modeling is hard work. Mind you, it's difficult for a girl to make her way in the city."

"Very difficult," he chanted after her, tears coming to his eyes.

"You might think I became a professional"—how nice the words sounded on her—"for money, but I don't give a flit about money. It's only that money gives you freedom—it's useful."

"Yes, yes," he said, with intuitive understanding.

"I mean, girls like me need money, and I tell you nineteen out of twenty girls would like to do exactly what I do, but they don't have the nerve." He had no doubt that she was the most courageous woman he had ever met.

"You have a lot of nerve, too. Take the Duke Hotel. There must be hundreds of men

Fed Mehta, a young writer born in India and educated in America and England, has written several books—most recently "Fly and Fly-Bottle: Encounters with British Intellectuals." He is on the staff of "The New Yorker."

living up there with nothing to do, but they don't have the nerve, they don't have the know-how. You do." From the moment she walked in, he had known she was intuitive.

"Like the Duke men, these other girls don't have the know-how neither. I figure a man who can pay fifty to a thousand dollars—those are the rates—must be okay. Of course, it takes a lot of nerve to go and meet strangers each time." It was a cruel world which compelled these girls to meet strange men unescorted. The more she talked, the more comfortable he became. He really understood her, and she really understood him.

"Would you like to talk some more?" she said, "or shall we make the arrangements now? But"—she answered her own questions—"I see you aren't ready yet." He leaned back on the sofa and just a little bit toward her also. Their shoulders touched. She went on talking and he, searching in his mind for an appropriate description of her voice and words, was already composing a letter about her to his mother—not, of course, about how they met, but about what a good friend she was to him.

"Her voice," he was writing in his mind, "is like a waterfall. Her words are sheer" (he would underline the word *sheer*) "music." Instantly he was picturing her in his home in India. Yes, she would certainly fit into the family; she was beautiful, courageous, and pliable. He was sure she was pliable. She had already learned to live away from home, that *was* important. The trouble with American and English girls whom other Indians brought back home as their wives was that they were forever talking about *their* "home." They packed their bags at the first contact with adversity, but by her own admission she was one out of twenty. His mathematical mind raced ahead, looking at the number one out of twenty from all angles. "One billion out of twenty billion?" No, that was unrealistic. "Twenty million out of four hundred million—India's population?" That was too many, twenty million was a large number, but then it only covered one of her virtues. Her other virtues were far rarer, he was sure.

"I started working as a professional," she was saying, "in A Bit of Borneo on East Sixty-third Street"—just like India!—"but the place was busted."

"What do you mean?" he asked, becoming bold.

"Boy," she said, "the amount of payola and kickback. You may buy out the wise guys, you may even buy out the precinct, but that doesn't prevent the coppers"—he heard "conquerors"—



"from downtown from grabbing you, in election time, specially. A Broadway or a Harlem girl, she's taken in two or three times a *season*, us girls are taken in only once in a *blue moon*. Say you and I are sitting here as cozy as a couple of ducks, and one of those *conquerors* breaks in—"

"You don't have anything to worry about," he said. "I would protect you."

"Listen," she said, with mounting excitement in her voice, "suppose one of those *conquerors* walks in, and better yet you and I are in bed together, and say also a hundred dollar bill is lying on this table. Even after the *conqueror* has seen the bill, he can't pin anything on me—I could be your *beloved*, and the money for the groceries. But the *conqueror* takes me in just to build up a little pressure. And then they start lighting a *fire* under you too. The *conquerors* say they'll tell Columbia. Now everybody in Columbia is making out like you are, but you are not to know. So you may take a little panic. 'What will the chairman say?' you think." She knew the chairman? "But the chairman is human, ain't he? So if the

man's a cad and a coward"—Ram was sure he was neither—"he spills the *beans*. A girl takes that chance, and she might be clamped up for a bit. But most men, you know, are *honorable*. They either don't turn up in court when they're asked to, or they plead the Fifth Amendment. That's the *honorable* thing to do, you know."

"Exactly, exactly," Ram said. He didn't really understand what she was saying, but his mind was already at work on conquerors and beans and seasons and beloved and an honorable and gallant man, and swimming before his eyes were acres and acres of cornfields in Punjab, ripe for eating, and his dear friend was in the field and the Genghis Khan himself with troops as thick as ants, but he, Ram, was fighting all of them single-handed, with his honor and gallantry in the balance.

"But these bustups only come once in a blue moon," she was saying. He immediately switched off the glaring light beside him and, by pulling the string to his hand, raised the blinds. Moonlight streamed in. What premonition, what tact she had!

I AM NOT"—her lovely blond head was now gently resting on his shoulder—"one of those B-girls." Bees began buzzing about his ears. He had always loved honey. "I mean, if you are a B-girl, there are first these introductions—and the host always plays favorites—then you have to drink a couple of hours with the customer to raise the tab, and then finally when you are out in the street with him he's half high. This way is much better, isn't it, honey? Now the boss could have called a hundred different girls, but he chose me." A *hundred* different girls. What good luck. He wondered if she were Aries like him. "But the boss called me," she repeated.

"I like skinny men," she said, running her hand along his thin neck. "You don't have an ounce of fat on you." Tears of exquisite sadness and exquisite happiness rolled down his large cheeks.

"Have you ever thought of marriage?" he asked. She didn't draw back.

"You see," she said, "I have a four-and-a-half-month-old baby. Now there are lots of nice guys interested in me, but then I ask myself, 'Will they be a good father to my baby?' And ninety-nine-and-forty-four-one-hundredths-per cent of the time, the answer is *no*." Ram's mathematical mind considered his chances. He was one-Indian—out of a million in New York. He was so sure he would be a good father.

"Is it a girl?" he asked.

"How did you know?" she said. "How did you ever know? You Indians kill me."

With watery eyes, he started telling her how his father had died when he was three, how his mother had seen him through boarding schools and universities, how he owed everything to her, and how much he loved her. He hadn't talked this way to anyone since he'd come to America, and his friend was such a good listener.

When he had finished, she said, "Hev, shall we make the arrangements now? What is it going to be, once or twice? It's fiftv dollars a throw." He didn't know if he had divined her meaning, but if it meant a hundred dollars for her and that baby, then it certainly was going to be twice. He gravely, ceremoniously, pressed five twenty-dollar bills into her beautifully lined hand—exactly the way he had pressed, two years before, his first month's salary into his mother's hand. For him, it was not a transaction of money, but of feeling, and its significance was not lost on Ram.

Carelessly depositing the money in her purse, she turned to him. "Will you promise me something?" she said.

He nodded.

"Would you get me a Buddha hat? I'll pay you for it. I've asked so many friends, and they've all promised—the rats—but none of them has come through with my Buddha hat."

"I will," Ram said eagerly, and then added, puzzled, "But what is a Buddha hat?"

"Don't you know those tall hats Eastern dancers wear?—they come to a point at the top." She swept her hands around and over his head, making them into the shape of a cone. "Johnny, he was really a very good guy, told me that these dancers in the East are very possessive about them, and it takes a great deal of know-how to lift one. Could you get it for me?"

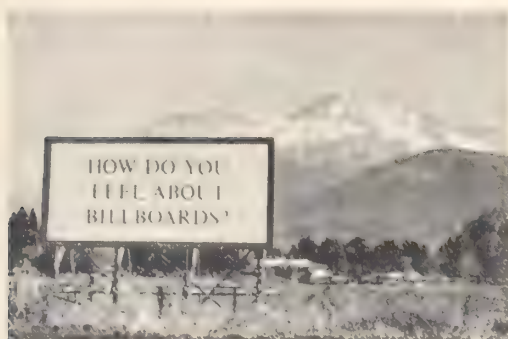
He said he would.

"Will you call me every week?" she said.

"I don't know whether I can afford it," he said.

"Yes, you can afford it, we'll go for fifty next time," she said. "Or if you can't afford it next week, call me the week after that, but do it before Thanksgiving. I'm going to Pittsburgh then for a few days. Would you like to unzip me, honey?"

With shaking fingers, his eyes averted, he unzipped her dress. He stole a glance at her winged shoulder blades before she turned around, pushing her skirt above her thighs, and started undoing her stockings.



HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT BILLBOARDS?

FOR reasons which will surely keep until next time we have not been as aggressive as we might at advertising our Rover cars and Land-Rovers to you. But that is in the past, and now we are prepared to be as aggressive as you please. And we really mean “as you please”; you should not allow yourself to be imposed upon if you can avoid it.

Usually you can avoid it: if a salesman is officious or over-zealous you can, and ought to, walk out on him. (If a Rover salesman should ever prove rude or pushy—or you simply can’t stand him—please let us know immediately and we will take steps and inform you of them by return post.)

If an advertisement displeases you, you can, so to speak walk out on it, too. Unless it is a billboard; it is very difficult to walk out on a billboard. Which is probably why they continue to enjoy the favour of advertisers—despite the fact that many people apparently don’t care for them at all.

How many people? Well, there must be quite a lot, to judge from the enormous amount of anti-billboard legislation and other activity one reads about.

In view of this flood of public opinion it is strange that no advertiser has thought to ask the people to whom he hopes to sell his goods how they feel. It seems to us a prudent and legitimate question to ask, so we shall ask it.

You will note that the wording of the reply form is more explicit than that of the headline above. For this reason: many people who profess to dislike billboards may not, by the same token, dislike the advertising on them. They may even *like* the advertising, or some of it, very much indeed. And some people may not care a fig one way or the other. Hence the three questions.

However, we would not have you think for a minute that this effort at fairness conceals even the slightest impartiality. We don’t mind saying that we personally loathe billboards, and for a highly per-

sonal reason: they tend to diminish our value to you.

We make motor cars, and make them with a great deal of care so that they will please you in every possible way. The Land-Rover is unquestionably the finest four-wheel-drive vehicle—and the most versatile vehicle—in the world. Of the Mark II Rover (Sedan and Coupe) let us say that the only car even comparable to it in engineering or comfort costs thrice the price.

However, the single best feature about a Rover—or any car, for that matter—is the world as you drive through it from one place to another. So, it is to our interest that the world and its views be as attractive as possible; for, to the degree that they are not the car’s value to you decreases. Therefore, it does not seem shrewd for a motor car manufacturer to purposely make the world *less* attractive by publicly sponsoring eyesores.

In passing, however, it would be churlish of us not to admit that the most engaging and clever automobile advertising campaign in the country looks wonderful on billboards; but then, it looks wonderful in magazines and newspapers, too.

Well, we’d appreciate your filling in the form and sending it to us. One other thing: we haven’t allowed room for pictures of our cars or much other information, but if you’d like them just check the appropriate boxes in the postscript. Thank you.

The Rover Motor Company, Dept. H
405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

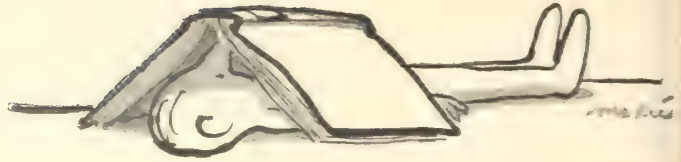
- ☐ I’d just as soon you didn’t advertise on billboards.
☐ I have no feeling one way or the other.
☐ I’d like to see you advertise on billboards.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____

P.S. I would like some information on ☐ The Land-Rover;
☐ The Mark II Rover; ☐ Your Overseas Delivery Plan



The Writer as Middleman

by Benjamin DeMott

In the literary world, as elsewhere lately, the idea of middleness is having bad days. Many people who read still believe in bearded, sandaled, original genius whose task is to produce high art in the service of immutable truth. And nearly everybody is aware of the technical writer, usually thought of as a close-shaven company man with a '61 Chevy, 2.7 children, and a big bibliography of trivial gags or instruction manuals. But people who doubt that heroes and hacks are the only types to be found in bookdom are quite out of fashion. The dogma of absolute vice and absolute virtue is a great time-saver and problem solver. But from this it hardly follows that the dogma is sound. The plain case is that many able, even gifted, writers set out to serve ends which, if lower than that of immutable truth, are higher than that of any hardware bard who sings about how to change the oil in a Lawnboy. And the usual fate of these writers—faint praise, silly over-praise, or neglect—is clearly not what they deserve.

A case in point is *A Primer on Government Spending* by Robert L. Heilbroner and Peter L. Bernstein (Random House, \$3.95; Vintage, \$1.25). The authors, professional economists, address themselves to a timely issue, the tax cut, and have a palpable design on their reader, namely to help him grasp the rationale of deficit finance. They speak in a pedagogical manner, support their argument with simple analogies and undemanding statistical tables, and seem completely uninterested in smothering knowledge in jargon or otherwise showing off. The substance of their lesson is an exposition, at

about the pace of a first-rate lecture in an introductory economics course, of J. M. Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*. The sentences in which they make their points give no especial pleasure in themselves, and occasionally are downright ugly ("the reason is because"). But the primer they have produced, a "mere" popularization, ranks as one of the few works of the year to date that can be described as a significant service to the public.

This doesn't mean that the book, even within its own limits, has no failings. The authors argue earnestly against the moralizing economics of "practical men" like Representative Clarence Cannon, who declared on January 17, 1963 that the "inescapable fact [is] that our Government—any government—like individuals and families—cannot spend and continue to spend more than they take in without inviting disaster." And they know that talk of this kind derives from economic treatises of the past—items in which full production and employment were regarded as natural laws rather than as difficult human achievements. (Keynes himself once remarked that practical men in their thinking are "usually the slaves of some defunct economist.") But they say nothing about the origins of the myth they criticize, and thereby miss a chance to strip it of the authority of mystery.

Again: only once, and then in a footnote, does the *Primer* raise the question whether increased spending should be channeled into areas selected by public policy rather than by private yearnings. But both these matters may well have seemed dangerous distractions while the work

was in course. And the book does leave an impression of rigorous concentration upon essentials. Its main achievement is its convincing demonstration that nobody can understand the economics of a modern industrial state unless he adopts a flexible point of view—one that allows for the possibility that the creation of debt often is essential for the creation of real wealth. As an argument designed to change votes, it is most effective when mustering evidence that "a national economy welcomes debt, thrives on it, and grows with it." (A telling note is a reference to the practices of A.T.&T., which has borrowed \$7 billion since the war; when the bonds come due, as the authors observe in passing, the corporation pays them by refunding—*i.e.*, borrowing once again.)

In a closing chapter the authors pause to survey their motives:

In the end the question posed by government spending and deficits cuts much deeper than our understanding of economic ideas. It tests to the very core the most vulnerable of all the processes of a democratic society—the process by which each individual sifts for himself the real from the unreal, the believable from the unbelievable, the truth, however demanding, from the untruth, however consoling. That millions of individuals can succeed in this process is the rock on which a democratic society ultimately grounds its hopes. To the success of that process [our] primer of economic reason is dedicated in strong faith.

The faith is admirable—but not a whit more so than the intelligence

Russia

The Changing Face of Government



HOW RUSSIA IS RULED, Revised Edition Enlarged

Merle Fainsod. Ten years (and nine printings) ago, the first edition of this book was internationally acclaimed as the clearest, most authoritative picture of the Soviet government available. Now, greatly enlarged and brought completely up to date, the picture is even sharper, more comprehensive. Here is every important event since Stalin's death — how the Communist Party has changed in theory and practice; its sweeping reorganization in 1962; what political processes enmesh both leaders and followers. Appraising Soviet problems and prospects in the light of recent events as well as historical perspective, Mr. Fainsod describes a dynamic, *living* Russia that every concerned citizen should see and understand. *Russian Research Center Studies, 11.*

\$8.95

STALIN'S FOREIGN POLICY REAPPRAISED

Marshall D. Shulman departs from the commonly held notion that Stalin's death precipitated the changes in Russian attitudes that have become so noticeable in recent years, and reveals that many recent developments in Soviet policy were actually planned *before* Stalin's death to alleviate and reverse a deteriorating situation at home and abroad. *Russian Research Center Studies, 48.*

\$6.50

THE NEW FACE OF SOVIET TOTALITARIANISM

Adam B. Ulam. In a broad survey of the Soviet system, Mr. Ulam focuses on the relationship between Russia's internal and foreign policies, and the enlightened totalitarianism that is rapidly replacing the old faith in revolutionary Marxism, presenting a new view of the growing irrelevancy of Soviet ideology, and its effect on the Communist system. *Russian Research Center Studies, 47.*

\$4.95

and Economics —

ECONOMIC TRENDS IN THE SOVIET UNION

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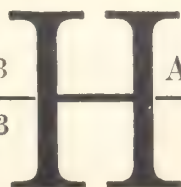
ACCOUNTING IN SOVIET PLANNING AND MANAGEMENT

By Robert W. Campbell. Russian Research Center Studies, 45.

\$5.50

1913

1963



Ask your bookseller

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

that serves it throughout this lively, competent little book.

The Climbing Rightists

The impulse behind the theory of deficit finance—and behind the Kennedy proposals for a deliberate budget deficit of \$10 billion—is at bottom a conserving impulse. Automation, the bumper crop of babies after World War II, and the static growth rate combine to create a threat of mass unemployment; conceivably an extended period of such pressure might endanger the present mixed economy of the U.S.; proponents of a “booster” tax cut mean to save the economy from facing that test. Why then does the conservative establishment in the mass media not offer its own exposition of the issues? Educational gatefolds in *Life* and *Look*, an hour of TV prime time, could do much to clarify the subject; why do the managers refuse to employ their resources toward this end?

Fear of the know-nothing, or “new conservative,” response is by no means the only answer to this question—but it doubtless is an inhibiting influence. And for that reason the illuminating studies of the extreme rightists that are collected in **The Radical Right**, edited by Daniel Bell (Doubleday, \$4.95), are a service to the public interest. The book, which contains essays by Richard Hofstadter, David Riesman, Nathan Glazer, Talcott Parsons, and Seymour Martin Lipset, is a revised and expanded version of an analysis of McCarthyism called *The New American Right* that was first issued in 1955. The original contributors have assessed and in some instances reshaped their original arguments in light of post-McCarthy developments. Fresh essays are included on the ideology and operations of the Birch Society, by Alan Westin, and on differences between English and American modes of political intolerance, by H. H. Hyman. In a lengthy monograph Lipset reports some preliminary findings of a University of California investigation of political extremism from Father Coughlin through Robert Welch. The resulting text doubles back awkwardly upon itself several times, and once again the writing is for long stretches un-

distinguished (seven of ten sentences on the opening page of one essay begin with “This book” or “This framework” or just plain “This”). But despite its unshapeliness *The Radical Right* is a highly useful book.

For its contributors succeed in finding a new language for the description of political behavior which, when contemplated under old categories of thought, remained baffling. The theme of the original volume was that the emergence of a radical right signaled the advent of a period in which political attachments would have to be related, not simply to class and economic interest, but to status and inward psychological anxieties. And, in the work at hand, amendments to this conception of the politics of prosperity are offered by several writers. Hofstadter and Bell, in their postscripts, seek to broaden the original concept by focusing on the new rightist “thought,” noting its apocalyptic fundamentalism, hostility to any constituted authority, and pastoral fantasies. (“No machine,” says the *National Review*, objecting to “this overcomplicating habit,” can “do a man’s job for him: can choose for good or ill.”) Riesman’s shrewd essay comments on the emergence, among right-wing student groups, of enthusiasm for intellectual apparatuses, fancy systems of argufying that blend “exigent secularized fundamentalism with . . . witchdoctor academesque.” And Lipset cautions his reader against assuming that full knowledge of the psychology of the rightist radical is in hand: the latter may be an “upward mobile” type, guilty in affluence, certain that money entitles him to a say, insufficiently educated to say anything sensible. Or he may be something else.

But the cautions and the qualifications don’t return the subject to obscurity; instead, they widen the range of ways in which the behavior in question can be seen as comprehensible. The writers appear convinced that right-wing radicalism will increase, for it is traceable in part to an international situation in which total victory cannot be won, and to a domestic situation in which, as Messrs. Heilbroner and Bernstein explained, the yen for “common sense” explanations can no longer be satisfied. The effect of their essays

is to confirm the familiar truth that knowledge, if it cannot banish fear, can place it under control.

Meter-merit

That all the places at the middle table of letters are reserved for social scientists, or others absorbed in public affairs, is a common opinion—but it doesn’t survive scrutiny. Poets, fiction writers, critics, even on occasion a humble anthologist, produce work that practically demands to be assessed in terms of its immediate usefulness to society. And these are appropriate terms for an assessment of **The Cherry Tree** (Vanguard, \$5.95), Geoffrey Grigson’s anthology of poems for the young. People attached to de la Mare’s *Come Hither* or to the *Looking Glass Book of Verse*, to Belloc and Milne, or to Seuss and Bemelmans, will doubt the need for adding a 500-page tome to the chaos of the American playroom. And the child psychologist, secure in his conviction that the chief purpose of storytime is to fill out a going-to-bed ritual which conquers fear of the dark, never could persuade himself that the choice of reading mattered very much. But read-aloud parents with a deeper view of their mission will seize upon the book as a treasure.

Why? Because *The Cherry Tree* is crammed with tricky meters and funny tunes—verses of the sort that teach the weights of syllables and the idea of the word as a kind of pliancy, something to be stretched or squeezed, paid out or clipped, according to what lies around it. The great poets are adequately represented in the book, but so too are the catch writers, the jump-rope geniuses, and the grand troupe of lampooners (the final golden section of the anthology is called “I Think You Stink”). The usefulness of amusing verses is clear enough to the fellow who, on his way downstairs from “story and bath,” hears a small male bedded-down voice hunting the beat of:

Annie Bolany
Tillie annie go sanny
Tee-legged, tie-legged
Bow-legged Annie.

Such a man has felt his life freshen in the dark. But it is also a fact that the beginning of good reading, as of

THE NEW BOOKS

good writing, is ease with rhythms, and that ease can't be attained except through experience. *The Cherry Tree* could (if bought in quantity) tune the ears of a generation.

A "Reader-Critic"

Few major poets of the century have been fonder of metrical games than Robert Frost, and Reuben A. Brower's *The Poetry of Robert Frost* (Oxford, \$5.75) is never oblivious to the playful side of that poet's gift. ("... In the best of Frost lightness is all," says the critic.) But what is unique about this book is that it actually is about "the poetry of Robert Frost." As everyone is aware, there has been no dearth of chatter about the man. Clerics have claimed him for God and Presbyterianism. New Hampshire Republicans owned him for a time, until the other fellows came in. At a dozen moments in later life Frost was noisily discovered by some sage who, startled on a first reading to find that the author of "Design" wasn't the Norman Rockwell of the iamb, hysterically hailed him for his gloom. Culturological cuties ran on for pages about the *kitsch* deification of the farmer-poet. A college president let fall that Frost was "more fun than a barrel of monkeys." And at his death every old pal in the nation shot off a two-bit obit on Me and Robert, by Robert's Very Best Friend.

The strategy that enables Mr. Brower to ignore cant and to attend to the poems is in large part a matter of guileful self-definition. The critic pretends he isn't a critic but simply an intelligent reader—or, at the most, a "reader-critic": a chap who leaves great issues to great minds and simply tries to understand what lies on the page before him. It is a trick, of course. This "common reader" has all the relevant texts and voices at instant command: Horace and Virgil, Pope and Swift, Keats and Wordsworth, Emerson, Thoreau, and William James. He is patient and easy with every intricacy in the development of the romantic epistemology. He knows where a Leavisian moral analysis is appropriate ("The Death of the Hired Man"), and when a precise and subtle reading of the inward structural relations of a lyric will be most helpful. And

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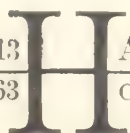
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THE NEW BOOKS

throughout he is uncompromisingly determined to be adequate to Frost's own habits of mind—those of an endlessly hedging, qualifying, complicating yet nevertheless passionate man. A poet-dreamer alone could believe in a "common reader" of these qualities.

As for deficiencies: the writer overworks Leavis' key adjective (fine, finer, finest). His talk about the sound of verses loses its poise now and again—"the equation of rhyme and i-sounds within lines (ten of them!) links the ingredients . . ." An occasional allusion is overconfident, as when the theories of Benjamin Whorf about language and reality are cited without a hint that they have been discredited (except in the eyes of a few mossy positivists). One "reading" in the book—of Frost's "Directive"—describes a gentler voice than can in truth be heard in that great poem. Surely some readers will argue that behind the "reader-critic's" decision to refuse to show himself forth as an interestingly opinionated man, an original mind rather than a middleman, lies timidity rather than canininess. And it is true that the large questions of final assessment are not directly confronted here; the problem of where to rank a poetry of equivocation remains to be solved. But many of the achievements of this book—the appreciation of "The Silken Tent" is particularly notable—are as affecting as criticism can be. A more useful work for the real common reader of Robert Frost may never be written.

Nasty Foreigners

Miss Nancy Mitford puts herself forward as a patriot in *The Water Beetle* (Harper & Row, \$3.50), and the book, a collection of pieces about her reading, travels, and governesses, is often pleasantly unpretentious in observation and opinion. There are readable rambles around Augustus Hare, St. Simon, and a group of *salonnières*. More important, there are a number of indirect but nevertheless strongly felt celebrations of English character, taste, and manners, each of them offered with untortured self-satisfaction. Probably England does need a literary voice that will urge it again to love

itself—but unfortunately Miss Mitford's voice doesn't yet meet that need.

The reason is that her way of encouraging her countrymen to think well of themselves is by suggesting that foreigners to a man are despicable. The essayist is forever stumbling over clumsy luggage on her travels, and the bags are forever owned by "nasty-looking Americans, very rude." She records in her "Diary of a Visit to Russia" that the people "appear stupid," have "putty faces," and are "hideously ugly." Athens "has a dreadful air of prosperous vulgarity which one does not expect to see this side of the Atlantic."

Even at times when this traveler lights on something foreign that can be endured, she works herself round to deprecation. (The clothes of American teen-agers are beautiful—but then, they are cheaply made and girls who wear them, though clean and shiny, have "big teeth.") To her credit Miss Mitford acknowledges that "Russians like Americans tend to loathe me on sight"—and she may or may not be right. (Faced with waves of self-praise and self-justification people are perhaps more likely to pity than to dislike.) But in any event the reader does rise from *The Water Beetle* doubting that love of country expressible only in invidious comparisons can ever truly help its object.

"Declining Civilization"

Kingsley Amis' *My Enemy's Enemy* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95) is a collection of stories which, like four of the author's five earlier books, is dazzled by democracy. (Miss Mitford speaks of Amis' success as evidence that England is in danger of becoming a "declining civilization.") Three pieces in the book are about life in a British Signals Company near Brussels just after the defeat of the Nazis. Each focuses on the relations between Establishment and non-Establishment types, and each implies that the man at the bottom is always the best. The Oxford chap is a heel, the clerk-typist (named Hargreaves possibly in deference to the American Private Hargrove) is the only decent, sensible, and sensitive fellow on the scene.

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The author, trapped in a myth of Perfect Peasants, is a sucker for ancient American clichés.

In one story, however—its title is "All the Blood Within Me"—Mr. Amis moves far beyond the simplicities of stern egalitarianism, and the results are striking. The materials of the tale are ordinary in every sense: a sixty-year-old bachelor attends the funeral of a married woman he had not only idealized but had thought of as one who returned his love with secret, innocent passion; events occur that release him from the delusion. But the story is dense

with recognizable places (a seedy railway dining car), occasions (a lyrically remembered mixed-doubles tournament at a tennis club), and people. Families and loners, voters, people who worry about status, can't seem to understand deficit finance, and never expect to have their taxes cut: the society, in short, that millions of middlemen create and serve. The figures in question are neither beautiful nor awful. The point about them, as all middle writers or readers would guess, is simply that they are ourselves, and therefore worth everything anybody does for them.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Ocean Front, by Douglas Wallop.

In the opening pages of this book one learns that Paul Braxton has been waked in the night by the screams of his bride of a few months; has at gun's point allowed an intruder to force his wife out the ground-floor window and into a car which drives away before he leaps up to pursue it. The wife is raped and left badly beaten, but recovers. The effect of that night on the man—an intelligent law student; on the wife—a gay, warm-hearted, bright girl in spite of a sorry upbringing; and on the marriage is predictably emotional, but the story as Mr. Wallop tells it is anything but predictable. If it sometimes verges on the melodramatic it is never dull and one gets almost as absorbed in the stories of the fathers of the protagonists—also, of course, deeply affected by the rape—as in the protagonists themselves. The whole book resolves itself, as one might guess, into a dramatic charade on the nature of courage. It is continuously thought-provoking and surprising, and often

quite funny in spite of the tragic overtones. By the author of *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*. Norton, \$5.95

Erasmus, With Freckles, by John Haase.

A poet-professor at a California university lives on a houseboat with his wife and five children (who play five French horns), and a boat-deck-full of assorted impecunious poets. He is, of course, fighting the fight with all his might for poetry against science. Then one day they discover that their eight-year-old son is a computer, a human mathematical wizard who cannot err. Tragedy in the life of humanists. Banks get into the act, computer companies, psychiatrists, the Defense Department, Russia even. Each chapter is a delicious bite of satire on a different subject; the story thread is credible in its own wacky terms; and the whole (which will surely one day reach Broadway as his last novel, *The Fun Couple*, did) is one of the most endearing and excruciatingly funny little homilies I have ever read. It makes one happy to belong to the human race.

Simon and Schuster, \$3.50

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Flesh, by Brigid Brophy.

This is a modern British-Jewish Pygmalion-Galatea story with the roles reversed. A sensitive, socially-and-otherwise ineffectual young man whose only good attribute is that he "loves beautiful things" is picked up at a London cocktail party by an attractive girl who has had five lovers. In due course they are married; she makes a man of him sexually and in other ways; and slowly he gets out of hand. How the creator of the not very attractive new man reacts to her creation is the heart of the story. Wittily and wisely and sex-ily conceived but mighty unattractive people. By the author of *Hackenfeller's Ape*.

World, \$3.95

The Fitzgerald Reader, edited and with an introduction by Arthur Mizener.

A single paragraph from the excellent introduction by Mr. Mizener explains in great part the basis for the selections included in this anthology:

"In these stories Fitzgerald began to discover and to express his deepest feelings, and in them we can hear for the first time that subtle effect of precisely controlled syntax and rhythm, direction and overtone that can be heard when a good writer's prose exactly expresses the attitudes that constitute his permanent sense of life. . . . The voice of Fitzgerald's prose is the best measure we have of his sensibility at any given moment in his career, of the precise balance between his extraordinary gift for hope and his shrewd perception of actuality, between his admiration of grace and his rueful appreciation of the shoddiness of money-making, between his almost Renaissance love of fame and his awareness of the confused reality of success, between his understanding of love and his consciousness of the grubby actuality of mere sex, between his ecstatic delight in the fresh responsiveness of youth and his sharp sense of the fading of emotional energy with the passing of time. To listen to the gradual change in the tone of his voice . . . is to get at the very heart of his work."

In this collection are seventeen stories, two novellas, all of *The Great Gatsby*, and large sections from *Tender is the Night* and *The Last*

Tycoon, and in them we find precisely that "gradual change," quiet but very moving. Scribner, \$7.50

Non-fiction**The Hired Killers, by Peter Wyden.** Introductions by Karl Menninger, M.D., and Senator Estes Kefauver.

Right at the beginning of this book a lot of questions confront the reader. Dr. Menninger starts off: "Is murder ever justified? . . . What is your idea of the proper justification of murder? . . . Do you consider those who say there is no such justification pacifists, cowards, fanatics, or consistent idealists?" Mr. Wyden puts his questions even more directly: "Would you kill someone for money? Or would you hire someone to kill a third party for you?" Then he adds quietly: "Think carefully."

After this challenging beginning he goes on to tell in careful and often brilliant reportorial narrative many case histories about people who have indeed both hired and been hired to kill. As the killer often doesn't even know his victim, detection becomes more difficult. Money is not the only incentive; sometimes there is a psychological bond between the hirer and the hired; but almost always the hired murderer has come from a poverty-ridden or otherwise insecurity-ridden past. As a kind of tragicomic relief there is the story of the man who hired men to kill *him* (supposedly he was suffering from cancer though it turned out after the murder that he wasn't). But every story here is as readable as fiction and psychologically and sociologically profoundly interesting and puzzling and worth society's deep consideration. Morrow, \$4.50

Wild Flowers of America, edited and with an introduction and descriptions by H. W. Rickett, 400 flowers in full color from paintings by Mary Vaux Walcott and additional paintings by Dorothy Falcon Platt.

Here is a book to make a summer. It is a new edition with color-corrected plates of the Walcott paintings reproduced from the portfolio in the Smithsonian Institution in the actual size of the flowers. They are a joy to behold. It's too big a book to take on your walks but if you bring your flowers to it, identification be-

comes easy and a delight whether you are looking for the common name or the botanical one. Crown, \$15

The Eleanor Roosevelt We Knew, by Helen Gahagan Douglas. Pictures edited by Aaron J. Ezickson.

One of Mrs. Roosevelt's good friends for a quarter of a century—in politics and out—writes the short, anecdotal, chronological text which sets the background for this life of Mrs. Roosevelt in photographs. Any book which recreates even partially the aura of grace and selflessness which surrounded Mrs. Roosevelt wherever she went has a ready-made audience. This book does.

Hill and Wang, \$5.95

Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews, Second Series. Introduction by Van Wyck Brooks.

On the tenth anniversary of its founding, the *Paris Review* (original editors: William Styron, William Pène du Bois, John Marquand, Jr., George Plimpton, Max Steele, Harold Humes, Thomas Guinzburg, Terry Southern, Peter Matthiessen, Donald Hall, Robert Silvers) issues this second series of its now well-known interviews with some of the most distinguished authors of our time. The writers interviewed in this series are: T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Robert Lowell, Marianne Moore, Ezra Pound, Boris Pasternak, Ernest Hemingway, Ralph Ellison, S. J. Perelman, Lawrence Durrell, Mary McCarthy, Aldous Huxley, Henry Miller, and Katherine Anne Porter. As one would guess, the discussions are full of challenging and surprising gee-whiz statements on the nature—most revealingly diverse—of each author's attitude toward life and work. Viking, \$6

A Ring of Bells, Poems of John Betjeman, introduced and selected for the young by Irene Slade. Illustrations by Edward Ardizzone.

This volume is divided into nine sections of poetry, each introduced by a portion of the phenomenally best-selling *Summoned by Bells*, the poem describing Mr. Betjeman's own childhood. This selection may be designed especially for young people, but it's going to be hard to keep their elders away.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75

MUSIC *in the round*

by *Discus*

The Sign of the Major Artist

Since Horowitz—who is still making records and is still awesome at the piano—Richter has made the greatest impact.

It was in 1953 that Vladimir Horowitz left the concert stage. Illness has prevented him from playing in public, but it has not stopped him from recording. Until last year he was a Victor recording artist, and for that company he made many discs. Victor also released him in a series of records taken from actual Carnegie Hall recitals. But after some thirty years of association with Victor, the pianist made a change, and went over to Columbia. Last fall the first of his Columbia recordings came out. Now comes a new one, containing Schumann's *Toccata* and *Kinderscenen*, three Scarlatti *Sonatas*, Schubert's *G flat Impromptu*, and three short Scriabin pieces (Columbia ML 5811, mono; MS 6411, stereo). Concurrently comes a Great Recordings of the Century disc containing Horowitz' performances of the Liszt *Sonata* and *Funérailles*, and four Schumann pieces—the *Toccata*, *Arabesque*, *Traumeswirren*, and *Presto Passionato* (Angel COLH 72, mono only). These were recorded from 1932 to 1934. Thus the two records give us early and late Horowitz.

To most pianists, retirement from the concert stage would mean oblivion. Not with Horowitz, and there is a legend about the man. The records that he has been doling out (though there is every indication that he will be far busier for Columbia than for Victor) give ample demonstration that his reflexes are as sharp as ever, his technique just as stupendous.

Even those who do not especially like his playing concede that as a pure pianist he is unparalleled. Intellectuals, though, tend to distrust his playing. They find it overorganized, nervous, and often spasmodic. They insist that Horowitz is all fingers and no brain; that he teases music rather than validly interprets it.

Professionals, on the other hand, find Horowitz fascinating and even awesome. Professionals respond to craft. They know what goes into a performance, and they tend to be thunderstruck by the ease with which Horowitz solves all technical problems. And they insist that as an interpreter Horowitz is underrated. They claim that his playing represents a certain period of romantic pianism that is no longer understood, but (they say) that is not the fault of Horowitz. They point to a quality of singing line and a subtlety of dynamic that few, if any, can match.

And the fact remains that in his public appearances Horowitz could drive the audience to a frenzy. A Horowitz recital was always an Event, just as a Heifetz recital was. This is always the sign of a major artist. Nobody could have attracted such a following through the years without having consistently had something special to offer. Every Horowitz recital was, if nothing else, the contemporary heights of sheer pianism. And it was highly controlled, exciting pianism with a crashing sonority probably unique in pianistic history. In certain composers—Liszt, Prokofieff, Scriabin—there were no ifs and buts. Here Horowitz was king. Connoisseurs also found much to admire in other aspects of his repertoire, even if the

intellectuals disagreed. He could color a line beautifully when he wanted to, and most people responded. There was a certain amount of nervous tension in his playing. This bothered some listeners. To others, the tension actually added to the playing.

The Angel disc of the young Horowitz contains the greatest performance of the Liszt *Sonata* ever recorded. It has power, breadth, unlimited virtuosity and, above all, the daring without which the music sounds hollow. Much the same can be said of the *Funérailles*. In the *Arabesque*, Horowitz displays the other side of his art, molding long, fluent phrases. It is hard to listen to this pellucid playing and keep in mind that in some quarters Horowitz is supposed to be nothing but a technician. He certainly is considerably more than a mere technician here. The playing is sensitive and beautiful.

He apparently has changed very little throughout the years. In the Columbia selection his Scarlatti is as crisp and finger-equalized as it was when he recorded a Scarlatti album for Victor about fifteen years ago. Nor is his *Kinderscenen* appreciably different from the Victor set of 1950. There has been some talk about "the new Horowitz," a more mature model, but comparison of the records belies the fact. He played the *Kinderscenen* simply and beautifully then, and he plays them simply and beautifully now. In the Scriabin pieces—two etudes and the *Poème* (Op. 32, No. 1; an exceedingly lovely piece of music)—he is triumphant. The dash, power, style, and general resource he brings to the music combine to make him the greatest Scriabin specialist alive today.

Unspliced, Unconventional

Sviatoslav Richter is the pianist who has made the greatest impact since Horowitz, and he plays three Schumann pieces—the *Papillons*, *G minor Sonata*, and *Faschingschwank aus Wien*—on a recent record (Angel 36104, mono; S 36104, stereo). These are live performances stemming from a tour of Italy last

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

year. As in most live performances, there is considerable audience noise. But one also knows that the playing is honest—unspliced, untampered with, coming out just as it sounded over the footlights.

Richter always has been a puzzling pianist, and he continues so on this disc. He can play sloppily, then turn around and toss off the most difficult material. He can play with point and logic, then meander around with unconventional ideas that are utterly eccentric. The *Papillons* represents the worst aspect of his playing, the other two pieces the best. In the *Papillons* his tempos are unlike those of any pianist who has ever played or recorded the piece. There are wild fluctuations, from phrases so slow they do not make sense to mad spurts that sound equally illogical. Always the extraordinarily strong mind of Richter comes through, but because of that very fact the music sounds all the more distorted. And yet the other two pieces on this record are a joy to hear—fiery, brilliant, superbly controlled and conceived through-and-through. Definitely superior; but beware the *Papillons*.

Rare for His Years

Quite a miscellany of piano discs has been issued the last few months. One that will attract wide attention is the Liszt **E flat Piano Concerto** with André Watts and the New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein (Columbia ML 5858, mono; MS 6458, stereo). Watts is the sixteen-year-old boy from Philadelphia who was launched last season by Bernstein, both on a Philharmonic youth concert and the regular series when he substituted for Glenn Gould. He is obviously a major talent, and he plays the Liszt with a supple flair and elegance rare for one of his years. Liszt's **Les Préludes** rounds out the disc.

A Czech pianist named Ivan Moravec is introduced on two discs from Connoisseur Society. He plays Chopin's **B minor Scherzo** and **A flat Ballade**, and Franck's **Prelude, Chorale and Fugue** (CS 662); and

Beethoven's **Appassionata Sonata** and Mozart's **C minor Sonata** (CS 562). These two records are 45 rpm stereo. Connoisseur Society claims for them no tape hiss and improved frequency response. The claims seem borne out. Both discs are unusually clear, lifelike, and quiet. Moravec is an interesting pianist. He has a big technique but does not like to rush tempos. He is a romantic who likes to taper phrases to a triple pianissimo, to linger over sections, to use a good deal of color. This takes some getting used to, and many will not like the approach. Yet Moravec is convincing in what he does, and he may well be one of the really important young pianists (he was born in 1930).

Grant Johannesen has finished his fine recording of the complete piano works of Fauré (Golden Crest CR 4048, 2 discs, mono only). Rudolf Serkin blazes away at Bartók's **Piano Concerto No. 1** and Prokofieff's **Concerto for the Left Hand**, with the Columbia Symphony under George Szell (Bartók) and the Philadelphia under Ormandy (Prokofieff), both on a Columbia disc (ML 5805, mono; MS 6405, stereo). In both scores Serkin is propulsive, exciting, and simply grand. What a disc! The old master, Artur Rubinstein, engages three Beethoven sonatas—**Moonlight, Pathétique, Les Adieux** (Victor LM 2654, mono; LSC 2654, stereo)—in a manner that will cause no regret to anybody who gets the disc. Gina Bachauer, with the London Symphony conducted by Stanislaw Skrowaczewski (Mercury MG 50321, mono; SR 90321, stereo), is heard in a spirited performance of Beethoven's **Emperor Concerto**. Gary Graffman, in Prokofieff's **Piano Sonatas Nos. 2 and 3** and seven short Rachmaninoff pieces (Columbia ML 5844, mono; MS 6444, stereo), is strong, exciting, technically perfect and—in short—a sort of junior Horowitz in this repertoire. What else? There is Ivan Davis in romantic piano music, Glenn Gould in Bach, a quartet of 1961 Liszt Competition winners. . . . But the night has been long; ditto my song; and thank goodness they're both of them over.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Remembering John

Every Sunday afternoon during the late 'thirties and early 'forties CBS radio broadcast a program called "Flow Gently Sweet Rhythm," by the John Kirby sextet. It aimed to be light and relaxed, and the music often included jazz versions of pop-concert classics, like "Anitra's Dance," or of folk songs like "Molly Malone" sung by Kirby's wife, Maxine Sullivan. It was the closest jazz had come to a sort of potted-palm respectability. What was amazing was that jazz purists liked it too.

Kirby not only kept the sextet swinging, but did things with it that were of technical interest to other musicians. He could get a lot out of six instruments, especially in the arrangements by Charlie Shavers, who skillfully maneuvered the voices of clarinet, alto sax, and his own muted trumpet against the background Kirby's double bass (plus drums and piano) provided.

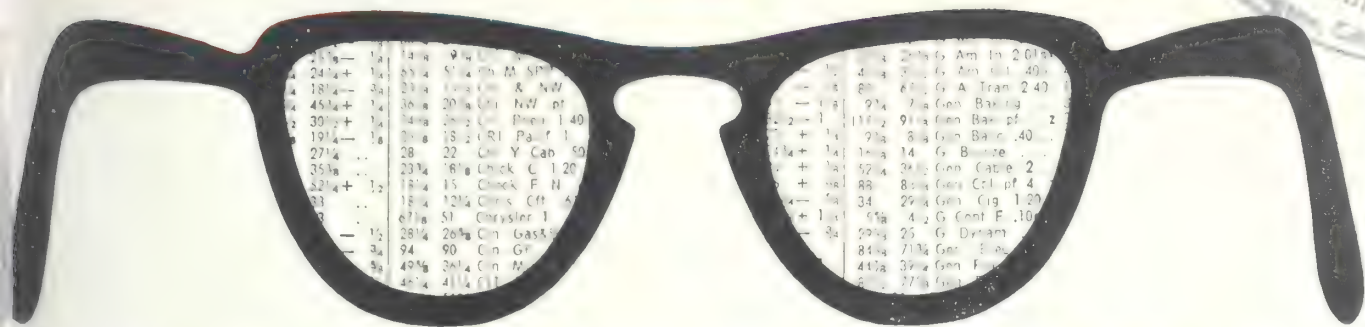
In this mixture of lightness, power, and virtuosity the Kirby band also anticipated qualities that were to be increasingly admired in jazz. The sextet fell apart during the war-time, and Kirby himself declined into obscurity, dying in Hollywood in 1952. But his memory has been kept alive. In 1955 the jazz critic Leonard Feather, who had written some arrangements for the group in its great days, brought its members back together for a recording session—minus Kirby—in his memory (issued by Period in ten- and twelve-inch versions, both now out of print). Later the Dave Pell quintet produced an album made up of Kirby originals reverently reconstructed. Now Charlie Shavers has included two of his own compositions from the Kirby period in an album which claims to follow in the Kirby tradition.

It is, in fact, easier today to get hold of Kirby-inspired music than Kirby's own. He has been sadly under-represented on LP, with nothing to show until recently but one track on Decca's *Encyclopedia of Jazz* (DXF-140). Two more can be found on Epic's *Swing Street*, which is 52nd Street, where the Onyx was, where Kirby and his colleagues played. But more of that next month.

I Remember John Kirby. Dave Pell Quintet. Capitol ST 1687. **Excitement Unlimited.** Charlie Shavers Octet. Capitol ST 1883.

Harper's

magazine



How to Read the Financial Pages Without Going Broke BY PETER BART

Scientists in Collision: Was Velikovsky Right?

BY ERIC LARRABEE

Riot Squad for the New Frontier BY JOSEPH KRAFT

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formed. Such an album had, until now, seemed impossible of achievement because of the problems involved in bringing together first-rank singers from all over the country. The result is a "charmer," as music critic John Conly remarks above—and it is available only through The Classics Record Library. Because the album is not sold in record stores, the Book-of-the-Month Club is permitting interested collectors to listen to the records at home and, if not fully satisfied, to return them to the Club within ten days, without charge.

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1. The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico's industrial development is moving along at an extraordinary pace. In 1962, the Commonwealth's net income from manufacturing rose from \$320 million to \$384 million—an increase of 20 percent.

Even the thriving European Common Market (West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Luxemburg and Holland) cannot match this rate of growth.

2. Altogether, there are more than 900 plants humming away in this sunny Commonwealth. Seven hundred and twenty-five of these plants are owned by U.S. firms. Last year, their return on investment averaged 25 percent.

Blue chips in Puerto Rico

3. In 1962 alone, 139 manufacturers chose Puerto Rico as a long-term, permanent manufacturing site. Many of them were blue-chip firms. A few of these are: Glidden, National Biscuit, Warner-Lambert and U. S. Rubber.

4. Fifty blue-chip firms now operate eighty-six plants in Puerto Rico. Seventeen blue-chip firms have two or more plants there. Five have four or more plants. Altogether, some 100 U.S. firms operate two or more plants.

5. Blue-chip firms now manufacturing a variety of products in Puerto Rico include: Parke-Davis, Union Carbide, Sperry Rand, International Paper and Reichhold Chemicals.

Incentives for manufacturers

6. Puerto Rico is a self-governing Commonwealth within the American Union. U. S. Federal taxes do not apply because Puerto Rico does not have a vote in Congress. "No taxation without representation."

7. The Puerto Rican Government is

free to assess its own taxes and to grant tax exemption to genuinely new or expanding operations. Runaway plants are *not* wanted and do *not* qualify for tax exemption in Puerto Rico.

8. Under its remarkable self-help program "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto Rico grants liberal tax exemption to qualified U.S. manufacturers who locate plants on the island. You pay no U.S. corporate tax and, for ten to thirteen years, no Puerto Rican tax.

9. Special incentives are offered to firms that service local industry, process local

raw material, or employ 500 or more.

New Foreign Trade Zone

10. The latest attraction for U.S. Industry is Puerto Rico's new Foreign Trade Zone. It is the only Foreign Trade Zone authorized by the U.S. Government outside the continental U.S. It is at Mayagüez, Puerto Rico's third largest port. And it is the first U.S. Zone to offer incentives for *manufacturing*.

11. U.S. firms establishing factories in the Zone are eligible for all the "Operation Bootstrap" incentives.



This new Parke-Davis plant in Puerto Rico employs 200 people. It makes capsuled and injectable drugs for markets in the western hemisphere.

2. You may import unlimited amounts of foreign components and raw materials to your factory in the Zone and manufacture without paying U.S. customs duties.

Compete in all world markets

3. Puerto Rico's location (see map) makes it an ideal spot to manufacture for markets in both North and South America as well as Europe and Africa.

4. Since 1954, the island's sales to world markets other than the U.S. have most doubled.

5. In 1962, the island's 900 "Operation Bootstrap" plants increased shipments to the U.S. by 20 percent to a record \$497,000,000 or \$83,000,000 more than in 1961.

6. In 1962, Puerto Rico purchased most a billion dollars' worth of goods from the U.S. mainland. The Commonwealth now ranks fifth among the world's nations as a market for U.S. products.

Plants available, labor abundant

7. The Puerto Rican Government makes no stone unturned to help manufacturers prosper. It is constantly building new plants. You can buy them or lease them. Rents are as low as 50 cents per square foot per year.

8. The government will screen job applicants for you—and then train them. The Commonwealth maintains twelve vocational schools offering instruction in over 55 trades—from accounting to geology.

9. Puerto Rico's labor force now numbers 670,000—includes tens of thousands of skilled workers. Puerto Ricans are remarkably able with their hands, and eager to learn new trades.

10. Water and power are abundant in Puerto Rico. Electric power is 20 percent hydroelectric and 80 percent steam-generated. To handle future needs, the government has just built a new million-kilowatt thermoelectric power station.

11. A new \$11 million atomic reactor has been added to Puerto Rico's fast-growing power system. It was built jointly with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Excellent transportation

12. San Juan's \$20 million International Airport is the busiest air center in the Caribbean. This beautiful, modern airport handles scheduled and non-scheduled flights from the U.S., Europe,



Highly accessible location: Puerto Rico is served by 37 ocean lines and 12 airlines. You can fly by jet to Puerto Rico from New York in under 3¼ hours, from Miami in under 2¼ hours, from Los Angeles in 8½ hours.

and South America. Scheduled flights alone total almost 400 per week.

23. Puerto Rico has 3 major seaports. They are at San Juan, on the north coast, Ponce, on the south coast, and Mayagüez on the west coast. Thirty-seven ocean lines carry cargo between these and major world ports.

24. New "trailerships" carry cargo in sealed truck bodies between these ports and U.S. Atlantic and Pacific ports. A sealed truck body is lifted off the trailer and onto the ship. At the port of debarkation, the body is lifted off the ship onto a waiting trailer. This saves time, prevents pilferage.

Strong ties to U.S.

25. The island's judicial system is similar to and linked with the U.S. courts, with ultimate appeal available to the Supreme Court of the United States. Property and investments are not only protected by the Puerto Rican Constitution, they are also guarded by all the guarantees of the U.S. Constitution.

26. Puerto Rico is economically a part of the United States. The island's currency is the U.S. dollar. Money, people and goods move freely between the U.S. and Puerto Rico. The island's postal system is a part of the U.S. postal system. The people are U.S. citizens and serve in the U.S. Armed Forces.

Good place to live

27. Over 5,000 U.S. executives live and work in Puerto

Rico. One U.S. executive reports: "The climate is probably as close to paradise as man will ever see." The temperature usually stays in the balmy 70's. You golf, fish, swim and sail, 52 weeks a year. And you have more time for your family.

This is one in a series of national reports to U. S. industry on Puerto Rico's economic and cultural development during its first 10 years as an American Commonwealth. For extra copies, write: Progress Report #11 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Blue-chip firms in Puerto Rico

Company	No. of plants	Company	No. of plants
American Can	2	International Tel. & Tel.	1
American Hardware	1	Johnson & Johnson	1
American Motors	1	Kayser-Roth	8
Beatrice Foods	1	Kimberly-Clark	1
Beaunit Mills	1	Libby, McNeill & Libby	1
Borden	1	Midland-Ross	2
Brunswick	3	Mohasco Industries	1
Burlington Industries	1	National Biscuit	1
California Packing	1	Parke-Davis	2
Carborundum	1	Phelps Dodge	2
Central Soya	1	Philadelphia & Reading	1
Colgate-Palmolive	1	Ralston Purina	1
Commonwealth Oil Refining	1	Reichhold Chemicals	1
Consolidated Cigar	8	Shell Oil	2
Continental Can	1	Sherwin-Williams	1
Daystrom	1	Sperry Rand	2
Ford Motor	1	Sprague Electric	2
General Electric	4	Sterling Drug	1
Glidden	1	Stokely-Van Camp	1
Goodrich (B.F.)	2	Sunbeam	2
Grace (W.R.)	1	Union Carbide	1
Gulf Oil	1	U.S. Rubber	1
Heinz (H.J.)	1	Warner-Lambert	1
Hunt Foods	1	Pharmaceutical	2
International Paper	4	Wilson	1
International Shoe	5		

LETTERS

Who Can Do It Better?

Irving Kristol asks, "Is the Welfare State Obsolete?" [June] . . . [and] ends his polemic with a hint that private enterprise could do everything better. . . . In the years when government . . . left "private initiative" unfettered, the poor stayed poor, bred, hungered, and died, while the wealthy grew wealthier, fattened, and endured. The plight of the urban poor is attributable, to a degree, to the unrestricted "mercy" of independent nineteenth-century industrialists whose generous support of the poor created the slums of our commercial cities. . . . Give the country back to the same mentality and see whether the slums disappear or the people rise out of them more rapidly. No, the welfare state is no more "obsolete" than are poverty, misery, disease, and ignorance!

THOMAS J. CUMMINS
Long Beach, Calif.

I have read and reread Irving Kristol's Number One Dogma of American liberals [that Washington can do it better] and am delighted to see a clear expression of a moderate point of view. How right he is when he says the liberals have an advantage because they "speak for the ideal" while the rest of us "defend the actual." A similar point has been made in Clinton Rossiter's book, *Conservatism in America*. . . .

RUTH DANCYGER
Shaker Heights, O.

Mr. Kristol's [statement that] "Perhaps it would suffice for the state to establish a legal framework for a society in which individual welfare is recognized as a *social* responsibility without . . . necessarily being a direct responsibility of the *state*" is not quite the same as providing a method for accomplishing a goal (welfare). It is more akin to a minister exhorting his congregation to be honest and charitable. I thought that one of the causes of the "welfare state" was the failure of a legal system to promote welfare. . . .

V. O. Key and others imply that the liberal move to concentrate on

Washington was an almost direct result of the fact that nothing could be done at any other level: laws could not be passed, monopolies could not be regulated, services could not be adequate. And this was an almost direct result of mal-apportionment of state legislative seats. . . .

BARRY W. STREJCEK
Columbus, O.

Irving Kristol's "Is the Welfare State Obsolete?" contains several misstatements of fact which present a highly distorted picture of the rural electrification program. Without documentation, Mr. Kristol makes the flat statement that the Rural Electrification Administration has announced that its mission is completed. This is simply not true. . . .

The problems of keeping pace with the growing needs, which are doubling every five to seven years in rural areas, is, in itself, a tremendous task. This requires a constant heavying up of lines and often the construction of generation and transmission facilities. Mr. Kristol's further statement that REA has announced that "it will henceforth be selling its electricity at a discount . . . to suburbs, in highly unfair competition with private . . . utilities" is also untrue. . . . Rural electric cooperatives are not expanding into suburban areas in competition with commercial utilities. Today, these cooperatives remain in their original territory—the areas which they pioneered and helped to develop. The fact that some of this territory has prospered does not obviate the responsibility and the right of the cooperatives to continue to serve the areas. Despite the fact that some areas have grown in population, rural electric cooperatives continue to serve the most difficult and the most sparsely settled areas of the nation, averaging little more than three consumers per mile of line.

Mr. Kristol seems to misunderstand completely the distinction between a rural electric cooperative, a private organization, and the Rural Electrification Administration, an agency of the federal government. The REA is a federal lending agency

which makes loans to rural electric cooperatives, just as other federal agencies make loans to small businesses and homeowners. . . . REA has not sold and does not sell electric power, nor does it generate or transmit power. Rural electric cooperatives are local enterprises, owned and controlled by the people who use their services.

CLYDE T. ELLIS
General Manager
Nat. Rural Electric Cooperative Assn.
Washington, D. C.

IRVING KRISTOL REPLIES:

Mr. Ellis' letter is a splendid specimen of what the British call "waffle." That is, it seems to be saying something, but isn't. The mission of the REA was to bring electricity to the American farm—that's why it was established. It has accomplished this mission successfully, and merits our congratulations. Whether it also merits immortality, as Mr. Ellis assumes, is quite another matter. Mr. Ellis insists that REA is not expanding into the suburbs, but that the suburbs are expanding into REA-occupied territory. The distinction is significant only if we allow that REA is entitled to some kind of permanent territorial sovereignty.

Yes, the REA works by lending money (at lower than market rates of interest) to local cooperatives, controlled by farmers and small-town businessmen who are by no means underprivileged, compared to the rest of us. I fail to see how this fact strengthens the case for REA.

Lone Star Scholars

Thank goodness, and *Harper's*, for Willie Morris' revealing article ["Renaissance at the University of Texas," June] about that big, complex, honest, varied, and truly intellectual University of Texas. . . . Most impressive of all its achievements . . . is the fact that it makes its advance at 100-yard-dash speed despite enormous size. . . . I shudder to think what the perverse magnificence of the great private Eastern institutions would do if they had to tackle 25,000 students. Except for Columbia, it is probably beyond their capacity, and

The passions that drive men to make history

The ferocity of the Spanish Civil War (1936-39) stunned a world as yet unused to atrocities and horrors for daily fare. Even today the passions unleashed by the bloody Iberian "dress rehearsal for World War II" have not fully subsided . . . and the consequences of that first violent collision of Fascism, Bolshevism and Democracy are still being felt.

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KEEN RAFFERTY
U. of New Mexico
Albuquerque, N.M.

Willie Morris has allowed emotion to rule his pen. Although he heaps deserving praise on his alma mater, he shares the selfish view of too many people from the University of Texas that their school is the only one in Texas that has enough educational value to merit state funds. . . . Texas A & M is beyond the reach of the University of Texas in advancement of science, agriculture, and engineering. Because A & M also has a heritage that it wishes to preserve and that the University of Texas cannot claim, he calls it "decadent." . . .

WILLIAM R. BUCKELLEW
Texas A & M College
College Station, Tex.

Underdeveloped Men

No emotionally mature person could be entertained by movies which represent sex in the manner described so well by Penelope Gilliatt ["The Hollywood Nursery," June]. . . . The movie makers should realize that by misrepresenting women, they are degrading men. If a woman is merely a mentally retarded sex object, the man who chooses her is surely immature. . . . Can American men possibly accept such types as Rock Hudson, Jack Lemmon, and Tony Curtis as representative of the male? These Hollywood products are afflicted with the same adolescent approach, the same lack of any truly sexual feeling as the female types described by Miss Gilliatt. . . .

JEAN FAUST
New York, N.Y.

Petlura's Murderer

Allen Dulles states in "The Craft of Intelligence" [Supplement, April] that Soviet Security "murdered General Petlura, the exiled leader of the Ukrainian Nationalists." The assassin of General Petlura was Pinhas Schwartzbart, a writer and a Zionist. His act was intended as a demonstration against the pogroms perpetrated by the Ukrainian armies under Gen-

eral Petlura (the largest massacre of Jews prior to Hitler's in the twentieth century), who did little to stop them. There is no proof whatsoever that Schwartzbart had anything to do with the Soviet Security. Schwartzbart was exonerated by a French court. Mr. Dulles evidently fell for Ukrainian apologetic propaganda.

ABRAHAM G. DUKER, Ph.D.
Yeshiva University
New York, N.Y.

While Professor Duker—and other scholars who have written to Harper's on this subject—may be correct, the motivation of Petlura's murderer is disputed among intelligence experts.

THE EDITORS

The Future of War

I have read with interest John Fischer's exchange of letters with Lord Russell ["Bertrand Russell on the Sinful Americans," June]. I led the seminar at Ohio State University which produced the "Mershon Report" on accidental war. Since Lord Russell takes advantage of our paper in his arguments, I would like to set the record straight on the particular points to which he refers.

We did not itemize fifty accidents involving nuclear weapons, including twelve major accidents. We did say that "approximately a dozen major accidents involving nuclear weapons are known or reliably believed to have occurred, mostly in plane crashes," and we mentioned some examples. We added that "many lesser accidents involved in the maintenance, transportation, modernization, etc., of actual nuclear weapons are known to have occurred," and we mentioned one estimate which placed the number of these at about fifty. In our paper we were careful to point out that, even if accidental nuclear explosions did occur, they would probably not lead to war.

We did not predict accidental nuclear war in the 1960s as a matter of statistical probability. We did say that, taking together all the dangers, there is a "significant chance" of such a war. So far as radar reliability is concerned, we mentioned the possibility of false warnings and noted an example or two, but we made no list of accidents.

Our paper was intended to survey



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LETTERS

the dangers of accidental war in an objective way. I regret the use that Lord Russell has attempted to make of our results on several occasions, including his letter to John Fischer. I personally happen to think that the danger of accidental nuclear war has gone down somewhat since our Mer-shon paper appeared in 1960. . . .

JOHN PHELPS

Institute for Defense Analyses
Washington, D. C.

Perhaps Lord Russell's reckless manipulation of technical facts and not-so-technical legerdemain was "somewhat frustrating," but John Fischer's inability to understand the philosophical basis of Russell's argument is entirely infuriating. What, pray tell, is the difference between a "highly probable" nuclear war (Lord Russell) and a "most unlikely" nuclear war (John Fischer)? Whether the likelihood of nuclear conflagration is mathematically determined to be 10 per cent or 90 per cent, it is still a nuclear conflagration we are talking about—not the result of a baseball game or a horse race. And since nuclear war means the end of the world, John Fischer's "most unlikely" is most unsatisfactory. . . .

RICHARD E. RUBENSTEIN

Cambridge, Mass.

Bertrand Russell's views on an accidental war are "oversimple" because he realizes a simple fact: Since men are inherently prone to error, the machines (protective devices) they build necessarily contain that same trait. Simply because John Fischer views accidental war as less possible than Lord Russell is no reason [for him] to cling to the stagnant, nationalistically self-righteous viewpoint which regards future compromise as only possible from the Russian side.

PETER A. MOOD

Dallas, Tex.

How callow, how shallow,
How snobbishly curt,
How blinded by Hate
Is peace-lovin' Bert!

His diatribes leave one
Both bitter and bored,
With nothing to say
But an anguished:

"Oh, Lord!"

SELMA RASKIN
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What's in the Package? Lessons in Practical Detective Work for Supermarket Shoppers

by William D. Zabel



A graduate of Princeton and of the Harvard Law School, the guest in the Easy Chair this month practices law with a Wall Street firm. He was formerly a member of the Humanities Department of MIT.

One of these days—with a little luck and some prodding on Capitol Hill—the packagers of soap flakes are going to be forced to adopt the high moral standards of bourbon distillers. It will be a glad day for the most exploited American consumer, the supermarket shopper, whose plight was recently dramatized by a group of California housewives.

Five anonymous housewives were selected for a study conducted by Helen Ewing Nelson, director of the California Office of Consumer Counsel. Three were college graduates; the others had completed two years of college. Each woman was given money and sent to buy fourteen staple foods in an average supermarket solely on the basis of the largest quantity for the lowest price.

They spent an average of 43 minutes, not including checkout time, in the effort—according to market surveys, over 50 per cent more time than the average shopper would have taken. In general, the result of their efforts was failure. None could identify the least expensive package of rice or toilet soap. Three could not find the least expensive can of tuna or package of salt. In fact, these college-trained women, trying as hard as they could to save money and taking far more time than the average shopper can allot, failed 34 out of 70

times to make the correct purchase. Imagine the ordinary housewife's chances of success, with two small children screaming, laughing, and sampling goods in and around the shopping cart. She may as well close her eyes and pick a package at random. She probably often does just that.

The most pampered American consumer has no such problems in his liquor store, where shelves hold bottles in standard sizes—half-pints, pints, and fifths. The fifth of one brand of bourbon at \$4.80 is really less expensive than a competitor's fifth at \$5.10. There are no "economy-size" fifths or "giant half-quarts," and no one labels his bottle a "full fifth." The bottles are not "slack-filled," with hollow bottoms or planned excess airspace. Your favorite scotch does not say "5 cents off" one week and "10 cents off" the next, while the real price remains the same. In short, the liquor-store shopper has no difficulty making rational purchases based on price comparisons of different brands.

But how is the housewife to tell when she looks at boxes of detergents, whether 20 ounces for 35 cents is a better buy than 24½ ounces for 40 cents? And if she wants to buy potato chips she has to cope with 71 different package sizes—all under 3½ pounds. Shopping computations have become so difficult that a company on the East Coast is now marketing a "Valumeter" designed to compute the price per ounce or per pint for various products. For the same purpose, a Berkeley, California consumers' cooperative distributes a

special shopper's slide rule to its members.

Congress will, I hope, end this absurd situation by passing a Truth in Packaging bill recently proposed by Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan, who headed an exhaustive two-year inquiry by the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee into deceptive packaging and labeling practices in the sale of goods in the supermarket. There is now no comprehensive statute regulating the packaging of the nearly eight thousand items on the average supermarket's shelves. Consumers spend about \$70 billion a year on these market-basket commodities. If passed, the bill would be a landmark in the history of legislation protecting consumers—guaranteeing them the right to know what they are buying and for how much, by removing many of the psychological traps, confusions, and outright deceptions confronting them in the supermarket.

What kinds of deception did the subcommittee uncover? Perhaps I can answer that question, as an atypical supermarket shopper (who might be called a professional consumer. In college, I wrote a thesis on planned obsolescence, and problems of the consumer—the man without a lobby—have fascinated me ever since and caused me to watch closely all legal and political developments which affect him. (I was, of course, one of the first users of the new stainless-steel razor blades.) This avocation, and especially my current interest in deceptive packaging, makes me a slight nuisance to my wife. I often rummage through her

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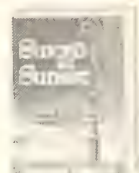
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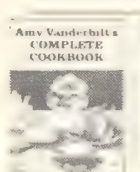
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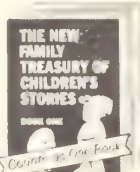
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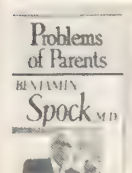
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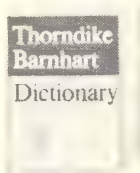
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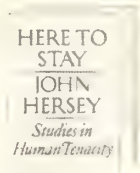
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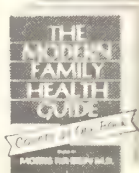
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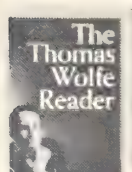
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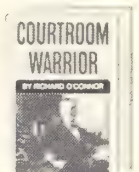
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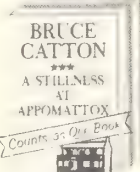
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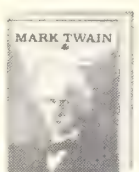
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grocery bag in search of deceptive packages, which I then expose in considerable and dramatic detail. Equally irritating, I suppose, is my habit of appropriating, as the need arises, a cereal box, a can of cleanser, or a hair-spray container for use as visual aids in my lectures to various groups interested in consumers' problems.

But deceptive packaging is itself much more annoying to my wife than is my expropriation of her purchases, and indeed it is probably today's most serious headache for consumers. In almost every case, the parties responsible for this headache are the product manufacturers. Many manufacturers gather ideas from packaging designers and consultants. But the ultimate decision on the nature of the package—its label, shape, size, and contents—is made by the manufacturer himself. If the package misleads, it is because he wants it to.

How Big Is the Jumbo Size?

Packaging is used today as part of a company's competitive strategy. Package designers, manufacturers' sales and packaging executives, market researchers, behavioral scientists, and public-relations men all work in hopes that their package on the supermarket shelf will yield ever greater sales and profits.

Some of their handiwork—frozen fruits and vegetables, for instance—is a boon to consumers. And other packaging "advances" may be simultaneously good and bad. For example, the new "slim-hipped" bottle of Wesson Oil helps the housewife because it is easier to hold and pour. (The packaging psychologists also hope that this pinched-in-waist bottle—with its suggestion of a trim feminine figure—might make shoppers forget about the calories inside.) At the same time, the new Wesson Oil bottle contains only 28 ounces instead of a quart, which is clearly no help at all.

Deceptive packaging, however, has absolutely no justification, though it may, and often does, increase profits. When a manufacturer "slack-fills" his cereal or spaghetti box (sometimes containers are almost half-empty), he makes a few extra pennies on each sale, and when he sells several million boxes of that item, those pennies mount up to quite an impressive fig-

ure. If Senator Hart's bill becomes law, industry-wide limits on "head-space" can be set for particular products and slack-filling may have to end.

Perhaps the worst thing about deceptive packaging is that it is as contagious as the plague. When one company—by disguising the true cost of its product in one way or another—makes rational price comparisons impossible, competing companies usually feel they have to imitate the practice. More and more, manufacturers compete by means of advertising or premiums, rather than by cutting prices.

What's the point of reducing prices to win new customers? They won't recognize the bargain anyway, since they often can't even compare the price of the honest package with that of the deceptive.

Deceptive packagers use various methods to obscure the true cost of their wares. One of the most common is hiding the net weight. This is accomplished easily enough by (a) printing on transparent labels in the same color as the food in the bag, (b) using reflecting metallic paper so that the print cannot be read except in a favorable light, (c) printing the necessary information on the part of the label that is folded under, and (d) using microscopic type. What is worse, many products don't simply hide the net weight or content information; they omit it altogether. For sheer frustration try to discover the comparative cost of two brands of toilet soap.

The Truth in Packaging bill requires that the net weight or contents of every consumer commodity be conspicuously displayed on the front panel of its package. The bill directs the Food and Drug Administration (for foods, drugs, and cosmetics) and the Federal Trade Commission (for other consumer commodities) to establish minimum standards for the prominence of net-weight statements, including type size and face. Government officials and manufacturers, working together on a product-by-product basis, can also set standards to designate the quantitative contents of a package for which a statement concerning net weight or number is not meaningful. For example, laundry detergents vary greatly in density and percentage of cleaning agents, and might be

labeled in terms of the number of "average" wash loads they can clean. "Average" (within the product category) would have the same meaning wherever it was used.

If the true price of a product is often hard to discover, certain other information (or misinformation) is all too obvious. Look, for instance, at the present size labels. You will notice at once that the word "small" is taboo. A tube of Colgate toothpaste marked "large" is the smallest size there is (at least in my store); the others being "giant," "king," and "family" size. Crest's smallest tube is labeled "medium." A jar of Prell shampoo which might accurately be called "midget" size is labeled "personal." Detergent sizes generally start with "regular" and work up through large, giant, king, jumbo, and home laundry—but a test of seven leading brands showed that the largest regular (24½ ounces) was bigger than even the largest of the large sizes (21¾ ounces).

The Truth in Packaging bill provides for standardization of nomenclature on an industry-wide basis. Its passage may mean a return to the long-forgotten standards of size terminology—small, medium, and large. Instead of nineteen sizes of instant coffee, industry representatives and government officials may agree on three standard sizes with names that really mean what they say.

Packagers are masterful neologists. Their currently popular terms include the "giant half-quart" (a pint) and the "jumbo" quart, which is a quart adorned only with an adjective and not an extra measure. Today, wherever there is a malpractice you can always find a psychologist or sociologist to explain its necessity in the scheme of things. Thus, motivational researchers assure the packagers that the consumer is irrational and would rather buy a package labeled only "jumbo" than a larger package unimaginatively labeled "quart." In defense of such terminology, one witness told Senator Hart's subcommittee that his company might be forced to package their fruit cocktail in a can labeled "full 16 ounces" because his competitors' nearly identical cans of fruit cocktail now contain only 15 ounces or less.

The packagers' motivational re-

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Perhaps you would be interested in knowing what we do to maintain our reputation in the securities business—what staff and facilities we have, what policies we follow in our daily business with our customers. You'll find the story of our company in "*This Is Merrill Lynch*," a booklet that outlines our operation and tells what we stand for. A copy is yours, with our compliments, if you'll simply ask at your nearest Merrill Lynch office or write to—



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THE EASY CHAIR

searchers stress the psychological approach in the supermarket. (Admittedly, many consumers—driven to the brink of madness—might appreciate a couch in every other aisle so they could lie down and collect their tempers.) The trick is to have a package that attracts and hypnotizes the woman shopper. For various reasons, the "MR men," as they are known, claim that red and yellow packages achieve this effect better than other colors. They also emphasize placing "symbols that have a dreamlike quality" on the package. And pictures on packages or their labels often turn out to be merely a figment of their imagination. A can of mushroom chow mein shows a serving covered profusely with mushrooms, while inside the can there are only three small pieces of mushroom surrounded by a mass of chow mein. And, as another example, the illustrations on cans of mixed nuts deceptively emphasize the expensive cashews, brazil nuts, and pecans while the cheaper peanuts actually predominate inside.

Sometimes the package promises, "Serves four generously." One witness displayed a can of pears with this legend. It contained two pear halves, or one pear. Some brands of precooked rice and frozen vegetables serve four in a manner which would leave two ordinary people hungry. The question becomes, serves four what? Vogue models? Pygmies? Under the Truth in Packaging bill, absurd qualifying adjectives and misleading illustrations are prohibited. In addition, industry-wide serving standards ("Serves two, four, etc.") may be formulated for commodities which claim to contain a specific number of servings.

The Mystery of the Missing Napkins

Senator Hart's bill could also spell death for the "economy size" package—the packagers' equivalent to Pavlov's bell. We have been conditioned to believe that an "economy size" saves us money but actually it is often economical only to the seller. An "economy size" can of a well-known brand of tuna containing 12½ ounces sells at a special price of 59 cents. But two regular 6½-ounce cans (13 ounces altogether) sell for

the same 59 cents. Recently, the FDA seized thousands of jars of the 'giant economy size' jar of a famous instant coffee. The economy size jars contained 10 ounces of coffee for \$1.44 or 14.4 cents per ounce. But the regular 6-ounce jar for 75 cents cost only 12.5 cents per ounce.

First cousins to the economy size are the "giant special value" package (the well-known hair spray that sells at the same special price for years) and the "cents-off" deal. Packagers and manufacturers employing this latter device are sometimes referred to as the "Wizards of Off." The labels on their packages read "Save 10 cents off" or "5 cents off." The question then is off what? A price marked up over the usual sale price? The price this product usually sells for in this store? What is the regular price? A consumer can pick up two identical jars of the same brand of coffee and find that one says "15 cents off" while the other says "10 cents off"; both say "you pay only," and stamped in ink is the identical price—59 cents. In this case, the coffee manufacturer switched to 10 cents off before the grocer had sold his stock of the same product labeled 15 cents off.

"Cents-off" promotions are seldom used for the valid purpose of introducing a new product. Instead they seem designed to confuse the customer totally by making it impossible for him to tell the new price, the old price, or the regular price of the item he wants to buy—or even to tell whether all these prices are not, in fact, the same. "Cents-off" deals and "economy size" packages that give the consumer no price savings are proscribed by the Truth in Packaging bill.

Fortunately, a good many shoppers are already suspicious of this sort of label. Some other kinds of packaging deception, however, are much harder to spot. For instance, manufacturers often reduce the net contents of their packages without either lowering prices or changing package size. This is known as packaging-to-price. Sometimes it also involves redesigning the package to make it look even bigger and labeling it "New and Improved."

To keep their products within acceptable price brackets in recent years, the makers of one brand of applesauce reduced their package

If you find a cigarette butt in an Avis car, complain. It's for our own good.



We need your help to get ahead.

**Avis is only No.2 in rent a cars. So we have to
try harder.**

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felt you should, please don't shrug it off.**

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Otherwise, make a noise.

A Mr. Meadow of New York did.

He searched and came up with a gum wrapper.



"Send me a man who reads!"

International Paper asks the man who awards \$4 million a year in scholarships how to win one

John Stalnaker is president of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation. In this I-P interview, he tells why he feels reading is the key to winning a scholarship.

National Merit Scholarships have paid for a good part of nearly 6000 college careers since 1955.

Last year, over half a million high school juniors took the qualifying examination. Only 1041 of them won Merit Scholarships.

"That's almost twice the number of scholarships we gave when the program began," says Mr. Stalnaker. "But we had to choose from nearly *ten times* the number of candidates we had the first year!"

How to win a scholarship

"National Merit's examination is actually a *reading test*," says Mr. Stalnaker. "The best way to prepare for it is reading—broad, omnivorous reading."

Mr. Stalnaker advises parents: "Encourage your

child to read as soon as he shows an interest. And don't be afraid that he is sticking too close to the books." Even the best students find time for other activities.

Varsity lettermen, presidents, editors

Says Mr. Stalnaker, "Over 20 percent of the National Merit Scholars graduating from college in 1960 were varsity lettermen, class presidents, or editors of major student publications."

As of last year, 5932 hard-working students had become National Merit Scholars. Each of them is living proof that *men who read more achieve more*.

Free reprints. To date, over two and a half million reprints of this series have been requested. If you would like reprints of this advertisement write: International Paper, Box 54, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.



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size from 19 to 14.63 ounces; a hair oil went from 5 to 4 ounces; an instant coffee has appeared in a "new economy" 5-ounce size, selling for the same price as the old "new economy" size containing 6 ounces. The list, I'm sorry to report, could go on indefinitely. Soft drinks, candy bars, frozen vegetables, shortenings, and razor blades are only a few of the products which are often packaged to price. The device is so popular because its hidden aspect tends to keep customers buying the product they are accustomed to using, instead of switching to lower-priced private brands (like A & P's Ann Page) at a considerable savings. This may help to explain why private-label products of standard or premium quality make little headway in the supermarket even when offered at as much as one-third below the effective price of nationally advertised brands.

The art of packaging to price takes patience as well as ingenuity. Witness the history of a popular brand of table napkins. The old box contained 80 napkins, with "80" prominently displayed on the front of the package. Then, although the box still held 80 napkins, the number 80 was moved from the front to the back, where it appeared in tiny print. Thus, if the consumer noticed a change and checked, he was pleased to find that the package still held 80 napkins. His pleasure was destined to be short-lived. For a little later, retaining the same package size, the company reduced the number of napkins in the box to 70—a 12.5 per cent content reduction without any decrease in price—and probably without any loss in sales. One witness suggested that this reduction was necessary to compete with other table-napkin manufacturers, including one which used a "cellophane package fluffed up to look bigger . . . and which contained 20 less [napkins]."

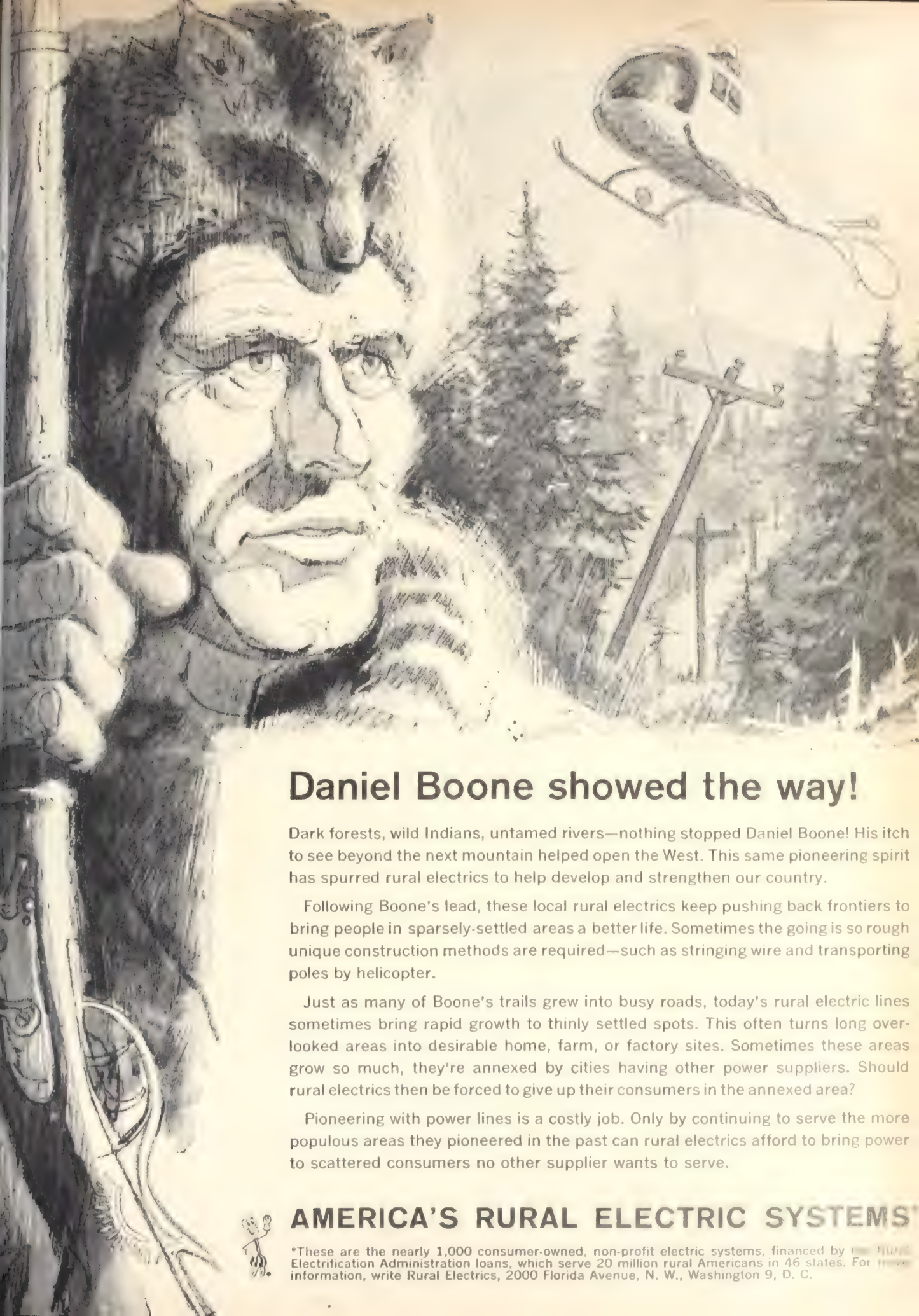
Still more sophisticated means than packaging to price can increase product turnover. One paper company, for instance, enlarged the size of the individual towel in its roll of paper towels while leaving the roll itself the same size, thus forcing the user to exhaust the roll sooner and, of course, to buy a new one more often. This ingenious packaging device is lawful now and would be lawful also under Senator Hart's bill,

which is not overly paternalistic toward the consumer. We will, even if the bill passes, still have to watch the packager with care. The manufacturer defends his change as a response to "consumer demand," explaining that the new and larger, but fewer-per-roll, individual towels were sized with such precise awareness of consumer needs that now one towel mops those special spill jobs that previously required two!

Other packagers have other justifications to offer. A few, in effect, seem to consider deceptive packaging a positive good. Ernest Dichter, President of the Institute for Motivational Research, told Senator Hart's subcommittee that the public doesn't "really want to know what is inside the package." Price boosts cause consumers anxiety, the reasoning goes, but the housewife can be calm and contented if her favorite bag of candies remains at 29 cents—even though it only holds 12 ounces instead of the former 15. If the Truth in Packaging bill were to bring standardized packaging to the supermarket, manufacturers who find their costs creeping up would either have to absorb the cost increase or actually and openly raise their prices, just as today sellers of milk, butter, flour, or liquor—all sold in standard sizes—must do. I am confident consumer psyches will survive the blow.

Who Needs It?

Will the bill pass? Anyone who has fought the exasperating fight against the packagers knows that such legislation is needed. Is there any real doubt that the American housewife buying soap flakes or rice or salt is entitled to the same protection against deceptive packaging as our laws now give her husband when he buys his whiskey? And it is quite clear that the cost of telling the shopper what he needs to know is not prohibitive. As Saul Bass, one of this country's leading packaging designers, explained: "Changes on the label, of a nature [such as 'cents-off' deals] not stimulated by legal requirements, are frequently necessary. Therefore no more than the necessary yet economic amounts—in terms of printing costs—are usually printed at any one time. If timing requirements for the changeover are reasonably set, it will



Daniel Boone showed the way!

Dark forests, wild Indians, untamed rivers—nothing stopped Daniel Boone! His itch to see beyond the next mountain helped open the West. This same pioneering spirit has spurred rural electrics to help develop and strengthen our country.

Following Boone's lead, these local rural electrics keep pushing back frontiers to bring people in sparsely-settled areas a better life. Sometimes the going is so rough unique construction methods are required—such as stringing wire and transporting poles by helicopter.

Just as many of Boone's trails grew into busy roads, today's rural electric lines sometimes bring rapid growth to thinly settled spots. This often turns long overlooked areas into desirable home, farm, or factory sites. Sometimes these areas grow so much, they're annexed by cities having other power suppliers. Should rural electrics then be forced to give up their consumers in the annexed area?

Pioneering with power lines is a costly job. Only by continuing to serve the more populous areas they pioneered in the past can rural electrics afford to bring power to scattered consumers no other supplier wants to serve.



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Love Letters to Rambler



Walter Barnum

Retired Executive Walter Barnum of Old Lyme, Conn., has driven many cars "on towards two million miles in New York, London and Paris." His Rambler is a 250-

hp V-8 Ambassador Sedan and he writes enthusiastically about it...

"QUITE OUT OF THIS WORLD FOR ANYTHING LIKE THAT PRICE"

"My new Rambler...it's superb! I get a kick every time I take (it) out.

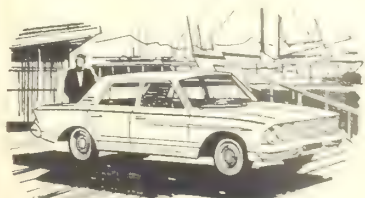
"I don't need to tell you about the brightness and flash of the engine. (It's) very powerful and has smooth brakes to match.

"I'm naturally a bug on steering gears...and this...is the finest I've ever handled. Minimum of lost motion, almost inherently balanced so that the car drives itself on even roads as though it had a gyroscope.

"Incidentally, all the details for comfort and convenience such as ventilation, heating, lighting, etc., are direct, intelligent and practical.

"...there is nothing on the road that can compare with it at anywhere near the price, and for the preponderant majority of users, at any price."

And no other car—at any price— gives you a '63 Rambler's tougher, tighter, more rattleproof Advanced Unit Construction—or the protection of Deep-Dip rustproofing right up to the roofline.



Check over these Rambler exclusives—and all the other "Car of the Year" features—at your Rambler dealer!

THE EASY CHAIR

be possible, with rare exception, for the manufacturer to make the change-over without discarding quantities of otherwise usable labels."

Moreover, the bill has some strong supporters: the Kennedy Administration, every organization of significance in this country which speaks for the consumer, and most state weights-and-measures officials and state agriculture department heads. In addition, leading package designers, such as Saul Bass and Robert S. Dickens (past president of the Package Designers Council), and a number of manufacturers and industry representatives indicated support at the hearings for various provisions now in the bill. Opponents—manufacturers and their spokesmen—are not as numerous as one might expect. In fact, some large manufacturers, apparently at the behest of their public-relations men, have refused to appear and fight the bill directly. Concerned perhaps for their "public image," they have let their trade associations and other handmaidens speak for them.

The NAM, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Soap and Detergent Association, the Association of National Advertisers, and the Grocery Manufacturers of America—plus a few large concerns such as Procter and Gamble, and Scott Paper Company—were among those who did appear to oppose the bill. They argued that proper enforcement of existing laws would prevent deceptive packaging.

But according to Paul Rand Dixon and George P. Larrick, heads of the FTC and the FDA respectively, the case-by-case approach now open to them simply cannot stop the widespread deceptive packaging in today's marketplace. As another witness testified, it would take ten to fifteen years of assiduous application of current legal tests to packaging practices to obtain judicial affirmation of the much-needed standards which Congress can establish easily, clearly, and directly by passing this bill. Furthermore, even the most imaginative interpretation of existing law could not give these agencies the authority to standardize sizes, size terminology, or even the location and prominence of net-weight statements.

To the surprise of no one, the manufacturers also charged that the

bill imperiled the free-enterprise system and perhaps even the Republic. Standardized sizes, however, have not harmed the milk, butter, flour, or liquor industries. And other industries have weathered such legislation as the Wool Products Labeling Act, the Fur Products Labeling Act, the Textile Fiber Products Identification Act, and the Poultry Products Inspection Act. None of these has noticeably weakened the country or the individual industry; nor have they depressed imagination, hamstrung invention, and put creativity in a straitjacket—as one business executive fears the Hart Bill will do. Luckily, there are a good many ways for a package to be attractive though honest.

As a matter of fact, the bill is relatively easy on the packagers in several ways. It allows them to help set their own standards; it provides extensive procedural protection of their rights; it affects only the quantity of consumer goods; and it omits many suggested regulations. It does not demand, for example, that manufacturers list price per ounce or per pound of the product on the front of the package. It does not even attempt to deal with the real and serious problems of quality standards and grade labeling. Even if it passes, a manufacturer remains free to produce four different packages of detergent of the same size and quality, differentiated only by their trade names.

On television, as everyone knows, the "good guys" always win, but on Capitol Hill life is more complex. Consumers, by definition, include all of us. We are the largest economic group in the country, but we are also the least effectively organized. Hence, our views are not often heeded. Whether our voice will be heard by enough members of Congress to push the bill through remains in doubt. Manufacturers have powerful and skillful lobbies. Consumers, on the other hand, must depend primarily on tenacious men like Senator Hart to wage their battles for them. We may yet win the fight. Meanwhile, there is nothing to stop us from resorting to self-help. We might start by turning upside down all deceptive packages we find on our supermarket's shelves. Let the packagers beware!

Weight controllers need the best kind of help, including the physician's personal guidance

ANYONE WHO HAS TRIED to lose excess weight knows that it is not easy to change those eating habits and exercise patterns which contributed to adding the extra pounds in the first place. And it is sad, but true, that most of the people who do manage to shed weight put it back on within a short period of time, especially if the loss was due to reliance on the latest fad or crash diet.

Successful weight reduction and weight control, over a long-range period, requires changes in one's way of living, and it is foolish to torture one's self with attempts at weight control unless one is willing to make these changes. To change some lifetime habits requires not only strong personal motivation to do so but also the help and sympathy of others—members of the family, friends, and, very important, the physician who knows and understands the person. The physician plays a key role in successful weight control because he can determine how much weight, if any, should be lost. He can outline clearly the health hazards involved to the individual if weight reduction is not accomplished, and oftentimes he is in a better position than anyone else to talk bluntly and forcefully about the rate of progress in losing excess pounds.

From many studies which have been conducted to determine how weight reduction may be most effectively achieved over a long-range period it has been concluded that diet changes and exercise are especially important.

DON'T TRY DRASTIC DIET CHANGES

There may be special reasons for a physician to recommend to a specific patient that he or she use special dietary foods to lose weight. However, in most cases, the sound approach to balancing calorie intake with calorie needs is to select foods from the four basic food groups which nutritionists agree provide all the necessary nutrients the body needs for good health. By selecting foods from the normal well balanced diet program, the weight reducer can eat with the rest of the family and does not attract special attention to his eating pattern.

The weight reducer must regulate the quantity of food intake so that the total calories consumed are less than daily calorie needs. This does not require cutting out any foods normally eaten, but it does mean reducing the amount eaten and perhaps more careful trimming of the fat on some foods.

The well balanced diet, for the person who wants to lose weight as well as for the person who wants to maintain weight, should include selections from four food groups:

MILK AND DAIRY FOODS: Milk provides an abundance of essential food nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories. Two 8-ounce glasses of milk (or their equivalent in other dairy products such as cheese or ice cream) per

day provide for an adult man approximately 25 percent of his daily protein needs; 71 percent of his calcium (yes, adults do need calcium even though they have completed growth of bones and teeth); 15 percent of his vitamin A; 46 percent of his riboflavin; 10-12 percent of his thiamine; 10-13 percent of his calories. The percentages for an adult woman are just slightly higher because of the woman's generally lower level of need for these nutrients. Since the weight reducer must have essential food nutrients such as protein, minerals, and vitamins, he should select foods like milk which provide these nutrients at a relatively low cost in calories.

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS: Two or more servings each day from this group provide additional protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. Weight reducers can lower calories by selecting the lean cuts of meat.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS: Four or more servings each day from this group, including a citrus fruit or vegetable high in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable for vitamin A, do not cost much in calories but do provide important nutrients.

BREADS AND CEREALS: These foods provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and food energy (calories). Weight reducers should keep the total calorie count in mind in selecting foods from this group.

Balance—in both nutrients and calories—is essential to weight reduction and maintenance. Weight will go down if the body uses more calories than are consumed, but it is unwise to attempt to reduce calorie intake through eliminating certain foods or relying upon strange special dietary foods that could not serve satisfactorily in the lifetime eating pattern.

DAILY EXERCISE IS IMPORTANT

Weight control studies have also shown that it may be easier to lose pounds if a regular exercise program is adopted. This need be nothing more than a daily walk. The regular exercise not only uses up calories but also seems to stimulate the person to the point of making the weight control program easier to adjust to and to accept.

Carrying excess pounds is dangerous to health as well as unpleasant. Changing one's eating and exercise habits to reduce weight is not easy to accomplish, but adopting a sensible plan of weight reduction such as we have outlined here does make the job much easier and increases the chances for success over the long-range.



american dairy association

20 N. Wacker Drive

Chicago 6, Illinois

"Voice of the Dairy Farmers in the Market Places of America"

After Hours

A Fly-by-night Trip to Morocco

by Russell Lynes



Usually when I travel any great distance to look at something that I have not seen before, I take a little trouble to find out about it, or at least I know why I'm going. Not Morocco.

My wife and I landed at the Rabat Airport on a bright morning late in April, as naïve, uninformed, and surprised as children who have been moved in the night and wake in strange beds. There was a band there to greet us (and, of course, some fifty other passengers), which consisted of a dozen or so men in fezzes and long white robes (garments that I later learned were called *djellabas*), some of them beating drums with their flickering hands, some blowing on wooden pipes, and some with cheeks like toy balloons forcing single braying notes from six-foot brass horns. We were also greeted by soldiers in white uniforms with red cartridge belts and red boots, bayonets fixed on rifles held at Present Arms. The American Ambassador and his wife were there; so was the deputy to the Ambassador, the chief of the AID mission; and so were representatives of the Moroccan government. We all drank champagne and ate olives. You would have thought we were somebody.

Well, we were. We were the first band of miscellaneous Americans ever to fly into Morocco on a plane that came directly from New York. We were the hope of tourism, the heralds of gold that would line the pockets under the *djellabas*, ambassadors from travel-hungry America, a tiny band of skeptical freeloaders who, it was hoped, might be the vanguard of a thundering herd of open-

handed tourists. Our numbers included a couple of fellows from the Civil Aeronautics Board, an Assistant Postmaster General (and his teenage daughter), a news-service reporter, a number of travel agents, some newspaper and magazine writers, a recently retired Army colonel and his wife, and airline representatives.

It wouldn't have made much difference if we had had several weeks' notice: Morocco is a singularly difficult place to find out about in advance unless one has access to a French library. There has been little of substance written about it in English. Edith Wharton's little book *In Morocco*, which came out shortly after the first world war, is still valid in most respects and is entertaining and informative. Morocco was a French colony then (and continued to be until 1956) under the governorship of General Lyautey, who was largely responsible for bringing almost as much of Morocco out of the Middle Ages into the twentieth century as has ever got here. His name is anathema in Morocco today; parks and avenues once named for him now have other names. No one mentions that it is possible to drink the water in any of the principal cities because of Lyautey's insistence on modern municipal water supplies. No one mentions that the roads and the railroads were French. No reason one would expect them to, either. These are not the things that are interesting about Morocco; they are merely the things that make it possible for the twentieth-century non-Arab to be there, to get around,

to gape at the persistence of the past, the insistence of the Middle Ages on the present, the practices of handicrafts and child labor that are preserved, one can't help thinking, because they are quaint . . . a five-year-old at a loom all day being as quaint as (if far prettier than) the rug she works on. Ah, the economic demands of tourism!

The demands of tourism pressed in upon us immediately. We moved in a phalanx. We had scarcely gulped our champagne at the airport, eaten our first lunch of kabob and chicken cooked with lemon and olives at the Hotel Tour Hassan, sipped our first native *vin rosé* (called *vin gris* or *gris de gris*—a delicious delicate wine that is so pale that it is almost gray) before we were whisked off to look at a Casbah. A Casbah, as anybody who is old enough to remember Humphrey Bogart very well knows, oozes with mysterious intrigue, veiled women, stolen passports, messages left under saucers on bars, and knockout drops slipped into drinks. There are, indeed, veiled women and hooded men (as there are everywhere in Morocco), the streets are narrow and cobbled and steep, the stucco houses turn their faces inward (there is no indication on the outside whether a house is luxurious or meager within); but the two most mysterious things I saw in the Casbah in Rabat were the brightly colored rayon socks in argyle patterns that protruded from below the hems of the men's *djellabas*, and a fine example of graffiti printed in large black ornamental letters on a white wall: "VIVE TWIST." Nobody

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in Rabat's Casbah (a word originally meaning fortress or city within the wall) looked like Peter Lorre.

Rabat is the seat of government and the home of the king, an apparently popular young man named Hassan II. The city is mostly within a ring of ancient crenelated walls as red as the earth from which their bricks and mortar were made, pierced occasionally by splendidly decorated horseshoe arches, and tufted frequently with bursts of green and intense (and finally tiresome) purple bougainvillaea. The city, towered over by the ruins of an ancient mosque—the tower of Hassan, which for all its crumbling loftiness has an architectural grandeur rare in Morocco—looks down upon a wide river, the Bou Regreg.

One grabs at snatches of information. The Medersa of the Oudaiyas, which is within the walls of the Rabat Casbah, was once a college and is now a museum with lovely terraced gardens in which all at the same moment in the spring bloom daisies and petunias, sweet peas and poinsettias, orange trees, the trumpet-like flowers of the pomegranate vine, pansies, geraniums, and roses.

In the evening we were given a feast there in the cloistered courtyard of the museum. All of the people who met us at the airport seemed to be there (except the soldiers and the band) and a few extra dignitaries, including His Excellency, le Ministre de Tourisme in a white *djellaba* and a gray cap, a darting-dragonfly sort of man, and his very opposite, the Moroccan Ambassador to the United States, Ali Bengelloun, humorous, friendly, and willing to put up with my bad French when his better English failed him, as it occasionally did. We ate our way down a counter of kabob, chicken with olives, roast lamb, couscous—the standard ceremonial meal. That first evening we ate with forks; we were soon taught better manners, and learned to eat with the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand. (I met a left-handed American in Fez who said he's had a frightful time learning to eat with his right hand.)

That evening was also our first exposure to "folkloric" music called Andalusian, a mixture of ancient Spanish and ancient North African, singularly monotonous at first, but

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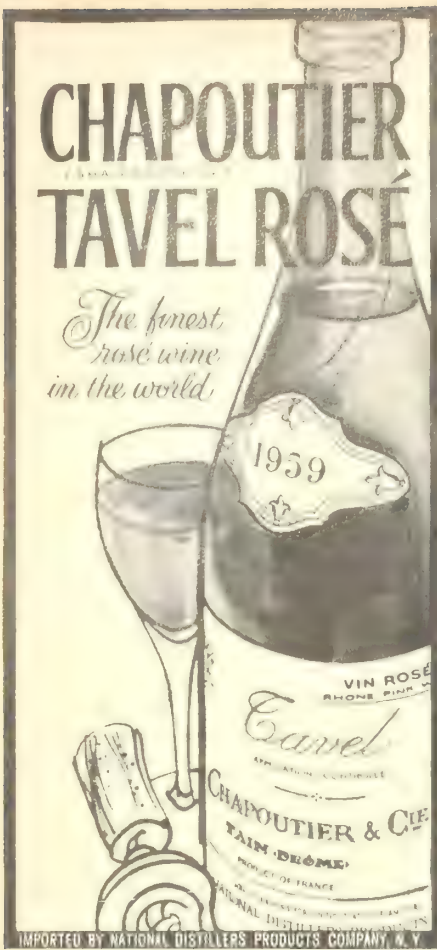
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singularly intricate and subtle on third or fourth exposure. The musicians in white *djellabas* and *fezzes* sit cross-legged on cushions in a neat semicircle and seem to pay absolutely no attention to one another. At first this inattention appears to be musical as well as personal.

On a guided tour everything seems to be like the Moroccan music, all on one note, one intensity, one key. On such a trip you do everything; you sacrifice nothing for anything else, for everything is given the same importance by the people who plan it. You snatch at a tourist sight and without pause or reflection, you're off to grab the next one.

For the most part, we traveled in a fire-red, split-level bus with driver and copilot and a guide to expound the monuments and the landscape. We could not have got along without the copilot, whose principal work was on foot; he was an absolutely necessary member of the crew when it came to backing and filling to navigate the horseshoe arches and narrow streets of Moroccan cities.

I had the feeling that somebody always knew precisely where I was even when I didn't. It was both comforting and unnerving; it was like being back in grammar school.

The highway from Rabat to Fez goes east across flat country at first, cutting through forests of cork trees whose stripped trunks look like the legs of women in black stockings, and through orange groves protected from the winds by tall fences of cypress trees. Then as the country begins to roll, vineyards spread over it, occasional and small at first and finally vast acreages disappearing in mathematical rows into the distance, an almost chemical green against a milky sky. (The only piece of modern farm equipment, a tractor, that I saw in Morocco was in a vineyard. Morocco exports millions of gallons of wine each year to France, much of it, I was told, to be mixed with French wines and sold as French. The *vin gris* that we so enjoyed comes from vineyards further south and west in country that lies between Casablanca and Marrakech along the banks of the Oum er Rebja River. The best of it is called Boulaouane. Moroccan red wines are heavy and

the ones I encountered not as good as the California reds. The best white is a dry Valpierre, but not, I thought, worth bothering with if the *gris* were available.)

Along the roadsides on the way to Fez, wild flowers and especially poppies, of which there are not just clusters but meadows, look richer than English herbaceous borders. One winds through the lower edges of the Middle Atlas Mountains in a landscape that seems to come and go, now plains, now mountains in the distance; and then rather suddenly there is Fez, a pair of hill cities, for Fez is two cities, not one. There is an ancient city and a modern city, and the French were smart enough to build the modern city completely apart from the old one where the Middle Ages still exist.

Fez, like many cities everywhere, looks better from above than at eye level. The French knew this for they built the new city on a hill to look down on the old one and a splendid tea garden high above the old city near the ruins of an ancient watchtower and the crumbling tombs of sultans. The old city is the color of oyster shells, a white that turns all kinds of gray from pearl to soot, and is enclosed within a wall of the same color. The old city is known as the Medina (which is the North African term for "native quarter"), and within its walls live the extremely prosperous and the desolate, and only a practiced eye can tell behind what walls live which.

Our bright-red bus deposited us at one of the many gates of the Medina, and we were told that it would pick us up at another gate two hours later. My feet ached at the thought. Who but a woman could spend two hours wandering aimlessly in shops? But one's choices had been made in advance in a distant tourist bureau. Two hours was not, we learned, too much but far too little for the Medina of Fez, the curious quality of which I cannot define. It seethes and bubbles, but what real city doesn't? It clangs and clatters and hollers, but the clanging is of hammers on red-hot metal, the clatter of burros' hooves on cobbles; the hollerers are vendors and children and men praying. At first it smells strangely until one discovers the sources of the

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smells—baskets of fresh mint, the shavings of cedarwood, sandalwood incense, lamb sizzling on skewers over bowls of charcoal, fish frying.

The Medina is built on the side of a hill, and one starts at the top and walks down through streets so narrow that buildings occasionally almost touch overhead, and the streets are frequently shaded by slats laid from the roof of one building to another to make a flickering light below. The Medina is residential, commercial, intellectual, religious; it is supermarket, cattle market, honky-tonk—elegant and junky. Its shops are frequently six feet wide and six deep and in them goods are not only sold but made in ancient manners. A man sits huddled among pots delicately ornamenting them with paint into which he dips the tips of his fingers. Two ten-year-old boys swing hammers against a red-hot blade held on an anvil by one man while another man works the bellows with his feet. Another man holds a knife against a block of wood which he spins with a sort of bow which is moved by one foot. It takes him twenty-two seconds to make an ornamental spindle without benefit of lathe. Next to shops filled with cheap calico and pink and green and blue plastic sandals (most children wore such shoes who had any at all), were shops filled with rich silks and woolsens; next to the most touristy brass trays were men scraping and polishing the sturdiest but most gracefully shaped copper pots with steel handles . . . possibly for the restaurants of Paris.

We had a police escort through the Medina, the equivalent of motorcycle cops and equally picturesque. Our escorts were of two sorts: ahead of us walked a tall bearded man who wore a white cape over a white *djel-laba*. On his head was a fez, around which was wrapped a pure-white cloth, above and below which showed a blood-red strip of felt. In his left hand he carried a tall wooden staff topped with brass like a gigantic opera stick. Three such robed figures, members of the local constabulary, herded us. They worked ahead and around us like sheep dogs around a flock. They did not hurry us, but neither did they let us out of their sight. They waved men with burros (often carrying a sheep in a basket on either flank) into side alleys to



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let us pass (or they got us to one side); they nudged aside curious children who stood in our path and stared. From their uniforms, the other part of our escort seemed to be military, but they were, I believe, provincial (like our "state") cops.

A number of children followed our progress through the steep and winding streets from our entrance to our exit, cheerful, giggly, unobtrusive, the straps of their plastic sandals flapping, all too often their eyes cloudy or puffed with disease. Like kids in New York they play in the streets; they get knocked down, the little ones, by the baskets hanging from the flanks of burros and get up and shake their little fists; they get cuffed out of the way by men carrying great burdens on their heads. They sweep the narrow streets with their feet, pushing aside into little piles the bits of grass and mint and vegetables and papers that have been dropped by grass sellers (to feed the animals in the market), by the vendors of mint (the mint seller squatting on the cobbles is the lowliest of Fez merchants), and by the shoppers.

Every Moroccan city has its *souks* (or markets). In Marrakech they are somewhat richer than in Fez, somewhat gaudier, and somewhat more varied. They are the color photographer's dream of brilliance and exoticism. They are the bargainer's paradise, the souvenir hunter's nirvana. In Fez we were cautioned, "Wait till you get to Marrakech." In Marrakech we were told, "You'll do better in Casa." (Casablanca is referred to as just Casa.) There is always somebody to offer such advice. (Better advice is to buy it when you see it if you like it; you probably will not see it again and if you do the price will not be much different.)

There are no roadside advertising signs in Morocco. The landscape looks almost conspicuously nude as a consequence. There isn't, obviously, much point in expensive billboards when about 90 per cent of the population can't read (the "official" literacy rate is 15 per cent), and there are very few (in comparison with America or Europe) car owners. Who would think of advertising a cigarette to a man who rides a camel?

Tourists, especially when they run in packs as we did, are likely to think

that "tourist sights" belong to them and not to the people who live with them every day. "Le tourisme," as an industry, is so highly organized that unless one is careful one feels as though the natives must go home at night, put their trained snakes away, take off their costumes, and slip into a pair of shorts and some sneakers and have a bourbon on the rocks. In Marrakech in a wide plaza of hard earth I saw a large circle of standing men and children and went to see what they were looking at. In the center of the ring was a snake charmer with three hooded cobras. My immediate reaction was, "Do the natives bother to look at such things?" A few minutes later I saw a blind storyteller telling a tale and beating occasionally on what looked like a rectangular tambourine. One small boy was listening to his story. A few yards away was a man squatting on the ground with the mangy, eyeless head of a ram in front of him and little piles of herbs set about on squares of paper. He was a seller of potions and charms; he had a better audience than the storyteller but was no competition for the snakes. It took an effort of the imagination to remember that all three shows had not been put there by His Excellency, le Ministre de Tourisme.

In Casablanca we had been shopping, all of us, in the Casbah, and had got back into our big red bus and were being shown the town. Our guide, whose Arabic was better (I assume) than his French, which in turn was better than his English, said as we came into what looked slightly more suburban than the old part of the city, "We are now entering the medium-class Jewish section."

This suggested a whole new method of social stratification . . . not Upper Class, Upper-middle Class, Middle Class, and Lower Class, but Rare, Medium-rare, Medium, and Well-done. In a way it fit what fleeting look at Moroccans I had had. . . . Rare is the coterie that surrounds the King, his ministers, his relatives, ambassadors, and the heirs and distant progeny of the almost forgotten sultans. Medium-rare is the entrepreneurs, the promoters, the speculators, the prosperous merchants, the better-heeled bureaucrats. Just Medium, the purveyors of tourist goods, the

small shopkeepers, the chefs in great restaurants. (I think we ate in only great restaurants; how can one tell when every meal is a carefully planned tourist sensation?) Well done is everybody else from mint seller, to folkloric musician, to waiter, to herdsman carrying a staff in a field of poppies, to camel driver to that most constant of Moroccan marvels, the bearded, black-eyed man sitting, his hood pulled over his head, his knees drawn up and his arms clasped about them, just sitting alone by the side of the road as though he never expected to move again.

Whether it was by plan or accident we were in Rabat at the moment of the feast of Aid El Kebir, a national religious holiday which engages all Moroccans in the slaughter of a sheep. We witnessed it at its most gorgeous in the courtyard of the King's palace. It is the custom that the King shall slaughter a ram (ceremonially, that is—the job is actually done by a professional butcher) in a mosque; that the ram then shall be transported to another mosque, to which it must be delivered between the time its throat is cut and its heart stops beating. There was a time when the ram was transported by the swiftest Arab horses. We saw it whipped past in the rear seat of a Jeep. Several minutes later came the King's guard, some afoot, some mounted in splendid red uniforms with the traditional pleated baggy trousers and short jackets of spahis. We watched the young King swathed, no other word says it, in white, upon a white horse and followed by men carrying a parasol, ceremonial rather than useful. Behind them was a red-and-gold kingly coach.

Not only the King slaughtered a sheep. As we drove back to Casa after the ceremony along the road by the sea, there were picnickers roasting mutton on fires of charcoal and boys hammering the horns off rams' heads with wooden mallets. Every Moroccan family that could afford a sheep had slaughtered one; it was Thanksgiving turkey but in the tradition of Abraham. Puritanism had nothing to do with this feast. Neither did tourism.

The only tourists we are used to in America are other Americans; we

AFTER HOURS

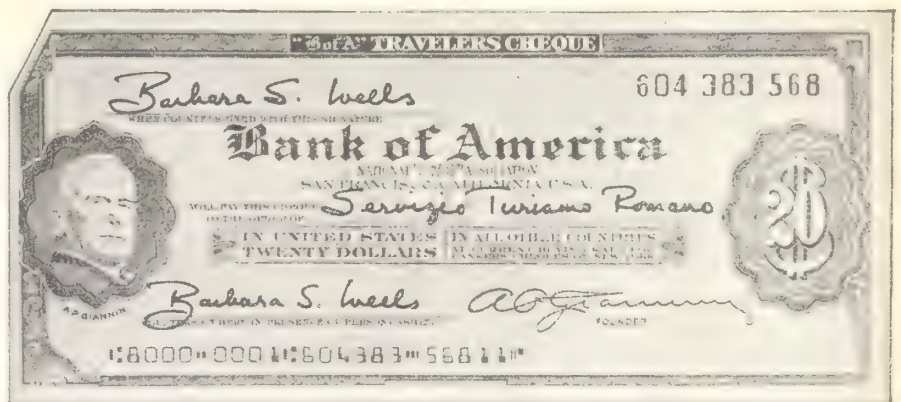
are certainly not in the least used to Moroccans, for example, peering at Independence Hall in Philadelphia, or gazing at the almost perpetual rainbow in the mists of Niagara Falls. We are not used to seeing Moroccan men wearing little, narrow-brimmed hats of yellow-and-red woven plastic or straw hats, bought on Broadway, with beer can openers attached to their crowns and signs on the front saying: "I Am an Alcoholic. In Case of Emergency, Buy Me a Beer." We are used to seeing Americans in Tyrolean hats in the Tyrol, in berets in France, in sombreros in Mexico. In Morocco every third member of our caravan bought himself a fez or a little felt cap or a woven blue-and-white or red-and-white skullcap; some bought all three. They wore them, of course, on the bus and in the streets. No one paid any attention to them. We are not, however, used to seeing tourists from exotic countries behave in our country as though it were quaint.

Such, however, was the termination of my experience with Moroccans and tourism. About two weeks after we had got back from Rabat (nine hours to New York including a one-hour stopover at Lisbon), a plane-load of visitors from Morocco, roughly equivalent to their American visitors, arrived at Idlewild Airport, and were given the quick touristic treatment, not as we were, by the government, but by the airline. I caught up with them in Washington, first at a party at the Moroccan Embassy, then the next day at a lunch at a beautiful and luxurious house in McLean, Virginia, that looked down through tulip trees and wild roses to the Potomac. They arrived in buses for this "picnic" in a "typical American home" (*sic*) precisely at one and were whisked away precisely at three. A number of the men arrived in funny hats, wore them through lunch, and departed in them.

The next day my wife and I flew with them to Niagara Falls. We lunched in a restaurant on top of a tower overlooking the Canadian falls; then we were driven to the parapet above the mists. The Moroccans glanced at the falls, dove for the souvenir shops, and emerged beaming a few minutes later with a whole new collection of hats. That night they left for home. So did we.



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Harper's

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How to Read the Financial Pages Without Going Broke

By Peter Bart

Unless you watch them with a skeptical and sophisticated eye, you may get bogged in a morass of press-agent puffery and booby traps for unwary investors.

My first instructive glimpse into the strange trade of financial journalism occurred soon after I joined the reporting staff of the august *Wall Street Journal*.

That was back in 1955. I had just completed college, and I was flattered, on only my second day at work, to be assigned to cover an electronics press conference at the elegant St. Regis Hotel. The conference—like many others I was destined to attend—turned out to have no merit from a news standpoint. A cocktail hour was followed by a sumptuous lunch and, while the digestive juices

were further stimulated by excellent brandy, “press kits” were distributed.

A jovial press agent then introduced the president of the company that had financed this Lucullan, if irrelevant, noontime diversion. For twenty minutes he discussed a new electronic device that would, at best, rate a paragraph in the technical trade journals. A reporter for one of the news weeklies was sitting next to me. He seemed as bored as I, and I whispered to him that this was surely a waste of time.

“We’ll give it a full column next week,” he replied glumly. “My boss has a piece of the company.”

As a newly minted B.A., I was irked by this remark. Surely, I thought, this was a curious way to evaluate the importance of news. I was soon to find out that many financial editors disagreed with me.

By tradition, financial and business news has

been a journalistic afterthought—something editors stuffed into their back pages amid the public notices and help-wanted ads. Indeed when Adolph Ochs first introduced a weekly *New York Times* financial review in 1897, his competitors said the newly installed publisher was simply making his funereal daily even duller.

These jibes backfired, however, when the financial columns brought in acres of financial advertising and helped build the *Times*' reputation as the paper for "men of substance."

Eventually financial sections became mandatory for all newspapers (even the blatantly blue-collar *New York Post* recently started one). But for a reporter the financial section remained an assignment without honor. In fact, it stigmatized him among fellow newsmen as a has-been or never-was. Financial news departments became a catch-all for the drunks and drifters—and there were always plenty of those on the big-city dailies.

Today things have improved to a degree. On the New York morning newspapers and the *Wall Street Journal*, a sprinkling of enthusiastic young journalists make financial news their specialty. The *Times*, in particular, has buoyed up its staff by adding such excellent financial reporters as Vartanig Vartan, John Lee, Clyde Farnsworth, John Allan, and several others. The *Wall Street Journal's* Ed Cony and David Jones are also financial reporters of noteworthy ability and zeal.

But the eager beavers are still in a minority on most papers. As of old, financial journalism is generally scorned by most newsmen, and the editorial product reflects their disdain.

Bread and Butter Puffs

A scathing critique of financial reporting came recently from an unexpected source—the Securities and Exchange Commission. In a lengthy report* the SEC chronicled in grim detail some hard facts which many editors would rather forget. Among them were these:

- Financial sections often fail to distill truthful and important news from the dishonest and trivial; as a result, the financial press has been used over and over again by stock touts and manipulators to mislead the investing public.

- Financial reporters and editors in many cases

*"The Report of Special Study of the Securities Markets" (Parts I and III) was transmitted to Congress, April 3, 1963, by SEC Chairman William L. Cary. Available from Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. A summary appeared in the *New York Times*, April 4, 1963.

have held stock in companies about which they have written, or have accepted gifts, junkets, and other favors from these companies.

- A close-knit camaraderie has developed between the financial press and financial public-relations men—a camaraderie that works to the disadvantage of the ordinary newspaper reader.

The SEC report named names and cited facts that stirred up considerable comment in financial circles. But it came as no surprise. The failings of the financial press have always been plainly visible to the sophisticated Wall Streeter. Alas, however, the general reader does not have an equally sensitive nose for the planted puff piece or the payoff for a pleasant junket.

The know-how of insiders has long been the editors' excuse for the sorry state of financial news. It has a narrowly circumscribed audience, they argue, and the pros don't really pay attention to anything but the stock tables. What's wrong then with publishing a few rewritten releases to oblige a PR friend or to massage the ego of an important advertiser?

The flaw in this reasoning is that this narrow audience has expanded immensely. For everybody—or nearly everybody—has started reading the financial pages. How greatly the audience has expanded was made clear in a study published recently in *Editor and Publisher*: about half of all male and a quarter of all female newspaper readers take at least a look at the business and financial pages. And many read them thoroughly. The increased appetite for financial news has also spurred the circulation of magazines like *Forbes*, *Barron's*, and *Business Week*. *Newsweek* and *Time* have expanded their business sections and the latter now has separate domestic and international business sections.

This growing audience, of course, reflects the dramatic transformation of the stock market into a mass market. Seventeen million Americans now own stocks—twice as many as in the 1950s. (The figure may rise to thirty million in the next five years.) These new shareholders don't take their capitalistic roles lightly; some 600,000 of them belong to about 40,000 investment clubs across the nation. Many of these novices rely on brokers for information; others on dubious tipsters and touts. A large number depend on the press.

As a result, today's financial reporter has a special responsibility. A lackadaisical sports-writer hurts only his own reputation. But the financial reporter who prints a payoff item can cheat the proverbial widows and orphans out of their savings.

For, unhappily, many readers believe what they

read. Thus, for example, in May 1961, when an obscure company called Guardian Chemical, Inc. suddenly announced a "breakthrough" in the chemical treatment of cancer—an announcement dutifully recorded in the papers—its stock spurted from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $14\frac{3}{4}$ by June. A month later it was back where it started. Similarly, when another obscure company, the Chemtree Corporation, released, and the papers obediently published, the "news" that it had developed a new shielding material against fallout radiation, the stock soared from less than 1 to $9\frac{1}{2}$. Shortly afterward it was back at 1.

Public-relations men have learned to time such "hot news" releases to spark investor enthusiasm. The SEC has reported a further instance—the case of the BarChris Corporation, a small company with interests in the fast-growing bowling industry. A steady stream of releases flowed from BarChris and its public-relations firm, Samuel Weiss and Associates, in late 1960. These and the news stories they generated heralded the construction of bowling centers in London, Rome, and other European cities and a new BarChris manufacturing plant to be built on Long Island. The stock rose from 6 to 28. But, according to the SEC, no bowling centers were built anywhere in Europe though a lease for one was signed in Rome. Similarly, the company predicted earnings of \$1.2 million on sales of \$15 million for 1961. But when audited reports came in, BarChris' net was \$51,000 (including a non-recurring gain of \$206,000) on sales of \$5 million. In November 1961, BarChris filed a petition for reorganization under the bankruptcy law.

Why do newspapers publish such fanciful reports? Naiveté can sometimes be blamed. Such was the case when in 1958 a friend of Louis Wolfson "leaked" to the press the breathless news that the financier was liquidating his holdings of 400,000 shares in American Motors Corporation. Since Wolfson controlled 7 per cent of the company's common stock, the published reports caused quite a flurry.

The stories, however, were not correct. According to the SEC, Mr. Wolfson had already sold his stock and had acquired a short position of 172,000 shares (i.e., he was gambling on the expectation that the price would drop). With the help of the

press the price did in fact go down and Wolfson made a tidy profit, the SEC reported.

Sometimes financial reporters are not so much naïve as beholden. An amiable story is a graceful bread-and-butter note for an expense-paid junket. Such seems the likeliest explanation for the astonishingly beneficent press treatment afforded over the years to General Development Corporation, a lavish host to reporters at its Florida properties. In an effort to halt this kind of reciprocity, the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times* now insist on footing the bill if their reporters go on junkets. But most publishers are less fastidious.

Payoffs and Parakeets

Upon occasion it has turned out that an editor or reporter has a stake in the company whose activities are publicized. This is not a common situation since most financial reporters have no speculative capital. But during the 1961-62 boom some Wall Street operators encouraged favorable stories about companies floating new stock issues, by making some of the "hot" shares available to reporters. Few newspapers or magazines have set policies about this kind of conflict of interest and even where such rules exist they are seldom enforced. As a result, editors have been known to use their privileged position to considerable personal advantage.

The SEC found that one such was Joseph Purtell, long-time business and financial news editor of *Time Magazine*. According to the SEC, Purtell from 1957 to 1961 acquired stock in sixty-four companies of which twenty-seven were written up in *Time*. Investing about \$20,000 each time, Purtell generally bought the stock just before the article about the company appeared, and sold it soon afterward. He made a "considerable profit."

At one time, the SEC reported, Purtell became interested in Technical Animations, Inc., a company which had never shown a profit. Purtell and his broker paid \$6 to \$7 a share for a considerable block of Technical Animations stock. He then assigned a reporter to write up the company. Rumors of an impending *Time* story sent the stock to $9\frac{1}{4}$, and the appearance of the article itself on April 28, 1961, pushed it up to $15\frac{1}{8}$. Purtell and his friends meanwhile were selling and realizing a neat profit. Six months later the price was hovering below 2.

The SEC sent out questionnaires to other purchasers of the stock and concluded: "It is clear that the *Time* article was the principal cause for

Peter Bart, who wrote the article, "Warning to Wall Street Amateurs," in the July 1961 "Harper's," has worked as a reporter on major newspapers in Chicago and New York. He graduated from Swarthmore and attended the London School of Economics.

the rise in the price of this stock." Purtell eventually was dismissed from his *Time* job, though his employers insist it was for other reasons.

While Purtell himself appears to have taken the initiative in many situations, in most cases "planted" stories are conceived and engineered through the good offices of PR men. A relative rarity before World War II, public-relations firms have proliferated to a remarkable degree. More than six hundred of them specialize in financial publicity, according to one directory listing. The PR men are not subtle. Many are former newsmen who have old friends on the papers. Most of them cultivate financial reporters as a gardener pampers sickly petunias. They provide extravagant lunches—liquid and otherwise; they finance nights on the town and even sponsor an occasional trip to Florida during a frosty February. In return, as a token of friendship, the PR man expects decent "play" on stories involving his clients.

It is almost impossible to keep a persistent press agent out of the paper. I failed in one such attempt in 1960. A now-defunct PR firm called Tex McCrary, Inc. was strenuously promoting—among other clients—an obscure company called Struthers Wells Corporation.

Since I was covering the chemicals field at the time, a McCrary PR man (who has since joined the staff of a New York paper) went to work on me. The story he wanted written concerned Struthers Wells's "revolutionary" method of desalting water. Upon investigating, I found that his client was simply one of many companies then

experimenting with a desalinization process. I did a story on the subject, but mentioned by name only the companies that were actually building desalting plants. Struthers Wells was not one of them.

The McCrary man informed me that he did not appreciate my cold shoulder. And ten days later a full-blown Struthers Wells story appeared—by a different reporter. It heralded the company's "dramatic" desalting technique. (Now, three years later, the company is building its first desalting plant.)

The zeal of PR men is often rewarded by more than fees. Jerry Finkelstein, president of McCrary, later became chairman of Struthers Wells and had a substantial stock interest in the company. According to the SEC he also made a substantial profit in the stock of another client, General Development Corporation. And in the case of still another, Universal Controls, Inc., he sold for \$2.6 million a block of stock for which he had paid \$500,000.

Although last year's stock-market decline curtailed the frenzied activities of the PR men, they are making a strong comeback. At most papers (the *New York Times* is one of the few exceptions), they have the run of the newsroom and make full use of it. Where they don't have free access, PR firms may put staff members (usually news clerks or assistants) on retainers to hand-deliver releases inside the newsroom with the customary plea for "good play." Their releases usually get generous treatment. If they don't, the sender takes remedial action. One PR

man, who had not had particularly happy results with me, took to enclosing box-seat tickets to Yankee games with his releases. When I returned them, he called the following day and said, "You must be some kind of intellectual." With his next release the messenger bore a different sort of gift—a parakeet in a handsome cage. (It also was returned.)

Along with the PR man, the advertisers play a key role in "engineering" the news for the benefit of clients. If, for example, an earnings report is less than favorable, many a big advertiser will call the local financial editor and urge him to play it down. This kind of pressure is seldom effective in New York, where no one advertiser wields overwhelming economic



"Really now, Ada! As Harry Truman once said, if you can't stand the heat stay out of the kitchen!"

power; but in other places it can be potent.

Indeed, many newspapers foster it by allowing a staff member to wear two hats, one as a reporter and the other as an advertising salesman. Thus in the morning the "reporter" writes stories about travel, automobiles, or whatever industry he may cover. In the afternoon he goes to the same sources to sell advertising space.

Though it is often assumed that the two-hat system prevails only on trade magazines or small-town newspapers, it also flourishes on many big-city papers, particularly in the Hearst chain. At least ten major metropolitan dailies actually list the same men as automobile and travel reporters in the trade editorial directories and as advertising salesmen in the trade advertising directories. Such dual functions are an open invitation to every major advertiser to throw his weight around. And the invitation is readily accepted.

An Ounce of Skepticism

Clearly, this sorry picture is not going to change unless the magazines and newspapers take action themselves. Certainly the PR men are not going to build an effective self-regulatory code nor are advertisers likely to exercise self-restraint in tampering with the news pages.

People are, of course, at the heart of the problem. If we are to have better reporting, newspapers must assign their top talent, not their castaways, to the business and financial pages. They must pay them as well as they do their top writers. They must give financial reporters the same kind of recognition afforded to staff members in the "glamorous" departments for a job well done.

On the negative side, newspaper and magazine editors must deal sternly with reporters who do favors for friends and help plant dishonest stories. They must also bar junkets for reporters and for financial editors. And they must find a way to keep the PR men out of the newsroom. One financial reporter working on a critical story about Howard Hughes not long ago suddenly found a Hughes PR man (from Carl Byoir and Associates, Inc.) staring over his shoulder and suggesting changes. When the suggestions were turned down, he marched up to the financial editor to argue his point.

The PR men argue that they are a great help to the financial press, that without their aid financial news sections could never have achieved such broad scope. There is a fragment of truth here. Canned features and packaged puff pieces do oc-

asionally contain valid news. But as newsmen have grown to rely more and more on this pre-digested copy, financial reporters have become lazy. Instead of using his legs and his brains, a man can concoct a story simply by calling a friendly flack and telling him about his problem. The item is readily supplied. But it is puffery, not news.

What is needed is a new breed of financial editor—one who can instill an enterprising spirit into his staff and build esprit de corps. Reporting, after all, can be a highly engaging and adventurous trade for a reporter, whether his beat is Wall Street, City Hall, or Washington.

There is, of course, no way to legislate better financial journalism. But abuses among PR men and their clients can be curbed. The stock exchanges should tighten standards for public-relations practices; they should require not only full but accurate disclosure of facts with severe penalties for offenders.

In addition, anti-fraud legislation should be broadened to prevent companies from issuing false and misleading statements. In its report the SEC recommended that both criminal and civil sanctions be imposed on companies misusing PR. Moreover, PR men should be compelled to reveal their holdings in client companies. It would be useful for reporters and the public alike to know how the PR man is being paid and whether he is scheduling his releases to improve his personal portfolio.

Such safeguards would help. But, meanwhile, the ordinary investor would do well to read financial stories with the wary eye of the insider. Here are some basic rules to bear in mind:

(1) If there is a sudden flurry of stories praising a hitherto-unknown company, ask your broker to make a thorough investigation before taking a plunge.

(2) During the winter—particularly cold winters—look skeptically at articles about companies with extensive holdings in Florida, California, Las Vegas, or similar sunny resorts. Chances are a junket inspired this journalistic outburst.

(3) Be particularly wary of companies in industries that are enjoying a Wall Street fad—as was the case with the bowling and aerospace industries.

And at all times bear in mind that the financial press, as now constituted, is at best an erratic source for investment leads. No one should take a flyer on the basis of a news story. It is even less reliable than a casual tip from a friend.

No successful speculator was ever heard to say, "All I know is what I read in the papers."



The Ice Tiger

by

Mary Jean Kempner

Nomadic, inconsistent, and aloof as their aristocratic Roman nose suggests, the great white bears of the Arctic dominate the world of ice floes. Even in this time of expertise, few people try to be definitive about polar bears, enigmatic animals who seem to defy analysis. Eskimos, who for reasons of familiarity can afford a point of view, take a charming anthropomorphic attitude. They believe the bears talk—Eskimo, of course—and the fact that humans rarely hear them merely proves these erratic animals don't choose to communicate with certain people at certain times.

Or so I was told, a couple of summers ago, on Baffin Island in the eastern Canadian Arctic, where the *banana belt* is the catchall pseudonym for the mainland of Canada and the United States, and the white bears are regarded with respect and fascination. Equally accepted in those parts is the notion that these bears sometimes live in *sami* houses just like people (*igloo* is the generic Eskimo word for all kinds of housing, except tents).

And just like people, the bears observe the proprieties by removing their "skins" before going indoors, leaving them neatly stacked on a ledge outside to freeze up—the Arctic approximation of drying out.

One of the few things everyone agrees on is that these hulking bears are possessed of infinite subtlety, guile, and just plain gamesmanship. In stalking seals, for instance, they sometimes camouflage their glistening black snout and nostrils with a white-gloved paw. Bears kill solely for food, unlike some animals such as wolverines which often kill for pleasure. Man, who is the bears' major predator, kills for food, too, but unfortunately he also kills just for kicks.

Trophy Hunting

Hunting polar bears by airplane in the limbo of international waters off the coast of Canada is civilized man's latest gambit to prove his manhood. Today, a tycoon can fly by jet from New

York to Anchorage, take a short hop to Kotzebue, spend the night in a hotel, kill a bear the next day, and be back at his desk all in the course of a long weekend. Promoted as "trophy hunting" by Alaska's Tourist Bureau—and as sporting as shooting fish in a barrel—a kill is practically assured for a not inconsequential price tag which includes \$150 for a bear license plus the cost of one, or preferably two, radio-equipped planes staffed by experienced personnel.

When hunting in pairs the planes keep sight contact with each other; one of them assigned to stand-by duty while the other lands and takes off. Once bear tracks are spotted, it's up to the guide to appraise the animal's size. If it is considered of trophy value, the planes follow the trail until the customer actually sees the quarry and passes judgment. When he approves and if ice conditions permit, the sportsman's plane lands. If not, both planes proceed to herd the bear onto ice suitable to aircraft. Chances are the great white hunter now can jump out of the cockpit and make a quick kill. Of course, if he's a dubious shot it's a simple matter for the second plane to drive the bemused bear into the gun sights.

These planes hunt anywhere from 10 to 150 miles out into the Arctic Ocean or, more especially, the Bering Sea, always beyond the three-mile American territorial limit, even across the international dateline. Some hunters like a spicy note for their postcards such as "Killed bear today, brought in yesterday". Naturally, such distances require speed, efficiency, and most important of all a minimum of six hours' daylight. The round trip takes no less than three hours and what's left must be sufficient to hunt, make a kill, skin the beast, and become airborne. No one bothers with the bear meat, which is left as carrion.

An Eskimo newsman, Guy Okakok, correspondent at Fort Barrow for the Fairbanks *Daily Miner*, reports, "Hunters . . . caught thirteen polar bear. But hunters don't think to bring in any meat. . . . [Eskimos] never waste, could use meat, eat feet and all except liver." (One primer lesson in Arctic survival is never to eat bear liver, which—because of its abnormally high concentration of Vitamin A—causes hyper-

vitaminosis, with symptoms in humans of headache, nausea, and peeling of the skin; and in dogs, probably headache, certainly nausea and loss of hair.) Canadian records, documented by the impeccable Canadian Wildlife Service's A. G. Loughrey and C. R. Harrington, show that 55 per cent of the bear meat is eaten by men in the Canadian Arctic, while the rest is fed to the dogs. Bear, which is quite delicious when roasted, tastes like gamy pork or boar, but it must be thoroughly cooked, as the bears, like domestic hogs, curiously enough often have trichinosis.

Trophy hunts account for more than 75 per cent of the Alaskan kill; according to the Alaska Conservation Society's latest available report, "Native hunters attribute the decline in polar bear to the increased activity of nonresident sportsmen searching out bear in aircraft." Alaska apparently doesn't care to initiate regulations similar to those in the Canadian Arctic, which forbid all trophy hunting and allow only Eskimos and Indians to shoot polar bears.

Norway, the only other country which encourages trophy hunting, also uses its National Tourist Service as its official shill. There hunters are licensed for two bears and shoot from the security of the deck of a diesel-powered ship which maneuvers between the pack-ice and the bears. According to an associate professor of Animal Behavior at Pennsylvania State University, who was studying polar bears from a research-financed ship and happened to observe one such hunt, "Again and again, the brave hunters could have saved their bullets and just clubbed the swimming bear."

The Bear Spirit

From the Eskimo point of view, killing bears is justifiable, as men must eat; but all living things have spirits and these must not be antagonized. The awesome bear spirit, *Namulyuk*, sometimes rises to peaks of magnanimity even in acts of reprisal. Less than two years ago on Badlin Island, everyone spoke to me of a man's sudden death and the mysteries enveloping it. Niviaksiak, a thirty-five-year-old Eskimo intellectual (who could barely read or write) and the greatest sculptor of the Canadian Arctic, became obsessed with bears. He carved bears in green jadeite and limestone, he incised bears on skins and stone blocks, all from memory because it had been a long time since he had seen one. Wise men in the community worried, for it's well-known that harm comes from probing too deeply or too long.

Then, about a year after Niviaksiak became addicted to bears, when he and the other men came

Texas-born Mary Jean Kempner, now living in Manhattan, travels, she says, "compulsively, to the Far East, Europe, the Near East, and the Arctic." She is a former feature editor for "Vogue" and she reported on famine in India for NEA. She has raised champion Norwich terriers and is a confirmed needlepointist.

out of their snow-houses one morning, they found their kayaks clawed to ribbons by a bear hungering for seal blood left in the bilge from the previous day's hunting. Niviaksiak was determined to overtake the bear and he chose a sixteen-year-old boy to go with him. Together they tracked pad-prints twelve inches long until they spotted a huge bear in the distance, half-swimming, half-running over precariously thin ice. (Although average adult bears weigh well over a thousand pounds, they can travel on ice too thin to sustain a man. Eskimos described this to me as "something men cannot do because men cannot walk on water." This skill stems from a seemingly elasticized leg spread which affords maximum weight distribution, and a consistent, torque-like forward motion—engineered probably by supreme self-confidence. Also, bears don't mind falling into the icy water.)

Finally the bear made his "stand" on an icy knoll, his sinuous body shifting its weight impatiently, his long neck weaving inquiry in cobra fashion, his fur up-ended as though electrically wired, his dark, close-set eyes wary. Niviaksiak, filled with awe and determined to kill respectfully with a single bullet in the brain, moved in until less than thirty feet separated him from the magnificent creature. He raised his high-powered rifle, lined up the sights. Instead of a shot, the boy heard him whisper, "It's getting dark, I'm falling."

Sensing that his companion was dead but steadied by Eskimo survival disciplines, the boy felt for the nonexistent heartbeat, then fled. When he told his story back at camp, the men asked, "What did the bear say?" and seemed puzzled when he told them the bear hadn't spoken. Immediately they set out to rescue what remained of the mauled and undoubtedly half-eaten body. But when they reached the place where Niviaksiak died, they found him lying as he had fallen, unscathed. "And from the height where the bear took his stand, no tracks went away. . . . Who was that bear?"

Dutifully they built a cairn to protect the body from marauding animals and set off to notify Canadian authorities: the sudden death of a man of Niviaksiak's stature coupled with its inexplicable circumstances, required official investigation. A Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman and James Houston, an experienced arcticologist, then area administrator for this desolate 60,000 square miles, went out to recheck the incredible tale, both of them fearful that they might find the boy had panicked and accidentally shot his companion. Says Houston, flatly, "The body showed not the

smallest sign of violence . . . and yet that bear was hungry enough to rip up kayaks for a taste of seal blood. . . . Indeed, *who* was that bear?"

Aloof by Preference

Although polar bears are officially classified as genus *Ursus Maritimus*, or sea-bear, little is known of their ecology because of their unpredictable behavior, inaccessibility, and disdain for each other's company. (There's no such thing as a pack of polar bears.) Such facts as we have, come filtered through Eskimos' lore into scientific jargon. Although listed in zoology's Almanach de Gotha as land mammals, these bears belong to the sea, if not on it, then in it, or close to it. Labeled as carnivores, when on short rations they turn omnivorous. The vast circumpolar regions of the world form their undisputed kingdom. According to the best-educated guesses of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service the polar bears' total population might run around 18,000, scattered throughout the Arctic acreage of Canada, Alaska, Norway, Greenland, and the U.S.S.R. This sounds like a lot of polar bears until one looks at comparative figures: according to such authoritative sources as J. O'Connor and G. G. Goodwin, they are rarer than tigers, rarer even than lions, which are now practically extinct in great portions of their former habitat.

Profoundly self-sufficient, the bears avoid each other except in the mating season when there's a decided pairing off. (As a zoologist wryly said, "Polygamy has seemingly died out in the upper classes of the beasts.") Occasionally, of course, a windfall like the carcass of a whale will attract all the bears within a twenty-mile radius as well as their ubiquitous camp followers, the white foxes. Just as jackals follow the lions, the Arctic foxes hover on the periphery of the party, waiting discreetly for scraps off the bears' table.

Persistent wanderers, bears regularly travel from the polar cap to the open sea, riding their ice-islands at the whim of wind and tide, prepared to make the return trip north under their own steam (walking and swimming), like sailors who missed the boat. Insulated by their heavy fur coats they seem to warm themselves in the icy water. They dive, twist, roll, graceful as otters in spite of their enormous size—somewhere between seven to eleven feet long and weighing up to 1,600 pounds. (Eskimos endorse this figure which appears in much scientific literature but is not accepted by such distinguished mammalogists as Dr. Lee Crandall of the New York Zoological Society.) In the water they paddle vigorously with their front feet, indolently trailing their

extended back legs as a rudder. They swim with ease three to six miles an hour, with neat little ears tucked back, resting their heads majestically on the surface of the water. In bad weather, however, they submerge to eye level, coming up only to breathe.

On land or ice, bears can sprint at about twenty-five miles an hour, helped by nonskid overshoes—furry pads unlike those of any other bears. They can scent a stranded whale a good twenty miles off, although intense Arctic cold tends to snuff out smells. Some scientists believe they have a protective nictitant membrane to guard their eyes against the reflected glare of ice and snow, but no one has proved or disproved this: in any case the bears can spot objects of interest to them, a mile or so away. Sounds, on the other hand, leave them singularly unperturbed—perhaps because of the formidable tumult of the ice world, icebergs crashing and grinding, icepacks breaking off thunderously.

Lemmings or Grapes

Probably descended from Pleistocene days, in a land consistently sparse and violent, polar bears demonstrate the ultimate talent of adapting to environment. (Even in zoos they apparently adjust to steaming temperate zone summers and pint-size, tepid pools.) Their life span is thought to run from fifteen to twenty-five years, although in captivity they have lived into their thirties. When food is scarce, the white bears feed on lichens and mosses, or eider duck eggs, or lemmings, a kind of Arctic mice. (In the Roman zoo, I've seen them eating stale bread and grapes.) Seal is their favorite diet, particularly in times of plenty when the bears can afford a gourmet attitude and just suck out the blubber—leaving the bolster-like remains to fox, raven, or gull. Spawning fish in the tundra streams make a tasty breakfast, and a baby walrus is worth the calculated risk. A walrus cow, seeing her progeny cut off from the herd and in mortal danger, screams for help in tones that rally the entire community of clumsy giants to the rescue. On the ice, the bear stands a chance to make away with his catch, but there's always the possibility that this agitated tonnage of animal conflict will capsize the unstable ice island, spilling the indignant disputants into the water. Under such circumstances, even an ice tiger can be in grave difficulty.

The bears seem to mate late in life, probably not until their fifth year (usually in June or early July) and the female comes in heat every two years, sometimes even three. Although most species of bear indulge in prolonged winter sleep

(rarely a true hibernation), the white bears are compulsive travelers. Males, barren females, mothers with adolescent cubs, apparently hunt all winter except during fierce storms, when they dig into the drifts and take a few weeks off.

The pregnant female bear, on the other hand, recognizes her responsibility early in the winter and builds her den in snow, drifted deep around pressure-ice (ice forced together by tides so as to produce a kind of ridge or lean-to). As she dozes, the heat of her body and her lazy tossing and turning enlarge the cozy snow-room to accommodate the forthcoming family. Her breath melts a flue topside to provide plenty of fresh air. In January the cubs arrive—sometimes one, more often two, rarely three. They're blind, naked, barely formed, and weigh less than two pounds, not much bigger than wharf rats. Her first litter must be a considerable shock and challenge to the seven-hundred pound mother but, instead of rejecting them as hopeless, she pitches in to nurse them ceaselessly, and to all intent and purpose actually "licks them into shape." Some two months later, rightfully proud of herself and very hungry, she leads them to the coast and the sea ice. Now about the size of vixens and decently covered with crinkly, pure-white fur, the cubs follow their huge parent making tracks the size of a martini glass.

Although the she-bear is still nursing them, the time has come to start instructions in the art of survival, where to find food, how to stalk and kill—none of these apparently inherited skills. She's careful not to let the cubs stray far, knowing that a hungry adult polar bear—male or female—would feel no sentimental compunction against this delectable change of diet. A doting mother, more so than most wild mothers, she lets them ride on her back for fun or when they seem weary; and when travel plans involve crossing open sea lanes, she tows them, clinging to her rump or tail. Maybe she allows them to stay with her into the second year—when they are nearly full-grown—but then she leaves them to fend for themselves.

The Ice Tiger in Action

As a result of her training the she-bear passes on to her cubs a store of wily and varied hunting techniques; the adult bear's greatest hunting asset is versatility. Without half trying, bears can look for all the world like the ice hummocks around them. They can stretch flat as a rug, using their fore-claws to propel themselves across the ice toward the seal they covet, or more exactly, his blowhole (a snow-covered chimney chewed in

the ice through which the seal breathes—usually every seven to nine minutes). At this strategic station the bear waits for the seal to pop up and then bashes his head in with a paw-stroke. (Eskimos have told me that bears heave rocks or hunks of ice to crush the hard-skulled young walrus: one in the eye, if true, for the generally accepted theory that the use of weapons was a determining factor in man's supremacy.) In catching eider ducks, the bears submerge to their eyes, infiltrate the flock, and when the alarmed birds dive for safety—as is their foolish habit—the bears make their kill under water.

The ice tiger's attitude toward man, like everything else about him, is unpredictable. In summer when food is plentiful, the bears tend to be timid, avoiding contact with humans, not a particularly difficult feat in the immenseness of the Arctic world. Winter, with its acute hunger, drives them to stalk and kill any living thing. If it happens to be a man, the bear takes a short, fast sprint, then slides in—as if for home plate—trying to bowl the creature over, a technique that tends to make shooting dangerously inaccurate. Eskimos usually carry a short spear; if stalked by a bear they anticipate this tactic and kneel to meet the attack with the spear-hilt butted into the ice, allowing the bear to drive himself onto the blade.

Eskimos versus Bear

Eskimos hunt bears with all kinds of weapons—a modern high-powered rifle, a spear identical to those used hundreds of years ago, and ingenious lures stemming from prehistoric times. Bears usually are sighted when the Eskimos are sealing, both men and bears attracted by the same quarry. Highly prized in any Eskimo's team are dogs who "know" bear. For one thing they catch bear scent a good ten miles off, screaming the news in low-pitched wails of excitement. (In defiance of such educated nostrils, when the wind is right, bears can come into a camp at night, move stealthily among dogs sleeping in their sled traces, kill a couple, and walk away in ghostly silence.) When an Eskimo is running his dogsled "on bear" the experienced dogs are cut from their traces to rush the bear, heckle him into making a stand, and hold him at bay until the Eskimo can shoot or move in with his spear. Casualties among dogs in such confrontations are high, most often fatal, since one slash of the bear's forepaw will open up a husky from end to end.

When bears have once raided a meat cache they are likely to return for more and then children are allowed to kill them by an elaborately simple

method. First the child chews a hunk of seal meat until it assumes the consistency of fine-ground hamburger. A thin sliver of shinbone from a freshly killed caribou is sharpened at either end into a barb, then coiled like a spring, and the ground meat is balled around it. Glee-fully the children then take these innocent looking objects outdoors and hold them until they freeze solid. Now the community is ready to follow bear tracks. When within a hundred feet or so of a bear the children toss out their lethal toys. Odds are that the bear's hungry curiosity will get the better of him and he'll swallow a ball whole. In the warm belly the infernal machine defrosts and the spring uncoils, plunging both barbs into the animal's vitals. Bears rarely travel far after being subjected to this kind of child's play.

A man's first bear, on the other hand, involves manners and ritual. The neophyte skins the animal quickly, always a delicate moment as the beautiful coat slips off and there remains a body strangely human. Without hesitating—oblivious to the big cash value of a bearskin—the youth quickly cuts the pelt into as many pieces as there are hunters beside him. Back of this seeming extravagance lies a tenet of Eskimo life: "If you're greedy with your first kill it brings bad luck and you'll never see another bear."

Cubs as Pets

Adult bears obviously are not to be trifled with but orphaned bear cubs make delicious pets, for a while at least. Almost everyone who lives in the Arctic succumbs if the opportunity presents itself, from old polar hands like the late Peter Freuchen to today's DEW-Line personnel. Not long ago, for instance, a Hudson's Bay man on Southampton Island brought in a ten-pound waif which his wife delightedly bottle-fed and cosseted until it outgrew its foster parents. There was desultory talk of shooting it but finally the two-hundred pound adolescent was abandoned on a distant ice floe. A year later the couple awoke one summer morning to find a full-grown polar bear on their steps. Instinctively the man reached for his rifle but a hideous thought struck them both simultaneously. Suppose this was Benny! They explored various means of getting the guest to identify himself and settled on a bowl of powdered milk, cautiously slipped out an adjoining window. Without hesitation, the bear lapped it up, scratched his back voluptuously against the house—very much in Benny's idiom—and went to sleep. Mistaken identity or even an overly affectionate bear hug is not to be risked, so the couple sadly watched him as he dozed, stretched,

and then walked out of their lives with the self-possessed air of one who wanted them to realize *he* remembered, and was around if ever they needed him.

The most poetic and probably the most knowledgeable of Arctic explorers, the late Knud Rasmussen, liked to tell the legend of the Eskimo woman who adopted a bear cub. It lived in her house and played happily with the village children, but as it grew to full size there were many who wanted to kill it for food. Finally the old woman urged her foster child to run away. Before leaving, the bear said to her, "You shall never want. If you are hungry go down to the edge of the ice and there you will see some bears. Call them and one will come to you." Not long afterwards there came a time of near famine and the old woman did as the bear said. Sure enough, just off the coast, she saw two bears and she called out to them. Immediately one of them ran over to attack the other, quickly killed it, and brought the body to a spot where the foster mother could reach it. After that the old woman lived in abundance and the greedy people in the village had only themselves to blame that they had driven off a bear which might have procured meat for them all.

This happens to be a fable but it doesn't differ

far from fact. Even today, Eskimos who find an abandoned cub often bring it in to camp and give it to some woman to nurse at her breast. She does this unaffectedly, with apparent fondness, knowing that the cub will amuse the children. And later it will provide meat and clothing for her family.

In the Eskimo world, taboos and manners play a major role. Their spirit world consists of dead people and killed animals, who on account of a breach of taboo have turned into evil spirits. In order to propitiate the spirit of bears, for instance, it is considered advisable to give them drinking water after they have been killed and before they are skinned and butchered. (Bears are always thirsty.) But everything that involves the spirits must be done in the correct manner. A man—never a woman—must take a piece of ice, melt it in his mouth, and drip the water into a small hollow in the dead bear's jaw, saying, "If you are thirsty, see, you can come to us."

The Arctic bears are not to be taken lightly. Anyone who has seen the overwhelming grandeur of the ice tigers in their element—elegant, lithe, detached, and at the same time threatening—anyone with eyes to see, that is, comes away awed, emotionally involved, and dedicated to the white bears' survival.



Kenwood Foil the Block-busters

by

Elinor Richey

How the women of one of Chicago's best neighborhoods got together—white and Negro alike—to save their homes.

Chicago motorists speeding southward along Lake Shore Drive sometimes take a wrong exit and get a surprise. A few minutes from the noisy Loop, they find themselves in a quiet, leafy neighborhood of distinguished, well-kept old residences. Since most of this area is covered with slums and housing projects, they may wonder what miracle happened here.

The place is central Kenwood, and it was no miracle. Having watched Kenwood from adjoining Hyde Park, I know that a bitter battle was fought to save it. The foe was a pack of unscrupulous real-estate brokers determined to convert Kenwood into a lucrative rooming-house district. The heroines are young matrons who seem now to have won the astonishingly effective fight they began waging nine years ago.

Something else the stranger notices is that Kenwood is interracial. But he can't tell by merely looking that in this twenty-block neighborhood of 250 homes, whites and Negroes are more than desegregated; they are genuinely integrated. By contrast, Hyde Park remains essentially a district of biracial living. Its parties and organizations show token integration, not the

real thing, which Kenwood now takes for granted. Integrated in 1948, three years before trouble came, central Kenwood has a home-ownership ratio of 65 per cent white to 35 per cent Negro. It is the only established American community with a large proportion of Negroes where white residency has increased without controls; the gain was 10 per cent in the past five years. Kenwood defies the experts who place the "tipping point" at one fifth of the population; for a decade its Negro home ownership has fluctuated between 35 and 45 per cent.

It is an exceptional neighborhood in a good many ways, some of which help to account for its success with integration. In the first place, its inhabitants are relatively wealthy. Most of its Negroes are upper-income (several are millionaires) while its whites are mainly middle- and upper-middle-income professionals. Secondly, Kenwood is fortunate in its location. Because it is close to the University of Chicago, it attracts people—faculty members and others—who are anxious to live in and preserve the area, even if this means devoting an unusually large share of time and income to the upkeep old houses demand.

The community has gotten a boost, too, from a huge urban-renewal project in neighboring Hyde Park. If poor families had not been removed from Hyde Park, the half-mile or so between Kenwood and the University campus would probably have become a Negro slum and Kenwood would have found it all but impossible not to follow suit.

But when Kenwood residents had to face the block-busters, they had still another factor working in their favor: the neighborhood had been integrated for several years. Unlike areas which panic when Negroes enter, thereby inviting exploitation, Kenwood quietly accepted its first Negro family—the Gleasons. Dr. Maurice Gleason, who had been a wartime director of surgery at an Army hospital on the Burma Road, had a large gynecology practice; Mrs. Gleason, a University of Chicago Ph.D., was on the staff of the graduate school; their daughter was of preschool age. Any qualms about the new family soon subsided. The Gleasons settled down in a big Victorian house under five elm trees in 1948.

Over the next three years, eleven other Negro families followed, scattering widely over central Kenwood. Among them were Lloyd Hall, chemist, winner of two national awards; United Nations Delegate Edith Sampson, now a municipal judge; the late Roi Ottley, novelist; Earl Dickerson, insurance company president; and Jewel Rodgers,

attorney, who nominated Richard Nixon at the 1960 Republican convention.

Dr. Gleason had assessed Kenwood correctly as a place with enough equilibrium to judge character instead of color. The community got its impetus from the Chicago Fire of 1871. Losing their homes, some of Chicago's wealthy families trekked south to a sparsely settled marsh. After draining it and laying out broad avenues, rich meat-packers and plow makers built mansions in the current eclectic styles. Even after Chicago grew around it, Kenwood long held such families as Swift, Stuart, Spalding, Wilson, Rand, and Ward. Some of the country's best late-nineteenth-century residential architecture was built there—designs by Kenwood resident Louis Sullivan and by Frank Lloyd Wright. Many of these "Chicago School" residences look surprisingly modern—and, architecturally, they are. Men of newer fortunes—Rosenwald, Schaffner, and Block—continued to build fine houses in Kenwood on into the 1920s.

Gradually, the neighborhood became predominantly middle-class. Big servant staffs were gone, but wives did wonders with gadgets and part-time maids and gave quarter-sawn oak paneling and marble foyers loving care. The first Negro families took similar pride in their homes.

What Block-busting Means

But in 1951 Kenwood became alarmed, not because of its Negro residents, but because of what was happening in adjacent neighborhoods. It had started with the Negroes' desperate need for housing. Capitalizing on the tremendous population pressure from the ghetto, real-estate brokers were using block-buster tactics. They maneuvered Negro buyers onto white blocks, then fanned racial prejudice into fear and flight. "Do you want your children playing with Negroes?" homeowners were goaded; "do you want to be the only white family?" The profits lay in complete turnover. Whites who tried to stay and form an interracial community got "the treatment." Threatening phone calls shattered sleeping hours; rocks crashed through windows, paint splashed. When the last family was hounded out, the attack shifted to the next block.

After a block had thus "changed," housing violations came. Property owners profiteered by subdividing houses and apartments illegally. Luxury apartments were converted into "studios" by installing a Negro family and a hot plate in every room. Service broke down, and mounting gar-

bage drew flies, rats, and stray dogs. Landlord got away with it because conditions in Chicago's "Black Belt" are so bad that almost any change is an improvement. The unhappy truth is that, for most of the Negro poor who came to Kenwood, the rooming houses were a step up.

Families with homes nearby, however, looked on in shock and considerable fright. Several put their houses up for sale. Soon a three-story mansion in the heart of Kenwood teemed with dozens of tenants. Six cars crowded the driveway; lights glowed from every window, including the basement. A third-floor ballroom was reported to be curtained off into family units, and roomers were sleeping in the attic, gaining access via a rope ladder.

Kenwood was outraged. Didn't the brokers know central Kenwood was zoned for single-family residences? Joining the Hyde Park-Kenwood Community Conference (organized by Quakers and Unitarian churches to solve problems created by racial changeover) homeowners rushed to bring violators before a city housing board. Volunteer sleuths copied car licenses, counted tenants, photographed trash and garbage, and amassed an airtight case of zoning violation—only to find that prosecution was hopelessly slow. Thousands of housing cases were backlogged in court and only a few were heard each week. It might take years. Meanwhile, two more houses went to speculators.

"For Sale" signs began sprouting like dandelions. Block-busters flocked in, captured more houses, and promptly filled them to capacity. Beds and stoves were moved in wholesale; a roomer repaired cars on the front lawn. Feeling that time was running out, family after family departed, convinced that the fighting was futile. "No community has ever stopped the block-busters. There's nothing to be done."

One newcomer, however, not knowing the size of the job, had started doing something. She was Mrs. Hubert Will, a bright-eyed, friendly woman, called "Nicky," who had taught kindergarten in Indiana before marrying a lawyer. The Wills had bought in Kenwood the previous fall when their fourth child was on the way, and afterwards the new baby kept her indoors. It was spring before she got out to explore the neighborhood. The first

Elinor Richey, who lives in Chicago and has an M.A. from Northwestern, has written for many of the major magazines and in the past was editor and staff writer for publications in Florida, West Virginia, Ohio, New York, and Illinois. She is now specializing in urban problems.

woman she introduced herself to told her that all the white people were moving out of Kenwood because it was "turning into a Negro slum."

Nicky turned the carriage homeward. She couldn't bear to look around. She had the kind of house she had always wanted for her family, and now they were going to lose it. But this is crazy, she thought angrily. There is a housing shortage in Chicago, and other families must need the same kind of house. Suddenly, it was clear that all she had to do was find those families.

She started by telephoning friends in her old neighborhood. "Are you house-hunting? . . . There are wonderful buys in Kenwood!" Well, did they know of anybody who was? The telephone dial clicked away, yielding new voices, new prospects. Between telephone sessions, she darted around Kenwood, ears set for real-estate gossip. When a house went up for sale, she learned its price, size, and talking points and tried to think of families for it.

Mrs. Will's Negro neighbors applauded her. They saw themselves being enveloped by the slums they had fled, and noted bitterly that the whites who criticize Negro living patterns still push them into congested, rat-infested ghettos where decent homes are impossible. Repeatedly, middle- and upper-income Negroes had sought to form high-standard Negro or interracial neighborhoods, only to be thwarted—and now it was happening again. Many real-estate brokers who are sticklers for protecting standard-of-living homogeneity where whites are concerned ignore the concept for Negroes, whom they lump in one class. After middle-class Negroes successfully "pioneer" a white neighborhood, agents deliberately introduce Negroes from a much lower economic level to frighten whites away. Negro professionals and businessmen are thus deprived of the kind of environments they want. As Alderman Leon Despres put it: "Chicago has said to Negroes, 'No matter how urbane you may be, no matter how educated, no matter how good your reputation or high your honor, you must stay in the ghetto'."

Families, Not Roomers

Nicky scored a sale—a two-story brick house bought by a printing executive. After that, owners invited her help in selling. She also persuaded restless neighbors to stay put. Two elderly widowers, who were threatening to leave, quieted down after she found a housekeeper for one and a family buyer for a house next-door to

the other. She sold several more houses, including a big brownstone that a speculator was dickering for.

Then she got a jolt. A real-estate agent tipped her off that more than sixty houses were on the market, rather than the eleven she knew about. Owners were listing surreptitiously. Curiously, most block-buster sales were to domestic servants. While she was trying to interest a wealthy family in an elegant mansion, it was sold to a Negro chambermaid. Exasperated, Nicky looked up the agent, a suave young man, and urged him to sell to the family market. The next morning he telephoned. "You and I could work together," he said silkily. "Let me know when you hear a house is going on the market and I'll make it worth your while." Nicky hung up, furious. At that moment the doorbell rang. Another family selling, she thought hopelessly.

It was Eleanor Petersen—which only made Nicky feel worse. She had sold the Petersens their house. Eleanor and Carl, an advertising writer, had married on Guadalcanal, where Eleanor had been a Red Cross worker; they had three small sons. Nicky knew they had spent a lot on remodeling. She told Eleanor that she was sorry she had gotten them into a trap, that it looked as if the block-busters had taken over.

"Not yet," Eleanor said. Deciding to help Nicky, she suggested that, first, they find out what was wrong with the market. How could chambermaids buy expensive houses?

Eleanor sped about in her small English car, talking to realtors, homeowners, and recent buyers. The block-busters' financial strategy began to emerge. After scaring whites into selling at a loss, an agent shopped for a Negro dupe. Most Negroes couldn't afford Kenwood houses and the well-off weren't buying because word had spread that the neighborhood was deteriorating. So block-busters lured home-hungry illiterates into "contract sales," telling them they could afford installment payments of several hundred dollars a month by filling houses with roomers. The "buyers" were obliged to rent every foot, leaving only garages and kitchens for themselves. Agents retained title and, if a payment was missed, repossessed the house and installed another dupe. In effect, the buyer was an unpaid slum manager for the block-buster. Instead of being profiteers, the rooming-house keepers were victims.

Nicky continued telephoning, while Eleanor rang doorbells, seeking recruits. She found fear, bewilderment, anger, stoicism—everything but hope. Nobody believed block-busters could be stopped, but thirteen women responded to Elea-

nor's plea, "At least, let's have a meeting and talk about it."

Eleanor told the women they could save Kenwood if they all pitched in and worked. She reported on Nicky Will's house sales, and explained what they had learned about block-busters. "We've got to wage a selling campaign as strong as theirs, but aimed at the family market." Why not promote the neighborhood by staging some event that would bring people to see Kenwood's attractions? Did anybody have a suggestion?

An open-air concert, a children's fair, a street dance, and a flower show were discussed and rejected. Then a lawyer's wife, Helen Fruchtman, pointed out that none of these ideas focused on homes. "Why not hold an open house tour of Kenwood's most attractive homes and gardens?" she suggested. Some of the group felt it would be risky to invite strangers into Kenwood houses, and later the Kenwood Redevelopment Corporation* also considered the idea "impractical."

But at the next meeting, proponents of Open House prevailed, eleven to four. The four nays got up and left. Eleanor fanned enthusiasm in the rest by encouraging each to assume responsibility for some phase of the project. Eventually, they hoped, the whole community would participate.

Recognizing that their fight was with the block-busters, not their victims, the women decided to survey the welfare of the low-income families in the area, offer whatever help was needed, and pay regular calls on distressed families. Finally, the group voted to call itself the Women's Real Estate Committee, naming Eleanor chairman.

Most Kenwood women were willing to help with Open House, Negro women included. Connie Williams, a Howard University graduate married to a doctor, recently explained: "We had more at stake in fighting neighborhood deterioration than did our white neighbors. When white people are forced out by slums, they have a choice of places to go. We don't. We can only keep moving just ahead of the slum—an awful prospect."

Wooring Buyers

Twelve homes—both white and Negro, none for sale—were selected for exhibit on a Sunday afternoon. They ranged from a remodeled coach house to a sixteen-room Georgian mansion. Tobie (Mrs. Irving) Harris, a radio writer married to

a psychoanalyst, inspired some valuable publicity by visiting editors and broadcasting directors and wangling choice news spots and column mention.

Two o'clock of that October Sunday in 1954 found Kenwood under a cloudless sky, dressed up and waiting for company. Streets and sidewalks had been broom-swept, thanks to Madeline Hudson's clean-up committee. Under tawny trees, clipped lawns were smooth as rugs. Indoors, silver gleamed and woodwork shone. At tour headquarters in a church, about eight hundred people milled on the lawn. Hostesses moved through the crowd passing out a program-brochure about "our suburb in the city" which included a blank for name, address, and phone number. "If you're interested in Kenwood real estate, fill this out and return it to one of us."

Kenwood husbands, enlisted as drivers, talked up Kenwood en route. Smiling hostesses welcomed guests and started them on strolls through rooms and grounds with other Kenwood husbands as guides. At the seventy-five-year-old Victorian home of an investment counselor, visitors wandered under twelve-foot ceilings, inspecting Adam and Chippendale furniture and three-tiered Old World shutters. Later, they stepped into a Georgian mansion's elegant sunken living room. At the modernized coach house, guests were fascinated by a circular turnstile (for reversing carriages) under the rug.

Afterwards, groups returned to the church for refreshments. Hostesses mingled with guests, collecting the filled-in blanks. Those interested had a chance to discuss market opportunities at once, in the social room, where Nicky Will supervised a group of interviewers. "Do you like Kenwood? . . . What size house does your family need?"

Monday, the committee met to celebrate. Forty-seven guests had expressed interest in Kenwood real estate. The women divided the prospects among themselves. Nicky gave pointers on making telephone contacts; Madeline Hudson was to compile an annotated list of houses for sale; and a woman was assigned to each block to keep Madeline's list current. The group decided to ask local realtors to act as brokers for their sales. Their invitation had a double purpose: to encourage local agents to regain territory from block-busters, and to deter them from unethical practices themselves. Pressed by competition, several local brokers had made objectionable deals with speculators. The committee would forgive past sins and pass along sales if the agents would mend their ways.

Invited to a breakfast meeting to hear the pro-

* This was a group formed by Kenwood men who hoped to rehabilitate the neighborhood by adding new housing, but it never got off the ground.

peal, the realtors were unimpressed. They doubted that the Open House prospects were serious and they all believed Kenwood would become a slum. But in exchange for whatever business the women might drum up, they agreed to sell only to the white and Negro family market.

As the realtors predicted, the forty-seven prospects were not plums waiting for picking. Most had changed their minds. Several said they had heard Kenwood was "going all Negro"; others said their banks had advised against buying there.

Fourteen families were still interested, however. Soon several were discussing price. Hopes rose, then fell when a young family decided on a house, but failed to obtain financing. Then another buyer had the same trouble—couldn't get a mortgage.

Alarmed, Eleanor assigned women to investigate. To their distress, they discovered finance houses had blacklisted Kenwood. In Chicago, as throughout the country, areas in the grip of block-busters are stamped bad credit risks.

The committee canvassed Chicago for mortgage sources. One loan officer after another explained that they had to protect stockholders by vetoing risky loans. Finally, the women found one mortgage house willing to discuss financing with Kenwood home buyers. Wooing buyers on one side and mortgages on the other, the committee succeeded in turning five prospects into homeowners; the five were honored at a Newcomers' Tea.

No longer starry-eyed, the women realized they were in for a long siege. Kenwood now swarmed with glib-talking salesmen, and families were still fleeing. The committee began soliciting buyers among newcomers to Chicago. Supplying local colleges and industries with Kenwood house listings, they got in exchange information about new employees who would, of course, need places to live. The search for mortgage opportunities went on, and Tobie Harris took on the continuing responsibility of supplying favorable Kenwood news and social items to the papers. Kenwood men helped by scouting out institutions which might purchase some of the larger houses. Through their efforts, several properties ultimately went to religious and educational organizations. Men also worked at keeping up the grounds around vacant houses.

Meanwhile, Kenwood members of the Hyde Park-Kenwood Community Conference bolstered the neighborhood through organized block efforts. Committees tried to keep streets and sidewalks clean, to improve police protection and garbage removal service, and to encourage maintenance

of property. Block groups also helped prevent racial misunderstanding, and quelled false rumors by tracking them down. Kenwood attorneys Houston Harsha and Edward Rothman donated time to prosecute housing-violation cases for the conference.

By spring 1955, the committee had added seven more homeowners. Not enough. Several times as many houses had gone up for sale. Every block had one or more rooming houses and dozens of properties were sitting on a stagnant market. The odds were with the block-busters.

What would swing the balance their way? Finally, the committee fell back on Open House. In late May, with Ann (Mrs. Courtenay) Barber, a New Yorker who had married into an old Kenwood family, as chairman, "Kenwood's Second Annual Open House" brought seven hundred visitors. Tour homes showed off blossoming gardens, and one tour included Dr. Gleason's new house, low-slung and contemporary, which was getting a flurry of attention in magazines. The day yielded nine buyers. Thanks to the committee's efforts, all found financing. Newcomers included the family of Dr. Markus Barth, professor son of the Swiss theologian Dr. Karl Barth; the committee had persuaded a broker to fly to Iowa and talk with the Barths before they moved to Chicago.

Victory on Two Fronts

Looking back, the women could measure gains in their battle with the block-busters. But they could see another kind of progress too. At the October 1955 tea, Nicky Will became aware of how little they now thought about racial differences. "Working together on our common problem," she said recently, "solving something together that none could have solved alone, had given us a common bond. We were no longer Negroes and whites, but individuals, personalities. On New Year's Eve, last year, my husband and I gave a joint party with a Negro couple, the Ralph Metcalfes, and nobody thought it a bit unusual." Similarly, Connie Williams recalls that in the beginning Kenwood Negroes had lived among their white neighbors without really becoming part of the white community. Their social and religious life remained back in the ghetto. Only in working together on plans for Open House did Kenwood's white and Negro matrons learn each other's first names.

But block-busters had another trump card—money. They no longer pressed owners to sell at

a loss. To regain ground, they were ready to pay highly inflated prices. It wasn't enough to find buyers and financing if the block-busters could outbid the family market. "If a seller was dicker-ing with a block-buster," Eleanor told me, "we all but camped on his doorstep, begging him to sell to a family. Often money outtalked us." In this crisis the wealthier Negroes who had re-gained interest in Kenwood came to the rescue. No middle-income white buyer could afford to out-bid block-busters, but a few well-to-do Negroes could.

Then help came in the form of housing enforce-ment. The Hyde Park-Kenwood Community Con-ference made a breakthrough by supplying their own inspection and legal teams. Soon the courts ordered a notorious rooming house known as "The Castle" closed with fifty violations, including col-lapsed ceilings, litter-blocked exits, rats, and ver-min. Other prosecutions followed. The most troublesome rooming houses were closed on court order; others were permitted to remain open on condition that they comply with health and safety regulations and reduce occupancy. The Hyde Park-Kenwood Community Conference helped tenants of the closed buildings to find more de-sirable housing in the area. Real-estate brokers, who had agreed not to make deals with specu-lators, sold the former rooming houses to family buyers, who deconverted and restored them.

When Open House drew buyers a fourth and fifth year, Kenwood began to believe in its come-back. Then a newspaper publisher bought a home and gave it a hang-the-cost renovation job that set a trend; a flurry of remodeling swept through Kenwood, and several new homes were built. New and remodeled homes were shown at Open House to demonstrate that Kenwood was up-and-coming. From the five pampered guests at the first Newcomers' Tea, the number rose to nine, to fourteen, to twenty-five, hovering at that figure for several years, then tapering off for lack of sellers.

Today, property values are nearly twice what they were during the trouble years. Central Ken-wood is the only Chicago neighborhood where the white and Negro home market is interchangeable. Connie Williams' near neighbors include a white family who bought from Negroes and a Negro family who bought from whites. During the past year, four houses have gone from Negro to white owners, bringing the present total to 161 white and 87 Negro families.

No longer needed to sell houses, the committee has found vital activity in another quarter. The close ties between white and Negro residents, the

product of shared effort, showed signs of loosening as newcomers from segregated backgrounds moved in and there was no longer an urgent com-munity problem to draw them together. As else-where, when whites and Negroes live in one com-munity as equals, proximity tended to di-solve racial hostility and suspicion. But nothing more positive happened. The committee set about ob-taining more genuine integration by sponsoring community-wide social events throughout the year—teas, parties, benefits, receptions, and an Open House Sponsors' Ball. Special effort is made to get newcomers to participate. Recently, at the home of a Negro doctor, an interracial crowd of 250 danced in a ballroom where turn of the cen-tury debutantes once made their bows.

As for Open House, the committee has no thoughts of abandoning it. It has become a Chi-cago tradition, drawing larger crowds every year. The committee gets year-round requests to con-duct private tours for organizations. Increasingly, Kenwood is one of the local sights Chi-cagoans take their visitors to see. A decade ago it was within a hairbreadth of becoming a tran-sient slum; now it has the aura of a historic district, much as Georgetown has for Washing-ton. In Chicago, where vast areas spoiled by block-buster exploitation are currently being bull-dozed, Kenwood is eloquent testimony to the vir-tues of preserving variety within a city instead of accepting the sterile monotony of "projects" as the only solution to a pressing housing problem.

The committee realizes that it has made only a small contribution to easing Chicago's racial tensions. While Kenwood has given some upper-class Negroes surcease from continual moving, many other Negro Chicagoans, especially the poor, remain at the mercy of block busters and speculators. And until the suburbs are open to Negroes, Chicago, whose Negro population is cur-rently growing at the rate of 26,000 a year, will remain overcrowded. So far there is little reason for optimism. Of thirty-two Chicago suburbs surveyed by the Bureau of the Census three years ago, only four had more than a hundred non-whites.

Much remains to be done. But Kenwood has clearly shown how block-busters can be stopped and how interracial living can be made to work. Because it is a suburban sort of neighborhood, yet one located in the center of a metropolis, Ken-wood can perhaps be of help to both city and country communities trying to achieve similar residential blends of Negroes and whites—blends so solid that color is the last thing you notice. I hope it will.

Scientists in Collision: Was Velikovsky Right?

by Eric Larrabee

Thirteen years ago an unconventional thinker outraged the scientific world with a theory that challenged many of its most deeply rooted ideas. Now—though few scientists will yet acknowledge it—confirmation seems to be developing for some of his heretical predictions.

Mariner II—that bright metallic butterfly, with its golden body and wine-dark wings, spun off the Earth like a fleck of dust and sent looping on its predetermined course through 180 million miles of space—was not only the noblest achievement to date of mankind's venture to the stars. It was also a spectacular example of scientific confirmation. What Mariner found on the planet Venus was what one man, more than a dozen years ago, had predicted would be found.

In 1950, at a time when Venus was believed to be cold and to have an atmosphere mainly composed of carbon dioxide, a book was published called *Worlds in Collision*, by Immanuel Velikovsky, in which the author maintained—as a necessary consequence of a theory he was proposing—that Venus must be hot and have an atmosphere of gaseous hydrocarbons. Mariner, passing within 22,000 miles of the planet last December, found it to be very hot indeed, 800° over its entire surface, light and dark side alike, and shrouded in hydrocarbon clouds at least fifteen miles thick.

No prizes have been awarded to Velikovsky for his prescience; none of the news stories on Mariner has mentioned him. The reason is no mystery. He is regarded, by 99-and-some-fraction

per cent of those scholars and scientists who remember what he wrote, as disproved and discredited. It is generally believed, within the American academic community, that his theory has been demonstrated to be scientifically absurd and contrary to the evidence of hard fact.

But not quite universally. Last December, shortly after Mariner's flight, a letter appeared in *Science* magazine, a publication of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, commenting not only on Velikovsky's anticipation of Venus' high temperature, but also on two other predictions of his—equally contrary to prevailing views—which had proved to be correct. The letter was signed by two scientists of distinction, Professor Valentine Bargmann of the Princeton Department of Physics and Professor Lloyd Motz of the Columbia Department of Astronomy.

In 1953, as they pointed out, Velikovsky had suggested in a lecture to the Graduate College at Princeton the probability that the planet Jupiter would be found to emit radio noises. In 1954 Velikovsky had asked Albert Einstein, with whom he was on friendly terms, for help in having Jupiter surveyed by radio astronomers. In April 1955, after several weeks of search for the source of strong signals they had received by accident,

two scientists of the Carnegie Institution announced the discovery of radio emissions from Jupiter. (They did not acknowledge Velikovsky's priority.)

In 1956, through the good offices of the chairman of the Department of Geology at Princeton, Harry H. Hess, Velikovsky submitted a memorandum to the American Committee for the International Geophysical Year, suggesting that the Earth's magnetic field might be stronger above the ionosphere and have effects as far as the Moon. The discovery of the magnetosphere was made in 1958 by James A. Van Allen, whose name the belts of radiation he found around the Earth now bear. Again, no reference to Velikovsky was to be expected.

"Although we disagree with Velikovsky's theories," Bargmann and Motz concluded, "we feel impelled . . . to urge, in view of these . . . prognostications, that his other conclusions be objectively reexamined." One might have thought that such a request would be unnecessary, that objective examination would be the modest minimum accorded to any hypothesis with three such vindications to its credit. But this is not the case. Velikovsky does not come under the ordinary rules; he is beyond the pale. *Science* followed the letter of Bargmann and Motz with a supposedly comic communication ridiculing it and thereupon declared the subject closed. Why so many silences? Why this shutting-off of discussion? Again there is no mystery.

The Heresy of Catastrophes

Velikovsky's theory is overpoweringly unorthodox. It is simply too much to take. Only someone who is willing to carry open-mindedness beyond the average limits of scholarly practice is likely to give it a moment's consideration, and only someone who can brook the massed disdain and scorn of Academia can afford to give it public support. The present writer speaks from experience; he has been the object of that scorn. The first full account of Velikovsky's theory was written by me and published, under the title "The Day the Sun Stood Still," in this magazine in January 1950. It produced letters and published comment of a fury and irrationality which had to be experienced to be believed.

Velikovsky maintains:

(1) that the Earth has undergone repeated catastrophes which have shaken its entire fabric, contorting its crust and displacing the seas, decimating the human and animal population and

on occasion interrupting the Earth's orderly rotation, reversing its poles and lengthening its orbit, changing the direction of the cardinal points, and the duration of the day and of the year;

(2) that several of these catastrophes have taken place within the memory of mankind, and are described and reflected in its legends and historical texts;

(3) that one of the most devastating catastrophes occurred in the second millennium B.C. when Venus—newly born by expulsion from the planet Jupiter, trailing meteorites and gases, and moving on an eccentric orbit—twice passed close to the Earth;

(4) that only later, after repeated encounters with other planets during the first millennium, did Venus settle down to its present position among them;

and (5) that a full accounting of this theory's consequences must revolutionize nearly every field of human knowledge, overturning principles long considered to be axiomatic, negating the work of generations of dedicated scientists, and fundamentally revising Man's conception of his origins and fate.

It would be difficult to imagine heresies more sweeping or extravagant, more comprehensive or—if one prefers the term—foolhardy. Velikovsky is nothing if not daring.

His theory in effect revives the doctrine of catastrophism, until the middle of the nineteenth century the orthodox school in the earth sciences. To the geologists of that day it seemed self-evident—from the sharp breaks of the strata in the rocks, and the annihilation of entire species of animals which accompanies them—that from time to time the Earth had experienced catastrophic interruptions of its history. But unfortunately the allied sciences (such as astronomy) could then offer no explanation of what had caused these devastating upheavals; only fundamentalist theology attempted even to offer a description, and that of the Flood alone. With the coming of Lyell and Darwin catastrophism was swept aside, and the presently accepted doctrine known as "uniformitarianism"—which holds that the Earth's history can be ex-

Eric Larrabee, now managing editor of "Horizon," was on the staff of "Harper's" during the years of the Velikovsky controversy. He has edited and contributed to a number of works about America, and his book, "The Self-Conscious Society," came out in 1960. He also writes the column "Jazz Notes" for this magazine.

The Red Badge of Literacy

SATURDAY, June 30, 1863.—I have been on duty today as Officer of the Day. A man belonging to the 4th Indiana Battery was executed today for deserting and going over to the enemy. He was shot to death. The Division was turned out to witness the execution. Wrote to the editor Springfield Republican and Harper's Monthly to know terms of subscription.

—*Diary of Charles Henry Howe Ford (later Captain), Company K, 10th Wisconsin Regiment of Infantry Volunteers, at Murfreesboro, Tennessee.*

plained by the long, infinitely slow operation of processes now at work—took its place.

Velikovsky's catastrophism, however, differs importantly from its predecessor. For one thing, it is divorced from theology; Velikovsky believes that the catastrophes were not miraculous interventions in the order of nature but, quite to the contrary, natural phenomena. He believes that they will not only be explainable in terms of the other sciences but will in turn cast light on puzzles which those sciences have hitherto been unable to resolve. For another, the intellectual climate of the twentieth century may usefully be distinguished from that of the nineteenth by one word—"post-Freudian."

Velikovsky is, among many other things, a psychoanalyst. Russian-born, he took his M.D. at the University of Moscow in 1921 though in fact his studies, both in Russia and at various European universities, wandered across the fields of medicine, law, history, and the natural sciences. For a time he practiced in Palestine as a physician, but by the late 'twenties he had been drawn to Zurich and Vienna to study with Bleuler, Stekel, Adler, and other pioneer investigators of the psyche. He has written a number of papers on psychoanalytical subjects, including a particularly interesting examination of Freud's own dreams. In a very real sense, his later life's work has been to do for mankind what Freud did for man—to dredge up our buried memories.

As it happened, he came to his present way of Freud. His original idea had been to write a book called *Freud and His Heroes*, principally Oedipus, Moses, and the Egyptian Pharaoh Ikhnaton.

In the course of pursuing it he encountered the unresolved historical question of when the Exodus took place. Standing one day by the Dead Sea, he had wondered if the latter could not have been created by some relatively recent act of nature, and later he was to remember a reference he had seen to Mount Sinai—at the Giving of the Law—as a smoking volcano. He looked for an Egyptian account of the Exodus and found extraordinary parallels in a document (not normally dated to the same period) called the Papyrus Ipuwer. And then, in the spring of 1940, as he was comparing the Biblical passages on the Plagues of Egypt with what seemed to be identical Egyptian descriptions, the possibility occurred to him that he was reading accounts of an actual event.

Velikovsky spent the next nine years in the Columbia University Library following the consequences of this conception to their limits. He says, so to speak, let us look at humanity's record of its early days as though the words mean what they say, and then let us see whether or not we can piece together a consistent picture of what happened. If, for instance, there is an account from one side of the globe that on one occasion, in the midst of a great catastrophe, the night did not end for a long time; and if there is an account from the opposite hemisphere of the sun standing still in the sky; then—at whatever cost to our skepticism—we must regard this as a problem demanding further inquiry and some other explanation than coincidence. Such accounts do indeed exist: one is written in Nahua-Indian in the *Annals of Cuauhtitlan*; the other is in the Book of Joshua. They would be nothing of themselves if they were not merely two among the many thousands of similar references to natural catastrophes which Velikovsky has assembled.

He stands or falls by the evidence. There is no appeal here to the esoteric or occult, or to the antiscientific attitudes which make light of fact. *Worlds in Collision* is filled with statements of fact: about what the ancient peoples said happened to them, as opposed to what we have come to assume they meant by it; about ancient calendars and clocks and astronomical observations; about the craters of the Moon, the surface and atmosphere of Mars, and—as noted above—the gases and thermal balance of Venus. Even more filled with facts are *Earth in Upheaval* (1955), a subsequent volume in which Velikovsky presented his geological evidence, and *Ages in Chaos* (1952), the first of three volumes in which he argues for a revised chronology of ancient history between the fall of Egypt's Middle Kingdom and the accession of Alexander the Great.

In the aroused atmosphere of indignation in which these books were published, they were carelessly and abusively reviewed. The attack on *Worlds in Collision* was accompanied by a campaign of boycott and intimidation by scholars and scientists which led the original publisher (Macmillan) to abandon the book and transfer it to Doubleday, which had no textbook department and was therefore less vulnerable. Two people who sided with Velikovsky—one an editor, the other a curator of a scientific institution—lost their jobs in the wake of the controversy. In the climate of opinion which was created, balanced judgment played no part. Many of Velikovsky's most voluble critics did not trouble to read him before they wrote, let alone come to grips with his major contentions or deal with his factual material in any detail. He was coped with by being denounced and disregarded.

He was, in the academic view, simply not a member of the club. He held—and, needless to add, still holds—no post in a college or university. He did not come armed with the customary credentials, or work in association with an accredited institute of research. He did not publish the results of his inquiry in the decent obscurity of learned journals, but instead went directly to the public with books intended for the general reader, so that the general reader might be his judge. Worse still, he wrote well, so that his first book went quickly to the top of the best-seller list and stayed there for many weeks. H. L. Mencken once said of Darwin that, if he had only serialized the *Origin of Species* chapter by chapter in a scholarly magazine, he would have been Archbishop of Canterbury before it was finished. Perhaps if Velikovsky had done the same, instead of addressing himself to the general public just as Darwin did, the anger vented on him would not have been so great.

A Change of Climate

At any rate, the result, in the dozen-odd years that have elapsed since the Velikovsky controversy erupted, has been a curious paradox. This intervening period has been one in which many of his ideas have prospered, provided only that they were not associated with his name. Confirmations of his theory have been numerous, but always as separate items, never assembled so as to reveal their significance. Science itself, even while most scientists have considered his case to be closed, has been heading in Velikovsky's direction. Proposals which seemed so shocking when

he made them are now commonplace, and even the fatal word "catastrophe" today appears with regularity in scientific literature. In fact there is scarcely one of Velikovsky's central ideas—as long as it was taken separately and devoid of its implications—which has not since been propounded in all seriousness by a scientist of repute.

The scientific climate has changed, and nowhere more spectacularly than in that branch of astronomy where Velikovsky's heresy at first seemed most abhorrent—celestial mechanics. The thought of any variation in the clocklike regularity of the solar system, or in the Earth's rotation on its axis, was then unallowable. Even less to be allowed was Velikovsky's implication, restrained but unmistakable, that electromagnetic forces might have an effect on the behavior of the Sun and planets; for on the basis of gravitation and inertia alone it was asserted that the planetary positions could be predicted with unimaginable exactness. The idea of the Sun being a charged body, to any extent that might influence the Earth, was ridiculed.

Only one of Velikovsky's critics offered a mathematical analysis: this was the astronomer Donald H. Menzel, now director of the Harvard Observatory. "If Velikovsky wants quantitative discussion," Menzel wrote in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* in 1952, "let us give him one. . . ." Menzel proceeded to demonstrate conclusively that the Sun could not hold an electric charge. For its electrical attraction to equal 10 per cent of the gravitational, Menzel computed that the Sun would have to possess a charge of 10,000,000,000,000,000,000—or 10^{19} —volts. "A planet or sun charged to the potential demanded . . . would be violently unstable. . . . There is no possible mechanism by which the Sun can hold such a charge. . . . This argument constitutes a quantitative refutation of Velikovsky's wild hypothesis."

But then came the artificial satellites, the discovery of the Van Allen belts, and a vastly changed picture of interplanetary space. Far from being the neutral vacuum in which Newtonian gravitation and inertia are the only operative forces, it is in fact an ocean of electrified gas laced with lines of magnetism and blown across by "winds" of charged particles hurled from the Sun. Dr. Menzel's opinion about the Sun's electric charge no longer goes unchallenged. In fact one theorist—Professor V. A. Bailey of the University of Sydney, Australia, writing in the British scientific magazine *Nature*—has been able to relate as many as eighteen astronomical phenomena to a proposed formula for the Sun's charge. Ironi-

cally enough, after taking account of later data from the magnetometer on Pioneer V, Professor Bailey arrived at exactly the same figure, 10^{19} volts, that Menzel had used to disprove Velikovsky's "wild hypothesis."

And what of the appeal to Newtonian calculations so accurate that electromagnetism cannot possibly play a part in them? That too is challenged now. In July 1960, before the general assembly of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, the director of the Paris Observatory, Dr. André Danjon, announced that on July 21, 1959, the Earth's rotation had slowed down enough to lengthen the day by nearly a thousandth of a second. This was the second time Dr. Danjon, who is famous for the precision of his instruments, had observed such a change (the first time was in February 1956) and in each instance it had followed a "solar flare," that is, the outbreak of a storm of electromagnetism on the Sun. What is even more important, from Velikovsky's point of view, the slowing down was followed by a subsequent speeding up, a return to normal, which in itself offers an answer to a question many of Velikovsky's critics have asked: How, if the earth's rotation were interrupted, did it resume its turning afterward?

Dr. Danjon's announcement, according to the *New York Times* account, "created a sensation among delegates" to the assembly. Well it might. For if this retardation and recuperation occurred, then the assumptions on which celestial mechanics were formerly based (and on the basis of which, parenthetically, Velikovsky was denounced) have been in error.

Venus Hot and Backward

Velikovsky concluded that Venus must be hot because his theory requires it to be a new member of the solar system, born relatively recently by eruption from another planet, with a stormy history involving repeated conversions of motion into heat. To say that any such notions of how a planet might be formed were anathema in 1950 is putting it mildly; they are less so today. In fact two British scientists, R. A. Lyttleton and W. H. McCrea, arrived independently in 1960 at the conclusion that the small, inner, so-called "terrestrial" planets—Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars—must have been created in a different way from their sister planets more distant from the Sun. McCrea, president of the Royal Astronomical Society, examined the theory of planetary birth from "floculi," or congregations of primeval matter, and

calculated in the light of it that no planet could have had its origin closer to the Sun than the orbit of Jupiter. Similarly, Lyttleton maintained that only the four large planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—need be regarded as truly primitive, and that the smaller ones must have resulted from repeated disruptions of Jupiter.

The recent radar observations which show Venus to be rotating slowly in the wrong direction, opposite to that of the other planets, also suggest that it differs even from those of the inner "terrestrial" group in the time and circumstances of its birth. There is no cosmological theory other than Velikovsky's which can explain Venus' retrograde rotation.

Of course it should be understood that neither McCrea nor Lyttleton was concerning himself with events he thought of as recent. But it should also be understood that planetary disruptions in recent times—within the past few thousand years—are now regarded by some reputable astronomers as quite conceivable. The director of the Kiev Observatory, S. K. Vsekhsviatyky, on the basis of the rate at which the periodic comets diminish in size and brightness, argues that they are no more than a few thousand years old and that their orbits indicate their birth by eruption from the planets, principally Jupiter. A similar assertion that celestial disasters could have taken place when men on Earth were watching had already been made by the Harvard astronomer Fred L. Whipple, who suggested that the swarm of asteroids which orbit between Mars and Jupiter were disturbed by a cometary collision there as recently as 4,700 and 1,500 years ago.

Velikovsky postulated hydrocarbons in the atmosphere of Venus because of the many ancient accounts (Hebraic, Egyptian, Babylonian, Central American, East Indian, Siberian, and so on) of the fire rain, the fall of flaming naphtha on the Earth from a passing "star." The idea of a Venus rich in petroleum was greeted as nonsense when it came from Velikovsky. It was taken with comparative equanimity when it came from the British astronomer Fred Hoyle, in his *Frontiers of Astronomy*, five years later.

The possibility that Earth's petroleum deposits could have come from outer space was laughed at when it was suggested by Velikovsky; it is now put forward by others in perfect seriousness. Hydrocarbons similar to petroleum derivatives have recently been found on meteorites, and an extraterrestrial origin for all petroleum was proposed recently in *Nature* by A. T. Wilson of Victoria University, New Zealand. Oil was believed, when Velikovsky wrote, to be millions of years

old. There is of course a method, based on the radioactive decay of the carbon isotope 14, for dating organic materials. When Velikovsky asked its inventor, W. F. Libby, for a carbon-14 test of petroleum, he was told that one had already been made: it had been reported in *Science* in 1952 and showed the age for samples from the Mexican Gulf in the thousands, and not millions, of years.

Earth's Battered Face

Is the idea of a cometary collision with the Earth out of the question? Many scientists no longer think so. Our planet bears on its battered face the traces of many catastrophes, and studies made in recent years—including those conducted in conjunction with the International Geophysical Year—have only served to emphasize that fact. Across the floor of the oceans have been found wide flows of lava and long, deep rifts running around the globe, witnesses for the wrenching torsion to which its mantle was subjected. The bottom of the seas is a vast repository of cosmic debris, of material found there which seems to have had its origins outside the Earth, deposited in such evenness and quantity that only sudden and stupendous acts could have been responsible.

Velikovsky said that the Earth, as it passed through the trailing atmosphere of Venus, was showered with meteorites; with a rusty meteoric dust that turned the land, the rivers, and the seas a bloody red; and with ashes from erupting volcanoes. Within a few hundreds of years the land would have washed relatively clean, but in the seas the residue would have remained—as indeed it did. The floor of all the oceans is strewn with red clay. One of the puzzles of deep-sea investigation in recent years has been the extremely large amount of nickel, one of the main components of meteorites but not of continental rocks, that is found in the clay. The director of the Oceanographic Institute of Göteborg, Hans Pettersson, concludes that this startling disproportion can only have resulted from “very heavy showers of meteors,” a massive deposit of nickel in “an unusually heavy incidence from the cosmos”—that is, outer space.

Ashes? The research vessel *Albatross* found volcanic ash “all over the bed” of the Mediterranean, the Pacific, and the Indian oceans. Later, the *Vema* found another kind of ash. More than 500,000 square miles of the Pacific floor are covered with white glassy fragments, all of them apparently deposited within a very short period

of time. Dr. Lamar Worzel, of Columbia's Lamont Geological Observatory, who discovered what is now known as the “Worzel Ash,” asserts that it may have to be attributed to worldwide volcanic eruptions or “to the fiery end of bodies of cosmic origin.” The director of Lamont Observatory, Maurice Ewing, concurs: the causative event must have been global in scale and requires either the eruption of many volcanoes simultaneously, or preferably “a cometary collision.”

Few of Velikovsky's outrageous assertions made him seem so isolated and alone a decade ago as his contention that the Earth has several times reversed its magnetic field, and the poles of its axis have shifted or turned over. Soon he was to be in good company. Here is the British physicist P. M. S. Blackett, in a lecture published during 1956 on current developments in paleomagnetism: “A large number of rocks of widely differing types and ages were found to be magnetized in roughly the opposite direction to that of the present field. . . . There are many observations which seem extremely hard to explain without assuming that the earth's field has been completely reversed many times in the past.” How long ago? When molten rocks cool, they assume the magnetism of the field in which they find themselves; the same happens to pottery when it is baked. The original examination of Attic and Etruscan pottery by Giuseppe Folgheraiter, who initiated the study of paleomagnetism, showed that the Earth's magnetic field was reversed as recently as the 8th century B.C., the period when Velikovsky claimed the last disturbance in terrestrial motion to have taken place.

It is of course extremely unlikely that such violent changes in the Earth's magnetic field could occur independently of its rotation. Writing in *Scientific American* in September 1955, Professor S. K. Runcorn of Cambridge put it this way:

Whatever the mechanism, there seems no doubt that the earth's field is tied up in some way with the rotation of the planet. And this leads to a remarkable finding about the earth's rotation itself. Aside from the complete reversals, or flip-flops, of the magnetic field, the magnetic poles have wandered gradually throughout the period of magnetic hiatus readable in the rocks. We can only suppose that the earth's axis of rotation has changed also. In other words, the planet has rolled about, changing the location of its geographical poles.

At the risk of being monotonous, I can only reassert that Velikovsky's essential propositions, when put to the test of physical fact, have repeatedly been verified. He said that evidences of

early human culture would be found in the now-uninhabited wastes of northeastern Siberia; their discovery was described by A. P. Okladnikov in 1951. He said that the end of the last glacial period was three times more recent than hitherto supposed, a conclusion subsequently reinforced by carbon-14 analysis and reported in 1952 by Libby and Frederick Jackson in their text, *Radio-carbon Dating*. He said that the pre-Columbian civilizations of Central Mexico were much older than the experts assumed, and again carbon-14 came to his support. In December 1956 the National Geographical Society and the Smithsonian Institution announced that radiocarbon tests had shown artifacts from La Venta, Mexico, to be a thousand years older than previously believed. These finds were linked by cultural parallels with the entire classical period of Mesoamerican culture, and thus require a general revision of dates.

What the Digs Show

It is in the realm of archaeology, in fact, that Velikovsky's position has been most importantly reinforced. One can easily see why. In the Middle East, where civilizations rose and fell throughout the period he is describing, are found the ruins of ancient cities, layer upon layer in the sequence of their flourishing and decline. If the record were unbroken, if the pattern of life revealed to archaeologists were shown to be tranquil and uninterrupted over the very years to which Velikovsky ascribes worldwide cataclysms, this would constitute a crushing refutation of his thesis. It was therefore with understandable satisfaction that he discovered one of the great men of archaeology, Claude Schaeffer, the excavator of Ras-Shamra in Syria, to have arrived concurrently at conclusions like his own.

Schaeffer's *Stratigraphie comparée* is a detailed study of archaeological "digs" throughout the traditionally defined ancient world—from Egypt to the Caucasus, from the Dardanelles to Persia—in which he finds that, at every site and at repeated intervals, the entire area was shaken and devastated, not by wars or invasions but by natural disasters of a scope and severity with which modern experience has nothing to compare. Cities were physically overturned in earthquake and fire; thick layers of dust and ashes cover them. The climate changed, the population was sharply reduced, civilization ceased, and the survivors became nomads. The most overpowering of these catastrophes, according to Schaeffer, and pre-

cisely as Velikovsky maintained, ended the Middle Kingdom in Egypt, the Middle Bronze Age of the Ancient East.

As a way of laughing him off, Velikovsky's critics have now fallen back on the view that he made so many wild predictions some of them were bound to be correct. The logic of this proposition leaves much to be desired. Successful prediction in science must (a) derive inherently and inevitably from a new theory, and (b) be unforeseeable on the basis of any previous theory. Velikovsky has met both tests time and again. I can only invite skeptical readers to judge for themselves, rather than assume the question to be settled. It is a fact that Velikovsky's theory as a whole has not won acceptance, but it is also a fact that informed and responsible scientists—despite their disagreement with him—are increasingly willing to concede the validity of Velikovsky's claims to successful prediction. One of them, Professor Hess of Princeton, chairman of the Space Board of the National Academy of Sciences wrote to him recently: "Some of these predictions were said to be impossible when you made them; all of them were predicted long before proof that they were correct came to hand. *Conversely I do not know of any specific prediction you made that has since proven to be false.*"

In short, the structure of this man's thought stands firm. He is not, I should add, the kind who imagines himself to be invariably right; he well knows that he may in more than one respect be wrong—he only asks the same "objective re-examination" requested by Professors Bargmann and Motz. He is in my own experience a man of forceful personality, tenacious and enterprising in argument. He is possessed by the ideas which have come to him, and have come to dominate his life. But he is no fanatic. In the first place, he has too good a sense of humor; in the second, he has remarkably little bitterness toward those—and they are many—who have lavished upon him their invective and disdain. He and his wife live quietly on the outskirts of Princeton, New Jersey, in an atmosphere of art, music, and warm friendships. He works virtually alone; there is no institute of dutiful associates to provide him with data. He draws support where he can find it—and he is in earnest.

Facts That Do Not Fit

The question at issue here is whether a natural fact may be uncovered independently of the social mechanism currently accepted by scientists as

"science." The triumphs of science have come about through specialization, and the exercise of strenuous restraint in accepting any given statement as a *fact*. The "science" of geology does not now recognize a Mayan or Mesopotamian text as relevant to its proper concerns, nor do astronomers regard ancient descriptions of planetary motions as part of the ineluctable data of celestial mechanics. Science believes it has achieved its precarious objectivity by divesting itself of precisely such extraneous considerations, and scientists now alive have known the indignity and pain of hardening their craft's integrity against incursions—theological, political, and other—from outside the guild. We have been living in a time when "hard" knowledge was not supposed to be negotiable by generalists, let alone susceptible to important revisions by a "hermit scholar" like Velikovsky. What he offers is not a challenge to science as a discipline but to science as a dogma, not to science as a way of arriving at truth but as an assertion that we have already arrived there.

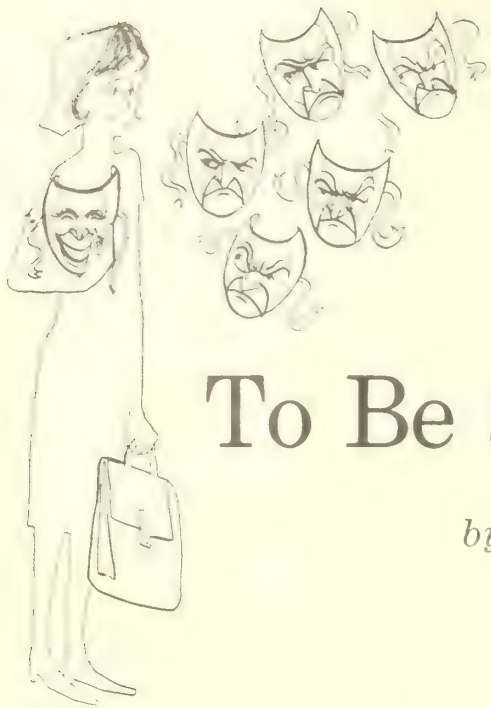
The strata do not come out of the ground neatly labeled and dated. We give names to things. A striated rock in the hand no more "proves" the existence of the Ice Ages than a track in a cloud chamber "proves" the existence of a subatomic particle. The glory of science is to start from, and return persistently to, verifiable phenomena; but its peril is that no phenomenon makes sense without a theory to explain it. No scientific fact is meaningful of itself; it acquires meaning only in the perspective of an overarching idea, a theory to which it lends support and from which in turn it draws significance. Uniformitarianism is a theory, a dense net of interlocking assumptions about the remote past which must be judged, like any theory, by the number of facts it can encompass and organize. There are always embarrassing exceptions—"anomalies," facts that do not fit—and from time to time theories replace one another as the anomalies become too numerous and a new theory emerges with the capacity to encompass both the familiar facts and the anomalies too.

Recent years have also brought a change in our understanding of science itself. More and more it is coming to be understood by historians of science that shocking upheavals are a part of its normal and necessary development. The history of science is the history of its revolutions, and any revolutionary theory is of its nature abhorrent to "normal" science, to all those who have laboriously schooled themselves in conceptions the revolution proposes to supplant. The dis-

inction between "normal" and "revolutionary" science is made by Thomas S. Kuhn, in *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* (1962). "Normal science . . ." Kuhn writes, "often suppresses fundamental novelties because they are necessarily subversive of its basic commitments." Novelty recasts the familiar in an unfamiliar light; it calls upon that rare and transient human talent, the ability to look at something one has encountered in daily routine and see it as though it had not existed until this moment. What is required at these turning points in science is the eye of the outsider, the mentality of the generalist, whose commitment to orthodoxy is minimal and whose naïve and unrelenting "why?" may sometimes open a door at which decades of trained and disciplined intelligence have knocked in vain.

If Velikovsky is right, if only in part, then a terrible injustice has been done. If he is right—no matter in what degree—then his dismissal and suppression by the scientific community require of scientists an act of agonizing reappraisal. If the tradition of scientific objectivity broke down when confronted by this man, then there is something false in the self-confidence with which we assure ourselves that persecution for heresy is now a thing of the past, that today innovations of thought are systematically stimulated and welcomed, or that in the enlightenment of our era dogma and stale custom no longer operate as blindfolds on free-ranging curiosity. And if Velikovsky is even partially right, to repeat, then textbooks in the sciences of terrestrial history must be almost entirely rewritten.

Nor is Velikovsky's work without its implication for the humanities, for the history of religion, for all studies of the human spirit. Man is a flawed creature, ill at ease on this wandering sphere that is the only home he knows, and thus have long generations of saints and geniuses conceived him. But perhaps we are now closer to discovering where his flaw came from, whence comes his faulty adaptation to his habitat, whence came his terror before the cosmos. The nineteenth century found it natural to think in terms of continuity and reassurance, of slow evolution and gradual processes undisturbed by sudden and unpredictable disruptions. We of the twentieth have known a different universe, have seen the overturning of stability in every sphere, have come to live from day to day with the constant threat of violence unimaginable. For us catastrophes are less difficult to visualize, and it is to us that Velikovsky has addressed his somber assertion that we sail the seas of space on a fragile ship.



To Be a Bernhardt

by Henry Butler

It takes more than raves from the hometown dramatic society to land a role on the New York stage, as flocks of bewildered—but determined—girls discover the hard way.

Every year swallows are drawn to Capistrano, lemmings pour suicidally into the sea, and waves of young ladies wash into New York City to go on the stage. They hurl themselves through and over walls of discouragement built of legends, statistics, and the lyrics of wry popular songs. If they are more understandably driven than the lemmings, they are proportionately more touching and more awesome. For they deliberately elect to hunt employment in a profession which has never heard of the five-day week, takes pride in devouring the young, and boasts of a way of life into which no nice young lady should enter.

(Quickly, let us make a distinction. Paid performers operate in many spheres: circuses, films, glowing tubes, saloons, and on all sorts of stages. In whatever sphere, the female entertainers are called "actresses," but we will speak only of those young ladies who expect to unsettle the superiority of a Geraldine Page, a Gwen Verdon, or a Julie Harris. The pilgrimage of the tap dancer from Tulsa who remains just that, we leave to another biographer.)

Telephones are ringing: "You don't know me, but I think you worked with my cousin in summer stock, and she's home now, of course, but she said you might give me some ideas about where to go and what to do . . . I want to act." The swallows have landed with matched luggage and hopeful hearts, and the first to hear will be those who once made the same landing and are still clinging to the slope. The phone calls have never been tabulated, but an erratic canvass of theatrical agents, the YWCA, the Travelers Aid, teachers of acting, and Gray's Drug Store (the Macy's for theatrical make-up) places the number of immigrants at a thousand to twelve hundred per season. For one-third of them, shed no tears. They will return home quickly and among them will be most of those sentimentally appealing "Peg o' My Heart" girls, so dear to the creators of sloppy fiction about actresses. Another third will succumb to marriage or equally blessed circumstances (the most common of which is regular employment). The staying power runs from two months to two years for the complete give-ups, and as high as six to eight years for the much sadder gradual-fades.

Now the runway is open for the survivors. They are the possessed. One learns to discern them by their fierce vanity and deadly determination. They will indulge in insecurity—despair, drink, sudden affections, and unreasonable hates—but their emotional fluttering is brief and de-

ceptive. They are truly "the iron butterflies." Devotion to the theatre as an art is rare among them; that may come later when the "notice me—I am here" passion has cooled. They will learn to despise many aspects of the theatre and the people in it, but they will pinch pennies and endure endless humiliation in the insane pursuit of the improbable chance of a "possible maybe." When successful, the chase is as exhausting and gratifying as love.

No record of the aspirants exists, for the simple reason that no one wants or needs to know what happens to them. The theatre has not even begun to absorb the arrivals of one year by the time the fresh batch appears. What room is there for the newcomers? There is no room—one must make it. That is the first lesson and the whole point.

The statistics refused to come to us, so we went to them: beginners, second-termers, three-to-eight-year survivors. A courteous union official also obliged with information (omitting names) from ten membership cards pulled at random. The facts will not meld and deliver a typical portrait. We can only state that Gaye, Ailsa, and Gubi come from Pittsburgh, while Paula is from Plum County, Pennsylvania; Shirley from Ottumwa, Iowa; Margaret, Spanish Fort, Utah; Yvonne, Ukiah, California; Justine, Evanston, Illinois; Elizabeth, Huntington, West Virginia—and Audrey "just walked over from Brooklyn." Anonymous swallows landed from Portland; Ottawa; McKeesport, Pennsylvania; Butler County, Kentucky; Capetown, South Africa; and Methuen, Massachusetts. Chico State, Upsilon Tech, Goodman School, Smith College, universities in Iowa, Michigan, and Texas, Carnegie Tech, and the Scudder School figure in their backgrounds. Today theatre hopefuls come equipped with college educations, have read truth and nonsense about their chosen profession, stubbornly ignoring the warnings of both, and have probably worked in million-dollar university theatres that cause professional actors to weep with longing.

Of course, there always will be those who hear the call and obey it, in blissful ignorance. For

these, the migratory direction is likely to be west. In Hollywood the legends of overnight fame, stardom from a soda-fountain stool, and "natural talent" still flourish. The Atlantic atmosphere is saltier, and while neither two nor twenty years of education will create an actress, she is currently expected to be literate. No one will want to read her notices from the Defiance College Dramatic Society, but everyone will assume she has played one Ibsen heroine, knows the contortions of the modern dance, and has taken courses in theatre—though she will do well not to mention what they told her in Pantomime 3A and Interp 1B.

The first place she will go is under some sort of roof: the Salvation Army's Evangeline House (Yvonne), the YWCA (Shirley stuck for two days then found an apartment to share at \$53.22 a month), The Barbizon Hotel for Women (no takers), Tudor City (Margaret, with \$38 in her pocket, "I moved out fast"), rooms, apartments, or just any hotel. (Justine was recommended to the St. James for its kindred souls—across the hall was a motherly stripper.) Housing is the one problem the actress shares with her sister who means to be a business executive. Otherwise, they will rarely tread the same paths.

The Photo That Tells—Sells

The would-be actress now has an address and a phone, or a message service, so that fate can find her. Fame is suddenly accessible with only a few thousand practical steps to be mounted. She must provide photographs for hundreds of possible employers, she must scour the city for work, and at some point she must face the importance of "studying" with someone. The first step is easy because it is specific: get the photographs.

There are 1,200 photographers in the telephone book, from passport studios to Bruno of Hollywood to a gentleman who promises, "photography that Tells and Sells." The problem is to avoid spending hundreds of dollars on images that are out before you are in. Fashions in theatrical photos change abruptly. Nowadays everyone is avid to see the bones beneath the flesh, to see the pores in unflattering sunlight, and to study the profile in "atmospheric" snapshots against the gray stones of the Cloisters. The format is, alas, "the composite." (A composite is a grouping of four or more poses meant to telegraph instantly the staggering dramatic range of the subject. If from one corner she bares her teeth in Latin fury, just below she nobly confronts an imminent

Henry Butler has directed plays and operas, on and off Broadway—and from Santa Fe to Montreal, Paris, and London. His production of "The Girl of the Golden West" opened the Metropolitan Opera season in 1962, and he is working on the libretto of an opera based on O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra." This fall he will direct again both on Broadway and at the Metropolitan.

Indian attack; right top she winks innocently above a bikini, while beneath she covers a leopard couch in depraved abandon. She is complexly costumed and disguised—except for that same, young, desperate face.) The ladies we consulted, ignoring the fashion, use a sensible photographer who delivers a dozen glossy-finished photos in two simple, look-like poses. They promptly take one print to a 42nd Street reproduction studio, where twenty-five copies cost less than five dollars. This practice is unethical and deeply disloyal to the sensible photographer, but it is a necessary economy, and both parties know it.

Armed with pictures, our actress-to-be is ready to “make the rounds,” which means calling. Edwardian fashion, on a lot of total strangers, leaving a photo instead of a card. There are 106 licensed theatrical agents, including several three-initial companies which house ten or more talent hunters; there are seventy-some advertising agencies casting dramatic television shows and commercials; there are twenty-eight reputable and/or disreputable theatrical producers affluent enough to have permanent offices; there are roughly twenty-five Broadway productions and an equal number off-Broadway, each with a stage manager who may cast replacements and extras. Finally, there are hundreds of people, beyond classification, who compulsively collect glossy photos to fill the files they never consult. Obviously, the list must be winnowed, since “making the rounds” does mean going again and again, and in the bewildering mazes some thread has to be followed. The other end is usually held by a senior member of the gypsy tribe. For information is purveyed Romany fashion, whisper by whisper, with the speed of light. But in making the rounds, the beginner does well to trust the friendly objectivity of “Equity.”

Actors' Equity Association is the senior labor union for performers and is sire to the American Guild of Musical Arts (AGMA), the American Guild of Variety Artists (AGVA), the Screen Actors' Guild (SAG), and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA). From its location deep in the theatre district, on 47th Street near Broadway, Equity works to make the profession a little less precarious from the day of initiation to the grave. One may withdraw honorably from Equity or simply stop paying dues, but one is forever a member. In spite of the *mista'en* impression of many newcomers, union membership does not mean employment. But it does mean admission to certain auditions ahead of the mob, a minimum wage,

and some fringe benefits. An actress cannot simply “join” Equity, but membership is automatic when one performs, in barn or barroom, with a bonded company. (Thus the Broadway production of “The King and I” created thirty-eight qualified voting members, by the time the show closed—all under the age of ten.

Information at Equity is abundant and available to members and nonmembers alike. One can learn who is casting what, who will accept pictures, how to devise a résumé for the reverse side of the photo. (Audrey, the girl from Brooklyn, says it's okay to list safe fabrications as well as honest credits, but only if you can live up to them.)

Doing the rounds may be engrossing at first, but finally becomes a torture. (Ailsa and Gaye kept it up for two years, never missing a day and following up with phone calls and postcards. Justine slowed down quickly to a two-a-day routine; Shirley tried just three offices and gave up; Elizabeth gave it a few days, “but I made no impression—they always thought I had come to deliver the coffee.”) The process produces its own cheerful statistics for the first season: forty gallons of coffee consumed, at the rate of six cups a day; several square feet of cardboard absorbed from the containers of same; 4.5 pairs of shoes demolished (or 2.5 with Yvonne's technique of carrying the high heels until the last moment—“That's why we love those huge handbags”). The ambitious beginner has become a do-it-yourself laundress, hairdresser, dressmaker, and interior decorator, trying to make \$50 a week act like \$75; she has tried for 540 interviews, is pounds lighter (except for Justine who *gained* five on a part-time job at a candy counter), and looks at least three years older.

The original order of photos has vanished; more have been ordered, though for all the effect they seem to be producing, one might as well have hurled them from the top of the Chrysler Building. Elizabeth tracks one job to an office interview; Ailsa and Gaye, the beavers, report slightly better results; Audrey rates the whole thing at zero—“but then I didn't know what I was doing, as who does the first year?”

However, in a chancy business like the theatre, the chance has sometimes to be favorable. The lady does get a call that sounds like real interest—“thrilling and completely terrifying.” The swallow frantically preens her feathers: she must have hair done, reject entire wardrobe and buy something new, “usually too elaborate, always too expensive,” try and discard three hats, demolish the new coiffure and create two worse ones, then,

"burst into tears and have stomach cramps."

When she keeps the appointment, "thirty minutes early," she walks into a forest of cool beauties, indolently leafing magazines. "Second panic." She may bolt. If she does not, she will wait until five ("my appointment was for one-thirty") or be ushered into a room where a pleasant man, "who never looked at me," asks the fatal question: What have you done? (Once an actor had the wit to reply: About what? He was old, jaded, and well-heeled.) Our gal stutters, "Something, but I don't think anyone heard me." Meanwhile, the telephone rings and is answered, the secretary dashes in and out, hissing important bulletins from famous clients, and, "I ate most of my handkerchief and tried to balance that damn hat, which developed a lurch." Suddenly, the pleasant man says thank you, rises, and the interview is clearly over.

Should the interview include a "reading," the action will be identical, except that the secretary will hand out an unmanageable, dimly typed script, will begin to read the opposing lines in a whizzing monotone, and will look up scornfully when she does not hear a Kim Stanley performance coming back at her. Beware and befriend the secretary! She engineers more jobs than the White House.

The weeks drag on and the interviews continue. Miss Ukiah Grape Growers Association learns she is too tall on Monday, too short on Tuesday, too young on Wednesday and Thursday, and much too old to play thirty by Friday. She has been peered at like a side of beef, has been asked to remove her clothes (for no immoral purpose), and has been blandly invited for a weekend in Perth Amboy (for every immoral purpose).

Promiscuous Misses?

Time out for "sex in the theatre": How often does a girl face the fate worse than death if she wants the part? The ladies speak, emphatically but anonymously: "never in my life, but then I am pretty big, even for six feet," "once, but it was so timid I missed it," "if the offer comes, the girl usually invites it," "the two offers seldom come together—we leave that to Hollywood," "hardly at all—who has the time," "no, damn it," "not really, and there were times I would have listened—at least it would have been some kind of offer," "nothing difficult to handle, except once, and he was an actor turned director, compulsive." The propositions occur, but they seem to have little to do with getting the job, so the virgin is as safe in



a theatrical office as she would be in big business or punching the clock in Bloomingdale's. As for sex among the actors themselves, it certainly occurs, when the schedule of studying, appointments, auditions, hair washing, mending, and worrying allows. But an actress who means to survive lives carefully and modestly compared to the cousin she left behind who runs riot weekly at the country club.

Virtue may survive job hunting, but the ego takes a terrible beating. A girl is told she lacks beauty, ability, and "star quality." It is not that agents, directors, or their secretaries are naturally spiteful or rude; they are simply not obliged to show any interest in a new product.

There are exceptions. Several years ago ANTA arranged meetings between the newly arrived and some veteran New York actors. Lessons were realistic: Expect nothing the first year; feel fortunate if you gain one interview; the only sure thing is the absence of miracles. The grimmest Equity statistics were cited: 15,000 members competing for 664 dramatic roles, 564 musical roles, 813 chorus parts, and 38 extras. Fewer productions each year. Only 5,000 of the members actually work in a given year, and 2,000 of those earn less than \$500 for the year. In short, swallow, go home!*

In the middle of the third such meeting, a stunning redhead swept through the door with the blithe news that she had just read for Sir John Gielgud and had a part in his new production. She blew the sermons right out the window.

*For those who want to be morbid about the bad state of the union, recommended reading is "Economic Conditions in the Performing Arts" (Hearing before the Committee on Education and Labor, House of Representatives, 87th Congress).

and unwittingly condemned her fellow novices to new hope; she, incidentally, left New York for good before the year was out, settling for Ohio and three children.

Lacking the luck of that redhead, the possessed must work to be "seen." An agent will not see an actress until he has seen her work, which she will not find until an agent sees her. The circle is as diabolical as it sounds. Still, as one of the top agents in the business puts it, "The smart girl gets in something and makes us run after her instead of the other way around—it looks more proper." So, while hunting a paying job, one must hunt for the same job that does not pay, but offers what is brutally called "a showcase." Gubi arrived with one, thanks to Carnegie Tech awards—performances of "The House of Bernarda Alba" and "What Price Glory" at Hunter College and the YMHA theatre; Gaye found one the long way around, by going to a stock company in Albany; Yvonne is still hunting; Ailsa joined a road company of "Anonymous Lover," of which nothing more was ever heard; Margaret found a showing through Equity Library Theatre, the original off-Broadway showcase.

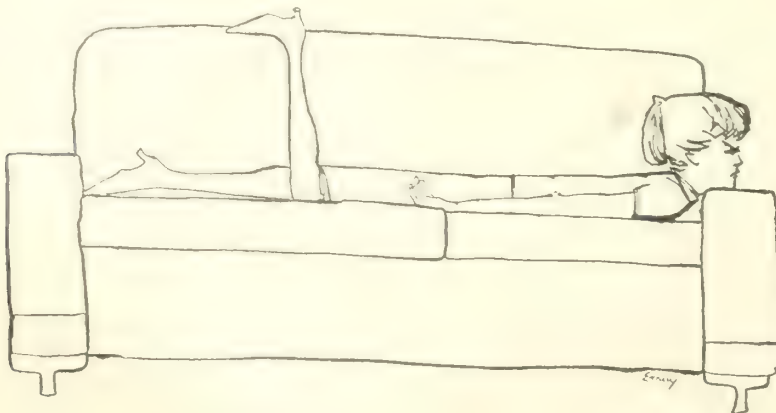
ELT (the theatre, like the government, loves initials) was founded by the union in league with the New York Public Library, in whose branch buildings there used to be a number of tiny theatres. Shelves slowly engulfed the stages, and the library was out of show business, but the name endures. Primarily, the project is for the union members, but nonmembers may be recruited for small roles and crowd scenes. Further, ELT's offices are a clearing house for dozens of legitimate theatrical projects in the city—church groups, community players, therapy programs, and avant-garde experiments. Unfortunately, sheer quacks also promise "showcases," and beginners pay from \$25 to \$200 to be "seen" in productions never meant to progress past the

rehearsal stage. A safer form of showcasing may grow out of working in a class.

Everyone studies, or at least knows that "going to class" is the authentic sign of the dedicated actor. (Margaret worked with the late Michael Chekhov, Ailsa began at the Neighborhood Playhouse and was graduated to private sessions, Paula had a stab at the Actors Studio, and Yvonne is coaching in sight-singing and shopping for a dramatic coach who suits her.) If not quite everyone studies, anyone may teach. It is not unheard of for an actress to study four weeks, work off-Broadway during the fifth and sixth, and teach on the seventh, while other creators rest. The systems of study are usually based on the Stanislavsky-inspired "method." Beginners work on simple improvisations and exercises to develop honest action and reaction. The more advanced submit rehearsed scenes to the merciless criticism of the teacher and the other students. Despite the wearisome jokes about "The Method," classes are one of the few places left where the serious actress can develop her craft, since the old-fashioned apprenticeships in tent shows and amateur stock companies are now dying out.

Logically, the beginners want to study with "names"—Uta Hagen, Robert Lewis, Joseph Anthony, Jane White, Lee Strasberg, or the Circle-in-the-Square Theatre School and Workshop are highly desirable—on the theory that classes will lead to casting. The logic seems sound, but the fact is that the best teachers regard the theatre as a profession, have no patience with mere ambition, and are never moved to mistake a student for a starlet. At its best, the class will teach how much muscle-twisting, head-splitting hard work can go into the creation of a single instant of genuine acting. At its worst, a class will be pure laudanum, allowing the lazy to meander about and delaying that quick return to Bemidji.

Good classes cost money, and we have delicately avoided that subject so far. Again, we eliminate



certain ladies—those who are parentally subsidized. Out, then, go Ailsa, Audrey, and their parents. What is likely to be the new arrival's campaign fund? Yvonne has a \$1,000 nut; Paula had \$500—"it lasted about six months"; Gaye started with only \$200; Elizabeth "came straight out of the Navy with severance and travel pay and a sound knowledge of radio and celestial dead-reckoning navigation"; Justine had exactly \$19 and \$60 more to come from the sale of her typewriter and her sewing machine. She and Margaret (with \$38) may have been naïve, but they are not untypical.

How quickly the dollars of Kansas turn to pennies in the air of New York! Photographs, wardrobe, classes, coaching, theatre tickets—that's where the beginner's money goes, and one gray morning she must hunt still another kind of job, a paying one. Up she goes to Equity, this time to peruse "Employment, Part-time, Female." No register is kept, but the lady presiding at the information desk estimates that ten people a day thumb a list suggesting that the bankrupt sell programs in Madison Square Garden or try candy butchering in Radio City Music Hall. She may pose for shoe ads if she wears a size 4½. She may hawk novelties at Coney Island, or ride the tour boats around Manhattan giving a spiel (if she has sea legs), or, "soberly and inconspicuously dressed," may halt people on the street to ask, in the name of market research, which ones Duz and which don't. She may even sell Mutual Funds—the gypsies have invaded Wall Street.

Yvonne does a five-to-twelve shift as a cocktail waitress; Margaret sold books at G. Schirmer and later washed dishes, "with a heavenly man who taught me most of 'Don Giovanni' in two weeks"; and Elizabeth "did everything you can name, but my peak was as a 'picker' for the Advance Pattern Factory, the swing shift—on my feet all day making rounds, then dashing about a loft all night picking out little bits of paper." Justine slugged it out with temptation in that candy store. These jobs are not easily come by; personnel managers dread hiring actresses posing as normal people, since they have a habit of vanishing on the third day. No sooner are they enjoying regular meals and paid-up rent than the phone rings and the Devil's own voice speaks: "You read for us two months ago . . . the neurotic sister part . . . that other girl didn't work out . . . can you step in now . . . we open in a week." Frantic arithmetic while the gentleman waits: Equity initiation, \$150 (borrow the money); salary, \$45 (it is off-Broadway); rehearsal pay, \$15 (only one week); and no more money every Friday unless the show

runs. She says yes, of course. Farewell to Advance Patterns, Schrafft's, and the Miss Fitt Blouse Shop! She is an actress with a magnificent moment in Act I, and she will be "seen."

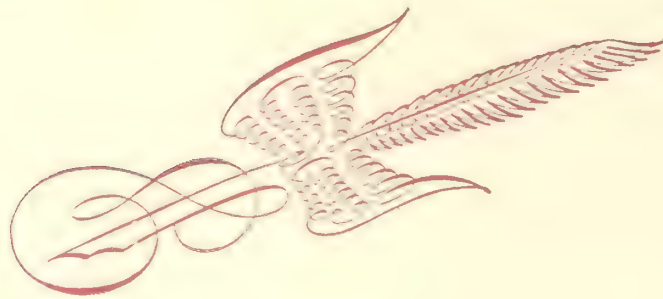
On her first New York opening night it rains. There are no taxis for the critics, the agents, the assistants to the agents, or the secretaries to both. Everyone arrives for the second act and briskly loathes the play; the neurotic sister has long since been carted off to an asylum, unseen. Three days later she is facing the nice man in the lingerie shop; he has read the notices; he is most sympathetic; and he has hired another girl.

Why They Persist

HAS the first season been all tears and no consolations? Don't you believe it! Those narcotic cups of coffee are taken in the reassuring snugness of tribal gatherings. Force-feed actors on "rejection," and they counter with fierce doses of "belonging." They may live precariously, but they gladly trade certainty for surprise: three days in Bermuda as a model (all expenses), a lucrative television commercial, recognition on the street from one of the sixty people who *did* see the neurotic sister, a documentary film in Princeton (you keep the clothes). Freedom also consoles. Actresses thrive on the eighteen-hour days of rehearsal and study, as richly as they lap up the lazy times, when all the jobs have been hunted and there is blissfully nothing to do but loaf. What other working woman has ten short vacations a year and the legitimate prospect of being several highly contrasting personalities in the course of a few months—each one complete with wig, wardrobe, and prestige? Above all, nothing can destroy the pride in being named "an actress." Ailsa, Audrey, Shirley, and nine other ladies offer a few later statistics: At ages ranging from twenty-two to forty, with incomes from \$6,000 to \$20,000 a year, they have seven firmly attached husbands and eleven children. Best of all, they have the comforting presence of the theatre—the plays, the fellow performers, the productions—in the city which still dictates the theatrical standard of the country.

Be sure, too, that the same gods who withhold every sign of encouragement will take perverse pleasure in directing phone calls to our possessed swallow during her second season, so that she may hear: "You don't know me, but I think you met my cousin at The Evangeline, and she's back home now, but she said you would know where to go and what to do . . ."

The only way to write a modern poem about a nightingale



By Aldous Huxley

Can the modern writer build an adequate bridge between the two universes of literature and science?

All our experiences are strictly private, but some experiences are somewhat less private than others. They are less private in the sense that, under similar conditions, most normal people will have similar experiences and may be relied upon to interpret the spoken or written reports of such experiences in similar ways. But these same normal people have many experiences which it is very hard to express in words and which, in any given situation, may be very dissimilar in different individuals. Sense experiences and the intellectual experiences of logical thought are relatively public. Visceral feelings, unconditioned and conditioned reflexes, experiences of pain and pleasure, of aesthetic delight or disgust, of love, fear, hatred, boredom, ecstasy—all these are intensely private and only partially communicable.

In the context of the question at hand, science

may be defined as a device for investigating, ordering, and communicating the more public of human experiences. Less systematically, literature too deals with these public experiences. Its main concern, however, is with man's more private experiences and with the complex interrelations between the private worlds of sentient, self-conscious individuals and the public worlds of "objective reality," logic, social conventions, and the accumulated information currently available.

There exists in every language a rough-and-ready vocabulary for the expression of an individual's more private experiences. Anyone capable of speech can say, "I'm frightened," or "How pretty!" and those who hear the words will have a crude but, for most practical purposes, a sufficiently vivid idea of what is being talked about. In good literature the blunt imprecisions of common speech give place to subtler and more penetrating forms of expression. *Donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu*, to give a purer sense to the words of the tribe—this is the task confronting every serious literary artist.

Like the man of letters, the scientist finds it necessary to purify the words of his tribe. But the purity of scientific language is not the same as the purity of literary language. The scientist purifies common speech by simplifying and jargonizing. His aim is to say only one thing at a time, to say it unambiguously and with the greatest possible clarity. This, most emphatically, is not the aim of the literary artist. Human life is lived simultaneously on many levels and has a multiplicity of meanings. Literature is a device for reporting many kinds of facts at the same time and for expressing, by means of a vocabulary and syntax purified into a condition of suggestive complexity, their many different kinds of significance.

Whether we like it or not, ours is an Age of Science. It is also, like every other epoch of history, an Age of Private Experience. In this second half of the twentieth century what can a writer do about these inescapable historical facts? And what, as a conscientious literary artist and a responsible citizen, ought he to do about them? His first duty, of course, is to write as well as he can. Much of our experience comes to us, so to say, through the refracting medium of art. If that art is inept, our experience will be vulgarized and corrupted. Along with unrealistic philosophy and religious superstition, bad art is a crime against society. The writer's next duty is to learn something, if only superficially and in patches, about the methods and results of advancing science. This knowledge should then be correlated with private experience and the shared traditions of culture, and the amalgam should be treated as a new kind of raw material for the creation of new varieties of the familiar literary forms.

From T. H. Huxley and Matthew Arnold to Snow and Leavis, Trilling and Oppenheimer, the Two Cultures and the problems of their right relationship have been discussed in terms too abstract and general to be very enlightening. In the paragraphs that follow I shall attempt to translate some of these abstractions and generalizations into particular instances and concrete illustrations.

New Bridges, New Gulfs

The proper study of mankind is Man and, next to Man, mankind's properest study is Nature—that Nature of which he is an emergent part and with which, if he hopes to survive as a species, if he aspires to actualize the best

Aldous Huxley—from an English family noted in science—first made his reputation as a poet with "The Burning Wheel" (1916). Now living in California, he is eminent in fiction, the essay, history, and biography as well as in his theories of perception. He prepared this article from his new book, "Literature and Science," to be published in September.

of his individual and collective potentialities, he must learn to live in harmony. On this enormous theme, what additional raw materials for the creation of new works of art can science bring to the man of letters?

Let us begin with ecology and its practical applications in the techniques of conservation, management of resources, pest control, breeding of resistant strains, hybridization, and all the other arts by means of which man tries to maintain or, if it does not already exist, to create a satisfactory relationship with his natural environment. These arts and the accumulated facts and scientific theories upon which they are based are not merely interesting in themselves; they are also profoundly significant for their ethical and philosophical implications. In the light of what we now know about the relationships of living things to one another and to their inorganic environment—and also of what, to our cost, we know about overpopulation, ruinous farming, senseless forestry, and destructive grazing, about water pollution, air pollution, and the sterilization or total loss of once-productive soils—it has now become abundantly clear that the Golden Rule applies not only to the dealings of human individuals and human societies with one another, but also to their dealings with other living creatures and the planet upon which we are all traveling through space and time.

"Do as you would be done by." Would we like to be well treated by Nature? Then we must treat Nature well. Man's inhumanity to man has always been condemned; and by some religions so has man's inhumanity to Nature. Not, however, by the religions which regard God as wholly Other, a Being apart from the created world. By these, man's inhumanity to Nature is implicitly condoned. Animals, said the theologians of Catholic orthodoxy, are without souls and may therefore be used as though they were things. The ethical and philosophical implications of modern science are more Buddhist than Christian, more Totemistic than Pythagorean and Platonic. For the ecologist, man's inhumanity to Nature deserves almost as strong a condemnation as man's inhumanity to man. Not only is it profoundly wicked, and profoundly stupid, to

treat animals as though they were things, it is also wicked and stupid to treat things as though they were *mere* things. They should be treated as though they were component parts of a living planetary whole, within which human individuals and human societies are tissues and organs of a special kind—sometimes, alas, horribly infected, riddled with proliferating malignancy.

For the Greeks of classical antiquity, *hubris*, that violent and overweening bumptiousness which is so odiously characteristic of civilized humanity, was no less a sin when directed against Nature than when directed against one's fellowmen. The essential soundness of their ethical intuitions in this matter is attested by the findings of contemporary science. So too is their feeling for moderation in all things, their dislike of extremes and one-sidedness. Nature, we now know, is a system of dynamic balances, and when a state of equilibrium has been disturbed, it always attempts to establish a new balance between the forces involved. The ideal of the Golden Mean has its roots in the natural order. Between some classes of observed facts and some classes of felt values, certain bridges are discernible. For the literary artist whose properest study is Man and whose next most proper study is Nature, the existence of such bridges is a matter of the highest importance. On this middle ground between two universes, traditionally regarded as completely disparate, he will be able to discover the raw materials for a new kind of Nature literature.

Science sometimes builds new bridges between universes of discourse and experience hitherto regarded as separate and heterogeneous. But science also breaks down old bridges and opens gulfs between universes that, traditionally, had been connected. Blake and Keats detested Sir Isaac Newton because he had cut the old connections between the stars and the heavenly host, between rainbows and Iris, and even between rainbows and Noah's Ark, rainbows and Jehovah—had cut the connections and so de-poetized man's world and robbed it of meaning.

But in an age of science the world can no longer be looked at as a set of symbols, standing for things outside the world. *Alles Vergängliche ist NICHT ein Gleichnis*.^{*} The world is poetical intrinsically, and what it means is simply itself. Its significance is the enormous mystery of its existence and of our awareness of that existence.

"*Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis*"—Goethe, *Faust*, Part II: "All that is mortal is only a symbol."

Wordsworth's "something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, . . . and in the mind of man" is a deeper and more permanent foundation on which to build a life and a life-sustaining art than any traditional mythology. But the myths are still there, still make their appeal to something in the mind of man—something, it is true, considerably more shifting, considerably less deeply interfused than the great nameless Something of Wordsworth's poem, but still psychologically important. The contemporary man of letters finds himself confronted, as he prepares to write about Nature, by a fascinating problem—the problem of harmonizing, within a single work of art, the old, beloved raw materials, handed down to him by the mythmakers of an earlier time, with the new findings and hypotheses now pouring in upon him from the sciences of his own day.

From Weeds to Philomela

Let us consider this problem in terms of a particular case. In this second half of the twentieth century what should a literary artist, writing in the English language, do about nightingales? The first thing to be remarked is that the spraying of English hedgerows with chemical weed killers has wiped out most of their population of assorted caterpillars, with the result that caterpillar-eating nightingales (along with caterpillar-eating cuckoos and those ex-caterpillars, the butterflies) have now become rarities in a land where they were once the most widely distributed of poetical raw materials.

There is subject matter here for a richly ramifying essay, a poem, at once lyrical and reflective, a long chapter in a Proustian novel. Thanks to science and technology we now have chemical sprays that kill the weeds in hedges. The sprays are used, the weeds are duly destroyed—and so is the biological basis of a long tradition of poetical feeling and poetical expression. Men must act, but should never forget that they are incapable of foreseeing the remoter consequences of their actions. No weeds, no caterpillars. No caterpillars, no Philomel with melody, no plaintive anthem or charming of magic casements. Our world is a place where nobody ever gets anything for nothing, where every gain in almost every field has to be paid for, either on the nail or in an indefinitely lengthy series of installments.

Chemical sprays are not science's only contribution to the literary problem of the nightin-

gale. Thanks to the bird watchers and the students of animal behavior, we now know much more about the nightingale's song than was known in the past. The immortal bird (precariously *un-immortal*, as our recent experience with weed killers has demonstrated) still sings, where the caterpillars are still sufficiently plentiful, its old, immemorially moving song. Darkling we listen.

While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!

listen in the moonlight, while

. . . thick the bursts come crowding through the
leaves!

Again—thou hearest!

Eternal Passion!

Eternal pain!

And, as we listen, the old myths come back to
mind

Dost thou tonight behold

Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?

Dost thou again peruse

With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes

The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame?

Or else from the old Greek horror story of
crime, sexual scandal, and miraculous interven-
tions from on high, the listening poet may shift
his attention to another beloved tradition. What
he now hears is

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

A century after Keats and half-a-century after
Matthew Arnold, Mr. T. S. Eliot made use of the
same traditional raw material of English poetical
feeling and poetical expression. He wrote of
Philomel by the barbarous king*

So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
"Jug Jug" to dirty ears.

And how ingrainedly, how innately dirty those
ears are! Sweeney's ears, Mrs. Porter's ears,
Rachel *née* Rabinovitch's ears. The nightingales,
meanwhile,

The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood
When Agamemnon cried aloud,
And let their liquid siftings fall
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

*Collected Poems of T. S. Eliot, permission of
Harcourt, Brace & World.

We are back among the ancient tales of crime
and sexual scandal and supernatural intervention.
In Mr. Eliot's nightingale literature, the only
novelties are the dirtiness of the listening ears
and the proximity of the Convent of the Sacred
Heart. Agamemnon and the king of Daulis;
Sweeney and Blessed Marguerite-Marie Ala-
coque; modern squalor, ancient barbarism, and
baroque religiosity—it is with these myth-
ological upper partials, these cultural harmonics
and satirical undertones that the song of the
immortal bird comes to a great contemporary
poet. From a reading of *The Waste Land* and
Sweeney Among the Nightingales one would
never suspect that Mr. Eliot is a contemporary
of Eliot Howard and Konrad Lorenz. When he
speaks of Philomel he speaks of her as Arnold
and Keats had spoken—as a creature with human
feelings, singing her song within a merely cul-
tural frame of reference. By the 1920s, when
Mr. Eliot was writing these poems, the reasons
why birds sing were at last clearly understood.
Howard and his fellow ethologists had discovered
what Philomel's outpourings signified, what was
their purpose. Man is the measure of all things.
How true—for us! But for nightingales, the
measure of the nightingale-universe is nightin-
gales; the measure of a tiger's world is, for
tigers, simply tigers. That the ethologists have
been able to recognize this truth and to act upon
it represents a major triumph of the scientific
method. Philomel, it turns out, is not Philomel,
but her mate. And when the cock nightingale
sings, it is not in pain, not in passion, not in
ecstasy, but simply in order to proclaim to other
cock nightingales that he has staked out a ter-
ritory and is prepared to defend it against all
comers. And, what makes him sing at night? A
passion for the moon, a Baudelairean love of
darkness? Not at all. If he sings at intervals
during the night, it is because, like all the other
members of his species, he has the kind of
digestive system that makes him want to feed
every four or five hours throughout the twenty-
four. Between caterpillars, during these feeding
times, he warns his rivals ("Jug, Jug, Jug") to
keep off his private property.

When the eggs are hatched and territorial
patriotism ceases to be necessary, a glandular
change within the cock nightingale's body puts a
stop to all singing. Eternal pain and passion, the
inviolable voice, and the outpourings of ecstasy
give place to a silence, broken only by an oc-
casional hoarse croak.

To the twentieth-century man of letters this
new information about a tradition-hallowed piece

A MODERN POEM ABOUT A NIGHTINGALE

of poetic raw material is itself a piece of potentially poetic raw material. To ignore it is an act of literary cowardice. The new facts about nightingales are a challenge from which it would be pusillanimous to shrink. And what a challenge! The words of the tribe and of the textbook must be purified into a many-meaning language capable of expressing simultaneously the truth about nightingales—as they exist in their world of caterpillars, endocrine glands, and territorial possessiveness—and the truth about the human beings who listen to the nightingale's song. It is a strangely complex truth, about creatures who can think of the immortal bird in strictly ornithological terms and who at the same time are overcome (in spite of ornithology, in spite of the ineradicable dirtiness of their ears) by the magical beauty of that plaintive anthem as it fades "past the near meadows, over the still stream." It is a truth about creatures who know perfectly well that everything transient is *not* a symbol of something else, but a part of whose mind likes to hark back to Philomela and the horrible tale of crime and counter-crime, of incestuous rape and avenging murder.

It is a truth, finally, about creatures, in whose minds, far more deeply interfused than any scientific hypothesis or even any archetypal myth, is the Something whose dwelling is everywhere, the essential Suchness of the world, which is at once immanent and transcendent—"in here" as the profoundest and most ineffable of private experiences and at the same time "out there," as the mental aspect of the material universe, as the emergence into cosmic mind of the organization of an infinity of organizations, perpetually perishing and perpetually renewed.

Thought is crude, matter unimaginably subtle. Words are few and can only be arranged in certain conventionally fixed ways; the counterpoint of unique events is infinitely wide and their succession indefinitely long. That the purified language of science or even the richer purified language of literature should ever be adequate to the givenness of the world and of our experience is, in the very nature of things, impossible. Cheerfully accepting the fact, let us advance together, men of letters and men of science, further and further into the ever-expanding regions of the unknown.

Coming in October—A special supplement in "Harper's"

The Tangled Romance of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson

By Vincent Sheean

Working with letters and diaries never before published, Vincent Sheean has written a moving story of the courtship, marriage, and divorce of two of his close friends—both flamboyant literary figures of their time.

Here is the first fully three-dimensional portrait of Dorothy Thompson, one of the most gifted, successful, frustrated—and maddening—women of her generation. Here too is a fresh insight into the public triumphs and private despairs of Sinclair Lewis. From their first love in Berlin in 1927 until their divorce in Vermont in 1942, their relationship was always impassioned, sometimes comic, and often tragic.

Adapted from the book, *Dorothy and Red*, to be published later this year by Houghton Mifflin.

New word

la'ser (lā'zēr), *n.* An exciting discovery which creates a new kind of light beam through stimulation of a crystal or gas. The light from a laser can be concentrated to a tiny spot, and with such intensity that it can burn a pinhole in steel. It may also be used for communications in the manner of radio waves—but with a message-carrying potential many times greater.

IBM scientists achieved a significant advance in laser research when they created a new type of laser from semiconductor crystal—the same material used for transistors. The device is called an injection laser. Electrons are "injected" into it from an externally applied electric current. More recently, IBM engineers demonstrated the first successful transmission of voice information over a light beam generated by an injection laser.

Such developments may eventually result in more efficient transmission of radio and TV programs, telephone conversations, scientific and business data over laser light . . . suggesting new computer applications and other uses as yet undreamed of.

Laser progress has been surprisingly swift in recent months, with many research and development organizations contributing to this new science. One of them is

IBM



New world

An experiment in light-beam communications:
laser light generates microwave signals as it penetrates crystalline
quartz at IBM's Bethesda, Maryland, laboratory.



EMPLOYEES



STOCKHOLDERS



TAX COLLECTOR

Who profits most from Union Oil?

Our employees do the work; our stockholders put up the money; but the tax collectors get more than either.

In 1932, Union Oil Company's taxes (City, County, State and Federal) added up to \$1.6 million. By contrast, our employees that year received a total of \$13 million in wages and salaries. And our stockholders got \$5.2 million in dividends.

In 1962—30 years later—our employees received \$57 million in salaries and wages; our stockholders got \$20 million in dividends; but our taxes amounted to \$34.5 million.

Payroll and dividends have increased approximately four-fold over the last 30 years, but taxes are over 21 times higher.

Still, this only tells part of the story. The company was also required to withhold \$9.6 million from our employees' paychecks, and pay another \$1.9 million in company payroll taxes.

If we add to all this the amount of income taxes our stockholders paid on their dividends—even at the minimum tax rate of 20%—we find that the tax collectors got approximately \$50 million from Union Oil's 1962 operations. The stockholders got \$16 million. And the employees, who work full time at the job of running the company, got \$47.4 million—\$2.6 million less than the tax collectors.

Who profits most from Union Oil? GOVERNMENT.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: *The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.*

Union Oil Company of California

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



Riot Squad for the New Frontier

by Joseph Kraft

How Robert Kennedy has transformed the Justice Department into the yeastiest office in Washington—operating far beyond its traditional bailiwick and using methods which sometimes horrify the orthodox bureaucrats.

A sharp legal argument split the Justice Department not long ago, when a U. S. Marshal was summoned to appear in the courts of Mississippi. The summons came in the aftermath of the bloodshed attending the admission of James Meredith to "Ole Miss." To accept the summons, some argued, would go against the grain of established precedent, and, worse, open the danger that the Marshal might be arrested, and photographed in handcuffs—red meat for segregationist appetites. To refuse the summons, others argued, would destroy the credit of the Administration's claim that in civil-rights cases, it was only following court orders.

In the end, as in all such matters, the Attorney General made the decision. He ordered the Marshal to present himself in Mississippi. Privately, he made a call to the local authorities. When the Marshal showed up, there were no handcuffs, no photographers, no incidents; not even an arrest.

That combination of legal and extra-legal, of principle and maneuver, of high purpose and wire-pulling, goes to the heart of Robert Kennedy's

stewardship of the Justice Department. Besides imparting energy and prestige to Justice, he has worked, through a personality and outlook far more complex than most imagine, to harmonize the Department's traditional tension between the rule of law and the practice of politics.

In consequence, Justice has emerged as the most yeasty of all the Departments in the Administration—and by far the most important power base. In areas beyond the range of the Attorney General's personal interest, notably civil liberties and antitrust, it has had its failures. But within the ambit of his interest, there have been important successes, especially in civil rights and fighting crime. Moreover, the Department has been made available as a kind of emergency reservoir of talent and know-how, ready to serve the Administration wherever occasion requires. As one Justice Department aide put it: "We are the riot squad for the New Frontier."

Some Very Special Clients

The Department of Justice consists of seven specialized divisions (Antitrust, Civil, Civil Rights, Criminal, Internal Security, Lands, Tax), three offices (Solicitor General, Legal Counsel, Pardon Attorney), three bureaus (Prisons, Immigration and Naturalization, Investigation or FBI), and a national network of more than ninety field offices, each heading up in a U. S.

Attorney and Marshal. In one way or another, all these units are devoted to a single task—enforcing the federal laws. They process cases by the thousands, most of them on the basis of well-established procedure. Except for the rare case involving a well-known figure or an important legal principle, the work of the Justice Department seems routine. At least, to the outsider.

To the insiders, however, Justice has always worked close to the bone of national politics. For one thing, there is the Department's special clientele. Every other domestic Department of the government tends to speak for some well-established group in the nation at large. Labor talks for the unions; Agriculture for the farmers; Treasury for the banking and credit community; Commerce for the businessmen; Interior for the natural-resource interests. But apart from the close ties of its Civil Rights Division with minority groups, Justice has as its special client, not any particular segment of the community, but the whole rest of the government. So mixed up are law and government in the American system that from the President on down there is hardly an office of any kind in the Executive that can take action without calling in some way on the Justice Department.

Does the President have to consider federal aid to parochial schools? He gets a Constitutional ruling from the Office of Legal Counsel. Does the Army need to condemn a tract of farmland for a new camp? It goes to Justice's Division of Lands. Does the Internal Revenue Service want to prosecute a tax dodger? The case goes to Justice's Tax Division. Does the State Department seek to deport a foreign national? It works through Justice's Immigration and Naturalization Service. Does the Secretary of Labor have a special point to make in a Taft-Hartley case before the Supreme Court? He goes to the Office of the Solicitor General, which handles all government business before the Court. Does the CIA have a problem of domestic security? It will take the matter up with the FBI, which, in fact, maintains independent liaison offices with every Department of the government.

The Justice Department, in other words, bears to the rest of the government somewhat the same

relation as the Bureau of the Budget. Whereas Budget stands athwart the appropriations route that connects all agencies with the Congress, from which they derive money, Justice stands between all agencies and the courts, which, in the final analysis, legitimize their actions. For that reason, Justice is a strategic point for policing the rest of the government, and for impressing upon the bureaucracy in a consistent fashion the policies of the President. Alone among the federal Departments, Justice bears the attributes of a staff arm of the White House.

The Cement of Politics

In addition, the Department has come to have special powers in laying on that chief cement of democratic politics—patronage. A generation ago, when prevailing salaries were meager and education limited, postmasterships offered attractive possibilities for rewarding the rank and file. It became normal for political managers to enter the Cabinet as Postmaster General. But the spectacular postwar rise in opportunities and expectations has worked to make Post Office jobs a good deal less than coveted.

The waning of Post Office patronage has left—apart from a handful of openings at the top of the federal system—only two other pools of truly attractive jobs, and both are under the wing of the Attorney General. One is the 500 federal judgeships. By government standards, the salaries are generous—\$22,500 a year and up. While most able lawyers can do as well or better in private practice, the work is usually not arduous, and the appointment is for life—a hedge against misfortune.

The U. S. Attorneys—or local federal prosecutors—comprise the second important pool. Not because the tenure (at the pleasure of the President) is secure or the pay (averaging \$15,000 annually) so good; but because the U. S. Attorney, by prosecuting local cases, can generally make a name and thus open up a way into politics. Five present U. S. Senators, for example, entered politics by this route. From Henry Stimson through Thomas E. Dewey, New York City Republicans, lacking a strong local party base, made the U. S. Attorney's office a special grooming ground for talent. In the one-party states of the South in particular, the U. S. Attorney's office may be a springboard into statewide politics.

Even in its strictly legal business, furthermore, Justice tends to encounter a large element of politics. Defendants against government actions

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in civil and tax suits, if not in criminal cases, ask—and generally get—help from their Congressmen. Not infrequently powerful political leaders are themselves involved in cases: James Michael Curley of Boston, for example, who was sent to jail by Attorney General Francis Biddle, for mail fraud; or Eugene Cox, of Georgia and the House Rules Committee, whom Biddle did not prosecute in a case that involved taking a fee for securing a license for a local radio station. Antitrust actions tend to determine, more than anything else, the public's view of an Administration's attitude toward the business community. Indeed, it is generally supposed that Democrats go easy on antitrust to avoid the impression of being against business, while Republicans press hard to show they are not its captives.

“Dignified” or “Effective”

Precisely because politics, as much as law, enters into the work of Justice, there has never been a settled tradition of leadership at the Department. Historically, on the contrary, there have been two radically different types of Attorney General, each answering a different image of the job. To use Walter Bagehot's famous distinction, the job has its “dignified” concept, and its “effective” concept.

The “dignified” concept arises from the Anglo-Saxon tradition that the sovereign as well as the citizen is subject to the law of the land. By that tradition, the ideal Attorney General is an upright man, learned in the law, and with the most delicate sense of fairness, who acts less as a player on the government team than as an umpire exerting a legal check on arbitrary action by the Executive. Expressions of that attitude are to be found in inscriptions all over the Justice Department. “Where law ends tyranny begins,” says one, and a second reads: “The United States wins its point whenever Justice is done its citizens in the courts.” Still another corollary of the “dignified” concept is the easy passage from Justice to that other traditional guardian of liberties, the Supreme Court. More than a quarter of the Justices appointed in this century have previously served as either Attorney General or Solicitor General.

The “effective” concept of the job finds expression in the almost unfailing disposition of modern Presidents to appoint political managers as Attorney General. The classic embodiment is a horrible example: Harry Daugherty, Warren Harding's political mentor, who only narrowly

escaped prison for his part in a shabby scandal and who acknowledged that his approach was “to play ball with the fellows on my team.” But if the case of Daugherty inspired Coolidge to pick Stone in 1924, it did not deter subsequent Presidents from moving political managers to the Justice Department. Roosevelt did it with Homer Cummings; Truman with Howard McGrath; and Eisenhower with Herbert Brownell. William P. Rogers, who replaced Brownell and who would have certainly been continued if the Republicans had won in 1960, was the closest political confidant of Richard Nixon. And it was in the same tradition that John F. Kennedy named as the nation's sixty-seventh Attorney General his campaign manager and younger brother.

Who sketches Robert F. Kennedy does so at his peril. The shallow, black-and-white portraits in particular tend to say more about the artist than the subject. For the Attorney General is a bundle of many dominant traits; and these are sometimes in tension, and at all times finding new forms of expression. Inside as well as out, he is a man in motion. “The one word I would apply to him with any confidence,” a member of the White House staff says, “is educable.” “From one day to the next,” a close observer and good friend of the Attorney General says, “you never know which Bobby Kennedy you're going to meet.”

The best-known Bobby Kennedy is the purely political Attorney General. He is neither well-trained, nor practiced in the law. Not only did he manage his brother's campaigns, but his principal legal experience has been as a partisan: minority counsel to the McCarthy investigation of Communists in government, and counsel to the McClellan investigation of the rackets. His dominant characteristics are also those of a partisan. As dozens of magazine articles and thousands of incidents have indicated, he is fiercely competitive, political to the core, hard as nails, moral as a Puritan, and a doer and activist par excellence—especially of many things simultaneously.

Like most politicians, moreover, but unlike most distinguished lawyers, his view of the world is intensely personal. The Attorney General has almost no interest in abstract ideas. Terms like “liberal” and “conservative” leave him not only cold, but faintly disgusted. “I never analyze what I do,” he says when asked to describe his philosophic approach. An admirer acknowledges that “his one big weakness is that he can't put ideas down on paper.” Neither is he sensitive to the aesthetic side of life. Inelegance marks his dress and speech. A friend who accompanied him on

his world away in 1992 recalls that they sailed into Hong Kong as the sun dipped behind the city in a resplendent display of natural beauty. The Attorney General never noticed. He was too busy clambering up the sides of one naval vessel after another to shake hands with American sailors. "Bobby," says the friend, "just isn't the kind of guy who stands around watching the sun set."

Focus on People

But engage him in a personal relationship and no man comes on stronger. Loyalty is probably the one thing he preaches, and he practices it with a vengeance: old friends from boarding school and college are still in his entourage; and all over the government, not excepting the White House, there are men who first came to politics through the Attorney General. From the very earliest years he has been fascinated by men who had power and knew how to use it—whatever their politics. His taste in people, accordingly, is catholic. He works well with Senator James Eastland of Mississippi and also with Justice William O. Douglas. Anyone from John Glenn to Harry Belafonte is apt to turn up at his estate in Virginia, Hickory Hill. As one of the regular visitors put it: "You meet the damnedest people out there."

It is through people that the Attorney General identifies problems and gets things done. His typical working session is a question-and-answer period with Kennedy, like the prosecutor he used to be, shooting out questions: "Why can't we do that?" he will ask. "How about this?" "What's the matter with A?" "Why not B?" "Have you tried C?" "Some of the questions he asks," a colleague acknowledges, "are preposterous, and he knows it. But most of them are good. And after a while you find yourself focusing on a problem you hadn't spotted before."

Similarly, in getting things done, The Attorney General will never refuse when he can phone, and never phone when he can have a face-to-face encounter. His door is—literally—open all the time, and his chief aides can walk in and get a decision at any time in a matter of minutes. When pressure has to be applied, he does not pound the table or raise his voice, as some suppose. He gets under a man's skin with a pry bar. "Let's have a meeting of all the guys who say we can't do this in my office, tomorrow morning at nine," or, "That doesn't help me at all, it costs a million." Out of his bent for identifying problems with men flows his well-known persistence—even on

the smallest details. "You can file away a problem and forget it," an aide explains. "But not a man."

Still, if all the features of the complete politico are there, the picture is flawed by two other qualities. For one thing, the dominant traits are in tension. "I believe there is a right and a wrong," Kennedy says in answer to a question about viewing the world in terms of good guys against bad guys. But a moment later he adds, "I also believe that it is a sin to be uncharitable and unforgiving." To be both political and moral in civil-rights matters, or antitrust actions, is to invite conflict. And in weighing competing factors the Attorney General tends to be cautious and careful and often withdrawn. Those who see him in daily operations at the Justice Department reject the view, widely held by those who deal with him only occasionally, of a brash impetuous kibitzer with crude ideas. They deliberately call him "Bob," in contrast to the little-brother epithet "Bobby." The descriptive words they use are "patient" and "restrained." And they cite as typical the long and painful telephone conversations with Governor Ross Barnett at the time of the Meredith case in Mississippi. Though Barnett twice broke his pledged word, the Attorney General never lost his temper. Repeatedly Barnett invited self-righteous rejoinders by making cracks about "niggers" and "Commies." And every time the Attorney General returned with a soft answer: "That doesn't solve our problem; it doesn't help you; it doesn't help me."

Moreover, unlike many politicians, the Attorney General carries his personal view of the world far beyond "playing ball with the fellows on my team." He extends it notably to the government of the United States. What strikes most Americans as a large, cold, amorphous, distant, and impersonal bureaucracy is to him something warm and vivid, almost familial. "The government," he says, "is the people. It's there to serve the people. I remember when we were growing up, our father used to say that he couldn't have done any of the things he did, and we couldn't have lived the way we did in any other country. He said we owed a debt to the government, and that's why we ought to work for it."

In practice, the effect of that complex personality has been at least a partial fusion of the "idealistic" and "effective" traditions. The Attorney General brings to Justice primarily the political skills. But his politics are broad enough and complex enough to encompass the attitudes and actions generated in others by sensitivity to abstract codes. He has never taken on the rhetoric of principle; but he does, for reasons of his own,

what others do for reasons of principle. The results are evident across the board in the Justice Department—and nowhere more so than in the selection of the staff.

The Attorney General has, of course, taken care of some old friends, and paid off some political debts—but in nonpolicy jobs. For major policy and operational matters, he relies—and relies heavily—on Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, Solicitor General Archibald Cox, and seven Assistant Attorney Generals: Burke Marshall (Civil Rights); Ramsey Clark (Lands); Louis Oberdorfer (Tax); Herbert Miller (Criminal); John Douglas (Civil); William Orrick (Antitrust); and Norbert Schlei (Office of Legal Counsel). It is a group of shining distinction, copiously endowed with the badges of merit. Katzenbach (like Byron White, who preceded him before going to the Supreme Court) and Douglas (who is the son of the Senator from Illinois) were honor students at the Yale Law School, and Rhodes Scholars. Cox was the holder of an endowed chair at the Harvard Law School. Marshall and Oberdorfer were *Law Journal* at Yale and partners before the age of forty in leading Washington firms, as was Miller. Clark, the son of the Supreme Court Justice and the baby of the bunch at thirty-five, was a partner in a leading Dallas firm.

Most of them have known each other for years, and the talk at their twice-weekly luncheons tends to be more “in” than an exchange between fellow hipsters. They are further bound together by a quality not always found in good lawyers—deep interest in government and politics. Most of them were trained at the Yale Law School, which has long been noted for its stress on the social implications of law. Most were associated with Washington firms which are distinct in that the government is a party to almost all their transactions. Thus trained and thus practiced, the Attorney General’s men are perfectly at home with his fusion of the “dignified” and “effective” roles of the Justice Department. “It is terribly important,” Deputy Attorney General Katzenbach puts it, “to stay within the bounds of law, and to enforce it honestly and objectively; at the same time one can use law creatively to achieve social and political objectives. The law doesn’t have to be neutral.”

Nominally, each of the top aides at Justice has a separate functional responsibility. But the Attorney General takes up most major issues with them en bloc, using them in a kind of platoon system on the big problems. As he puts it: “We look in areas where we have responsibility and

jurisdiction for things that need to be done. Then we figure out ways to do them.”

One area where the Attorney General passionately felt something needed to be done was civil rights. He was particularly concerned not merely to react to trouble, and not simply to make the show of a good try by proposing legislation that would not pass. He wanted Justice to take the initiative in changing the conditions that made for trouble. Circumstances—notably the Meredith case and the Birmingham riots—have in fact brought Justice to do considerable reacting, and to ask for new legislation enjoining discrimination in such public accommodations as hotels and theatres. But it ought not to be forgotten that Kennedy and Burke Marshall were negotiating behind the scenes to secure Meredith’s admission to “Ole Miss” long before the case came to a head; and if Marshall was able to work out an agreement between the white and Negro communities of Birmingham even amidst the police dogs and fire hoses, it was only because he had quietly been working toward an agreement more than a year before the trouble flared into the open.

Civil Rights: Running Fast Enough?

Moreover, there are important instances where Justice has seized the initiative and forced the pace. By pressures within the government, it has achieved desegregation of every major railway terminal, airport, and bus depot in the country. By private conversations with local officials, it fostered peaceful desegregation of public schools in Memphis, Atlanta, Dallas, and New Orleans. By the same technique it has desegregated several schools in the so-called federally-impacted areas—where the federal government bears major costs because of federal installations. The President’s Executive Order banning discrimination in federally-supported housing has been put through, and machinery established for enforcement. In the post-Birmingham talks with groups of political and business leaders across the country, Justice carried the issue beyond public accommodations to embrace such matters as housing, employment, union admission, and patterns of executive hiring. By painstaking analysis of electoral rolls, the right to vote is being enforced in dozens of counties in the South. Already Negroes who never voted before have shifted the balance away from segregationists in some counties in Mississippi and Alabama. Even the ob-

meeting with James Baldwin and other Negro intellectuals can be put down to an excess of eagerness. Robert Kennedy's mistake was to suppose that the Negro group had something to contribute in the field of public policy. It didn't. And neither do most of the authors of the contention that the Kennedys have no "heart" in civil rights. However slow the pace, however spotty the progress, the present Justice Department has done more than any agency of government, at any time, to help the Negroes win the battle for equality.

To Catch the Big Criminals

Crime represents another special interest of the Attorney General—and one where he has carried the federal government well beyond a mere watchdog function. His experience investigating rackets for the Congress brought him to the Justice Department with a determination to go beyond the corporals who commit most crimes up to the generals who manage crime—"the big-time operators," as he calls them. Thanks to his personal emphasis, the Internal Revenue Service, which through the income tax has probably the best purchase on organized crime, has increased tenfold the number of its agents working in the crime field. The FBI, which used to handle mainly overt crimes such as car thefts and drug smuggling, is now beginning to infiltrate informers into the higher echelons of the rackets. A special intelligence unit has been set up inside the Justice Department to keep tabs on more than 1,200 major racketeers by pooling information that comes in from more than twenty-five different federal agencies in the law-enforcement field. Finally, the Attorney General has pressed through legislation expanding the federal government's jurisdiction to include the use of communications such as railroads or telephones for criminal purposes.

The effect of these changes is just beginning to be felt. But a number of racketeers have already been brought to book: among them, Frankie Carbo and Blinkie Palermo, who used to run the fight racket on a national scale; Buster Wortman of St. Louis; Kid Cann of Minneapolis; John Battaglia of Los Angeles; and Frankie Caruso and Vincent Mauro, who were supposed to run the narcotics racket in New York. In the Teamsters union, which the Attorney General believes to be closely tied to organized crime, eighty-one officials have been indicted, and fifty-eight convicted, chiefly on charges of embezzlement and extor-

tion. Toleration of the rackets has been dealt a blow through prosecution of at least half-a-dozen major political figures, all of them Democrats, including a Brooklyn judge; the Mayor of Gary, Indiana; and a Maryland Congressman who was indicted a week before election. The annual sum gambled on football, according to the Department of Justice, is down from \$60 or \$70 million to \$5 million annually. And if nothing else, the Department is confident that the "big operators" are on the run. "When they met at Apalachin in 1958," the Attorney General says, "the federal government had to read about it in the papers. Now we'd know of such a meeting in advance. In fact, it couldn't take place."

Lastly, the Attorney General has had a strong personal interest in the vigorous handling of routine business. The Lands Division, once notorious for its backlog of cases, is now almost current, disposing of just as many cases as it takes on. Tax work has been speeded up by a system of planned dockets that tends to group cases at a specified time so that government attorneys are not always flitting back and forth from case to case.

Probably the major action of the Civil Division has been settlement of the General Aniline case, involving a \$300-million company seized by the government during the war as a German asset. Swiss interests had contested the seizure on the grounds the company was Swiss not German. The settlement (roughly \$60 million to the Swiss claimants) was considered a tough one, even by those who felt the government could have finally had the claim dismissed completely in the courts. Moreover, the case had already dragged on for fifteen years, and was taking the full-time services of a dozen Justice Department lawyers. There was no prospect of an early settlement. "Bob felt," one of the Attorney General's colleagues explains, "that the Justice Department had better things to do than fight the Aniline case forever."

To be sure, there are some areas that do not lend themselves to the Attorney General's personal approach; and here performance has been indifferent at best. In the antitrust field, for example, there has been vigorous prosecution. In 1961 and 1962, the Department compiled a statistical record of cases won or favorably settled that compares with anything but the best years of the past. But the key point in antitrust actions is not simply to catch price-fixers, or even to act on all complaints of restraint of trade. The important thing is to develop a strategy, so that antitrust pressures are brought to bear on those areas of the economy—steel, for example, or oil—where collu-

sive arrangements have truly important consequences. In that policy-planning job, the Justice Department has not been successful. More than half of the actions in the 1961-62 period came in the food industry—a business noted for its generally competitive conditions.

In the civil-liberties field, the record is nothing to boast about either. Holdovers identified with the civil liberties record of the Eisenhower period remain in most of the critical posts: J. Edgar Hoover as Director of the FBI; General Joseph Swing, and then his deputy Raymond Farrell, as head of Immigration and Naturalization; Walter Yaegley as head of the Internal Security Division. Departmental requests for legislation have included, among not a few other measures of the same kind, a wiretap bill which, in its original form at least, authorized extensive tapping for use in the courts without a court order. The Attorney General is, even now, not sensitive to the police-state flavor that sprang from the FBI's examination of newspapermen and business executives at the time of the 1961 steel crisis. It can be said however that the wiretapping bill now before the Congress is a notable improvement over the original version, requiring court authority for taps in all but a very limited number of cases. Moreover, by consistently emphasizing that the serious threat to this country comes from without rather than from within, the Attorney General has had a hand in ameliorating the whole climate for civil liberties.

Beyond the Obvious

As that instance indicates, furthermore, the full measure of what Justice does is not to be found within the sphere of its obvious jurisdiction. In applying legal talent for political and social objectives, the Department has followed the Attorney General in forays all across the Administration.

It rewrote the Satellite Communications Bill to provide for at least some share of public ownership. It played a major role in the drafting of the Administration's most successful legislation to date—the Trade Expansion Act. It prevailed upon the Supreme Court, as a friend of the Court in the reapportionment case, to hand down the ruling which is forcing some states to give the cities and suburbs equal representation with the countryside in the election of state officials. It has caused Treasury to keep an eye on bank mergers, and Interior to watch state agreements limiting oil production. It is largely thanks to the Justice

Department that so far there has been no case of the Administration's denying information to the Congress by invoking Executive privilege.

Most of this work has gone on behind the scenes, and the enormous labor that must be expended to get the government to do anything is not apparent. But one public episode shows the Department's impressive managerial capacities. It is Operation Habeas Corpus, which ended in the release of over a thousand Cuban prisoners last Christmas Day. Beginning on November 30, a handful of men in the Justice Department took over the operation from the New York lawyer, James Donovan. They ascertained the willingness of food and drug manufacturers to make contributions for the ransom. They unearthed a little-known Treasury ruling making such contributions deductible at sale price. They set up a system whereby the tax status of every single contribution offered could be checked by the Internal Revenue Service within a matter of hours. They allayed the manufacturers' fears that they might be getting into politics with high-level assurances—publicly from the President, privately from General Eisenhower. They brought the Red Cross in to supervise collection and shipment of the ransom goods within the United States. They pushed through the Interstate Commerce Commission and Civil Aeronautics Board rulings permitting the railroads and airlines to donate equipment for transport. They worked out a ruling permitting the manufacturers to consult without fear of anti-trust action. They had State Department, Immigration, and Public Health officials on hand to receive the prisoners and expedite their admission to this country. They brought in the Air Force to land the planes ferrying the ransom to Havana. In the end, they were practically giving the orders for loading the planes. Indeed, at one juncture, when a mistake had been made, and an Air Force colonel was making heavy weather about having his men reload some supplies, an Assistant Attorney General told him: "Colonel, do you want to order those men to load the supplies? Or do you want the Secretary of the Air Force to issue the order?"

When it was all over, a Washington lawyer—an attorney for the drug companies with broad experience of government—remarked that the Cuban prisoner job might have been assigned to some other agency. "The Treasury, for instance," he mused. "Of course, they'd still be negotiating. Or the Defense Department; they would have had the prisoners out by Easter. But if you wanted them free by Christmas there was only one place in government to turn. That's Justice."



New York Drowns Another Valley

by Noel Perrin

Distant villages and valleys are ravaged by the blades of bulldozers so that careless and wasteful New Yorkers can let their leaky taps run. Two thousand years ago Rome was smarter about controlling water than New York is today.

There are normally only two times that a city man gives much thought to the water he drinks: when it begins to taste funny, or when his supply starts being rationed. The rest of the time he is about as interested in where it comes from as he is in the location of the oil field that provides heating fuel for his apartment house, or in the home address of his postman.

This detachment is especially noticeable in New York City, where most people know vaguely that their water comes from "upstate," and a minority know a little less vaguely that the great bulk of it

comes from some unusually high and pure reservoirs in the Catskill region. At about that point interest ceases.

Things are different upstate. For the past 129 years, various rural communities in New York State have been acutely aware of the logistics of the city's water supply, because those logistics have spelt their extinction. Counting five villages in Delaware County that are being bulldozed right now to make way for the city's new Cannonsville Reservoir, thirty-five or forty villages and small towns have been drowned by New York over the years, along with a couple of thousand farms. But though New York undoubtedly triumphs in sheer number of villages taken—its water-supply system is the largest in the world—in no other way is the city's water policy exceptional, for similar drowned villages are to be found near almost any American city, except for a handful on the Great Lakes, or on major rivers.

Originally, New York supplied its own water

from local wells, like the famous Tea Water Pump on Queen Street, which could turn out 30,000 gallons a day. Then, in 1834, because of the increasing pollution of the ground water in Manhattan, the state legislature gave New York the power to condemn land outside the city limits for the purpose of building reservoirs and aqueducts. The city has been exercising this power steadily ever since. During the nineteenth century it was first farmers and villagers in lower Westchester County, then in upper Westchester, and finally in Putnam County who gave apprehensive looks at the growing metropolis and from time to time fought in vain to preserve their fields and houses from the Water Commissioners. When the supplies conveniently available in Westchester and Putnam ran out around 1905, Dutchess County—the next one up—gave a great shiver, but in the end proved powerful enough to keep the city out. (Dutchess has its own city of Poughkeepsie to fight for it.) The city then made the leap to the Catskills, where at present it owns and stores 380 billion gallons of water, which sit on thirty-five square miles of former farmland in Delaware, Green, Schoharie, Sullivan, and Ulster Counties. Another 130 billion gallons are stored on ten square miles of what used to be Westchester and Putnam. With the Cannonsville Reservoir, the city's total water holdings will amount to 150 square miles, which is about the combined size of Hudson and Union Counties, New Jersey, or a trifle larger than Rockwall County, Texas.

Over the years, the city has not had much sympathy for the successive thousands of upstaters it has turned out of this vast domain. The average New Yorker is completely unaware that any of these people had to go; and the city itself, though well aware that you can't build reservoirs without clearing the land of what the annual reports of the Board of Water Supply have occasionally called "encumbrances"—trees, houses, churches, people—has felt with some justice that a city's need for pure water outweighs a village's need to exist. The newspapers have tended to focus entirely on the expense to New York that a new reservoir entails. (Back in 1838, the old *Evening Post* lamented that a "golden stream" of city money was flowing into the pockets of West-

chester farmers whose land was being taken. In 1962, the *World Telegram and Sun*, keeping up the tradition, reported that "huge sums are being ladled out" of the city treasury and into the hands of the people in and around Cannonsville. The ladle has thus far dipped up about \$4 million for twenty square miles at Cannonsville, which comes to \$309 an acre: houses, barns, and a couple of small dairy plants included.)

The question ever since May 2, 1834, when the city first got the power to take over other people's land and build reservoirs on it, is a horribly complicated one. With the exception of those early Westchester farmers—who alternately besieged the state legislature with appeals and stood off the city workers with shotguns—no one has disputed New York's right to supply itself with upstate water for its just needs. Neither has anyone been able to agree what its just needs are. The question became acute with the full rediscovery of the principles of waterworks engineering in the late nineteenth century, and now with Cannonsville it is poignant indeed.

It is poignant because for the first time in all these years not only the people who are losing their land, but most outside observers, doubt that a new reservoir needs to be built. Few of these critics have received much public attention, however, and I was—like most New Yorkers—completely unaware of any of them and, indeed, of the Cannonsville project itself until last summer, when I took part of my vacation in the Catskills.

"Our Time Here Is Short"

I go to the Catskills to look at scenery. I like to get up above the summer resort region, and prowl along back roads through what is still unspoiled farm country—a little like Vermont, but more prosperous. One of the roads I had in mind to work out from last summer was State Highway 10, which ambles down through Delaware County, following the course of the West Branch of the Delaware River. I had been in the valley of the West Branch about ten years ago and remembered it as almost idyllically rural: green fields curving along either side of the river, black-and-white cattle grazing in them, and great rows of sugar maples shading the road for miles at a stretch. My dominant memory was of quiet.

Last summer, though, when I had checked in at a motel in the little river town of Walton, and started to drive on down Route 10 toward Deposit, I felt as if I had been abruptly plunged back into the second world war. The valley for twenty miles

Noel Perrin, who is assistant professor of English at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, once occupied a West Side apartment in Manhattan which had a permanent drip in the bathroom. His book of humorous essays (1961) was called "A Passport Secretly Green."

house Walton looked like territory occupied by an enemy power. The enemy was my native city. First I passed a heavy sign by the road, announcing that, from here on, the valley was under the control of the Board of Water Supply, City of New York. "This Valley to Be Flooded," it read.

A minute later I passed a police house belonging to the city, and then another. A procession of bulldozers appeared, clanking across one of the fields. Every tenth or fifteenth maple for the next twenty miles had a notice of displacement nailed to it, signed with the endlessly repeated name, Lee A. Larkin, Corporation Counsel of the City of New York. Along one stretch, all but the road-side trees had been cut, and were being burned in great piles. In the villages I passed through—Beers-ton, Rock Rift, Grafton, Cannonsville—the local life was still going on, but an alien force moved through it. City vehicles were parked everywhere. In each successive village, the biggest house had a sign out front, marking it as headquarters for a district engineer of the Board of Water Supply. A couple of times I passed houses which were occupied by detachments of Board police. All these were well kept up. By contrast, most of the other village buildings looked pretty shabby. Judd's Hardware Store in Cannonsville had a sign in its dusty window:

Closed
no gas
no money
no nothing.

The village store in Rockroyal, New York, six miles away on Trout Creek, was still open, though a sign on the counter read, "Sorry, no credit. Our time here is short." The sense of urgency was increased by the booming of explosions from down the valley, and equally by the large number splashed in red paint on the front of every house, barn, church, and store in the valley. These, I learned from a woman in the store at Rockroyal, were directions for what she called "the grubbing contractor" who would be coming to tear them down. This was all to make drinking water for New York—though, she added, you'd think with the big dam they'd just finished over at Downsville, they'd have enough for a while.

The whole encounter was so upsetting that I pulled in at the next district engineer's office to ask what was going on. The district engineer said politely that he wasn't allowed to answer questions, but that I could inquire at the division office at Roscoe—a town about forty miles away. Instead, when I got back to Walton, I wandered into the office of the Walton Reporter. I once

worked as a cub on the New York Daily News for a few months, and have ever since felt free to bother other newspapermen.

It amused Mr. George White of the Reporter considerably that I was a native of Manhattan and so surprised at the fate of the West Branch. Yes, there was another dam at Downsville in the next valley, even bigger. They'd flooded four villages over there, about seven or eight years ago. Yes, the grubbing contractor was going to take five villages here and knock out about a hundred dairy farms, which were doing a million dollars' worth of business a year. Between the two dams, the county was about ruined. It used to be first in the state for milk production. After they built Pepacton Reservoir, it dropped to third. It was going lower now. And, of course, everybody knew the dam wouldn't have to be built if New York didn't waste the water it had.

Two or three months after I got back from the West Branch, I happened to see a small news item on Page 23 of the New York Times. It was the summary of a speech given at a meeting of water-company executives by Professor J. W. Milliman—as I've since learned, one of the three authors of a RAND Corporation study of how American cities obtain and manage their water. He was talking about wasteful water management, and his prime examples were New York City and southern California. New York, he said, could gain as much water as it will get from its new Cannonsville project, and at a fraction of the cost, simply by repairing some of the more obvious leaks in the mains and by extending the use of water meters. Cannonsville was, in fact, an unnecessary reservoir. There were competent studies which proved it.

Not exactly as a debt owed to the now-dead villages along the West Branch, but probably more to restore my own sense of well-being as a sometime drinker of city water, I have spent the last few months tracking down those studies, and slowly learning how the city manages its water. It is quite a story.

Why the Manhattan Company Went into Banking

In the beginning, New York had practically no water to manage. Up until 1842, when the first of the upstate reservoirs came into operation, a New Yorker got his water in one of two ways. If he were a poor man, he bought it by the bucket from traveling carts that sold it for the rather stiff price of a penny a gallon. A rich man bought

pipled water—it reached his house in wooden pipes—from the old Manhattan Company. No one knows how much water the poor used, but it wasn't much. The *Evening Journal* guessed in the 1830s that "a moderate quantity" for a poor family would be three pails a day, costing two cents each, which comes to six gallons for the whole family.

The few thousand rich families who took water from the Manhattan Company used a very great deal more than that, but once again no one knows how much. The Manhattan Company had no way to measure its water, and it didn't try. Instead it tallied something it did know how to tally, which was the number of fireplaces in its customers' houses. For one to four fireplaces in your house, you paid the Company \$5 a year for water. If you had a fifth fireplace, you paid another \$1.25, and so on, up to a maximum of \$20, which was the fixed price for houses with sixteen or more fireplaces.

This system worked miserably. After a few good years, beginning at its founding in 1799, the Manhattan Company made practically nothing on its water, because the customers wasted so much. The private customers left their taps running all the time, and, if they happened to be philanthropists, freely gave away bucketfuls to their poor neighbors. The commercial customers were worse. A good many Manhattan grocers used regularly to give away a free pail of Company water with every order, and a couple of ship chandlers who subscribed were in the habit of filling up the tanks of visiting ships. In the end the Manhattan Company gave up selling water altogether, and moved into the banking business, where it still is. Well before that, it quietly abandoned the search for new water supplies on Manhattan Island, and at frequent intervals its pipes ran dry.

When the city finally went into the water business for itself and set out to flood the Croton Valley between 1835 and 1842, practically its first decision was to make water as plentiful in New York as it had previously been scarce. The Water Commissioners calculated that "a liberal per capita consumption" for the city's 300,000 people would be twenty-two gallons a day. They then provided four times as much as that, thinking to be secure for fifty years to come. All the same, by 1850 there was a water shortage. The trouble, of course, was reckless waste. The sales method made it inevitable.

The city's solution for charging for water, which went into effect in July 1842, was to measure the width of all the buildings in New

York and charge flat rates based on that. It is true that the very first Water Commissioner was violently opposed to this system, and insisted that he could invent a measuring device "capable of registering the quantity of water used by every large consumer." But the city aldermen had never heard of measuring devices for water (not being students of Roman history, they didn't know about Frontinus, Water Commissioner of Rome from A.D. 97 to 100, who did use water meters, and with them saved a hundred million gallons of waste water a day, equal to nearly half of Rome's supply) and they very much doubted that any such thing could be made to work.

The city did try to cut waste. It dug up some of its 200 miles of new water mains and plugged up the numerous leaks in them, and it also shut down Croton Aqueduct once a year, long enough to patch the leaks in that. But then, since there was nothing it could do about the forty or fifty gallons of water per person per day rushing unused out of taps on private premises, it went up to Boyd's Corners in Putnam County and built another reservoir. Then it came back down to Westchester County and began building reservoirs left and right. Some of these reservoirs would have been required even to supply the growing city's just needs, but most of them provided water to go directly from leaky faucets into waste pipes—or even from well-built faucets into waste



place since a good many New Yorkers left the city, turning off water to make sure the pipes didn't freeze, and at summer he made sure it wouldn't freeze out when they wanted a drink. In New York City, however, a man's house got a lot of water a thousand gallons an hour. There was no possibility of paying for just the amount used. The owner of a New York house five stories high and from eighteen to twenty feet wide paid a rate for his water—about he said one cent or one gallon a day. Thousands of houses paid nothing at all, and many landlords paid a price a week for their own family, that is, they had had already paid something once a week, at the rate of 10 to 15 gallons per person per day, reported to be 8,000 from water from him. By all the gas he had burned and paid for swimming tanks, and spent about a fortune dollars in water conservation in the neighborhood of feeding all

The Merchants Ignored

Some other valleys back, water wastes had finally got recognized and put into commercial production. In 1875, for instance, 250 meters were put into service, and in 1880, 400 meters of New York's water was delivered through meters. From the point of view of saving New York, these water-saving meters helped the city but they cost half a fortune. A few more meters were installed and as more big businesses began to put the water-saving devices, half after year, planting. The greatest value was probably about 15 gallons for domestic delivery that by charge made it impossible for consumers to waste water and to get off from and beyond. But, still, in use.

However, in 1881 a lot of short bills for water were sent. One day half past noon just the water was running and was growing more and more, and it had to make the water delivery. "Under the water the city was in, saving water was in, water to water, saving water, and had to make, there is possible. More water was sent to water, saving water. More water was sent to water. The merchants, however, took it to the water and they engaged the water-saving meters. I don't know and Fisher Crowell is a man by the water problem. This feeling was that New York could do a little better, saving, and a lot of water, however.

The most striking figure in the report for those which show water wasted in the city was of more 4,000 that each New Yorker was supposed to consume? in 1880. Five gallons of

each person's 117 were being used for the city itself—to put out fires, wash streets, keep fountains supplied, and so forth. Twenty gallons more through meters to factories and all other commercial uses. The remaining 92 comprised domestic use, plus waste. Crowell's experience with meters showed that 30 gallons were used, and 62 were waste. The six people in his own newspaper household used 20 gallons a day each, he said—and don't think Mr. Crowell's family were willing to make the figures look good. Mr. Crowell added: It would have been pointless. The difference between a liberal use of water for legitimate purposes and a parsimonious use is really very slight."

The city ignored these findings as well as the recommendations of a second Merchants Association meeting in 1906 on the advantages of saving, with great powers. Instead it went up into the Catskills and began building reservoirs. Since about 1884 meters by the city to meter household water control and leak inspection has been practically abandoned, and the percentage of meters in the city has slowly declined from 55 per cent in 1888 down to 24.2 per cent at the present time. The overall spark of new interest appeared in 1918, when the Bureau of the United presented a report on water to Mayor O'Dwyer, which concluded that if a conservative estimate they would estimate 120 million gallons of waste a day, and that they would bring an extra \$5 million a year into the city treasury. That report had been submitted to the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, whose job is to calculate water in the city and whose Commissioners have previously found meters. But before anything could be done, the great water shortage of 1918 had come along, and the city concluded that instead of installing meters it would be better to have the water in Neversink Reservoir get started in Tappan Reservoir, and begin the agitation for Catskill Reservoir.

New York and Tappan Reservoir had been designed back in the thirties—the Depression had kept them from being built—and the people in such towns as Tappan villages as a whole, Union Grove, Poughkeepsie, and Shawangunk had long since made their choice, and lost. Catskill Reservoir was a new project. It made its public debut in a report to the Board of Estimate on December 25, 1919. Almost immediately four separate resolutions were passed.

The Board of Water Supply was off to the Catskills. His argument was very simple. From 1842 to the present, it said, the city has used more water almost every year, and it will continue

is. Up and water from the Catskills is what New Yorkers like to drink, because it's so pure. Coming from an altitude of 1,100 feet, it will flow to the city by gravity, and save the cost of pumping.

Inceled (the Interstate Commission on the Delaware River Basin, created by New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware in 1961) spoke next. Its job was, and its successor Commission's job is, to wheel up the water in the Delaware River so that all four states get enough for their just needs. Inceled now said that it had been thinking of building a dam at Catskillville, maybe some other dams, too, and that the New York Board of Water Supply should keep out. After all, it already had that big dam started just a few miles away at Downsville.

The third voice was the disorganized one of Delaware County and its people. In March 1960 they addressed themselves to the New York State Water Power and Control Commission, which holds hearings whenever a city in New York state wants to build dams. Delaware County's towns, villages, and individual citizens had two arguments: one, that the dam would wreck them; and two, that the city didn't need it anyway.

One man, when it was pointed out to him that the city would pay him for his land, added:

It is kind of hard for you people from the city to appreciate what a farm means to a person who is a farmer. In the city you move from one apartment to the next, and maybe they are about the same. . . . There is no much difference between one farm and the next as there is between black and white.

Another witness told the Commission that, right after he had heard about the Board of Water Supply's plans, he had had what amounted to a vision. He was standing by the river at down, he said, looking upstream. Through the mist he saw some kind of procession moving down the current. As it drew nearer:

I saw it was a long string of birchbark canoes, and in these canoes were a lot of ghostly figures with blankets around them and feathers on their heads, and so on. They came along by where I was standing and looked at me, and one of them . . . stood up and said, "What's the matter, brother?" I said, "I have got to move," and he said, "You might as well get your satchel and come on with us." Oh, how they did laugh. They laughed their heads off at me. I suppose they were thinking about a couple of hundred years ago.

The local lawyers, rightly suspecting that appeals like this wouldn't get far with the Commission, had meanwhile been trying to bone up on water-supply technique. One of them announced

that he had been in touch with the Water Commissioner of Cleveland (Cleveland, like Denver City and Detroit, draws from 80 to 100,000 feet of its water through meters) and had a letter stating that the coal miners were coming to New York. That made no impression at all. According to a water expert named Rossen Martin, as probably to local people making much impression on planners of dams. As most on the Delaware, real resistance has never stopped a dam. "The almost give pause to residents of southern Illinois, where the state Water Survey has a 100,000-acre pumping reservoir—also," and to people in the Potomac River basin, where in addition to the two great reservoirs now being built by the federal government, nine more are authorized, and twenty-five more than that are in the drafting stage. It should scare the wit out of people along the Potomac and its tributaries, where the Army Engineers would like to build sixteen more dams in a great arc out from Washington, and another 418 "small hydroelectric structures" and, still farther, to November 1960 the state voted that New York City could go ahead with the reservoir as soon as it got the consent of Inceled. It got that in 1961.

The Professors Pipe Up

Meanwhile, the chorus of outside experts had begun to form. The first section, led by Dean Thorndike Sayle of the College of Engineering at NYU, comprised a blue-ribbon Engineering Panel on Water Supply appointed by the city in 1960. It came out against building on Catskillville and for installing more meters. Even most of the 150,000 meters then in use, it said, weren't kept in good repair, and many were badly designed to begin with. After Trent water came, the city was losing (it still is) about \$3 million a year in uncollected meter revenue from 45,000 present meters—which he meter through a float recording it. The city could, however, the Panel said, eventually need further operate supplies, easy and cheap. Tap the Hudson eight miles upstream at Hyde Park and filter the water. "By ordinary standard filtration processes, Hudson River water can be made to equal, if not better, the quality of water now supplied to New York City."

When this report was released in December 1961 the Board of Water Supply grumbled at such boasts of free. Ignoring the long seasons of factoring and waste, it concentrated on the Hudson River proposal. The Board claimed that

If You Were Here

by Richard Tillinghast

If you were here you would listen
To the thunder shudder like trunks
Being pushed across the attic
And turn aside from the window, as often
I have seen you turn in the static
Summer air before light shrinks
To a tangle of trees above the horizon—

Turn away and come to bed.
Now the rainy wind sways
Our pine and speckles the dust on a packed
Box of books. The landlady said
It this afternoon as well as I might expect:
The lady is leaving? The gentleman stays?
Now I have packed all I could,

I finish the sherry that would not fit
And wait for time to go to the station.
The blood and muscles sing their reasons
For loneliness, who know by heart
The sacraments of your presence.
Wine brims to my lip in sad celebration
And the windows watch the night start.

New Yorkers would never drink Hudson water, even if it were made twice as pure as Catskill water (as it could be). The stuff is "psychologically unpalatable." The Board did not comment on Poughkeepsie, which has been finding filtered Hudson water psychologically palatable for about eighty years now.

The argument over the Hudson largely diverted attention from the question of misuse at home. One or two other outsiders did bring up the question of meters during 1952. But as Neversink and Pepacton Reservoirs moved into operation, the whole matter of the city's water supply slipped back into oblivion—as it had after Middle Branch came in during 1878, Kensico in 1884, Ashokan in 1913, Schoharie in 1924, and so forth. New York placidly continues to sell the great bulk of its water by the house-width plan. In 1963, the owner of a building more than eighteen and less than twenty feet wide, and five stories high, pays a base rate of \$13 for all the water he can use. He has, to be sure, some extras to pay, such as \$4.50 a year for each bathtub beyond the first, and \$7.50 a year for an air-conditioning unit

using between half a gallon and a gallon of water a minute. The owner of an apartment house eighty feet wide and eleven stories high pays a base rate of \$45—with a good many tubs and such to pay extra for. Restaurants pay \$12 a year. Dentists pay \$1.50 a year for each of those little fountains they keep running all the time. The results are about what one would expect. Waste has hardly diminished since the days of the Manhattan Company.

In matters of public policy, issues won't stay dead, though. Once the corpse is buried, the scholars come along and dig it up. In 1960, Professor Milliman and his two colleagues published their monumental study, "Water Supply: Economics, Technology, and Policy." In 1962 Professor Milliman made the speech that I saw mentioned in the *Times*. That leads to his book, where one learns that just by repairing mains, with no other reforms, New York could save half as much water as it will get from Cannonsville, "at a cost, per million gallons, of far under one-hundredth of Cannonsville costs." The book in turn leads to the Panel report of 1951, and there one learns that metering the whole city would have cost less than half what it has taken just to build the aqueduct for Cannonsville. One also learns that cities like New York and Chicago, which don't meter, "consume" an average of 73 gallons more water per person per day than cities like Boston and Louisville, which do.

One last question remains. If every engineer since the 1870s has been for water meters, and no one has been against them ("The best engineering talent in this country has pleaded for the use of water meters for at least half a century," the magazine *American City* wrote in 1950), why doesn't New York have them? Why is it flooding the valley of the West Branch instead, burning all the sugar maples, tearing down 900 buildings, moving a thousand people, digging up ten cemeteries, and all the rest?

I think it's a blind working-together of three forces that keeps the city such an enemy to its own countryside. One of the forces is landlords, especially those who own tenements. If tenements and apartment houses were metered, it would no longer be economical not to fix the plumbing. But there is more to it than that. Landlords have a horrible fear that they could fix every leak in a building, and still have high water bills, if they were to pay by use, as they do with fuel oil or electricity. The tenants, they are convinced, would pour it out the windows, if necessary. As the head of a landlords' association wrote the *Times* during the last shortage, the average tenant is a

reckless fellow—"not the least bit concerned with saving water or with its economical use. He has always considered water as a God-given gift which comes to him from heaven for his free and unlimited use." Some landlords oppose metering altogether; others are very tepidly for it, provided that every apartment is metered, and not just the building. (This is perfectly possible, though of course it takes a lot more meters. But meters are far cheaper now than they were in 1870. When Philadelphia finally put them in a few years ago, the total cost per installed meter was about \$35. In any event, the experience of dozens of cities is that one meter per building works fine.) If landlords looked at metered Boston or metered Jersey City, or remembered what Mr. Croes pointed out in 1900 about the small difference between liberal and parsimonious use, they would perhaps be less nervous.

I don't mean to imply that landlords are unique in their abuses. A plumber in Terre Haute, Indiana, once told the story of one of his customers—a private householder—who left a defective toilet running steadily for eighteen years rather than pay to have it fixed. The man always pointed out to the plumber that the water cost him nothing, whereas the plumber was going to charge. He had it fixed the day Terre Haute adopted metering.

A second force of inertia is the division of responsibility in the New York City administration. Nobody is concerned both with getting water and with using it well. If the city wastes what the Board of Water Supply provides, that's no affair of the Board. If Cannonsville is needless, that's nothing to the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity. If someone chooses to let his plumbing fall apart, that's no affair of either. *That* can be stopped only by the Department of Buildings—which, in turn, has no official connection with water supply at all.

Small Boys with Mud

Most of all, though, there's the problem that *Scientific American* brought up in 1896 in a discussion of New York's water supply, that it's much more exciting to build new reservoirs than it is to practice good management. This, at any rate, is what the RAND Corporation men think. "There is a certain temptation," they say in the preface to their book, "for water-supply leaders to cast themselves in a heroic mold, as mighty battlers for the cause of pure and adequate water. To maintain the romance of this role, great

projects are continually being conceived, planned, and executed, some of these projects being sound, others unsound, and some bordering on the manic." The mighty battlers would almost rather *not* see plumbing fixed or meters installed, they continue, since "the large gains achievable merely by making better use of the supplies in hand may indicate postponement indefinitely of vast new engineering wonders."

But there's no need to accept this theory at the hands of Professor Milliman and his colleagues. The Commissioners of the New York Board of Water Supply showed it in action, in a report they made to Mayor Impellitteri on January 1, 1952. This was just after the blue-ribbon panel had recommended that Cannonsville Dam not be built, and that the city instead put meters in at home and plan to tap the Hudson for a supplement. The Commissioners said they wanted to go ahead with their project anyway. "Cannonsville is the *one* official project of the Board for the future," they explained. The italics are theirs.

The fear of upstaters—and it's perfectly justifiable, as far as I can see—is that the city will always want to have one or two official projects cooking, like a small boy who can't resist making mud dams, no matter how many he already has, no matter whose mud it is. The hearings after which Cannonsville was condemned were held in Delhi, New York, the county seat of Delaware County. A Walton lawyer named William Fancher represented most of the villages that have since gone to the grubbing contractor. New York City was represented principally by John Fitzgerald, then Chief Engineer of the Board of Water Supply (and an active member of its New Sources Division), and by a panel of city lawyers. A state water engineer from Albany named John C. Thompson presided. Late in the hearings, when it was obvious the city would win, this exchange took place. It is interesting chiefly for the local reaction indicated in court reporter's brackets at the end.

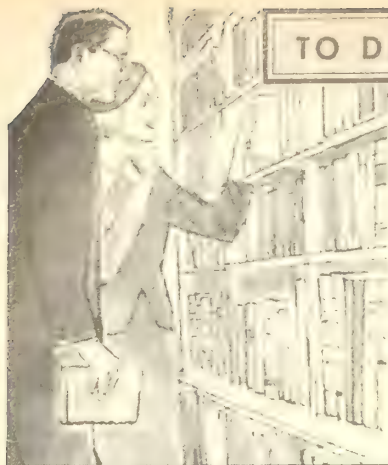
MR. FANCHER: Where are you going when you get through with Cannonsville, Mr. Fitzgerald?

MR. THORNTON (Assistant Counsel for the Board of Water Supply): I object to that.

MR. THOMPSON: Do you know where you are going after you get through with Cannonsville?

MR. FITZGERALD: No, sir. [*Laughter*]

The laughter was that of the people of Delaware County, with maybe a few Mohawk Indian echoes, and they were laughing because they believed the Chief Engineer of the Board of Water Supply of the City of New York had just perjured himself.



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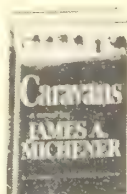
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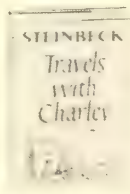
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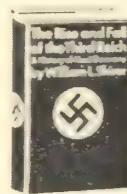
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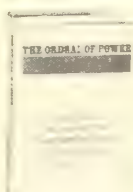
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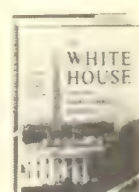
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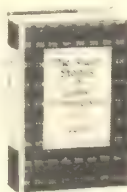
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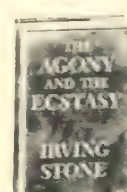
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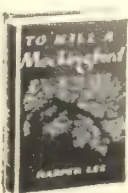
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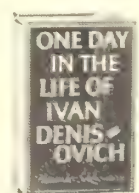
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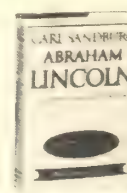
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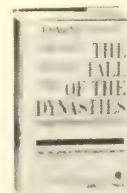
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Homecoming

A Story by Tom Mayer

We came up the long rise to the top of the Galisteo shelf at about sixty, which was all the car would do, and then we could see the whole northern end of the Estancia Valley. The steel of the railroad tracks below glinted in the afternoon sun, and we could see the steeple of the church at Lamy behind the rolls in the plain. I could tell there wasn't much wind, which was unusual, because there weren't any twisters. Sometimes you can see seven or eight separate twisters from the top of the shelf.

I was driving and my mother was sitting in the front seat with me, her eyes inflamed and pinkish from a week of crying. I glanced over at her, and I could see her holding herself erect, almost as if she were sitting at attention, but the left corner of her mouth kept twitching, the way it does when she is upset.

As we started down the grade I let up on the gas, and the old Hudson began backfiring. "We really ought to trade this thing in," I said. "It's gone 106,000 miles and it has a perfect right to blow up anytime."

"It was your father's car," my mother said, "and, besides, we don't have enough money for a new one. We'll just have to make do."

The part about money was a lie, but I didn't answer, because I didn't want to start an argument with her. I had only been trying to start a conversation.

The Galisteo shelf, under one name or another, runs all the way from the Sangre de Cristo Mountains to the Jemez. In the west, on the other side of the Ortiz, it is called La Bajada. At its base is Lamy, the railroad depot for Santa Fe, and, as I said, from the top you can see the whole

northern end of the Estancia Valley. The valley is usually brown in summer, from overgrazing and the sun, and it stretches all the way to Texas. I know the northern end of it well. I have ridden over most of it many times, and it became a habit with me to pick out the most important places from the top of the shelf. I do it every time I drive down.

We were at the bottom of the grade, almost to the overpass where the road goes over the tracks, when my brother Johnny, who was sitting in back, said, "Do you think it's gonna rain this afternoon?" He was only thirteen, and my father's death was very hard on him.

"No," I said. "What makes you think that?"

"There's some clouds over the Ortiz, so I thought it might rain."

"You know rain never comes from the west," I said. I wasn't mad, just stating a fact.

"No, I didn't know," Johnny said.

"Yes you did. Come on now and think of once when it's rained from the west."

Johnny thought for a minute. Then he said, "I guess I can't."

"Damn right you can't," I said. "You know rain clouds always start from the Sangres."

"Don't pick on Johnny like that," my mother said. "He didn't mean anything."

"I know."

"Well then why were you picking on him? He didn't do anything."

"I wasn't picking on him," I said.

"You were too."

"Oh for Chrissake," I said. "I was not."

Mother started to cry. "Shut up, will you, Mother?" I said. "You've done nothing but cry all week." Of course that only made her cry all the more, so after a minute I said, "Mother, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. Please don't cry. Please."

That calmed her down a little bit, but I didn't look over at her, because I knew the corner of her mouth would be twitching.

I turned left toward Lamy just before the overpass. When we got to town I parked behind the station. Lamy is a very small town. It has an old adobe church, a few adobe houses, mostly unplastered and crumbling, the station, a general store, a Gulf filling station, the Pink Garter saloon, and five or six of those yellow-board railroad shacks. There are yellow shacks like those in every town along the Santa Fe, and the railroad even paints A T & S F on some of them.

There was a redcap sitting on one of the bag-

gage carts when I got out, and he said, "You need help?"

"Yeah," I said. "I gotta coffin coming in on the baggage car."

"Which train?"

"Eastbound Chief."

"O.K." he said. "It's on time. Three twenty. Westbound comes through at four was why I asked."

"Fine," I said.

It was five past three by my watch and I walked around to the platform. There were a couple of people I had never seen before and Donal McNally. Donal McNally was my father's best friend, and whenever anything went wrong we knew we could count on Donal. He and my father had been in the Australian army together in the first world war, and my father brought Donal out to New Mexico to work on his ranch. Donal didn't stay on the ranch, but got into political writing, and now he is syndicated in sixteen newspapers. Sometimes we didn't see Donal for a long time, but whenever anything went wrong we could always count on him.

"Hello Jerry," he said.

"Hello," I said. Johnny came walking over and Donal ruffled his hair. Donal is a big man, getting fat, and Johnny hardly came to his waist.

"How you figure to get the coffin to the mortuary?" Donal asked.

"Hudson, I guess." I hadn't really thought about it.

"It might be a tight fit. I got to thinking about that so I hired a hearse to take it up in for you. Also it might upset your mother pretty bad if she had to ride all the way back with it in the car."

"You're right about it upsetting her," I said. "And about the rest of it, too. Where did you park the hearse?" I hadn't seen it when we drove in.

"Over at the filling station. Driver had to get some gas."

"Thank you very much," I said, "for thinking of it."

"That's all right. . . . How is she?"

"Mother?"

"Yes."

"Pretty shaky, I guess. She's been crying a lot."

"She's upset."

"I know."

"Well, you can't blame her for it."

Tom Mayer, who comes from Santa Fe, New Mexico, will be a junior at Harvard this fall. He is the winner of the 1962 College Short Story Contest Award of "Story Magazine."

"No you can't."

"Johnny," he said. "Come on. Let's go cheer up your Mommy."

They walked off and left me standing by myself. Donal had his hand on Johnny's head. I looked down at the overpass, and the semaphore was down and the signal light red. You can see the overpass, which is several miles away, from the platform, though at the eastern end of the station the tracks twist off out of sight into the Glorieta Canyon.

On an impulse I started to walk one of the rails. I was out of practice, but I didn't slip too much. I learned to walk rails when I was five or six. Whenever we'd load sheep, my father would want me out of the way. Loading sheep is a very touchy business, and he didn't want to have a little boy around to spook the animals. You got to have a goat to lead them up the ramp, and if you panic them they bunch up and crush each other. You lose 2 per cent to crushing anyway, but no more if you are careful. My father was a very careful loader and he didn't want to take chances by having me around. "Jerry," he used to say, "why don't you go down and practice rail-walking? I'll come down later and we'll have a contest. Be sure you stay on the siding and don't get on the main line." Sometimes I would have to practice rail-walking by myself for three or four hours or even half a day while the *borregueros* and my father loaded. Loading is dirty work, but no matter how tired he was my father would always have a rail-walking contest with me after he was finished. He would be covered with caked dust and manure, and even so he usually beat me.

By the time I was eight, though, I stopped walking rails and learned to use a sheep counter. Not that it was hard work, but it is very important. Later I learned to help with the herding itself, and then I would be tired and dirtier than my father when we finished.

When we were loading animals from the Peele place, a ranch my father bought in the 'twenties, we used the Lamy pens, which are on the other side of the overpass from the station. The sheep from the old Torreon ranch, which belonged to my great-grandfather, we loaded at Vaughn on the southern route of the Santa Fe. We sold the Peele place after my father had his first heart attack three years ago, but I imagine we'll hold onto the Torreon as long as we can.

I slipped off the rail once and turned around to come back. I guess thinking about loading, and the rail-walking, had started me off, because I

remembered the time Dinah had puppies in the lobby of the old Harvey House at Lamy. They tore the Harvey House down in the summer of 1950 and this was the winter before. The Harvey House was a big California-Spanish hotel like the ones in Gallup and Flagstaff, and they tore it down because nobody even used the dining room any more. My father told me that in the old days when he was a kid it was a very swanky place. There were lace vines growing all over the archways, and in the courtyard was a goldfish pond. Except for stock tanks, that goldfish pond was the only pond I saw until I was seven or eight. I remembered I'd always wanted to go wading in it and try to catch a goldfish.

We stopped there often coming home from the Torreon. We have always lived in Santa Fe in my mother's house as well as on the Torreon. Her father was a Supreme Court justice, and we kept the house in Santa Fe partly so that Johnny and I could go to school in town, but also because mother doesn't like to live on the ranch all year round.

When we stopped at the Harvey House in winter we would sit around in front of the big fireplace in the lobby and drink hot chocolate, and if it was summer we would go into the bar. The bar was very dark and cool, and my parents would have Tom Collinses while I drank ginger ale.

The time that Dinah had puppies we were driving north on a very cold day. It was snowing a little, and the wind was blowing so strong it swayed even the heavy Hudson. My parents and I were sitting in the front seat, and Old Mike and Dinah, my father's Airedales, were in back. My father had kept Airedales ever since the 'thirties when he ran sheep in the Jemez summers and needed bear dogs. Old Mike had been a bear dog, and one of his ears was missing.

Dinah had been whimpering for quite a while, and my mother said she thought maybe her time was coming. Suddenly Dinah snarled and bit Old Mike on the shoulder very badly. Old Mike didn't make a sound. My mother turned around and said, "Oh my God, Ned. She's whelping." Sure enough Dinah had Old Mike's shoulder clenched in her teeth and the first pup was about halfway out. My father said, "Jesus H. Christ," which is what he always said when he was annoyed, and stopped the car.

He got out and got into the back seat. Very carefully he pried Dinah's teeth loose, and then he snapped his fingers so that Old Mike jumped over into the front seat with us. His shoulder was bleeding a lot, and my father said, "Jerry, take this handkerchief and hold it on Old Mike's shoul-

der to stop the bleeding. You drive, Agnes. I'll stay back here." Dinah snarled again, but my father petted her, and she quieted down. He was wonderful with all kinds of animals.

My mother said, "We can't drive all the way home like this. We'll have to stop somewhere."

"I know," my father said. "We'll stop at Lamy."

We were only about five miles from Lamy and we drove on in with me holding the handkerchief on Old Mike's shoulder, and my father in the back seat petting Dinah. My father was the only one who said anything, and he talked to Dinah. "Easy little girl," he said. "Easy darlin' little girl. Everythin's all right and nothin's gonna hurt my darlin' little girl so easy little girl easy." Dinah lay down on her side and put her head in my father's lap. When she had finished with the first pup my father leaned across her very carefully and cut the cord with his pocket knife. He sterilized the knife every morning, because sometimes he had to puncture bloated sheep with it. If a lot of sheep are badly bloated you don't have time to give them all bloat medicine, so you puncture their stomachs. My father could usually save two out of three if that happened. He took the pup in his hand and said, "It's dead. She must have crushed it." Then he put the dead pup on the floor and kept talking to Dinah.

When we got to Lamy my father said, "Stop in front of the Harvey House." He picked Dinah up and carried her into the hotel.

The clerk was a young man named Silvo Torres. His father was old Reginaldo, one of our best *borregueros*, and Silvo had been born on the Torreon. He saw the situation right away and he said to my father in Spanish, "Take her over by the fireplace. I'll get some blankets."

There was a big Navaho rug in front of the fireplace, and my father sat down on it with Dinah. Just then she whined, and cried, and the second pup had started. Silvo came back with the blankets, and my father covered her with them.

The second pup took about fifteen minutes, but it was alive. It looked exactly like a rat—Airedales are ugly puppies until they are almost a month old—and my mother put it in her sheepskin to keep it warm. Old Mike and I sat away at a respectful distance and watched.

Dinah had five more pups in three hours. At one point a lady in a fur coat came in to wait for her train, and, when she saw what was going on, she said, "Oh how repulsive." My father didn't look up, but my mother was mad. I could tell because her cheeks got red. Old Mike snarled at the lady. She waited for a minute or two and then she went out.

Silvo fixed up a whelping box from old boards, and brought it in. My father put Dinah in it with the pups, and covered them with blankets. We stayed at the Harvey House overnight, and Old Mike slept in my room. We were probably its last guests. The next morning we drove home with eight Airedales instead of two.

I slipped off the rail again, while I was trying to turn around, and I looked at my watch. Three fifteen. I went over and sat on a baggage cart in the shade. I looked toward the east end of the station where the Glorieta Canyon starts. The only important train I'd ever met before was a westbound. That was when Mother came back from Chicago after she had my little sister Janet, who died when she was less than a year old. All of us were cesareans, and my mother went to Chicago because she didn't have much confidence in the local hospital.

Janet was born December sixth, and my mother came home Christmas afternoon on the Super Chief. My father and I met them. My father brought half-a-dozen roses down to the train, and I remember he looked a little funny standing there on the platform in his dirty old ranch sheepskin holding half-a-dozen roses. The train was late and both my father and I thought we heard it several times before we did. I put my ear down to the track, which was very cold, to listen.

When the train did come, my mother was the only person who got off. She was carrying Janet in her arms, and she cried when she saw the roses. She let me hold Janet while she kissed my father, and she cried some more.

Thinking about her standing there crying, I heard the whistle of the train. I looked toward the overpass, and I could see the headlight of the diesel.

Donal came up, and I jumped off the baggage cart. "Where's the redcap?" he asked.

I looked around and saw the redcap pulling another cart up toward where the baggage car would stop.

"There," I said, and pointed. Donal and I started after him.

I turned to watch the train come by. I love to watch the big five-unit diesels the Santa Fe uses, and usually I wave to the engineer. That day, though, I thought I probably shouldn't. The engine passed us with a huge rush, even though it wasn't going very fast, and the baggage car

stopped exactly in front of the redcap. The door of it opened and the brakeman lifted two mail sacks onto the cart.

"Got a coffin?" asked the redcap.

"Yes," the brakeman said. "As a matter of fact I've got three. Phelps. Huevelle. and Gordon."

The redcap looked at me. "Gordon," I said. "Edmund Gordon."

The brakeman said, "Your father?"

"Yes. He died of a heart attack. At a stock growers' convention in San Francisco."

"I'm sorry."

"Thanks. He's had a bad heart for a long time."

The redcap climbed into the car and they slid the coffin onto the cart. Donal looked at the tag and said, "This is the one." Then he put his arm around my shoulders for a moment. The redcap pulled the cart away down the platform, and my mother and Johnny were standing by the station. "Take it over to the hearse," Donal said. A Cadillac hearse was pulled up by the buses. Donal turned to me. "I'll tip him. You get your mother on home. This is awfully hard on her, and she needs you. She needs you and rest. I'll look after everything at the mortuary; you just get your mother on home."

"Thank you very much for everything," I said.

He put his hand on my shoulder again, and walked off after the redcap.

Johnny was crying when we got in the car, though my mother had stopped. "Shouldn't we look inside and see if it's Daddy?" Johnny asked.

Mother smiled. It was the first time she had smiled all week. Johnny was sitting in front with us this time, and she put her arms around him. "No Johnny, we can't look inside. Not here. I wanted to too, but it's not Daddy any more. It wouldn't do any good to look."

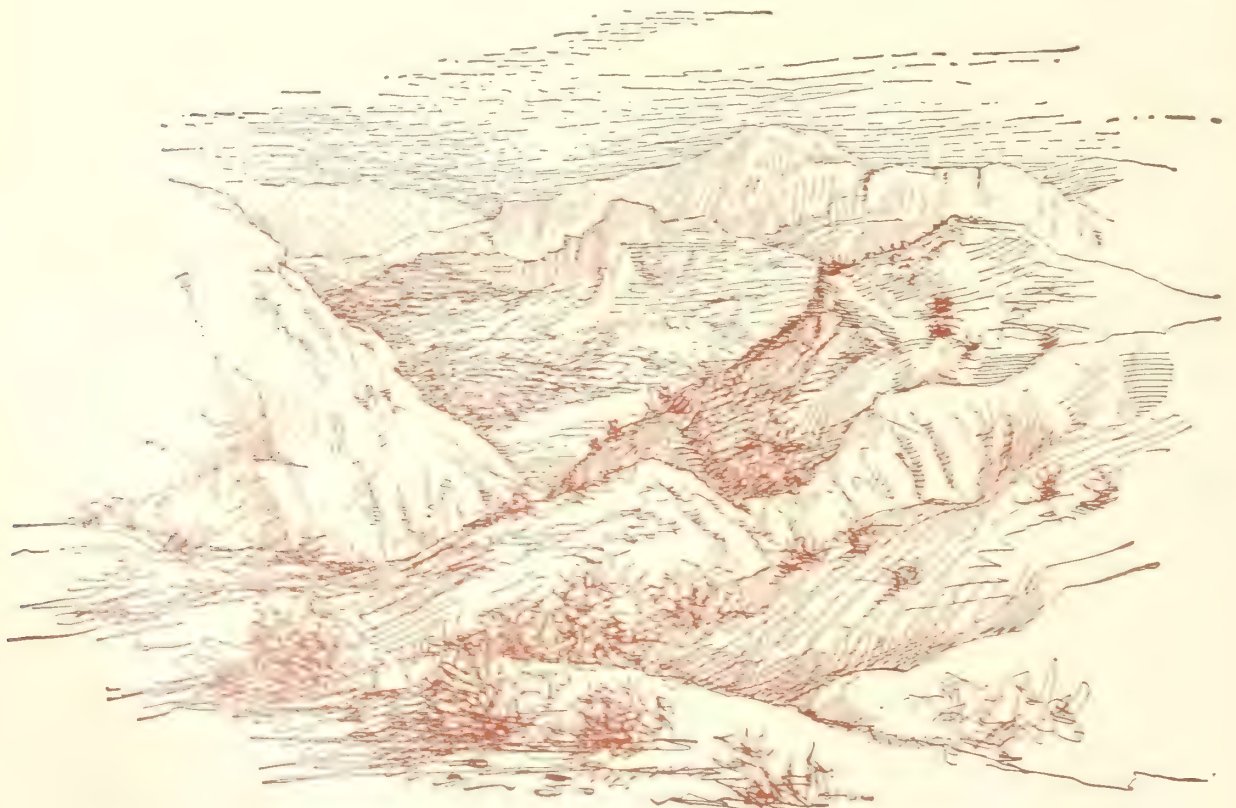
"Why not?" Johnny asked.

"I don't know," my mother said. "It just wouldn't do any good."

I was afraid she was going to start crying again, so I said, "Donal's going to ride up to the mortuary with the coffin. It'll be better that way."

"I know," my mother said. "He told me he was. It's very nice of him."

I backed the car out as the hearse pulled around us. I let the clutch in, and the motor almost died. It backfired loudly, and I said, "Jesus H. Christ." I said it again. "Jesus H. Christ." I felt like slamming my fist into the dashboard as hard as I could, but the motor caught and I put the car in second gear.



Love, Irony, and a Bit of Vitriol

by Paul Pickrel



Clifton Fadiman once remarked of a novel by Somerset Maugham that it was a gold brick, but a gold brick so skillfully fabricated that the gullible reader was delighted to be taken in by it. Something of the same sort could be said of *The Road to Huddersfield* by James Morris (Pantheon, \$4.95). Almost everything about the book is different from what a superficial examination of it would lead you to expect. For one thing it is a history of the World Bank commissioned by the Bank itself, and such institutional histories are usually exercises in narcissism of consuming interest only to officers of the commissioning institution, their mothers, and a small group of stubborn insomniacs beyond the reach of more conventional soporifics. Yet *The Road to Huddersfield* is a Book-of-the-Month selection, and, for that reason and others, it will probably reach a large audience who, whatever else they may think of it, will almost certainly stay awake.

More surprising, *The Road to Huddersfield* is an institutional history by a man who has at most a qualified enthusiasm for the work of the institution he is chronicling. Morris speaks of the "ironic confrontation" between oxcart and jet, the hovel and the Conrad Hilton, the evil eye and penicillin—that gap between technological eras that has called into being such agencies as the World Bank in an effort to close it. But Morris' encounter with his subject is itself an ironic confrontation.

Irony lurks behind the very title. Huddersfield is the name of a town in Yorkshire that achieved industrialization early in the Industrial Revolution; the road thither stands symbolically for the effort to repeat this

achievement by all the nations which a less tactful generation called backward. But as Morris describes the grimy, graceless town of Huddersfield today—where the houses "crouch . . . damply back to back, instinct with rheumatism, mothers-in-law, and strong, sweet tea"—he hardly suggests that this is the utopia toward which all the world should be moving. He does not exactly argue that the object of industrialization is to make the world safe for mothers-in-law, but over his book there hovers a hint that such might be one of its less beguiling side effects.

Even the illustrations seem to have been selected to undercut the kind of hopeful expectation that the World Bank and similar organizations arouse: on one page there is a picture of industrialized Halifax, in Yorkshire, so enveloped in smoke that all you can make out are some clusters of ominous black smokestacks and one spindly leafless tree; facing it is a picture of an Ethiopian village still awaiting development, its graceful straw roofs basking in the sun beneath a serene and open sky, against a background of dramatically beautiful mountains.

And the writing itself casts doubt on the grandeur of the enterprise described. Morris offers a light-hearted impression of the atmosphere of the Bank without making any effort to minimize the seriousness with which it takes itself or the stuffiness of some of the people who work there; he presents a sketch of the character and attainments of Eugene Black—now retired from the presidency but the dominant figure in the Bank's history—a sketch so little flattering that a reader will probably conclude that Mr. Black

must be a more remarkable man than he appears from Morris' portrait or he would never have allowed it to be published. The bulk of the book is made up of five case histories, stories of five nations where World Bank loans have presumably enabled the people to move a little way along the road to Huddersfield.

The treatment of Ethiopia is typical. There are several pages descriptive of Ethiopia as it now is—wonderful pages, because Ethiopia is a fascinating place and Morris is a great travel writer. Then there is a brief account of how a World Bank loan enabled the Ethiopians to hire a bunch of Swedish technicians to install a modern telephone system. (The most memorable part of this account concerns some of the more colorful listings in the Addis Ababa directory.) Of what use, if any, the new telephone system will be for the proud chieftains and sequestered anchorites Morris has earlier described is anything but clear. Is it a futile gesture? Or does it actually bring the Ethiopians a step closer to the doubtful blessings of Huddersfield's lace curtains and brussels sprouts? Or is it a running start toward a new civilization that will leapfrog over the drearier aspects of Western industrialism into something different and more splendid? Morris does not attempt to guess, but the relish with which he describes the color and variety of traditional Ethiopian society shows where his sympathies lie.

Yet Morris is not a victim of the fallacy of tourism, the notion that to appear quaint or colorful or curious to the outsider ought to be sufficient guarantee of a rewarding life. In one telling anecdote he reports an en-

counter with an old Indian shepherd in the Andes who was suffering from a miserable affliction of the eye. Shyly he approached Morris with a request to be cured, pathetically confident that one encounter with modern man would make him well.

What in the end makes *The Road to Huddersfield* something of a gold brick is not Morris' mistrust of the curative power of modern man's touch—whether modern man appears in the guise of the World Bank or the solitary traveler in the Andes—but rather his mistrust of the reader. The book seems to have been written on the assumption that the subject is illimitably tedious and the only way anyone could be lured through an account of it would be by a style of unrelieved liveliness. The writing is often brilliant, but it suffers from an excessive specificity; Morris relies upon vivid detail to do much of the expository job.

Old ladies worn out by tiresomely bright children used to say they were too clever by half. Such a judgment of *The Road to Huddersfield* would be too harsh; it is only too clever by about a third.

The Canny Cumberlanders

In *Night Comes to the Cumberlands* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.75), Harry M. Caudill has written a book that offers almost too pat an opportunity for comparison with *The Road to Huddersfield*. According to the author, the region he is describing (the Cumberland plateau of eastern Kentucky) is the most backward in the United States, and its problems bear a striking resemblance to the problems of more exotic backward lands: overpopulation and unemployment, illiteracy and poor schools, a system of local government that blocks reform, illogical patterns of taxation and land tenure, lack of those major installations (like good roads) that private developers must have but cannot or will not provide for themselves, and a history of exploitation of its natural resources (timber, coal, muscle) that would be called imperialism if the imperialists had not been other Americans.

What the Cumberlanders have that the Ethiopians lack is of course membership in a rich and advanced nation—but that difference is not

entirely an advantage. Where the backward lands of Asia and Africa and Latin America are producing a generation of better-educated and more ambitious young people who agitate for the improvement of their homelands, the bright young people of the Cumberlands tend to go to other parts of the country where their skills find readier acceptance, leaving their native region with few leaders. Where an Afghanistan or an Egypt can play off East against West to win roads and dams and airstrips, the Cumberland is at most courted by local politicians, often on issues of monumental triviality. (In the famous campaign for the Senatorial nomination of 1938, Governor Chandler attempted to arouse the mountaineers against the incumbent, Senator Barkley, by charging that in Washington Barkley ate caviar, which he defined as gravy made with fish eggs instead of ham. But Senator Barkley parried by calling the attention of a horrified electorate to the fact that Chandler had engaged in even more riotous living and at the taxpayers' expense: he had, among lesser offenses, outfitted the Governor's mansion with a new bathroom with a mahogany toilet seat.)

More than anything else, it is the welfare state that now keeps the Cumberlands alive, and at present the chief skill the region is developing in its inhabitants is an extraordinary ingenuity in exploiting the resources of welfarism. Old people adopt their grandchildren to increase the number of their dependents. Sympathetic physicians with political ambitions find able-bodied men incapacitated by a "chronic passive-dependency syndrome." At least one wife has divorced her husband so that their future children will qualify for the assistance extended by the state to illegitimate children. "That's about the only way poor folks can afford to have young 'uns," she explained reasonably enough.

Night Comes to the Cumberlands is a superb book, a model of what a regional study should be. Caudill knows the country intimately; he has deep family roots in the plateau, and as a practicing attorney he has been in and out of its courthouses, listened to its squabbles over titles to land, attended its high-school commencements and political rallies, driven its

jerry-built roads, and been stopped by the company police. He knows what food is on the mountaineer's table, what radio station he listens to, the cadence and vocabulary of his speech. He knows the history of the feuds that followed the Civil War and the fights with the revenueurs in the Prohibition era.

At the same time Caudill is completely free of the sentimental folkloristic approach to the mountaineers. Beyond the quirks and oddities of the region he is able to see, and to trace in wonderfully patient and rewarding detail, the intricate pattern of economic and social forces that has impoverished the plateau. In contrast with Morris, he has hit exactly the right balance between specific detail and general analysis.

Stories Wrenched by Ideas

The problem of finding the right balance between the specific and the general presents itself in fiction in a way different from nonfiction, and yet it is just as central to the success of the writing. One difference seems to be that in good nonfiction the specific illustrates or supplements the general, but in good fiction it embodies it. To be sure there are great and famous stories—*Candide* and *Rasselas*, to name two—where the incidents are frankly illustrative of a dominating idea, but in current usage a piece of fiction designed "to enforce some useful truth or precept" is more likely to be called a fable than a novel.

Carlos Baker's new book, *The Land of Rumblelow* (Scribner, \$4.95), bears the subtitle "A Fable in the Form of a Novel," possibly in an attempt to disarm the critic who might object to the way the incidents of the story have been subordinated to the precept they illustrate. But it remains the chief weakness of the book that it is too much a series of examples and too little a narrative moved forward by its own dynamism.

The dominant idea or "useful truth" in Baker's book is that the apparent calm of everyday living is underlain and interpenetrated by violence and deception and every other kind of nastiness. There is nothing to quarrel with in that; it is true, and though it may be obvious, great novels have been written around ideas no more obscure. But Baker

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writes as if the reader could not possibly grasp his message without constant prodding; incident after incident has no function except to serve as a reminder that the world is not all sweetness and light, and the point is hammered home in the epigraph, in dialogue, in comments on other books.

And all this is unnecessary, for the central situation of the book could have been developed in such a way as to make the point by purely novelistic means, and make it far more subtly and convincingly. The main character in the story is a young English teacher from an Eastern university who goes out to Tucson, partly for his health but partly because he hopes to discover there the information that will enable him to complete a biography of a great but very secretive American novelist. Luck and diligence enable the young scholar to find the truth he is looking for, but because the best of that truth is so intermixed with the worst of human nature, he cannot in the end write the biography.

It is a fine situation, perfectly capable of sustaining the moral insight that Baker wishes to share with the reader. Why then, one wonders, did he feel that the theme needed so much external reinforcement? The answer seems to be that he finds moral complexity everywhere except in his own characters. The young scholar, who ought to be the focus of the book's problems, is in fact about as complicated as Tom Swift. His interest in uncovering the secrets of his subject has nothing to do with self-aggrandizement, peeping-Tomism, or any other impure motive; he has no interest except in discovering the truth. In a book burdened with the theme that good and evil are everywhere intertwined in this world, the main character is an exception.

The Collector by the young English novelist John Fowles (Little, Brown, \$4.95) is another novel dominated by an idea, but here the trouble is that the story outgrows the idea, becomes something richer and more profound, and the attempt to wrench it back into the mould of the idea distorts and cheapens it.

In outline Fowles's novel sounds like an allegory. His main character is a graceless youth named Fred, a

petty provincial bureaucrat of paralyzing conventionality who delights only in butterfly collecting and carrying on a wholly imaginary love affair with a pretty art student. Then suddenly he wins a large sum of money and finds himself able to do as he pleases; so he kidnaps the art student and takes her to a remote country house where he keeps her a prisoner until she dies.

Fowles drops enough hints along the way to make clear what all this means. Fred represents the unimaginative British public that enslaves and breaks the creative spirit; by winning the football pool he becomes identified with the new affluence that enables the masses to turn their sullen resentment of imagination into militant and triumphant philistinism. The story of the art student is the tragedy of the artist driven to the grave by an uncomprehending public.

So Fowles apparently expects his book to be read—but in fact it can be, and probably will be, read quite differently. The girl may be a gifted artist, but the diary which she keeps during her captivity and which makes up the middle third of the novel demonstrates that she is a consummate bore. She commands all the higher clichés of the age and is relentless in dispensing them. She knows her own mind on all subjects, and as T. S. Eliot remarks in another connection, "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?"

Fred, on the other hand, is dull and ignorant, but he has a stature that the girl altogether lacks, because he is a man in the grip of an enormous passion, and in a maladroit way he is trying to do something noble about it. The girl thinks that he needs a psychiatrist, but what he really needs is a Wagner to write an opera with him as hero, or a Lancelot to teach him the chivalry that his nature demands but for which his society offers no pattern. He does not imprison the girl because he hates her or wishes to destroy her but because he cannot imagine any other means that would enable so unworthy a creature as himself to claim so great a prize. In a bungling way, he is trying to invent courtly love, with all its protocols and servitudes, in a world of quick and easy sex. The novel ends with the shoddy trick of having Fred



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Mr. Masoch
and
Count de Sade

by Felicia Lamport

Oh, Mr. Masoch,
Oh, Mr. Masoch!

Is there something that disturbs you, Count de Sade?

I'm surprised that every play

Whether on or off Broadway

Seems to star us—don't you find it rather odd?

Oh, Count de Sade,

Oh, Count de Sade,

On our splendid sado-masochistic squad

Playwrights toil and effervesce,

All devoted—to excess.

They're your servants, Mr. Masoch.

Your adherents, Count de Sade.

Oh, Mr. Masoch,

Oh, Mr. Masoch,

It's such bliss to see the audiences cringe

When submerged by Tennessee

In his great Gehenna Sea,

Or genetically ravaged inge by inge.

Oh, Count de Sade,

Oh, Count de Sade,

We're as cosy as two peas within a pod.

While the sexualbee flies

Both our stocks are bound to rise.

Does it pain you, Mr. Masoch?

Thanks, it kills me, Count de Sade.

Oh, Mr. Masoch,

Oh, Mr. Masoch,

What a glorious sick transit overweens

Any playwright who's produced

Simple childish Mother-Goosed

Fun in three unnatural acts and six obscenes.

Oh, Count de Sade,

Oh, Count de Sade,

How completely demonstratum erat quod!

When alive we were debased.

Now we're both the height of taste.

Absolution, Mr. Masoch?

No, pollution, Count de Sade.

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pick up another girl to imprison, an action that is quite in line with the idea of the book, but is flatly contradictory of the character of Fred as it has developed. It is as if *Othello* ended with the Moor waiting in the office of a marriage broker.

A Chain of Love

In contrast to the two novels just discussed, the first book of short stories by Reynolds Price, *The Names and Faces of Heroes* (Atheneum, \$3.95), presents fiction that is utterly free from any pressure to conform to an idea or advance an argument. Like Price's highly successful novel, *A Long and Happy Life*, these stories are built up entirely out of the details of the characters' lives; the details assume a pattern, a coherence, but it is an imaginative pattern or coherence; each story presents an image of life, not an argument about it. A reader may dislike Price's stories but he could not disagree with them.

All the stories deal with simple people in North Carolina; several are obviously autobiographical; one presents another episode from the lives of the characters in *A Long and Happy Life*. Its title is "A Chain of Love," which would have been a better title for the collection, for all the stories are concerned in one way or another with the chain of love that binds one person to another, if anything does.

These are beautiful stories full of unforgettable details—the dignity of an old Negro quietly telling an insurance agent that his life is not worth paying on every week; a boy on a hot summer night imagining himself in the Arctic making friends with a polar bear named Maurice; an old woman remembering how her father had borrowed her only photograph of the man she was to marry in order to get the part in his hair right after he had been killed on the eve of the wedding. From such details Price has fashioned the best fiction to be reviewed this month.

Witty Women and
So-So Psychiatry

Miss Bannister's *Girls* by Louise Tanner (Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, \$4.50) bears the subtitle "An Acidu-

lous Novel," but it is a series of sketches rather than a novel, and its strongest acid is lemon juice. Miss Tanner has seized upon the not spectacularly original idea of using a class reunion as her point of departure—the twentieth reunion of the Class of 1940 at Miss Bannister's, a private girls' school in New York distinguished more for its social than its academic standing—and the bulk of the book consists of biographical sketches of the sixteen classmates.

Miss Bannister's Girls does not require very serious critical attention; reading it is rather like listening to a bright and witty woman gossiping about people whose names you failed to catch. Miss Tanner does not have much gift for drawing character, and since all the girls at Miss Bannister's seem to have had more or less the same nicknames, the effort of telling one from another would be something of a strain if it were necessary, as fortunately it is not. What really brings out Miss Tanner's wit is the inanimate—she can be really funny when she describes the gifts at a birthday party or the food at a dinner or the contents of an apartment.

In the end Miss Tanner announces that she too has a theme—namely, that the education offered by institutions like Miss Bannister's is not very good—but that profound insight does not seriously interfere with the real business of the book, which is good-hearted malice.

Vertical and Horizontal (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50) is another series of sketches joined together to form a loosely constructed novel, but the author, Lillian Ross, though as witty a writer as Miss Tanner, has obviously undertaken the book with far more seriousness of purpose.

The main characters in *Vertical and Horizontal* are two Jewish physicians in early middle age, both practicing in New York. One, Dr. Spencer Fifield, is an internist, a foolish man in nearly every respect except his profession, where he seems to be at least moderately competent; and the other is his psychiatrist, one Dr. Blauberman, whose foolishness knows no bounds. Both men are pretentious and pompous, passionately devoted to social climbing yet always getting snubbed, busybodies without

tact or taste, endlessly rambling on about emotions that they cannot feel. Neither of them has any personality, let alone character; each of their encounters is a classical instance of the resistible force meeting a movable object.

Miss Ross is superb at handling the individual scene. She writes wonderful dialogue, catching precisely the accents of the pseudo-insight ("Frankly, don't you find Kim Novak a very superficial individual?") and the stonewall defenses of the fashionably doomed ("Oh, I don't know, Thelma. I think we have our share of guilt in Stamford, too"). She can present a character in a few sentences, and her eye for the little condescensions and snobberies of medical society is infallible. But beneath her satiric thrust there is real bitterness of spirit; her contempt for her characters is justified, but when it edges over into hatred it seems excessive.

Insofar as *Vertical and Horizontal* has a unifying theme, it is the conflict between the values of traditional Jewish family life and the values of psychiatry, which Miss Ross seems to regard as an epic rationalization for social climbing. This conflict, implicit in most of the book, comes squarely into the open in one scene, and there a wise old patriarch utterly routs the addlepated Dr. Blauberman, who after all only went into psychiatry to find a way of forgetting that he grew up in Williamsburg. Some readers may disagree with this thesis, but no one can deny that Miss Ross has brought a great deal of skill and considerable vitriol to its defense.

For a less impassioned but also less entertaining view of the subject a reader can turn to **Psychiatry in American Life**, edited by Charles Rolo (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5). This is a collection of essays on various aspects of psychiatry by an assortment of writers, ranging from journalists to professionals. The average level is not high, and as a serious study of psychiatry in American life the book is totally inadequate, but several of the essays are enlightening to those of us who know little about the subject.

Typical of the weaker essays is Gerald Sykes's article discussing



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Freud and Jung. We learn from it that Jung was more "genial" and "robust" than Freud, but little about their real differences. We are told that the conflict between them was "as human, as foreordained, as meaningful as the conflict between two heroic characters in a Greek tragedy," but nothing is advanced in support of so portentous a simile. Though the essay appears in a book on psychiatry in American life, there is not one word on the different kinds of acceptance Freud and Jung have won in this country, or any hint that the success of their doctrines here may have been different from what it has been elsewhere.

A few of the essays are excellent. Alfred Kazin has some intelligent things to say about the bad effect of vulgarized psychiatry on American literature, John R. Seeley's discussion of the Americanization of the unconscious is to the point, and Philip Rieff provides a brilliant analysis of psychiatry as the heir to American Protestantism.

Most of the contributions by psychiatrists are neither very good nor very bad, just feeble. Lillian Ross should read them with relish.

Mathematics for Practically Everybody

by Victor Guillemin, Jr.

Dr. Guillemin is Lecturer on Physics at Harvard. During the war he directed research in the Air Force's Aero Medical Laboratory.

One can find intelligent people who assert positively that they have (a) no interest in and (b) no aptitude for mathematics. There are even those who boast of their mathematical illiteracy (a designation which is, since mathematics is a singularly precise and elegant language, by no means a hyperbole). It has been surmised that these attitudes may arise from traumatic experiences in childhood or from certain broadly pervasive influences in our culture (cf.

C. P. Snow). However this may be, it is not impossible that a perusal of the sort of books reviewed below may well convince the former group that assertions (a) and (b) are both false, and the latter that a knowledge of things mathematical is not necessarily incompatible with an appreciation of other cultural values. (All of the following have been published within the past year.)

Men and Numbers; The World of Laws and the World of Chance; The Mathematical Way of Thinking; Machines, Music, and Puzzles, by James R. Newman (Simon and Schuster Paperbacks, all four \$9.95; also available separately).

These four books were published originally in 1956 as Volumes I, II, III, and IV of *The World of Mathematics*, in a hard cover, boxed edition (at \$25) that became a phenomenal best-seller, purchased presumably by many non-mathematicians. The above titles do not appear in the original edition, which runs consecutively from Part I to Part XXVI, each part containing a varying number of articles by individual authors, the whole coming to some 2,500 pages. The paperback edition is identical, the several titles indicating the predominant content of each volume.

The whole work constitutes a survey of mathematics, from the Rhind Papyrus of ancient Egypt up to recent developments, presented in terms of brief biographies of eminent men of mathematics, reflections about mathematics by philosophers and mathematicians, discussions of the various mathematical disciplines and the many ramifications of mathematics in philosophy, science, technology, history, the arts, games and diversions, and in our general culture. Each article or group of related articles is introduced by a lucid and penetrating commentary by the editor. About half the articles may be grasped and appreciated by the novice. The rest require various levels of competence in mathematics, philosophy, and related areas. Any attempt to exemplify the nature of these books by quoting half-a-dozen titles of individual articles would be vain—the variety is too rich. A generous money's worth by any standards.

Mathematics, by Samuel Rapport and Helen Wright (New York University Press, \$4.95).

This is one of a series of books, some in print and others in preparation, composing the New York University Library of Science, which, to quote the jacket, is "designed for the general reader" and "includes works of some of the greatest scientists and interpreters of science, past and present." Reading "mathematicians" for "scientists" in reference to this particular volume, the latter claim is of course a matter of individual opinion. This book may be thought of as a small sampling of articles similar to those in certain parts of the above four-volume work. And many readers might prefer to do their own sampling. The book is divided into four sections dealing respectively with biography, philosophy of mathematics, certain selected special branches of mathematics, and implications in our culture and technology. Most of the selections are taken from popular books about mathematics and ought to be comprehensible to the novice. However the several articles are uneven. The final article, for example, is a reprint of the paper in which Einstein presented the mathematical derivation of his famous relation between mass and energy.

The Language of Mathematics (American Edition), by Frank Land (Doubleday, \$4.95).

Here is a book written in the noble British tradition of popular science exposition that goes back to the seventeenth century in the lectures given for the general public by eminent members of the Royal Society of London. This is a textbook for adults which, as described correctly in the British preface, assumes "some mature interests, but presupposes no more than an elementary knowledge of mathematics." It demonstrates how simple observations in ordinary experience lead to mathematical abstractions and how in turn, mathematical concepts can make everyday affairs more meaningful.

The various chapters dealing with arithmetic, number theory, algebra, analytical geometry, topology, and statistics give the reader a clear picture of what each of these topics is all about. And incidentally he will

earn, among many other matters, why a careful person is called scrupulous, why the threads in nylon stockings are measured in deniers, how English coins got their names, how our calendar came about—and why it is called a calendar—and how—by a simple mathematical scheme—to account for the numbers of petals in various flowers. Despite its engaging style the book is so packed with information that it had better be taken chapter by chapter.

A Sophisticate's Primer of Relativity, by P. W. Bridgman (Wesleyan University Press, \$4.50).

The author of this book received the Nobel Prize for his work in experimental physics at Harvard and gained worldwide recognition among eminent philosophers for his fundamental contributions to the philosophy of science. The title is precisely descriptive. The book is a primer in the sense that it builds upon primitive concepts. But its style is such as to make it comprehensible only to those who have a considerable degree of sophistication in mathematics and physics. For example, the reader is expected to see at once that the Lorentz equations effect a transformation from an orthogonal to an oblique set of space-time axes. Those who can follow the text will find delight in the opportunity of observing at close hand the cerebration of one of the most logical and incisive thinkers of our century.

Relativity for the Million, by Martin Gardner (Macmillan, \$6.95).

A (quite respectable) joke about two sailors, on the first page, and various other touches of overpopularization, do not compromise the solid worth of this book. It presents, in an unusually clear and authoritative fashion, the topics usually considered in previous books of a similar nature, including both the special and the more abstruse general theory of relativity. The author brings the subject up to date with pertinent discussions of recent theoretical work and experimental observations. A glossary of technical terms, a chronology, and a carefully annotated bibliography are valuable additions. (Minor Note: in the definition of Inertial Mass, page 171, read *velocity* for *acceleration*.) The illustrations, by

Anthony Ravielli, serve an unusual purpose: to enhance the reader's *intuitive* grasp of concepts in the text.

Graphs and Their Uses, by Oystein Ore; **Continued Fractions**, by C. D. Olds (Random House, New Mathematical Library, each book, \$1.95).

These two paperbacks are part of a series, now ten in number with more to come, that are published especially for bright high-school students with a flair for mathematics. It is assumed therefore that the reader will have a knowledge of the usual mathematical subjects, geometry, algebra, trigonometry, in the high-school curriculum. The books are intended to acquaint students with advanced material not ordinarily included in this curriculum. They are written somewhat in the manner of textbooks, concise and factual, with problems to test comprehension. While the prefatory note states that the series is intended to be "interesting and understandable to a large audience of high school students and laymen," the term *laymen* should be read as *non-professionals* rather than *neophytes*.

The author of the book on graphs is Sterling Professor of Mathematics at Yale University. The title refers to something quite different from the wiggly lines that show population trends or the rise and fall of the stock market. The "graphs" discussed here are esoteric geometric constructs that represent puzzles, games, and various scientific and engineering problems, and their solutions. While some of these matters are indeed interesting to laymen, the manner of their discussion is suited only to those with some knowledge of related mathematical concepts.

The book on continued fractions, whose author is professor of mathematics at San Jose State College, is concerned with a topic that is of ancient origin and is nevertheless of profound interest to modern mathematicians. Although it is usually discussed only in the rarefied atmosphere of the graduate mathematics seminar, Professor Olds presents it in a way that should be comprehensible, with some effort, to an exceptionally gifted high-school student. The treatment is of necessity highly abstract and makes contact with reality only at rare intervals.

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See page 66 for announcement of Supplement for October.

MUSIC in the round

by Discus

Siegfried, Beatrice and Benedict, Bluebeard

Costs, logistics, and other non-musical problems have kept them standing in the wings till now.

It is amazing but there it is: until a few months ago there had never been a complete recording of Wagner's *Siegfried*. The omission of this great opera was probably the major gap in the world repertoire of recorded music. Wagner's operas have never, in any case, been bread-and-butter items of the record companies as have Verdi and Puccini. In Verdi and Puccini, one or two star singers can take care of the situation. But Wagner generally demands very strong casting all the way through. That, plus an exceptionally large orchestra, plus the inordinate length of the operas, means a terrific financial outlay. In pre-LP days, a recording of an uncut *Siegfried* would have run to twenty-five discs, even more. The logistics alone of handling such a big three-album set were a deterrent.

In more recent years the problem has been complicated by the lack of Wagnerian sopranos and tenors. Between Flagstad and the emergence of Birgit Nilsson there was no Wag-

nerian soprano of real stature. And with the departure of Lauritz Melchior there has been no heldentenor; not one, anywhere. Nor does there seem to be any coming up. London Records, however, decided not to wait, and has made do with what is available in the new *Siegfried* recording (A 4508, mono, 5 discs; OSA 1508, stereo, 5 discs).

The cast consists of Wolfgang Windgassen (*Siegfried*), Hans Hotter (*Wotan*), Birgit Nilsson (*Brünnhilde*), Gerhard Stolze (*Mime*), Gustav Neidlinger (*Alberich*), Kurt Böhme (*Fafner*), Marga Höffgen (*Erda*) and—of all singers—Joan Sutherland (*Voice of the Forest Bird*). Georg Solti leads the Vienna Philharmonic. Casting Sutherland in this Wagnerian role is not as far-fetched as it might seem. The Forest Bird chirps away in a high-flying tessitura, and Sutherland not only does all that the music asks of her, but more. Most Forest Birds are light, whereas Sutherland has a vocal weight and solidity that fit into this cast of heavy singers.

Windgassen is a veteran German singer who, with Hans Hopf, has virtually a monopoly today on heldentenor roles in Bayreuth and else-

where. It is belaboring the obvious to complain that he is no Melchior or Max Lorenz. But *Siegfried* does call for a tenor with a heroic voice, and that Windgassen does not have. Thus the impact of the *Forging Song* or the battle with Fafner comes off on a reduced scale. But the other singers hold up their ends magnificently, and that includes Hotter. The baritone may have seen his best singing days, but he is a great artist, and he brings to Wotan a style, resource, and humanity that make the character come alive. Stolze and Neidlinger also provide gripping interpretations, and Nilsson, as expected, is spectacular.

But the show really is the conductor's. *Siegfried* is a tone painting as much as it is a singing opera. A conductor with limp rhythm can ruin the score. Solti, fortunately, crackles with electricity. He has put his own personality on the music and, aided by unusually realistic recorded sound, makes his presence felt from first note to last.

What about *Siegfried*, and how does it stand up? That, of course, must end up being a personal matter. Some like Wagner, some don't. Some, in addition, read into the operas all kinds of extra-musical matters. And *Siegfried*, of all the Wagner operas, has a tie-in with National Socialism of the pre-World War II Germany. All that said, *Siegfried* on these records should provide most listeners with an overwhelming musical experience. It is a titanic conception, and it provides a sweeping flood of music. One can poke fun at the libretto, and it, of course, does lend itself to parody. (Those endless questions between Mime and The Wanderer!) But once the music gets under way, once the listener becomes saturated in the Wagnerian myth (and, of course, a knowledge of the various leitmotifs and their transformations is mandatory), criticism is puerile. When Wotan extends his spear, and Siegfried smashes it in two with his newly-forged sword, the world comes to an end—for Wotan and for the listener. And when Siegfried and Brünnhilde pour out their rapture, the world is made anew.

Siegfried, though never before recorded, is a well-known opera. A little-known opera that also has been

and also . . .

Cream Puffs aus Wien. Boskovsky Ensemble (Vanguard 9119, mono; 2129, stereo).

A tiny ensemble plays dance music by Beethoven, Schubert, Lanner, Josef Strauss, and Johann Sr. and Jr. The results are indescribably delightful. This is one of the most charming and relaxing discs of the year.

Mahler: Symphony No. 9. Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter (Columbia M2L 276, mono; M2S 676 stereo; both 2 discs).

A historic release. The late Bruno

Walter was a protégé of the composer, and the greatest exponent of his music. Above all musicians, Walter had an identity with the Mahlerian style, as evidenced in this great performance of this great symphony. It is a performance none can, or will, duplicate.

Chopin: Mazurkas, Vol. I. Alexander Brailowsky, piano (Columbia ML 5802, mono; MS 6402, stereo).

Hard-sounding and not very poetic performances. Brailowsky cannot begin to compete with Rubinstein's great recordings of these wonderful little pieces.

recorded for the first time (to the best of this listener's knowledge) is Berlioz' *Beatrice and Benedict* (Oiseau-Lyre OL 256/7, mono, 2 discs; SOL 256/7, stereo, 2 discs). Heard here are Josephine Veasey, April Cantelo, John Mitchinson, John Cameron, the St. Anthony Singers, and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis. This is a substantially uncut performance. Only a few minor arias are omitted, and so is the dialogue; but the meat of the score is present.

Without a Bubble

It is surprising that the dramatic, impulsive, colorful Berlioz should have had so little success with his operas. He composed three—*Benvenuto Cellini*, *The Trojans* (in two parts), and *Beatrice and Benedict*. For *B&B* he turned to Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, simplifying the plot lines and omitting some characters. *Much Ado* is in some respects the most bubbling of Shakespeare's comedies—at least, when Beatrice and Benedick are on stage bantering with each other. But none of the rapid action comes through in the Berlioz setting. It is static and essentially undramatic, and one can see why it does not hold the stage (the same applies to *Benvenuto Cellini*, which has an impossible libretto). Berlioz' idea of opera seemed to be nothing more than to provide a series of solos and ensembles; and no matter if the action stops dead. The point is that none of his orchestral genius could help him here, and he was content with stringing together a sequence of material that does not really represent his genius.

If one forgets about *B&B* as an opera and listens to it as a cantata, there are moments of inspiration. The high spot of the work is the transcendently beautiful duet (soprano and contralto) that ends the first act. An Act II trio for women's voices is almost as good. Mostly, though, the writing sounds gray and labored. The performance here is quite satisfactory, and opera lovers might want to examine the recording as a novelty.

Not as little-known as *Beatrice and Benedict*, but a rarity nevertheless, is Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle*, a one-act opera that was composed in

1911 and is the great Hungarian's only opera. On a Mercury disc (50311, mono; 90311, stereo) it has been recorded by the late Mihaly Szekeley and Olga Szonyi, with the London Symphony conducted by Antal Dorati. Both singers present the work in the original language. This is preferable to translation, even though translated opera is the norm in most of Europe and is beginning to make headway in America.

The trouble with opera in English (translated opera, that is), or in any other translated language, is that some of the musical quality is lost. A composer has certain vowel sounds in mind when he makes a vocal setting, and that quality vanishes in translation. *Boris Godunov*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*—operas like these, and nearly all others, sound diluted when heard in English. Thus when we hear *Bluebeard's Castle* in Hungarian, we are at least hearing what was in the composer's ear. And on records there is no excuse for translated opera anyway, for one can follow the libretto at leisure.

Packed with Genius

Bluebeard's Castle is a remarkable work—strong, moody, with extraordinary tensile strength. Its libretto is allegorical, and the program notes to this album give one reading of the allegory. Bartók had not yet gone into his strongly dissonant middle period, and there are sections of this opera where the orchestra opens into a sunburst of orchestral sound. There are no arias as such; it is the orchestra that supplies the commentary. But even though Bartók had moved away from traditional opera, the singers have a type of declamation that is extremely effective and even moving. Neither of the singers on this disc is topnotch; they are afflicted with technical problems, including an unpleasant wobble. But Szekeley nevertheless produces a grand sound, and Szonyi has a feeling for the idiom. And since this is not a singing opera, and since Dorati is thoroughly convincing in his exposition of the orchestral part, and since *Bluebeard's Castle* is a striking work packed with genius, and since Mercury has done a fine job with the musical texture, this disc remains much more important than the tenth recording of *Butterfly*.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

The Place

The generation before mine enjoyed a privilege in jazz denied to all of us since, which was having a locale. There was someplace to go and, above all, one place. It was the last time that the music found itself an environment suited to its needs, or at least some of its needs. So it is now the proper subject for nostalgia, and a part of ancient history.

The Street was 52nd Street in New York, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, two rows of run-down brownstones, partially converted into speak-easies during the 1920s. Its high period was in the 'thirties and 'forties, roughly from Repeal to the War, when the speaks became "clubs" and the clubs became places where jazz was played. The Famous Door, The Onyx, the 3 Deuces, Leon and Eddie's, Tony's, 21, The Little Club, or (later) Jimmy Ryan's—the names roll sonorously out of the past.

The Street was to jazz what nothing has ever been since: a magnet for those who wanted to listen without knowing exactly what to ask for, for an audience with a simple generalized hunger rather than a private passion. They came out of the usual mixed motives, but knowing they would find a powerful expression of that moment's music. For more than one generation of prep-school and college students, the Street and jazz were identical.

The War killed the Street, and perhaps just as well. It had been possible only because musicians wanted to play there (nationwide radio sometimes drew from it) despite the low pay scales and (until John Hammond got Basie booked into the Famous Door in 1937) Jim Crow. By the 'fifties, at any event, the Street became just another urban honky-tonk.

More than likely we overglamorize now; Epic's retrospective album is one of the few ways of knowing. For children of the years since then, it is a part of the dream, as legendary as Storyville, of a time when jazz was functionally embedded in its environment, and not the hothouse plant it so often is today.

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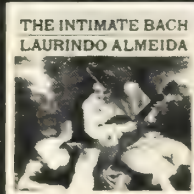
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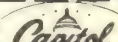
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A Special Duty for Republicans

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Amsterdam's Mayor van Hall shows you three Dutch artists as they saw themselves: Self-portraits by Rembrandt (left); Hals (upper right); van Gogh (lower right).

The Burgemeester of Amsterdam invites you to Holland to meet Rembrandt, Hals and van Gogh

IT IS SAID that the Dutchman's appreciation of fine food is surpassed only by his love of art and beauty.

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hall features the works of Jan van Eijck, Jeroen Bosch and Rubens. The famous Frans Hals Gallery is in Haarlem.

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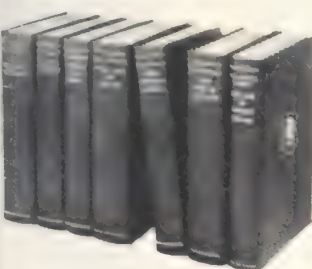
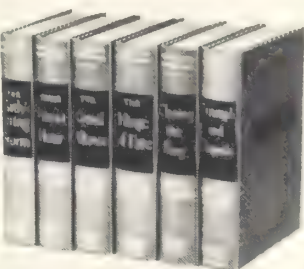


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Frisky Puerto Rican children frolic on a beach near San Juan after school. Photograph by Mike Alexis.

strap," an all-out crusade against
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plagued them.

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DISTRACTION

Coleridge was interrupted while writing "Kubla Khan" by "a person from Porlock." When he returned to his desk, his mood and his train of thought were broken, and he never finished the poem.

An interruption may be reason enough not to finish a poem, since poetry demands inspiration. But it's no excuse for failure to follow through on good intentions.

How many times have you thought of making some additional provision for your financial future—something besides a savings account and an insurance program—and failed to do so because of a brief distraction? How often have you told yourself that you ought to invest your surplus funds with an eye to the years ahead—and failed to act because of inertia, interruption, or inadvertence?

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LETTERS

Wingmen and Groundlings

Richard Bach's solipsistic essay concerning his enchantment with his beloved sky, and himself ["Fighter Pilot," July] only confirms a suspicion of many years: fighter pilots, by and large, have JP-4 in their veins and sawdust in their heads. Now if someone will just lend me a match? Mr. Bach seems to feel that his intelligence and guts are all that hold his F-84F in the air. Such a view is archaic, for his aircraft and all aircraft are the results of thousands of people, bending their minds and hands toward a common goal. . . . His J-65 engine is kept in shape by a grossly underpaid team of enlisted men whose training at the sweltering bases at San Antonio and Amarillo was every bit as demanding as that endured by the fledgling pilots at Laredo. . . . [Mr. Bach's article], though I detest it, is the most literate thing I've ever seen come from the hand of an Air Force officer.

DAVID E. STEINER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

. . . If there is an unbridgeable gulf in flying, it exists between the neurotic and the guy whose subconscious can distinguish his plane from his woman. Flying has beauty, it can be fun at times, and some say it beats working for a living. But expressions of soaring titillation—in the light of Freud, Menninger, and much research into the love and fear of flying—should be reserved for the flight surgeon's confessionals. . . .

BARRY TULLY
Yonkers, N. Y.

Fiscal Hassle

I have just read Irving Kristol's distressing article "Is the Welfare State Obsolete?" [June]. . . . What concerns me particularly is the double slap he takes at the Internal Revenue Service. First off, Mr. Kristol wonders whether the "welfare state" is not "exhibiting delusions of omniscience" . . . and offers as proof an excerpt from an interview I gave the *U.S. News and World Report* . . . concerning our new regulations on deductions for travel and entertain-

ment expenses. After quoting part of that interview Mr. Kristol asks, "Why on earth should the United States government be involved in making such precise determinations of such petty matters?"

Many quotations taken out of context are misleading; the one Mr. Kristol uses is particularly so. Next, Mr. Kristol would have it appear that taxpayers with problems must rely on the "Solomonic wisdom" of "Mr. Caplin and his men." On the contrary, the very reason we issue tax regulations is to assure taxpayers uniform and equitable treatment so they do not have to depend on every revenue agent being a Solomon. . . .

Even if it were not true that an estimated \$100 million a year was being lost to the government through expense-account abuses, the matter would still have been far from petty. And even if it were not a fact that it is grossly unfair for a conspicuous minority to finance their personal living costs at the expense of the majority of the taxpaying public, the problem would still have been a major one. "Expense-account living" was for years one of the most ostentatious abuses of our tax laws, and it was seriously eroding public confidence in our tax system. . . . The problem was so conspicuous and persistent that Congress in 1962 felt compelled to put an end to it. . . .

Mr. Kristol cites our policy of not acquiescing in certain adverse Court decisions to support the central thesis of his article. In fact, . . . in recent years we have acquiesced in 85 to 90 per cent of adverse Tax Court cases. But there are times when it is neither feasible nor desirable for the Service to accept a particular court decision as setting a precedent for handling similar cases on a nationwide basis. The resolution of tax disputes is possible through some ninety district courts, the Tax Court, the Court of Claims, eleven separate Courts of Appeal, and the Supreme Court. An issue settled in one jurisdiction may still be pending in another, and, as experience has shown, the decisions reached sometimes sharply conflict with each other. The considerations involved in these decisions are complex and it is under-

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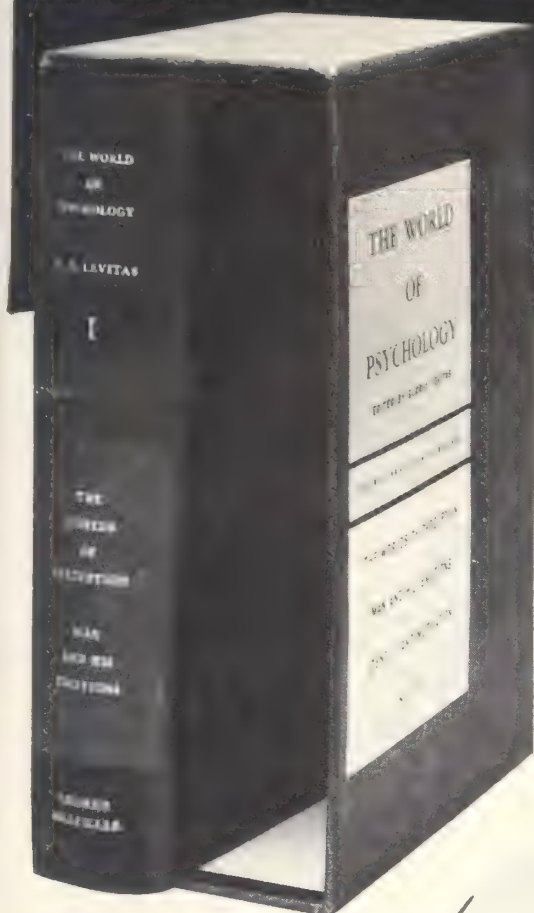
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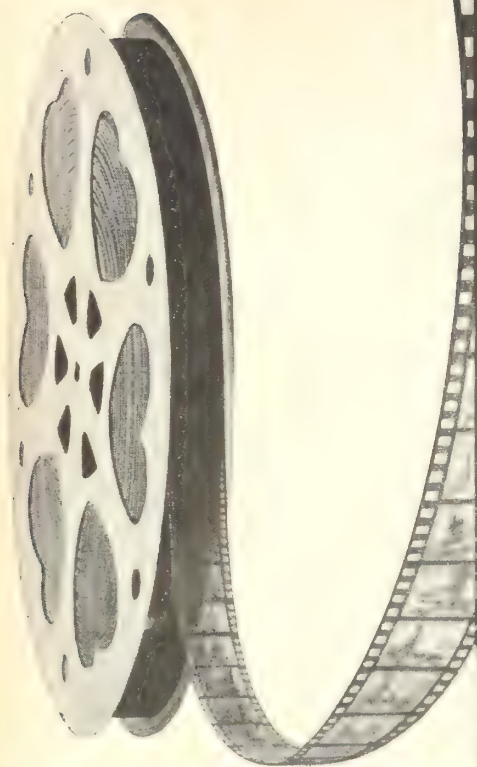
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LETTERS

standable why Mr. Kristol failed to grasp the underlying legal reasons for nonacquiescence. . . .

The strength of the United States is in large measure dependent upon its tax system. Unwarranted and unfair attacks against those charged with administering our tax laws serve only to weaken the confidence of the public and contribute little to strengthening our democratic system.

MORTIMER M. CAPLIN

Commissioner

Internal Revenue Service

Washington, D. C.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

I should like to make it clear that I was not pleading for more generous expense accounts. So far as I am concerned, the government could abolish all expense accounts tomorrow and insist that corporate hospitality be paid for out of profits. Or, alternatively, it could set some fixed percentage of a firm's total revenue and regard this as a standard deduction for expense-account purposes. What I *am* objecting to is the government's effort to figure out whether, when I provide a meal to a friend who is also a business acquaintance, this is a "legitimate" business expense. To tell you the truth, I don't know myself half of the time whether it is or not. Why, then, should Mr. Caplin presume to know? Is this not a "delusion of omniscience"?

IRVING KRISTOL

New York, N. Y.

Irving Kristol asks why "administrative expense" (as distinct from operating expense) on each low-rent apartment in New York City should amount to \$13 a month. The answer is that it doesn't. It amounts to only \$4.22. The balance consists of *operating* cost items which, under the Accounting Manual of the federal government, are classified as administrative expense.

In lieu of spending \$600,000 to rehabilitate four former single-room-occupancy brownstone slums, Mr. Kristol suggests that it might have been better to use the money to buy, at \$15,000 each, "a suburban home, with garden, garage, and all" for each of the forty families housed in the rehabilitated buildings. Let's make the doubtful assumption that such a policy could be implemented

COLLEGIAN

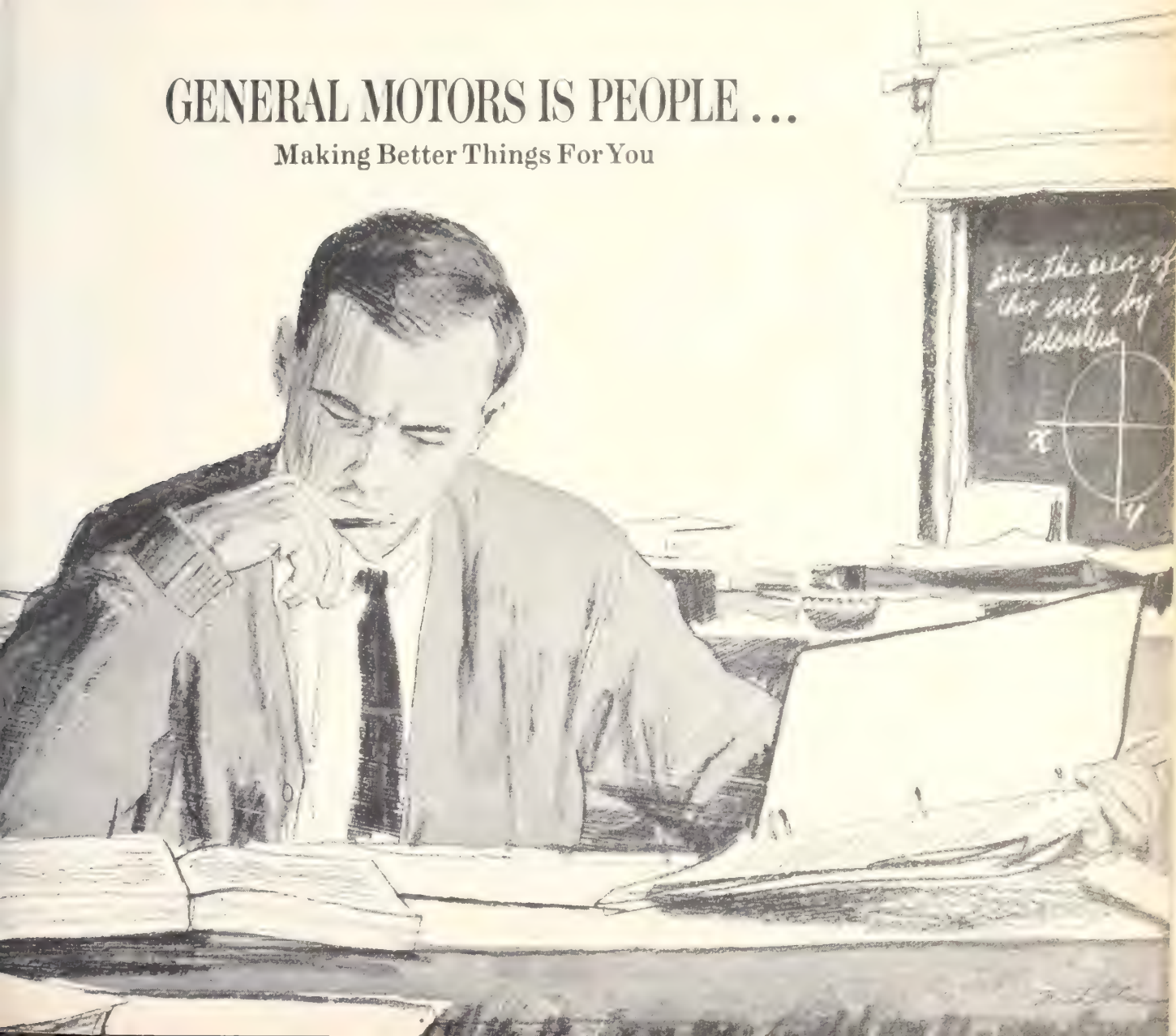
He's a student at General Motors Institute. Today, he's absorbed in higher mathematics. Tomorrow, perhaps Plato and Aristotle . . . political theory and psychology . . . humanities and economics—in short, whatever makes for a well-rounded education. Next week, he may be on the job in an automobile plant. Twenty-four hundred other students like him are studying to be electrical, mechanical or industrial engineers, in one of the world's most unusual institutions of higher learning.

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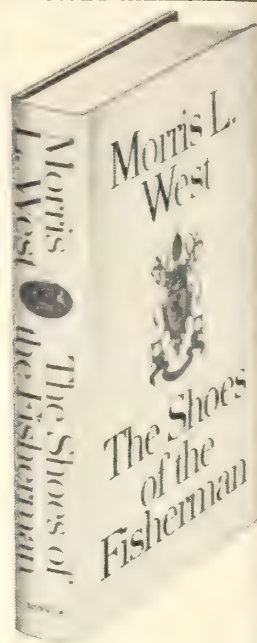
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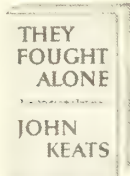
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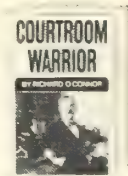
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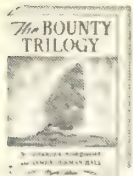
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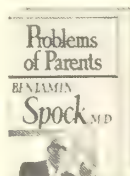
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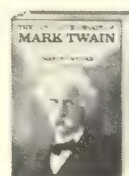
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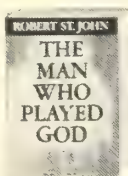
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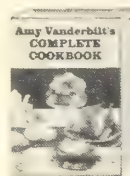
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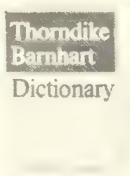
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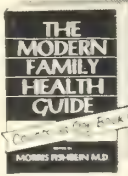
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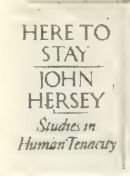
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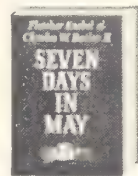
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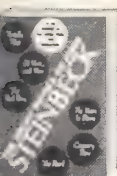
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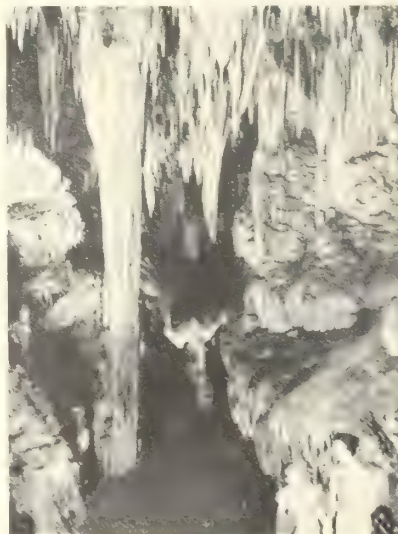


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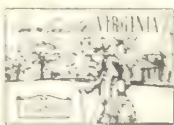


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LETTERS

anywhere near New York City. We believe in urban renewal, not urban abandonment. Mr. Kristol's plan would not remove the slum, but surrender the buildings to further decay. We are proud of these rehabilitated buildings. Their asset value to the entire neighborhood will be far more than their cost. Finally, Mr. Kristol asks if it wouldn't make more sense to divide the \$600,000 among the 100 families who formerly lived in the four buildings. Who's "wasting" public funds now, Mr. Kristol? . . .

IRA S. ROBBINS, Vice-Chmn.
New York City Housing Authority
New York, N. Y.

No Speakee Pidgin

I would like to congratulate Gary Jennings on his entertaining and very informative article on "Pidgin: No Laughing Matter" [July]. That the professional linguists have been ignoring Pidgin . . . may be seen in the fact that in the Bibliographies prepared by the Modern Language Association for 1961 and 1962 only three articles on Pidgin are listed, all by the same author in the same journal, *The Listener*, and all of general rather than professional interest. I would point out one slip in Mr. Jennings' article: *joss* is descended ultimately from Portuguese *deus*, not *dios* (the Spanish form), as he gives it.

OLIVER T. MYERS
Dept. of Foreign Languages
University of California
Davis, Calif.

The Proud Harvesters

Before sunup yesterday this farmer's wife read Jack Heinz's "Those Annoying Farmers: Impossible But Not Really Serious" [July]. . . It occurs to me that the one thing which the farm is not producing these days is a crop of articulate writers who can and do speak out for the farmer. It was with a great deal of surprise that I read that farmers wield a lot of political power, particularly since this is a Democratic Administration which we did not vote into power. Are we to be made the scapegoat for the failure of the Kennedy Administration in getting its program passed? . . .

To imply that wheat farmers voted down the referendum [for a strict

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by
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President

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Lo and behold, Johnny's report card listed him as the Number 2 student in his High School class.

"Congratulations, Son!" said his father. "But why not Number 1?"

"W-e-l-l," Johnny stammered. "There was *this girl* . . ."

"You mean you let a *mere girl* get ahead of you?" the father asked.

"You see, Dad," the boy explained, "girls aren't as *mere* as they were in your day!"

Likewise, to us Kentucky distillers in search of valued customers, today's grown-up girls are not as mere as once they were. In fact, American women, in their role as chief guardian of the household purse string, now account for upwards of thirty percent of all beverage purchases.

And across the land the cocktail hour is happily shared, as a pleasant respite from the cares of the day, by *both* man and wife.

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LETTERS

wheat-control plan] because they expected to have a new farm program is an injustice. . . . Has it occurred to you that the type of man who will gamble his life and all the money he can scrape together on the vagaries of weather, consumer tastes, and other such variables is not the kind of man who will roll over and play dead at the "promise" of a fixed return plus specific orders as to what to plant and how much to raise? . . . We are all in this together. Farmers bristle when city factory workers, who have no investment in their companies, give only a few hours' work a day and their union dues, drive slowly past in the evening enjoying the scenery and a quiet, leisurely ride during hours when the farmer has several more jobs of work before he can consider calling it a day. . . .

HAZEL KRUMWIEDE
Chebanse, Ill.

Jack Heinz put his foot in the bucket when he touched on milk consumption in his article. . . . While it is true that there has been an overall decline in the per capita use of milk in all forms, the decline has not been uniform. Some products, such as fresh milk and ice cream, are up; some products, such as cream, are down. The most significant decline was in butter, off from its prewar high of 18.2 pounds to 7.2 pounds in 1962. Americans are using less milk fat per person than in other years, but it is not true that Americans are drinking less milk . . .

ERVIN L. PETERSON, Exec. Dir.
Milk Industry Foundation
Washington, D. C.

Book Business

I thought John Fischer's "Myths About Publishing" [Easy Chair, July] was the most concise, informative summary of publishing today that I ever have read.

BENNETT CERF, Pres.
Random House, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Growing Pains at Texas U.

I should like to pay tribute to the article by Willie Morris ["Renaissance at the University of Texas," June]. It is on the whole truthful, sympathetic, and complimentary. . . .

I had intimate knowledge of the persons on the Board of Regents during my six years on the Board, which ended in February of this year. Since the administration of Governor Dan Moody I have been personally acquainted with each of those who served as Chairman. I know that each of them was deeply interested . . . in the welfare of the University, . . . heartily cooperated with and generally followed the recommendations of the president. Subsequent events proved the wisdom of the Board in discharging President Rainey. He has not had a distinguished career since leaving the University, and while many on the faculty supported him at the time, they all, with perhaps a few exceptions, came to admit the wisdom of the action taken by the Regents.

While I was on the Board we consistently supported Dr. Wilson and Dr. Ransom, and our relations were most cordial. We all held these two gentlemen in high esteem as top-flight educators. I must take exception to the following statement by Mr. Morris: "Even Ransom, adept politician though he is, had had deep troubles with the segregationist-dominated Board of Regents. The outgoing Chairman wanted his scalp." . . . The University under the Board of Regents proceeded down the path of integration more rapidly than any other state-supported Southern university with which I am familiar, and far ahead of almost all private and church-supported colleges in the South. In any event, neither Dr. Wilson, Dr. Ransom, nor Dr. Smiley, nor any of the administrative heads of the University ever indicated to me or to the Board of Regents disagreement with our views on integration. I most emphatically deny the statement that I wanted Dr. Ransom's scalp. I have always had a very high opinion of his ability as Chancellor, and insofar as I know we are still on most friendly terms. . . .

THORNTON HARDIE
El Paso, Tex.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

I am glad that Judge Hardie, a gentleman of the old school who may still have the sidearms he brought home from Appomattox, found the article on the whole truthful. He takes issue with me on the Homer



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LETTERS

Rainey episode and the progress of integration at the University of Texas. These are his own views, honestly held, and I see no cause to repeat my earlier arguments. I will merely add that I do not doubt the devotion of most Texas Regents, but the direction their devotion often has taken.

I spent a number of weeks on this article, talking with dozens of students, graduates, professors, and administrators. I am absolutely certain that my sources of information on the segregation question and the interplay between administrators and Regents are impeccable. This amounts, then, to a conflicting interpretation of events. I would have liked to discuss these issues with Judge Hardie, but he told me he does not grant interviews.

WILLIE MORRIS
New York, N. Y.

Adlai's Flag

Adlai E. Stevenson's "The Hard Kind of Patriotism" [July] is one of our noblest patriotic documents, a classic ranking in importance with the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the Bill of Rights. . . . Would that all Americans appreciated Ambassador Stevenson for personifying those admirable qualities of character, morality, and magnanimity that we used to admire when we were a more honorable and high-principled people than we seem to have become today.

CORINNA MARSH, Editor
The University Society, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Stevenson calls the conservative-thinking citizens of our nation to task because they want to still the voice of criticism or denounce honest divergencies. . . . The conservative cries out against the principles and policies of liberalism because these principles and policies are not the best for the country. Social welfare is beginning to cast the shadow of many people finding it easier to be on relief than to be on a job. . . . The conservative realizes the truth in Christ's parable of the foolish virgins that there are some things which no person and no country can do for another. . . . JOHN DAVID MILLER
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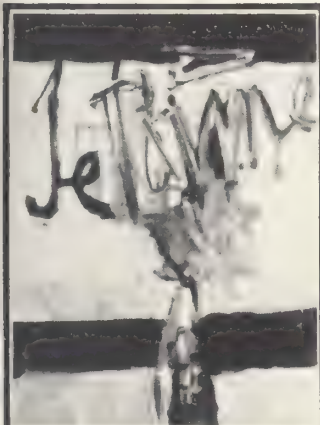
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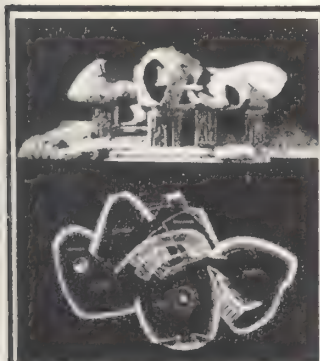
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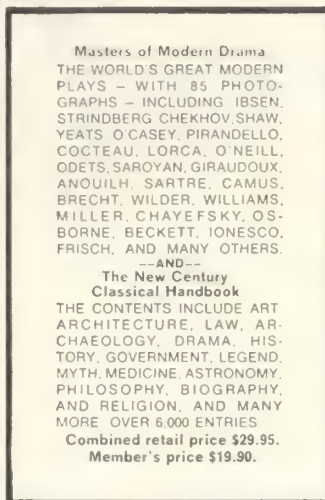
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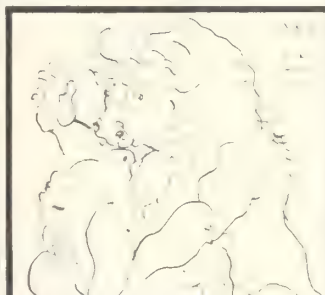


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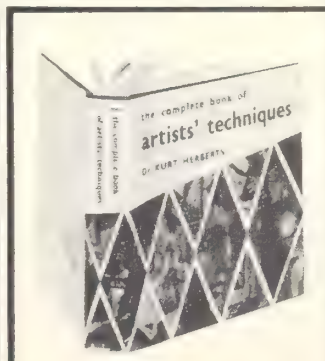


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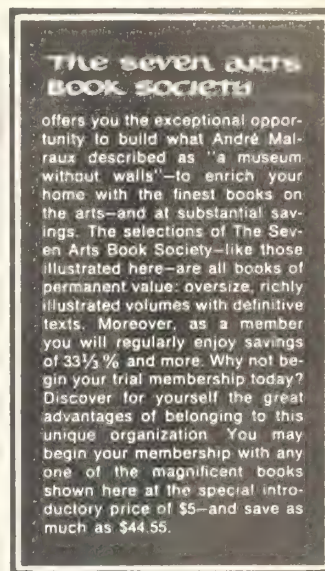
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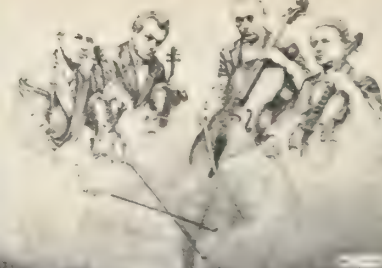
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
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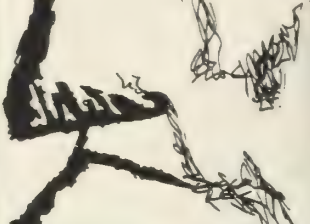
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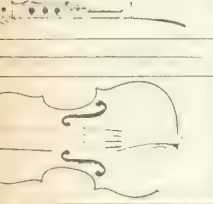
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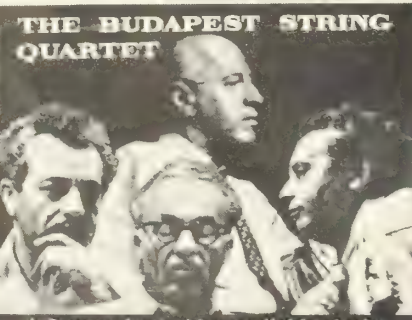


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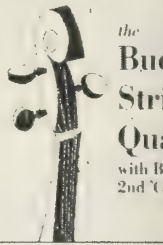


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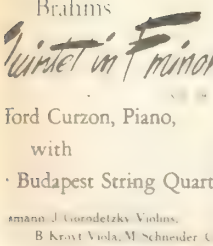
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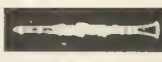
Brahms
Clarinet Quintet in F Minor
 Ford Curzon, Piano,
 with
 Budapest String Quartet



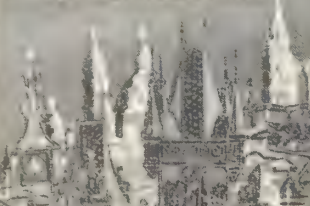
THE BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET



**Brahms Clarinet
 Quintet in B-Minor**
**THE BUDAPEST
 STRING QUARTET**
 David Oppenheim, clarinetist

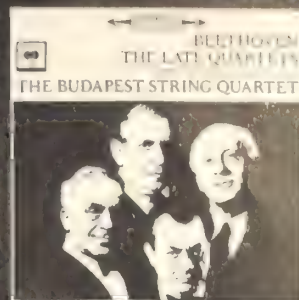


DVORAK
 Clarinet Quintet in B-flat Major, Op. 47
 Clifford Curzon, Piano
 Budapest String Quartet



BEETHOVEN AND THE BUDAPEST

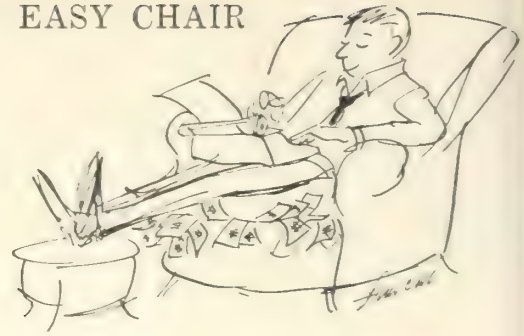
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Helping Hand for a Literary Upstart *by John Fischer*

For the last twenty years the American Santa Claus has been almost foolishly generous to "creative" writers. (These are usually defined as the producers of fiction, plays, and poetry, although sometimes the ground rules are stretched to include criticism.) So many foundations now offer them subsidies that practically anyone with a hint of talent can pick up some kind of grant or traveling fellowship. Some two hundred medals and prizes are awarded every year to celebrate their output. Artistic game preserves such as the MacDowell Colony provide them food and lodging in pleasant surroundings so that they can cultivate their genius without distraction or anxiety. Innumerable colleges offer courses in Creative Writing, plus semi-sinécures for resident poets and novelists. So if the United States is not yet producing literary masterpieces by the cord, it certainly isn't for lack of financial encouragement.

Until this year, however, nobody offered such help to another kind of author at least equally important to the country's health: the nonfiction magazine writer. Because, by arbitrary definition, he is not "creative," he is ignored by the big foundations. Critics and the literary priesthood of Academia regard him as a hack unworthy of their attention. What little recognition he gets is within the small circle of his own trade. The *New York Times*, for example, regularly devotes a full page to the Pulitzer Prizes; but on those rare occasions when a magazine writer gets some kind of an award, the *Times*

mentions it (if at all) in a single paragraph on page 17.

This is in the best historic tradition. Every era develops its own characteristic literary form. In Archaic Greece, it was the epic poem; in Elizabethan England, the poetic drama; in Victorian times, the romantic ballad; in the late eighteenth century and the early nineteenth, the novel. During the years of its greatest flowering, each of these forms exhibited four distinguishing marks:

1. It had a wide audience, because it was best suited to expressing the thoughts and emotions of its particular period.

2. It attracted the best writers of the time, for the same reason.

3. Its practitioners usually were well paid. Shakespeare, Byron, Dickens, and Tolstoy, to mention only a few, earned fortunes; and even Homer probably ate pretty high on the megaron hog when he recited his epics before the Ionic warlords.

4. Within their lifetimes, such writers were considered low fellows. Almost invariably the critics and academics fail to recognize their period's characteristic literary form while it is in its peak; therefore they look on its practitioners as mere commercial potboilers—"popularizer" and "best-seller" are their favorite epithets. Only after the form has begun to decline is it considered worthy of critical attention. The novel, for instance, did not become really respectable among scholars until after World War I; while Herman Melville and Henry James were

living, no professor would have admitted for a moment that they might eventually become cornerstones of the dissertation industry.

Today all these things are true of nonfiction magazine writing. Every week a hundred articles will reach a bigger audience than any novel can attract in a whole year. Many of the best writers of our time—Loren Eiseley, James Baldwin, Edmund Wilson, John Hersey, Rachel Carson, Richard Rovere, and Norman Mailer, to mention only a small sample—find the article form the most effective means of presenting what they want to say. While few of them get Big Rich, the better ones make a far more comfortable living, on the average, than the "creative" writers.

(It is also significant that the novelists who are most widely read, who earn the most, and who have the heaviest impact on public opinion are now usually the so-called "nonfiction novelists." These are writers who choose a public theme—war, the uses of power, the moral dilemmas of our society—as contrasted with the "literary" novelists who prefer to deal with purely private emotions: the miseries of drug addicts and homosexuals are two momentary favorites. And the nonfiction novelist often develops a technique which combines the skills of the reporter with those of the classical novelist. Widely disparate examples are Camus, Theodore H. White, Knebel and Bailey in *Seven Days in May*, Burdick and Lederer in *Fail Safe*, and Norman Mailer in *The Naked*

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and the Dead.* It is noteworthy, too, that Mailer's later novels have been more "creative"—i.e., less reportorial and more personal in their subject matter—and at the same time less successful. Apparently he senses this himself, since in recent years he has turned increasingly to magazine writing—which, in the view of at least one reader, is markedly superior to his later fiction. The same thing, I believe, is true of James Baldwin: a second-rate novelist, he is a first-class performer when he turns to magazine nonfiction. And it is his articles, particularly *The Fire Next Time*, which have made him a major influence on contemporary events.)

My bias in submitting these suggestions is obvious, since I have been involved in magazine writing and publishing most of my adult life. But I don't think I am being entirely subjective in believing that the magazine article has become the characteristic literary medium of our generation. Some reasons for this development are, it seems to me, entirely objective—observable facts rather than mere opinion.

One reason is the immediacy of the article. It can be written, printed, and distributed in a matter of weeks; while the gestation of a novel may take years. This is important in a time when events are moving with unprecedented speed—when vast changes in the structure of societies and the very map of the world, of a kind which traditionally would have taken centuries, are now being telescoped into months. Africa, for example, has changed more in the last three years than in the previous mil-

* The division between these two schools of fiction is of course drawn most sharply by the New Critics in this country and in England by F. R. Leavis and his followers. Their hatred of the "nonfiction novelist" is exemplified by Leavis' recent attack on C. P. Snow; just as their deification of the "literary" novelist is well illustrated by Leavis' adoration of D. H. Lawrence. Personally I suspect that they are drawing too rigid a line, since many of the best novels contain elements of both schools. *War and Peace*, for example deals preeminently with public themes; but it also contains profound explorations of character—while *Crime and Punishment* might be described as a novel of private emotions which has far-ranging public implications.

lennium; and the status of the Negro in American life probably has risen further during the past summer than in all the years since the Emancipation Proclamation.

For the reporting and analyzing of such swift-flowing social change, the magazine article is a peculiarly useful tool. It offers a way to examine and debate the issues while they are still aflame; and it provides our only truly national forum open to all voices. Newspapers can't perform this function, because they are local; they are largely staff-written; their writers have neither the time nor the space to explore a subject in much depth; and they usually don't pay enough to attract the best thinkers and writers. (An exception is the syndicated columnists, such as Walter Lippmann and Joseph Alsop, who do reach a national audience and who have enough freedom from time-pressure to do it thoughtfully. It may not be coincidence that the best columnists are also frequent contributors to magazines; and their regular columns are often, in effect, short magazine articles which happen to appear on newsprint.)

Another advantage of the article, as against both books and the daily press, is its flexibility. In length, it can range from 500 to 40,000 words. In tone, it can vary from cold reporting to burning rage; it can explain, argue, imply, exhort, or enchant. Free from the rigid conventions of newspaper journalism, it can speak either with first-person directness or third-person formality, and it can blend editorial comment into the stream of narrative. When appropriate, it can develop a character as full-fleshed as the protagonist of a novel (as many *New Yorker* profiles have demonstrated)—or it can set forth a scientific hypothesis with the impersonal precision of a micrometer. (Note that the scientist—who may turn out to be the characteristic figure of our age, just as the knight was in Medieval times or the artist during the Renaissance—customarily communicates with his fellows through articles in professional journals, and with laymen through a few serious magazines such as *Scientific American*, *The Saturday Review*, and *The Atlantic*. Indeed, in many fields of scholarship the preferred mode of expression now seems to be the learned article, rather than

the book—again for reasons of immediacy and flexibility.)

I am not hinting, of course, that the article will ever supplant the book, or that the quality of its writing is invariably good. On the contrary, much of our current magazine nonfiction obviously is trivial and slipshod—just as many novels are trash and most plays are nothing more than an evening's entertainment. Like any other literary form, this one can be used badly or well; and in any medium real talent is rare. All I am trying to suggest is that the magazine article, at this particular point in history, has certain unique advantages for both reader and author . . . that as a consequence it is increasingly attractive to many of our best writers . . . and that it may appear, in the eyes of future generations, to have been the means of discourse most characteristic of our time.

Furthermore, because it is still in its burgeoning (or upstart) phase, it is ignored by the literary priesthood. This may be a considerable advantage. For when the critics and professoriat get around to focusing their apparatus on any form of literature, the effect on its practitioners can be pretty chilling. Like a dog in a medical lab, when one of the lively arts is stretched on the table for dissection it is likely to lose some of its élan.*

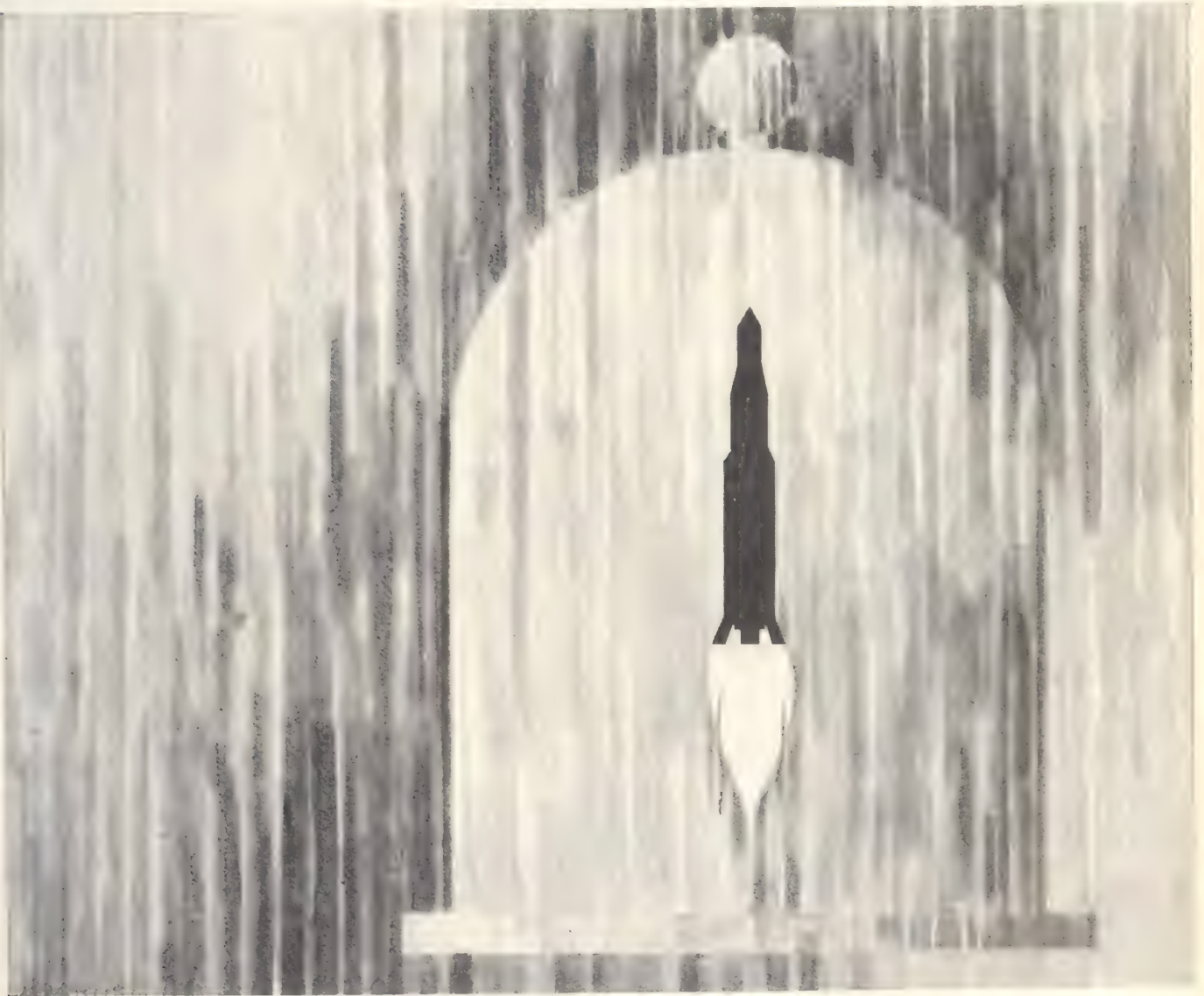
Within the past year, however, magazine writers have received an-

* A minor illustration is last July's issue of *Esquire*, which was consecrated to the examination of what is currently fashionable in "creative" literature. To the mature writer, it probably did no harm; but if a young writer were to take its viewpoint and standards seriously, his work could be considerably damaged. From fear of being ridiculed as a square, he might feel constrained to limit himself to the subject matter and style which, at the moment, are considered chic by the kind of people who frequent literary cocktail parties and the Greenwich Village espresso shoppes. And if he does conform to the pressures of this rather special little herd, he can be sure that it will abandon him within a year or two; for its prime criterion of smartness is novelty. A mature writer is, by definition, old hat; therefore square; therefore beneath the contempt of the literary hipster.

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

other kind of recognition which is likely to prove very useful indeed. They are getting a first tentative boost from the helping hand that has sustained novelists and poets for so many years: foundation support.

The pioneer in this field is the Philip M. Stern Family Fund—set up by a man who is himself a magazine writer and who happened to inherit a good deal of money. One of its purposes is to make grants to writers who want to tackle an important subject, requiring extensive research or travel. In the past, many such subjects have been neglected because few, if any, magazines could pay enough to cover the travel and research costs. This has been particularly true in the fields of science, medicine, and public affairs—and it is in these areas that the Stern fund plans to try hardest to encourage more and better writers, although other subjects are not ruled out.

Its scheme of operation is simple. When a writer finds a significant subject which he can't investigate thoroughly without some financial help, he outlines the project in a brief memo, together with an estimate of the research and travel costs. He then sends the memo to a magazine editor who is likely to be interested in the story. If the editor agrees that the project is a good one, he forwards the proposal to the Stern fund, with a letter of endorsement (mentioning the amount the magazine will pay for the piece, according to its normal rates). If the Fund approves, it makes a grant to cover the difference between this fee and the estimated costs. The committee which judges the requests includes Louis Lyons, curator of the Nieman fellowship program at Harvard; Marquis Childs, newspaper columnist and author of many articles and books; Dr. Howard Rusk, medical editor of the *New York Times*; and Dr. I. I. Rabi, noted physicist and president of Associated Universities, Inc., of New York.*

More recently a similar program—open only to members of the Society of Magazine Writers—has been started by the Beineke Foundation of

New York; and in the last few months at least one of the major foundations has been looking into the possibility of making grants along the same lines.

The immediate results of such encouragement should be an improvement in both the quality and the range of magazine writing. (I don't know of a single magazine writer who doesn't feel, now and then, that he could do better work if he had just a little more time ... if he could run down a few more facts, interview a couple of additional sources, see for himself the relevant experiments being conducted at Berkeley or Woods Hole. And all too often he turns away from a subject which interests him intensely, because the rent is coming due and he knows he can make a quick sale with an article on a trifling but easier subject.)

For the long run, perhaps it is not too much to hope that foundation support will encourage more gifted people to embark on magazine writing as a lifetime career. Ideally, such a career should begin with long and expensive preparation (including some graduate work, or its equivalent) in the writer's special fields of interest—whether medicine, space technology, or international affairs. Able people are not likely to undertake such training, unless they can see a reasonable prospect in the years ahead of being able to do their best work on the subjects they consider most significant. By providing such a prospect, programs like those of the Stern and Beineke funds can do much to bring the talent it deserves into a branch of literature whose potential is just beginning to be fully explored.



More detailed information about the fund's work can be obtained by writing The Philip M. Stern Family Fund, 1712 I Street N.W., Washington, D.C., 20006.

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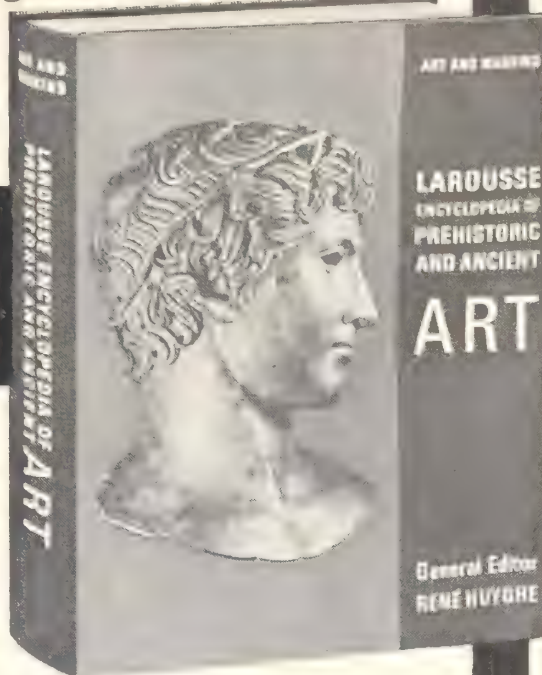
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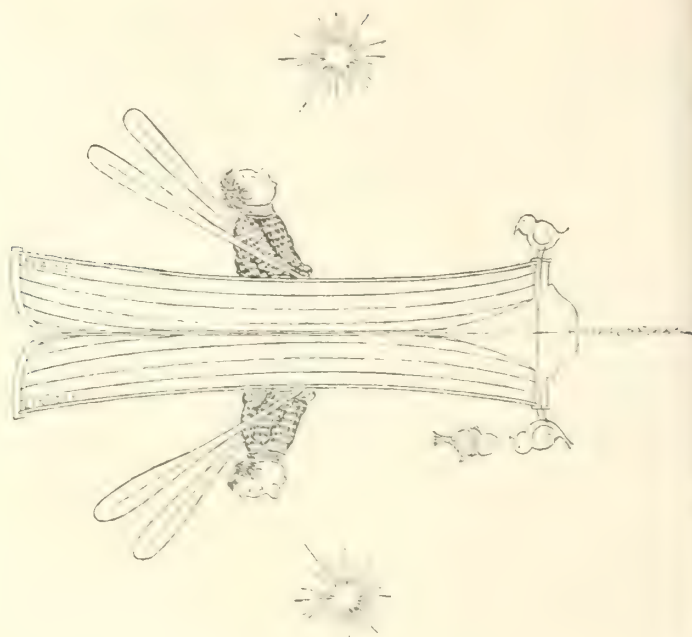
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After Hours

The Beauty Part of Rowing

by William G. Wing



Born in Norfolk, Mr. Wing broke a family line of six successive generations of Virginia pilots by studying engineering and becoming a newspaperman. He has been on the New York "Herald Tribune" since 1949.

It was a summery Sunday afternoon when realization of the change hit me. I had returned home to Norfolk, Virginia, for a vacation and in the afternoon I had gone out from the cove onto the mottled waters of Tanners Creek to watch the parade of pleasure boats returning from their Sunday fun on the harbor outside. I used to know every boat in the creek and I had a parochial interest in seeing the new crop.

I went out for my inspection in a way I often had before, by rowing. In my day, rowing was the most humble and unremarkable way of traveling on water. Not now.

Humble it may still be but unremarkable it is not. I was remarked. I couldn't have been more remarked. It seemed to me, if I had appeared on the back of a hawksbill turtle. Persons in the cockpits of cruisers swiveled around to stare. Speedboats peeled out of line and shot by, surrounding me in a latticework of wakes. A boatload of young bucks, towing a water-skier, sped past, the

bucks singing, "Row, row, row your boat," and grinning oafishly. I took the slop of their wake over my transom and thought: water-skiers are the greatest marine pest since the teredo; and kept rowing.

A man in a small anchored outboard runabout, dozing over a fishing line, didn't see me until I was some distance past him. Then he slowly focused, blinked, and refocused. He snapped awake, began winding in his line rapidly, got up his anchor and started his motor. Pop, pop, pop—he got under way, swerved around, and then came straight for me. When close aboard, he called anxiously:

"Hey! You okay?"

I reassured the man and thanked him for his kind heart and rowed on, slightly nettled. I was okay. I was okayer than he. I was doing what I like to do. I *like* to row. Dammit, I **LIKE** to row. I like the act itself; the lunge against an opposing force, the elliptic rhythm (pull, GRUNT . . . glide), the passage through the water, the connection with that nervous medium through the stolid wooden oars.

I had had intimations several years earlier that I might be the only rowing-lover left, while I was conducting a search for the perfect rowboat, as

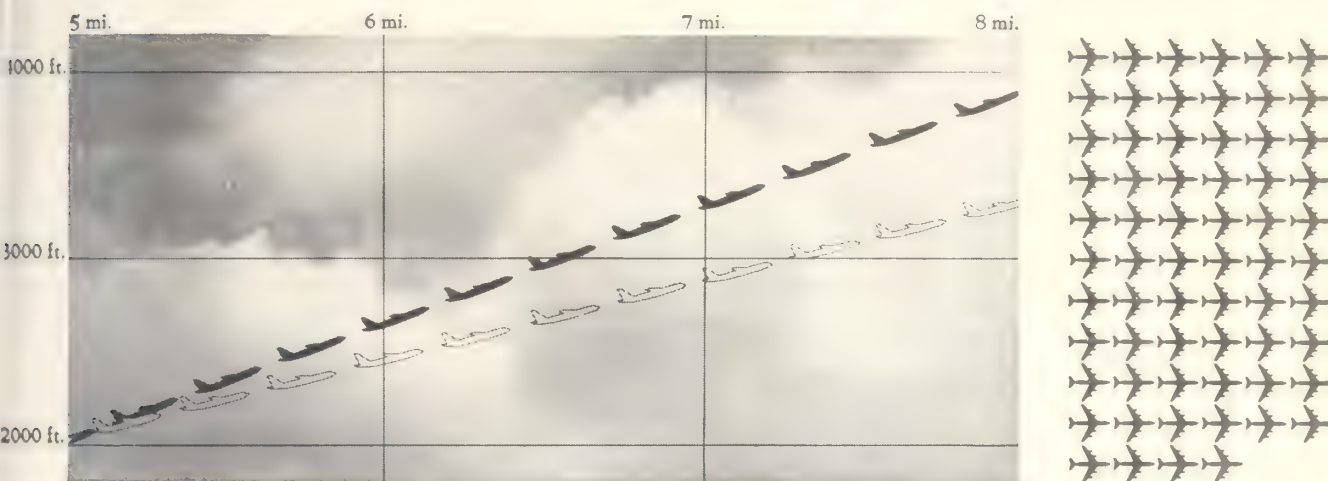
a sort of academic exercise. I didn't have a place to keep such a boat, to start with, and I probably couldn't have afforded to buy it if I'd found one. But for a lifetime I've dreamed of owning a perfect rowing boat—a boat designed simply for the pleasure of casual rowing; a round-bottomed, slender boat, long and graceful and slippery with a wine-glass stern and a pretty bow, a boat that would move like magic when you touched the oars to the water.

There used to be boats like this at almost every American watering place. Now you go to a museum, not the waterfront, if you want to look at one. Across the way in Newport News there is a St. Lawrence skiff in the Mariners Museum, and Washington has a not-very-attractive model of a Whitehall skiff in the Smithsonian. The Marine Museum at Mystic, Connecticut, has a brace of lovely old rowing boats, and the Newport, Rhode Island, Historical Society has a little beauty in the basement of its building. A silver plate on the rudder yoke states that the boat was presented to the heroine Ida Lewis, daughter of the keeper of Lime Rock Light, by the Narragansett Boat Club on July 4, 1869, in gratitude for Ida's having saved almost a score of persons from

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drowning. The list is itemized in showcase near the boat: four students, one soldier, three shepherders, two sailors, two soldiers, three sailors, two soldiers, and one woman.

How I lusted after that little boat in the Newport museum! I asked a man in the museum if boats like that ever came to light from local barns or boathouses and he said, yes, or had come to light just recently. But somebody, he said, had bought her. "Paid ten dollars, I heard," he added. Augrrr! My boat and my price.

And then at midnight, walking down the pier of the Newport Shipyard, I thought I'd found another. It was the night before the third race of the 1962 America's Cup series and the Cup defender *Weatherly* was on the ways, lit by searchlight like the Parthenon. And on the other side of the pier, down by the float, a boat danced in the glimmer from the light—a slender boat, a graceful boat, a boat with a wineglass stern and altogether too good to be true. The watchman said, yes, it was too good to be true. She was the long boat from the schooner *Brilliant* that yacht they operate out of the Mystic museum, and certainly not for sale.

These were the few museum boats I had seen. The search to find whether any good rowing boats are still being made and sold yielded even sparser results. I'm not talking about flat-bottomed rowboats or runabouts that can be rowed in an emergency or dinghies or prams or fishermen's dories or metal lifeboats or racing shells or Arkansas john boats, you understand, but the kind of boats that once were listed in boatbuilders' catalogues (as I found in the files of the Mariners Museum) as pleasure skiffs.

The paragon of pleasure skiffs, it seemed to me, must be the St. Lawrence skiff, renowned for its luxurious, silky, effortless passage through the water. I imagined they still flourished as a useful boat for summer people in the Thousand Islands, so I began my search there.

What I found, by correspondence, was that the boats haven't been built for a decade at least. One of the correspondents recalled the days when red cedar was sledded across the ice from Canada in winter to boatbuild-

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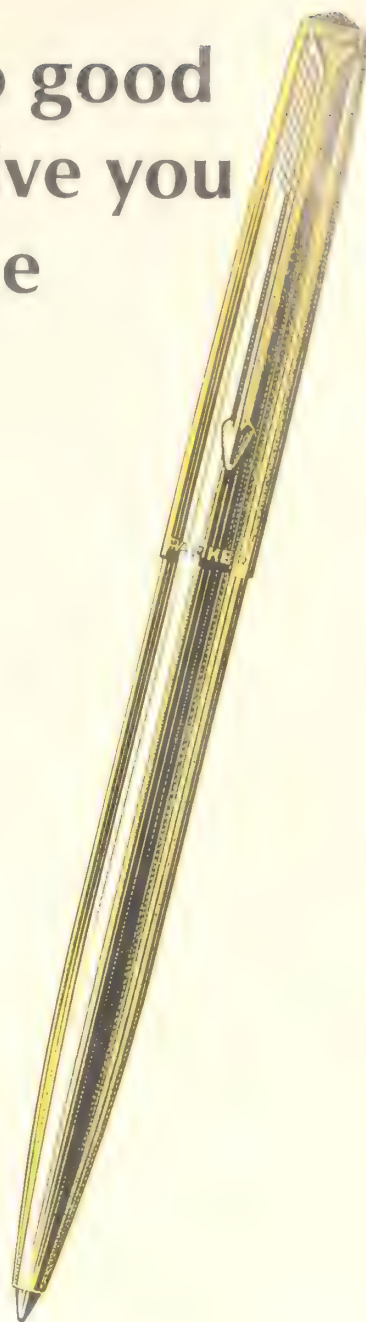
ers on Grenadier and Maple Islands, but said that these long, slim, graceful boats proved to be unsuited for outboard motors, and are now collectors' items.

Next, I found that if the St. Lawrence skiff is a rare bird, the Whitehall skiff is a dead bird. These were working rowboats, operated as harbor taxis by boatmen at the foot of Whitehall Street and around the Battery in New York City. Over the years, they were refined into one of the most beautiful objects made by the hand of man. I ask you: look at their lines in Howard I. Chapelle's book, *American Small Sailing Craft*, and show me your Sung lotus bowl to compare. Whitehall skiffs became the basic model for most of the country's pleasure skiffs, but they are one with the dodo now. You might think New Yorkers would be proud enough of this product of their culture to preserve some evidence, but I haven't been able to find it.

I did find two indigenous rowboats still in production near New York. One is the Adirondack guideboat used by fishers and hunters. This is a canoelike rowboat so fragile-looking as to remind me of the eggshell used by the Tidewater witch Grace Sherwood to cross Linkhorn Bay. The other is the Seabright dory, still being built on the Jersey Shore below New York. The Seabright dory, which looks to me much more like a ship's yawl-boat than a dory, is one of the many models of beach boats that have evolved on that wave-beaten coast. There the implacable surf rejects the unfit with a great boom and smash of kindling wood and battered bodies, and the Seabright dory owes its survival to the fact that it fits the needs of life-guards on ocean beaches.

I had seen so many pictures of pleasure boats rowing on English rivers that I wrote the editor of an English boating magazine to ask where I might obtain specifications of the boats. He answered, in effect, fat chance. The boats are produced by a few family builders, he said, who hold on to their designs the way Coca-Cola guards the syrup formula. (He added that, curiously, most of the boatbuilders along the Thames are named Sims, a bit of information I haven't known what to do with since.)

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The push that started me on my search for the ideal was delivered by my father, who knows what rowing is. He learned to row soon after birth, I suspect, but most of his experience came in the early years of this century when he was an apprentice boy on the Virginia pilot boats. In those days, everything that wasn't done under sail was done under oars. On dead-calm days, the apprentice boys sometimes towed the sail pilot boat across Hampton Roads with the yawl-boats. If this sounds routine, go out on Hampton Roads on a blistering hot day when the sun strikes the back of the neck like a gong and imagine toiling at the great sweeps, hauling a heavy schooner some six or seven miles.

As a pilot, my father's first job was to bring in a Yankee whaler. The ship was anchored for the night in Lynnhaven Roads and the captain and my father were rowed over to Old Point Comfort—some fourteen miles away—in one of the ship's whaleboats. The romance of that moonlit night as the boat sped over the water, her crew of West Indians singing in cadence, remains in my father's memory over and above the memory that, through some sharp Yankee trick, the captain got away without paying his pilotage fee.

I made my father repeat such stories when I was a boy until I felt they had happened to me. But I never was able to duplicate his experiences in rowing. Generally, the nearest I could get to good rowing was to watch.

I remember watching the sailors take a boat from the beach out to the pilot boat off Cape Henry. The operation began on the beach when the sailors—usually two of them—rolled their trousers to the knee and then put their backs against the transom of the white beach boat, shoving until the boat was awash in the surge from the breakers. While one held the boat in place, the other loaded supplies and picked up each of the passengers—there might be a pilot and a cook and an oiler—and carried him piggyback out to the boat. Then the sailors would heave and shove to get the boat afloat, jump in, and at the one correct, crucial instant, pull through the breakers with a fine welter of foam. Once

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rough, they would crane around to look at the distant pilot boat and calculate the effect of the current on their course. Then, altering their boat's heading, they would lay their backs to it, rowing from their heels as their bodies had a long, stretched-out, powerful look. Landsmen—or actors pretending to be sailors in motion pictures—row from their wrists and scrunch over.

This scruffy business is accepted by most Americans as the way to row. Most Americans, I've decided, never have a chance to appreciate rowing. They meet it first in a boat stamped out of metal with oars that are bolted to the oarlocks, which makes rowing as graceful as dancing in galoshes. They quickly see rowing has every quality they hate: it is slow and laborious as well as unobtrusive and inexpensive.

I'm not saying rowing doesn't have its loathsome moments. I can remember such moments, moments of being far from home at dinnertime with the tide against me, a nimbus of gnats around my head and my arms coming slightly loose at the sockets. But rowing could always get me to better places than I could get to by other means. It could get me to Sandy Point, for instance.

Sandy Point lies at the end of the long peninsula that forms the barrier between Tanners Creek and the harbor at Norfolk. It is relatively isolated and has always been a place of inexhaustible charm. Once it was the outer allowable limit for rowing. When we reached Sandy Point to camp for the night, or to swim, or simply to prowl, we might have been at Nuku Hiva. Even when I was grown, Sandy Point continued to charm me. Its moods are beyond number. The Point is a simple sand beach, of course, speckled with shells and bordered with small waves, but it changes with the tides and time of day, and on one occasion it had a quality of abstraction and otherworldliness I've never seen anywhere else. It occurred on a midwinter morning when fog covered everything. The fog was thick enough so that I found Sandy Point only by grounding on it. But over the Point, the fog hung only in curtains, partitioning the visible world into a series of small, unrelated rooms. I

walked through one room of sand and driftwood whose scheme was yellow and gray, was lost in the wall of white mist, and then stepped into a room where, just beyond a strip of sand, wild ducks sat on a rug of bottle-green water. The ducks flew up with a clatter, the curtains slowly closed to block off the brilliantly colored water, and I turned to grope through the white for the room where my boat was hidden.

Even my children, reared in another part of the country, seem to feel the spell of Sandy Point when they come to it. I doubt, though, that they'd feel it if we shot there by speedboat. The slow approach is necessary for the spell.

Rowing could always induce a special kind of euphoria, too. In Pittsburgh I could rent a skiff after office hours from a bargeman on the Allegheny and lose certain negative feelings about the business world. After I was married, my wife and baby and I used to take picnics in a most disreputable skiff on the gray-green, greasy Hackensack, and escape the pressures of life in a so-called garden apartment in New Jersey.

Later we got a rowboat of our own, a small pram about the size and shape of a bathtub. So much like a tub that when all of us were in it—there were now two children—it was more like taking a communal bath than a boat ride. We carried the boat on top of our car to Norfolk on vacations and launched it in the cove. Getting back on the warm waters of the cove was, for me, like a return to the womb. My son learned to row when he was kindergarten age and my daughter, far too young to row, learned to mess about in boats which, as Water Rat pointed out, is the *only* thing.

Once, when she was very small, I took her for a long row on a very warm and still afternoon. One moment of that cruise—at just about the spot where I was now rowing—came back to me, the picture fixed in my mind like a tableau in a glass paperweight.

We were at the center of this broad river, which is called a creek, seeing the world as a resting gull sees it, mostly water and sky. To one side was the green strip of Lochaven, astern was Sandy Point, and ahead

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Photo by Ewing Krainin

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was the yacht club and the bridge with its few fixed and immutable fishermen. The colors of the afternoon were rich but somewhat muted except for the sun's glint from the dripping cord that towed a toy boat behind us and from the little girl's hair as she turned to watch. It was very quiet, except for the occasional murmurings of the water and the girl, and the sensation was not of rowing but of floating upward, free of time and the rest of the world, in a large bubble of contentment.

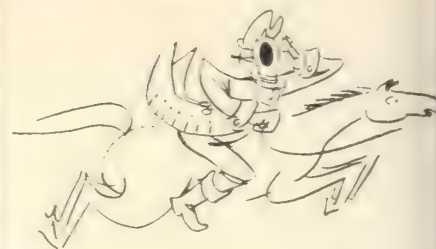
Another time and another river—the Pelham River in the Bronx, where the sympathetic coach of a New York rowing club allowed me to take out a gig. A gig is a conservative kind of single-scutt shell and I had no real idea how to handle it. But after receiving a modicum of advice, I was shoved away from the float and left to work out my own fate.

Slowly, like a palsied water spider, I made my way up the river, concentrating on staying upright. But the morning was too wonderful to ignore. The air was crisp and bracing. The water was so clear I could see the bottom, where seaweed streamed in the current like long hair. The shores on either side, being park property, looked about as wild as they ever could have and no other person was in sight. Despite the quietness, every atom within the circle of my vision was obviously shouting joy—it was almost impossible to believe that this was occurring within the limits of the most crowded and disgruntled city in America. Not far away, millions were beating out each other's brains, but I was in Arcady.

Sure, the world of rowing is gone. Gone the era of varnished oars and back rests, elaborate yoke ropes and decorated cushions, ladies in sun hats and their swains moist but romantic. Gone and missed a lot less than the wooden ice-cream freezer.

Let it go. Let the rest of America zoom down our waterways followed by a noise like a Bronx cheer. Rowing will take me where everybody else isn't. The beauty part of rowing is, it's unpopular. I put out my oars, turned the boat around, adjusted my legs and dug in for the pull home, restored in spirit.

COMING



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The Troubled Conscience of American Business

By Bernard D. Nossiter

Thoughtful executives are becoming increasingly worried about how they can justify their big decisions. Are they really "in the public interest"? And who should say what "the public interest" is?

What is fast becoming a traditional American rite—the periodic hassle over steel prices—has again brought into the open some of the most troubling questions that American businessmen have to face. How can an executive—with the best will in the world—be sure that he is acting in the public interest? How can he tell what it is? And what should he do if his duty to the public conflicts with his idea of his duty to his stockholders?

Practically everybody now believes that the price of steel, and the wages which help to determine it, are matters of vital public interest. Several studies have fixed on increases in steel prices as the chief cause of inflation during the

Eisenhower era. But there is nothing in logic or fact that makes the price of steel any more or less important than the price of oil, autos, cement, electrical machinery, or other major commodities. There is also a growing recognition that in many of these industries a comparative handful of executives make the crucial decisions.

However, some business theoreticians have invented a new doctrine, the concept of the Corporate Conscience, to assure us that all is well. This idea would, of course, have dismayed Adam Smith. In his simpler age, the restraints of conscience had no place in business behavior. For the classical economists insisted that each man's hand could, and should, be turned against every other's. Out of this conflict, in which each pursues his own self-interest, the maximum well-being of all would automatically result.

But this doctrine rested on a crucial assumption—the existence of perfect competition. In a world where no single entrepreneur was big enough to affect the price and supply of his industry's output, the consumer was king. Guided by supply and demand, then, resources would flow to their

most efficient use and would be priced according to their contribution to the satisfaction of impersonally determined wants. So long as every businessman aimed single-mindedly at making the biggest possible profit, he would inevitably serve the public interest.

If theory and practice didn't quite jibe—if women and children toiled in mines and poverty was the lot of most—this was no indictment of the theory. Human imperfections, the stickiness of wages, or the fecundity of the poor were interfering with an elegant model.

Today, of course, the gap between the reality of concentrated economic power and the fiction of perfect competition is too wide to be ignored. While most economists are reluctant to surrender the attractive classical model entirely, the fact of concentration is taken for granted by laymen and necessarily (if tacitly) recognized by public-policy makers. Typically, modern industries are dominated by a handful of producers. In steel, autos, aluminum, electrical machinery, cigarettes, chemicals, and many more, the major firms must take account of each other's moves and generally follow the policies of a recognized leader.

Unlike the little businessman of the classical competitive world who received his signals from impersonal markets, the executives of a General Motors, a General Dynamics, or a General Electric can exercise considerable discretion over their price, employment, output, and investment decisions. In such an economy, narrow self-interest no longer insures a state of bliss for the whole society; decisions lack the automatic sanction of Adam Smith's invisible hand. What, then, does justify the businessman's behavior? What is there to guarantee that his use of economic power will serve the public interest?

Thoughtful commentators and businessmen have fully understood this theoretical vacuum. To fill the gap, they have proclaimed a new breed of managers whose decisions are guided by a profound sense of social responsibility.

In its simplest form, the new doctrine of legitimacy runs along these lines: ownership in the large, modern corporation is so widely diffused among tens of thousands of stockholders that none is powerful enough to exercise control.

Bernard D. Nossiter, who was recently a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, has reported on economic affairs for the Washington "Post" since 1955. He adapted this article from his book, "Myths and Mythmakers in the Modern Economy," to be published by Houghton Mifflin next year. He earned an M.A. at Harvard in 1948, between Army hitches.

Therefore control is vested in a largely self-perpetuating group of officer-managers. These managers are in an almost impregnable position. They operate the machinery through which their nominal superiors, the corporate directors, are elected. And the cost of rounding up enough shares to oust the directors in a proxy fight is extremely high. But this is a good thing. It largely frees the manager from the selfish interest of shareholders in stock prices and dividends; it enables him to balance carefully the conflicting claims of all groups in society.

The conventional wisdom on this subject was well expressed last year by executives from corporate, theological, and educational institutions who sat on the Business Ethics Advisory Council of the Secretary of Commerce. They said:

Every business enterprise has manifold responsibilities to the society of which it is a part. The prime legal and social obligation of the managers of a business is to operate it for the long-term profit of its owners. Concurrent social responsibilities pertain to a company's treatment of its past, present, and prospective employees and to its various relationships with customers, suppliers, government, the community, and the public at large.

This, of course, is a much larger agenda than the simple goal of maximum profits prescribed by the classicists and still presented to all of us in introductory courses in economics.

Scripture According to John (Harvard)

The prophets of corporate responsibility are not always clear whether modern executives have attained the new state of grace or whether they merely aspire to it. However, there is general agreement that schools of business administration play a strategic role in the scheme. They are the spawning grounds of the enlightened organization man, imparting the values and techniques that train commonplace undergraduates for a life of responsible service in the corporate temple.

Adolf A. Berle, a leading apostle of the new creed, observes in *The 20th Century Capitalist Revolution*: "At least two great business schools—Harvard and Columbia—have offered programs of background information and thinking in the larger ranges of social organization to selected business executives." These programs are helping to create, he says, "a body of sophisticated thinking, whose aim, properly analyzed, is a conception of community making for the good life." Corpora-

tions are leading the way to a modern "City of God" because their managers are tending to respond to the promptings of conscience or some inchoate higher law.

Because of its crucial seminarian role, let us examine the scripture according to the most prominent business school, the one at Harvard. A cursory examination of the 1962-3 catalogue confirms the Business School's concern with the moral revolution. Its 116 pages contain at least eight separate references to right conduct.

A Harvard Business School student, we are told, "develops a concept of ethical values and of social responsibility in the making of concrete business decisions." Elsewhere, the catalogue is sprinkled with phrases like "the responsibility that business leaders have to society" and "the responsibilities of business to the American society as a whole."

Harvard's Divinity School, older and perhaps less optimistic, does not claim as much.

The Business School offers a half-year course exclusively devoted to the precepts of corporate responsibility. It is labeled "Business, Society, and the Individual" and is known as BSI in the acronymic world of the embryo corporate executives. "The primary concern of this course," the catalogue tells us, "is realistic managerial decision-making in business situations in a private-enterprise economy which requires profit, and which is complicated by the presence of issues of public responsibility, fairness, integrity, right and wrong, personal conscience."

BSI, like "Creative Marketing Strategy" or "Factory Management," is an optional course offered to second-year students. Unfortunately it was not given this past year because its professor, George Albert Smith, Jr., was on leave in Switzerland. However, he left behind his own text, 762 pages of documents and cases.

The heart of the Business School's method is the case system, the study of situations drawn from the actual world of business. Professor Smith's cases range over a bigger territory than Salesman Willy Loman dreamed of. Can a study of these cases teach us how the sentiments of the catalogue are translated into practice by decision-makers in executive suites? Do they develop a technique to replace competitive markets and strike a balance between the competing claims cited by the Business Ethics Advisory Council?

Some of the BSI cases pose rather simple, Sunday school issues of honesty. Should a dealer in motor scooters who divides promotion expenses with his distributor, permit his advertising agency to pad the bills in order to shrink his

share of the costs? Should a business-school student, offered an expense-paid trip for a job interview by two different firms in the same city, collect his expenses twice? Some of the cases raise broader questions of responsibility. How should the steel executives respond to President Kennedy's request for price restraint? Should a candy manufacturer with a plant in the Philippines introduce machinery that would lay off half his work force?

There are, of course, no textbook solutions to these questions. George Smith does not profess to be a Solomon. Nor does he claim to be a new Adam Smith, developing a theory that provides ready answers for decision-makers. Near the end of his text, George Smith quotes another business-school scholar, Richard Eells of Columbia:

The well-tempered corporation is a system of private government with self-generated principles of constitutionalism that match corporate authority to corporate responsibilities and impose restraints upon corporate officialdom for the protection of the rights of persons and property against abuse of corporate power.

Thus, Eells, who has also been in charge of something called "public policy research" at General Electric, lets the cat out of the bag. For he suggests that the principles of responsible corporate behavior cannot be blueprinted. They are "self-generating" or, in effect, somehow divined. Both Smith of Harvard and Eells of Columbia, it is safe to say, would be dismayed at the suggestion that these principles can be discovered by studying the entrails of chickens. There is no reason to believe, however, that this respected method of ancient Rome is much less fruitful than the doctrines of BSI.

Indeed, Smith's cases suggest that the main use of his course lies in introducing students to the variety of pressures that will affect their power when they reach the executive suite. BSI may teach less about beneficent decision-making than about the way to handle possible adversaries, such as government, labor, consumers, and suppliers.

This is no warrant for cynicism, however. If the New Creed and the Business School can't supply simple guides to decision-making, this does not mean that corporate executives are not genuinely concerned about the gulf between their power and its sanction, between their performance and their aspirations.

Some evidence on this score was turned up by the Reverend Raymond C. Baumhart, a Jesuit priest and former student at the Business School. He sent readers of the *Harvard Business Review* a provocative questionnaire that drew 1,700 re-

plies, mostly from men who said they were either "top management" or "middle management" in the corporate world. Nearly half of them agreed with a statement that American businessmen tend to ignore ethical laws and are preoccupied chiefly with gain. Four of seven thought that businessmen would breach a code of ethics if they thought they could get away with it. Four of five said there are practices generally accepted in their own industry which they personally regarded as unethical. Among these generally accepted "unethical" practices, they cited lavish entertaining to seek favors; kickbacks to customers' purchasing agents; price fixing; and misleading advertising.

These replies do not add up to a world of amoral executives, accepting the corporate life for what it is. Instead, they indicate that these businessmen are uneasy about their own role and that of their fellows. Their distress is understandable. Nothing in the logic or practice of concentrated corporate industries now compels socially responsible decisions or even defines what they are. No formula explains how competing claims are to be gratified. No theory fixes responsibility on specific actors in the corporate drama.

How to Delegate Blame

In the style of the Business School, let us look at a few cases to illustrate the difficulties of socially responsible decision-making.

In any roster of leading concerns, the General Electric Company—the fourth-ranking industrial corporation in sales in 1960—would clearly shine. As Berle himself said in his celebration of the new creed, "The General Electric Company is, justly, one of the most respected of American corporations. Its management has been able and of unquestioned integrity."

GE, of course, was also the kingpin of the greatest criminal price conspiracy in the history of the antitrust laws. Indeed, GE has been running afoul of the antitrust laws for half a century. Between 1911 and 1952, the company had been ordered to abandon some illicit practice, or been convicted, or pleaded unwilling to contest, in thirteen other alleged breaches of the monopoly laws. So the remarkable cases to which GE pleaded guilty in 1960 were hardly isolated incidents. Even more interesting, however, is the way the corporation and its chief officers regarded their responsibility.

The company's latest brush with the antitrust laws involved ranking corporation officials. During the 1950s, the government charged, they

had met secretly with other producers of electrical machinery to agree on and sometimes raise prices and to allocate shares of markets. The conspiracies—and there were many separate ones—ranged from giant turbine-generators to watt-hour meters. They embraced billions of dollars in sales.

GE's highest management repeatedly asserted that blame could attach only to those who participated directly in the price-rigging and market-sharing rings. How could this be? Simply because the corporation had issued a directive instructing its executives to obey antitrust laws and not to engage in agreements or discussions with competitors over prices and other competitive matters. Three GE officials were jailed, eight others given suspended sentences, and five more were fined. All of them came from just three of GE's divisions. But the man directly in charge of these three divisions, Arthur F. Vinson, was sure no serious fault lay with him.

Vinson, a Group Executive and Vice President, was questioned by the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee about his relation to the conspirators. "It was my duty," he said, "to have trustworthy, capable management in place and I delegated that authority and depended on them to do this job."

At another point, Vinson pictured himself as a sort of philosopher, aloof from the hurly-burly of prices and sales. He said, "... it is my job to coach, guide, and help and be knowledgeable to the extent that you can." At most, he would acknowledge some flaw in his Socratic dialogue. Vinson concluded his testimony by saying, "I think we could do a better teaching job" on antitrust matters. "Perhaps we didn't do enough talking about it."

On the next rung of the corporate ladder stood President Robert Paxton. In his view, "a handful of people" had "departed from proper conduct." He, himself, could be blamed only for "an unsuccessful supervision." The guilty handful, he said, "were supposed to be mature businessmen. They are supposed to be responsible businessmen. They are supposed to be people who conduct themselves properly."

Before he moved up to the presidency, Paxton had preceded Vinson directly in charge of the tainted divisions. But Paxton insisted that GE's troubles flowed from some black lambs who had strayed from the fold because of their earlier, pre-GE rearing; neither the shepherds nor the sheep pen were faulty. He told the Senators, "Too much of the morality of the business life has to be taught by the employer. It should have been taught by a church; it should have been taught

by a school; and above all things, it should have been taught at home, but it isn't."

The highest executive at GE, Chairman Ralph J. Cordiner, at first adopted a somewhat ambiguous stance before the Subcommittee. In his formal statement he said, "As chief executive officer, I accept my share of responsibility for what happened, even though I did not know of these secret violations of the law or condone such acts." But under questioning, it became clearer that Cordiner regarded his "share of responsibility" as minute, and he returned to the Vinson-Paxton thesis of a corrupt few. "Finally," he said, "this comes down to the individual attitude of an individual person and how responsive they are to the teaching and the belief and the conviction."

Speaking as a corporate entity, GE was as emphatic as Cordiner that guilt lay elsewhere. The 1960 annual report declared:

The Company pleaded *nolo contendere* to thirteen of these indictments, while pleading guilty to six others upon being advised by counsel that the Company may be held *technically responsible* [my emphasis] for the acts of its employees even when they have violated a clear, long-standing Company Directive Policy setting up standards of conduct more stringent than requirements of the antitrust laws.

Responsibility, in this view, is individual and personal; it is neither executive nor corporate. But if this is so, what happens to the doctrine of responsible executives?

To be sure, there were dissents from this position. Federal Judge J. Cullen Ganey, who received the indictments, examined much of the evidence, and sentenced the defendants, was not persuaded. Among other things, he declared:

I am not at all unmindful that the real blame is to be laid at the doorstep of the corporate defendants and those who guide and direct their policy. While the Department of Justice has acknowledged that they were unable to uncover probative evidence which could secure a conviction beyond a reasonable doubt of those in the highest echelons of the corporations here involved, in a broader sense they bear a grave responsibility for the present situation. . . .

But at least in public, business leaders rallied behind GE and Cordiner. John W. McGovern, then President of the National Association of Manufacturers, told an inquiring newspaper, "In a large organization, you can't know every detail. Things like that could happen but people at the top would not be aware of it."

And the President of the Chamber of Commerce, Arthur H. Motley, observed: "As business

gets bigger and more decentralized, a code is written and top management expects everybody to operate with it. But it must be followed through personally. It's possible to establish a policy that's not followed."

This confronts the creed with a peculiar dilemma. Are corporate leaders responsible when things go well, but not accountable when they don't, because the large corporation is too complex?

Where the Ford Gold Went

This dilemma apparently troubled Henry Ford II, chairman of the Ford Motor Company and a GE director. Shortly after GE and the other electrical companies were sentenced, Ford declared that "it is the job of our corporate executives to keep their own houses in order."

In an address entitled "Business Ethics in 1961," Ford said: "I'm afraid it is little use to drag out the old bad-apple alibi to explain away things—the idea that there are always a few bad ones in every barrel. There is really only one thing for top executives to do at such a time as this. That is to forget the alibis and the explanations and have the fortitude—the plain guts—to stand up and say: 'This is our failure. We are chagrined and sorry. It will not happen again.'"

Ford's attempt to resurrect the doctrine of responsibility was confounded one week later. He and the other GE directors—drawn from the cream of American finance and industry and including a former Harvard Business School dean—publicly endorsed GE's management. They continued Cordiner in his newly enlarged role of both Chairman and President.

If the price conspiracy illustrates the difficulty of fixing responsibility, Ford's own company offers a prime example of the problem of determining just what is responsible corporate conduct.

In his speech on ethics, Ford confidently asserted: "Business today understands well how its actions may impinge not only on the lives of individuals but also upon the goals and policies of our nation both home and abroad." Former members of the Eisenhower Administration, not known for their antipathy to the corporate view, might well have done a double take at this. For Ford played a curious part in one of the Administration's climactic dramas. In October 1960, international speculators suddenly began betting feverishly against the dollar, pushing up the price of gold. Behind this outburst lay the deficit in the United States' international accounts. The

speculators were betting that the deficit and the resultant loss of gold would force the United States to devalue, paying more dollars for an ounce of gold. The President and his Treasury Secretary, Robert B. Anderson, took to national television to tell the nation that the situation was perilous. "All Americans ought to be profoundly concerned," Anderson said.

After the election, Mr. Eisenhower, now a lame duck, moved decisively to curb the outflow of dollars and gold. Among other measures, he ordered the Department of Defense to reduce by 15,000 a month the number of dollar-spending servicemen's wives and children overseas. He even hinted that the United States might have to trim its military expenditures on the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and sent Anderson on a humiliating and largely unsuccessful mission to drum up help from the West Germans.

In the midst of these alarms and excursions, the Ford company announced it was about to add about 360 million of its own dollars to the unfavorable balance of payments. The sum was greater than all of the estimated savings in the first year of the Eisenhower orders. Ford was to spend the money to buy up the remaining 45 per cent of the shares in its British manufacturing subsidiary. The Detroit parent already owned 55 per cent, more than enough for absolute control. But the chairman declared that the remaining 45 per cent was needed for "greater operational flexibility and to coordinate better."

Simple observers were puzzled at how flexibility and coordination could be improved by enlarging a 55 per cent share to 100 per cent. But students of Ford's finances thought they had a clue. The company's cash and marketable securities had climbed by more than \$200 million in 1959 to \$666.3 million. In other words, excess cash was burning holes in Ford's pockets. At the same time, the British plant was earning nearly 40 per cent more on its assets than the corporation as a whole; sales of autos and trucks by the English firm had expanded during the 1950s about fifteen times as fast as those of the American company. Ford appeared to be acting like a classical entrepreneur, putting its idle cash into the more profitable overseas venture.

Anderson personally telephoned Ford asking him to soften the blow. But Ford, like the West Germans, was not about to do favors for lame ducks. In the week that Ford sent its check to London for the shares, the United States' stock of gold dropped another \$204 million.

The point of this essay is not to argue that businessmen are greedy, hypocritical, or irre-

sponsible. Rather it is to suggest that corporate executives, by training and outlook, are ill-equipped to make difficult judgments in the swampy area of social responsibility. This is a burden that cannot and should not be placed upon them. As Theodore Levitt, a business consultant, has said, the theory of the socially responsible executive conjures up "a frightening spectacle of a powerful economic functional group whose future and perception are shaped in a tight materialistic context of money and things, but which imposes its narrow ideas about a broad spectrum of unrelated noneconomic subjects on the mass of man and society."

Too Simple An Answer

Berle, eloquent champion of the conscience-ridden executive, saw through to some other major difficulties of his thesis. "If corporations are to make industrial plans," he asked, "what are the criteria of these plans?" In a world of perfect competition, this question is irrelevant; the consumer is king and his choices, through the market, guide business decisions. But in a world of corporations emancipated in some measure from the market, no such criteria exist.

Moreover, Berle observed, modern corporate managements have "substantially absolute power." Even if agreement could be reached on what is and is not responsible behavior, there is no mechanism to make the corporate hierarch accountable. Society generally has no process it can use to recall erring executives or hold a referendum on crucial corporate decisions. If GE's chief officials disclaim responsibility, society is powerless to contradict them effectively.

If the corporate conscience is an uncertain instrument, what can take its place? How can legitimacy and sanction be restored to economic decision-making? For many economists, the answer is simple—too simple, in fact, for life outside the academy. They say: Let's restore competition. Their favorite method is a more vigorous antitrust policy. The more sophisticated economists, however, know that with the best will in the world, the Justice Department won't (and shouldn't) be able to recreate a world of atomistic competitors, no one of them big enough significantly to affect an industry's price or output. These neo-trust-busters argue for a more limited goal. With considerable persuasiveness, they urge that greater competition and more reliance on impersonal forces would have considerable value in some industries.

This does not mean, for example, fracturing the steel industry into hundreds of small corporations. Efficient production in steel requires large aggregations of capital. But it is doubtful that these need to be as large as the three firms which now control more than half of the industry's output. The American producers' belated introduction of new steel-making techniques pioneered in Europe testifies that the biggest are not necessarily the liveliest.

The neo-trust-busters recognize that if anti-monopoly regulation is to become more than a shield for business as usual, the laws will have to be amended drastically. Courts are reluctant to break up corporations—at most, they will adopt such heroic expedients only to cope with obvious misconduct. Under present laws, they won't do it simply to reduce market power.

An amendment to the Sherman Act proposed by Professors Carl Kaysen and Donald Turner of Harvard could be helpful. They would split up into viable units any corporation exercising "unreasonable" market power. "Unreasonable" power would be assumed wherever, for example, one firm accounted for half an industry's sales or four firms accounted for 80 per cent. The giants could escape division only by showing that their pre-eminence arose as the result of gains in efficiency or if the cost of a breakup would be too great.

Even with such an amendment—and apart from a few economists, the pressure for it would not lift a small balloon—great sectors of private economic power would remain. This stubborn fact has led others to suggest that we should keep the existing structure, but harness it by new devices to responsible ends. In effect, this idea revives the concept of responsible decision-making—but declares that its definition is too elusive to be left exclusively to the business schools or the corporate managers.

For the World As It Is

Other groups, consumers, the government, labor might be enlisted to help shape crucial economic decisions through a variety of devices. One approach was embodied in a bill proposed by Senator Joseph Clark and Representative Henry Reuss a few years ago. Their measure would require dominant corporations (and unions in important industries) to spell out their price and wage plans before some public panel. The panel might then mobilize public opinion behind a set of recommendations.

Another approach—indicative of noncoercive

planning—has been tried with some success in Scandinavia, France, Holland, and Japan and is now being introduced into Britain. This technique brings together representatives of labor, management, other interest groups, and government. They try to agree on a specific set of attainable economic objectives and then voluntarily translate them into policies for individual industries and plants. President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers quietly tried a dry run at this more than a year ago. But corporation economists, horrified at the implications of even noncoercive planning, were hostile. The President has also created a Labor-Management Advisory Committee with government and public representatives; despite its difficulties in agreeing on even platitudinous statements, it is another stab in the same direction. So too are the government's suggested wage and price guideposts which have caused the steel industry and the White House so much anguish.

All of these hesitant stirrings in Washington reflect a slow-growing recognition that we no longer live in the world of Adam Smith—and we have not yet reached a world of corporate philosopher-kings, whose intuitive consciences will guide them to make their decisions in the public interest. Indeed, we are never likely to reach it; and it is unfair to our corporate executives to pretend that we will.

Today, much private economic power exists in a political void. But this might be filled by broadening the narrow apex of private decision-making, by ensuring that other groups besides corporate managers shall bring their influence to bear on the crucial choices in the great corporations. A society that regards itself as pragmatic need not be bound by any particular solution to this problem, but could fruitfully experiment with several. A domestic brand of noncoercive planning may prove most useful for the economy as a whole. It might well be supplemented by price-wage hearing panels in a few industries along the lines of the Clark-Reuss bill.

None of these devices could or should be extended to every nook and cranny of the economy. They should focus instead on the significant sectors, on those industries whose economic size and concentration arm their managers with a strategic grasp on the material well-being of the whole country. Some new arrangements like these will have to be devised if the legitimacy that perfect competition once provided for economic decisions is to be restored to those areas of concentrated power that cannot and should not be broken up.

Life Inside a Paper Bag

by Richard Winkler



I noticed with some relief a recent article in one of the Sunday supplements that marks, I hope, the beginning of popularizing the paper-bag theory for tension. It was titled, "Medical Miracle—A Paper Bag."

At least now I won't have to go it alone, or almost alone, with my head in a paper bag and no chance to make people believe the doctor told me to do it.

It was five years ago when it started. I was going through a period of much tension, mostly self-induced, though I was inclined to blame the job I held at the time. Often I couldn't get my breath, and the deeper I breathed, the more starved for air I became. This continued for weeks, and then a new symptom developed. My left hand, finally my whole arm, became numb. I knew the end was only a matter of time. I began to rehearse appropriate last words, such as "Good-by all, keep a little corner of your heart for me, and always be true to the flag," to be got out just before I hit the asphalt tile.

After carrying this numb arm around for a few days and gasping for breath besides, one evening I felt my left leg also going numb. With dignity I made my way to the bed and there lay checking my pulse with my Timex and waiting for the big bugle to sound taps. After an hour or so I found I was still alive. I rose and, cutting out all middlemen, called a neurologist direct. When I had finished dramatizing my case for him, he gave me an appointment for the next day.

Disregarding my suggestion that he look first

for a brain disorder or a massive cerebral hemorrhage, he scratched me heartily on the soles of my feet and the palms of my hands with a safety pin and pronounced me whole and sound.

"Your trouble," he said, "is hyperventilation. When you're tense, you breathe too fast. You breathe in too much oxygen, get rid of too much carbon dioxide. You think you're starving for oxygen. You're really drowning in the stuff."

"What I'm going to tell you to do," he went on, "is so simple and childish it sounds unprofessional. Just carry a paper bag around with you. When an attack comes, put the paper bag on your face, and hold it there for five breaths or so. Breathe in the same air as you breathe out. It has a lot of carbon dioxide in it. That way, you restore the balance between carbon dioxide and oxygen in your blood. Your breathing returns to normal and your numbness disappears. Now get the hell out of here with your brain disorders and massive hemorrhages, and stop trying to diagnose your own case."

As I remember, he charged me \$25, and didn't furnish the paper bag. But he was right. It worked. Every time it worked.

Except that it looked funny to some people to see a man with a paper bag over his face. I did this in the evening, sometimes, at stop lights. The drivers in nearby cars—I could see them watching me narrowly—always held back and let me precede them on the green light.

At home, my children sensed instantly that a

daddy who put a paper bag over his head was ready for fun. They raced to the closet for their own bags. A dying man is in no mood for horseplay. But inside my manila prison, I could only bear with their loud cries of joy and laughter, and reflect that I was undergoing the cheapest therapy any doctor has ever come up with.

Worst of all was in my office. If I had the breathing trouble in a meeting, I had to endure it until I was free, or else run to my office and huddle behind a file cabinet with my bag, like a lush who must secretly knock back a few belts of bourbon from a half-pint filed under A.

I believe we may have lost an opportunity to get a new account for our advertising agency because of my affliction. During the day, I was very cautious about using my bag. But one evening, a few minutes after five, with everybody, I thought, gone home, I was hit by a major attack of panic breathing. Carbon dioxide diminishing, left arm numbing, vision blurring, I looked around desperately for my paper bag. I had left it in the car that morning.

Suddenly I remembered that our receptionist, distributing the doughnuts that morning, had brought me the last one—in a paper bag. I rummaged in the wastebasket, found the bag. It was splotted with large grease stains, encrusted with sugar, but I grabbed it anyway and fitted it to my head. There were rugs in the office and hall. Because of this, I could not hear approaching footsteps. I was sluicing in great gouts of carbon dioxide—my own—when I saw shadows

through the translucent areas of grease on the bag, and heard the voice of the company president.

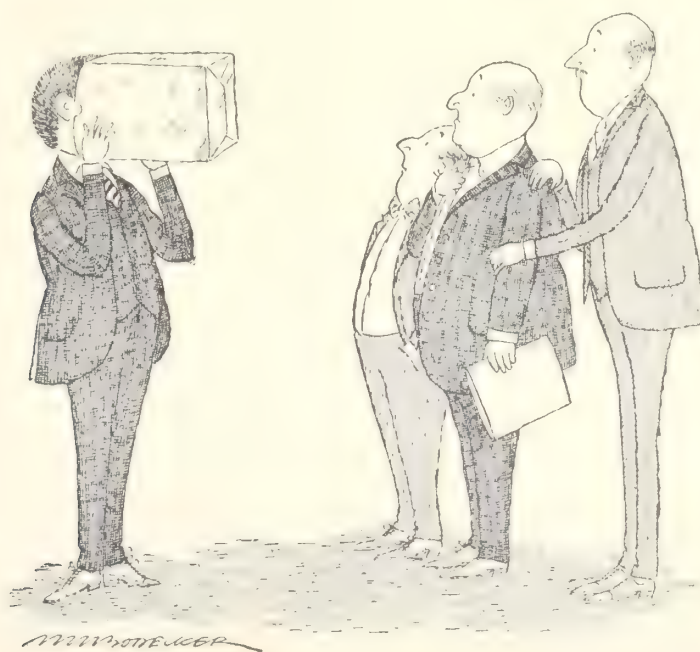
He was taking some "hot prospects" on a tour of the agency, and I heard him say, "And this is the office of our Creative Director."

There was a brief silence. I whipped off the paper bag, and with droplets of sugar still gleaming on my muzzle in the waning sunlight, rose to my feet and held out my hand. There was nothing else to do. They shook it, all three of them, but I felt they would rather not have. A situation like this cannot be explained by a pioneer in such a specialized therapy. I thought it best simply to pass myself off as an eccentric who concentrated best inside a doughnut bag.

They went away. I don't believe they ever came back. Next day, the president listened, politely, to my explanation of the whole thing. Shortly thereafter, he left the company and never came back either.

So now listen, all three of you, and you too, former president, wherever you are. The world will soon be full of people with paper bags over their heads. When you see them, when you hear the crackling of the paper as the air bellows in and out, remember the Man with the Doughnut Bag was drunk not on gin but oxygen.

Richard Winkler works in advertising and has written a children's book called "The Boy Who Saw an Alligator in His Bathtub." His hobby is an 83-acre farm in the Missouri hills.



Chiang Kai-shek's Silent Enemies

by

Albert Axelbank

Why the real Formosans regard him and his government—not as their champions against the Chinese Reds—but as oppressive conquerors.

Behind the mask of a benevolent, freedom-loving Chinese Nationalist government on Formosa, there exists today an unpopular, elite party dictatorship that rules the island with an iron hand. In the guise of "Mobilization for Counter-attack Against Communist China," the regime of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has trampled upon basic human rights and stifled free political expression. Under the cloak of "National Emergency," it has waged a campaign of police terror.

As a result, Chiang's Kuomintang (Nationalist party) government has alienated the overwhelming majority of Formosa's native-born citizens, who comprise 80 per cent of the island's eleven million people.

This potentially explosive situation has not, unfortunately, received the publicity it deserves. For one thing, the Nationalists' press control has kept from the public eye many of the excesses of this autocratic regime. Paid propagandists have also painted a distorted image of Formosa as a

democratic nation. Meanwhile, the world knows little about the Formosans' longing for independence, of their pent-up hatred for the Chiang government, or their fear to speak and write what they really think.

From late 1960 till the middle of 1962 I was the bureau manager on Formosa for United Press International and I watched a steady flow of repressive acts directed against the population by the Nationalist government. I traveled widely over the island and spoke to hundreds of Formosans, including city mayors, provincial officials, merchants, doctors, soldiers, teachers, farmers, and pedicab drivers. Usually I took with me a Japanese interpreter since most of the Formosans preferred to speak Japanese although a few had received degrees at American universities and spoke fluent English.

Formosan disenchantment with Nationalist rule dates back to the end of World War II, when they hoped the island would be given equality with the other Chinese provinces. Instead, the Chinese looked upon Formosa as a conquered territory. Fifty years of harsh Japanese control—from 1895 to 1945—had molded the lives and personalities of Formosans. They were a law-abiding, peaceable people, about half of whom spent their lives wading knee-deep in rice paddies.

They had disliked their colonial status under Japan but they learned they could put their trust in Japanese law. Formosans spoke Japanese and many leading citizens had received their higher education in Japan.

Formosans also spoke South Fukien dialects, far different from the present official Mandarin of the Nationalist regime. Although most of their ancestors came from China in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries A.D., they had lost much of their identification with the Chinese. One hundred miles of water between Formosa and China had insulated them from events on the mainland; in addition, Chinese control of Formosa—before the island was ceded to Japan in 1895 as a result of the Sino-Japanese War—had never been very effective. I have often started to address a group of Formosans as, “You Chinese . . .” only to be pointedly told: “We are Taiwanese, not Chinese.” (Taiwanese is the Japanese as well as Chinese name for Formosans.) There is, incidentally, very little intermarriage today between “mainlanders”—as the Chinese are called—and Formosans. Not long ago I heard a Formosan student say in a journalism class: “If I married a Chinese girl, my mother would lock me out of her house.”

A Retreat into Bounty

Formosa was handed over to China under the terms of the Cairo Declaration of 1943 (signed by Roosevelt, Churchill, and Chiang). It stated that “All the territories Japan has stolen from the Chinese, such as Manchuria, Formosa, and the Pescadores, shall be restored to the Republic of China.” When Japan surrendered, the Generalissimo’s armies took control of Formosa. (However, the island’s present status is ill-defined. Is Formosa Chinese soil? Both Nationalist and Communist China say an emphatic “yes.” But the Japanese Peace Treaty of 1951 is vague on this point. And virtually every American statement about Formosa’s status since the Korean War—when the U.S. Seventh Fleet “neutralized” the island—has been ambiguous. It appears that in order to counter Peking’s rabid claims to the island, America and its allies have purposely left the door open to other claims that Formosa may not be “Chinese” after all. If this is “proved,” perhaps by future establishment of an independent Formosa, then Peking’s claims might be voided—at least, say some observers, to the satisfaction of a majority of the United Nations.)

When Chiang’s forces came to Formosa at the war’s end, they found a standard of living much

higher than they knew on the mainland: excellent roads, a good railway system, and numerous well-constructed buildings, many of which house Nationalist government offices today. The island produced bountiful crops of rice, sugar cane, pineapples, bananas, citrus fruits, and tea. There was also a good industrial base with factories capable of manufacturing such things as cement, steel, aluminum, and refined petroleum. Moreover, the people’s literacy rate of about 80 per cent was, after Japan’s, the highest in Asia.

Onto this richly endowed island came large numbers of carpetbaggers as well as corrupt and ruthless administrators from the mainland who exploited Formosa and cruelly treated its people. Chinese troops pillaged, raped, and murdered almost at will. Formosan rage finally exploded on February 28, 1947, after police beat to death a woman who allegedly sold untaxed cigarettes. The incident touched off island-wide demonstrations; the people demanded governmental reforms. To quell the unrest, Chinese soldiers wantonly shot or bayoneted to death an estimated 10,000 Formosans.

Because the Chinese mainland was convulsed in civil war, news of the massacre—reported by a few foreign journalists on the spot—received little world attention. The incident, however, has become engraved upon the memory of nearly every adult Formosan. They refer to it in private conversations as the “2-28 Incident.”

Two years later, Chiang suffered a headlong defeat on the mainland and fled with some two million Chinese refugees to Formosa. Martial law was declared—it’s still in effect today—and many provisions of the Chinese Constitution of 1947 were brushed aside by Chiang’s hand-picked legislators and national assemblymen “during the time of the Communist rebellion.”

The influx of so many refugees almost overnight naturally added to the resentment of the Formosans. Jobs were scarce, food prices soared, and taxes were boosted to help support the military establishment of more than half-a-million men. Chiang might optimistically declare that existing hardships would be erased as soon as the “counterattack” was launched. But Formosans believed they were being tricked into accepting indefinitely an inferior status.

Albert Axelbank went to Formosa in 1954 while on duty with the U.S. Navy, and was later United Press International bureau manager there. He is now a correspondent living in Tokyo and contributes to the London “Economist,” the Washington “Star,” and NANA.

They were right. Today, fourteen years after Chiang retreated to the island, Formosans still play a microscopic role in national affairs. The Chinese have justified this inequity by insisting that their Nationalist government represents *all* of China, not just Formosa. They have accordingly set up the full apparatus of a Chinese national government on the island—frequently overlapping the local and provincial governments—and they have staffed it chiefly with mainlanders.

Thus, in the 1,500-man National Assembly—it elects the President and Vice President and amends the Constitution—there are fewer than forty Formosans. In the Legislative Yuan (Parliament) of over 500 members, no more than two dozen are Formosans. There is only one Formosan in the Cabinet—the Minister of the Interior. There are no Formosa-born ambassadors. And in the 600,000-man military today—of which Formosans provide more than 75 per cent of the ground troops—the number of Formosan officers above the rank of colonel can be counted on both hands despite the existence of nearly 1,000 generals and admirals. In many police units, such as the Peace Preservation Corps of the Formosa Garrison Command, Formosans are almost nonexistent.

Since the United States gives tacit support to the thesis that this government legitimately represents China, the present situation on Formosa is likely to persist for some time. Nationalist officials have also argued that Formosans lack people qualified for top-level jobs in the government, whereas many of the mainlanders are well-educated and thus well-fitted for their present posts. Formosans angrily contest the validity of this argument.

One prominent Formosan told me: "If the emerging African nations can provide their own leadership, don't you think that we can? Nearly all Formosans can read and write; thousands have political and administrative experience of twenty years or more. And an ever-growing number are university graduates. The Nationalists know that if they did permit equality of opportunity it would mean their eventual doom, since the Formosans are the vast majority."

Under American prodding to "broaden the base" of the government, the Kuomintang has brought some Formosans into the national government as well as the ruling party. But many Formosans view these hand-picked Formosans with contempt. In fact, they have coined the derogatory term "half-mountain people" to describe them. This means they are only "half"

Formosan. These people went to China during World War II, where they worked for the Chiang government, and returned to Formosa at the war's end to accept its favors. These are the Formosans—virtually all of them Kuomintang members—whom the Nationalist government points out to foreign visitors.

Military and Party Brass

To cement his rule on Formosa, the Generalissimo has made effective use of the army and the secret police as well as the ruling Kuomintang party.

Now seventy-five years old, Chiang has entrusted the control of the secret police to his stocky, reticent, eldest son, General Chiang Ching-kuo. It is for this reason that young Chiang is sometimes called the regime's "hatchet man." In his youth he attended the Soviet Military and Political Institute. Today, at fifty-two, he has his hand in just about every important organization on Formosa—from the mass Youth Corps to the Retired Veterans' Organization.

But Ching-kuo is best known because of his control over the secret and public police. On an island less than one-third the size of New York State, there are these known police agencies: Peace Preservation Police, National Security Police, Foreign Affairs Police, Military Police, Central Intelligence Police, Special Affairs Police, in addition to provincial and other local police. Their chiefs take orders from Ching-kuo.

Many of the ranking generals in Chiang's army are also the personal appointees of Ching-kuo. Almost all of them are the trusted lieutenants of the Generalissimo. For example, the Chief of the Armed Forces General Staff is General Peng Meng-chi, a high Kuomintang official as well as a close personal friend of President Chiang. Another key general is the Generalissimo's dapper youngest son, Chiang Wego. At forty-seven, he commands the Army's armored corps and frequently participates in military exercises for the benefit of visiting American military brass.

Army generals, as a matter of fact, fill many of the ranking positions of the Kuomintang. The Generalissimo is, of course, the Director-General of the party; Vice President Chen Cheng is the Deputy Director-General (he's also a full army general); and Chiang Ching-kuo and Peng Meng-chi, both full generals, are members of the ruling party's powerful Central Committee. The Kuomintang has been the vehicle of power for Chiang Kai-shek for over thirty-five years.

Because the top government officials from President Chiang on down are mostly ranking Kuomintang members, it is often impossible to distinguish between the government and the ruling party. Also, within the party are various offices that deal with almost every facet of daily life, including the press, public security, and education. The national anthem is actually the song of the Kuomintang. Formosans are bombarded with party propaganda, and in the schools and universities, the tenets of the Kuomintang are required study.

However, the Formosans are most bitter about the ruling party's fraudulent election practices. For instance, during the last local elections in Kaohsiung City, one hundred citizens showed up at a polling booth only to find there were no ballots left; hired thugs had stuffed a total of 1,600 ballots into the box and used up all the printed ballots!

When Henry Yu-shu Kao, a well-known Formosan engineer, beat the Kuomintang candidate for mayor of Taipei in 1954, he surprised nearly everyone. But when Kao ran again, on an independent ticket, the election was rigged against him. It was discovered for instance that 10,000 votes for Kao had been voided because the ink on them had smudged. Nationalist soldiers were brought into the city to vote despite a law which said eligible voters had to live within the city for at least six months. And neutral observers were barred from watching the ballot counting. Such incidents are common.

Not surprisingly, the ruling party tightly controls the Formosa Provincial Government, as well as the city and county councils, the mayors and magistrates. And under the pretext of "national emergency" the national government has stripped from the people some of the local voting rights granted them under the Constitution. The Constitution says the governor, provincial council, and provincial assembly will be popularly elected. But Chiang himself has appointed every Formosa governor—and all of them have been mainlanders, usually army generals. Recently Chiang chose as governor General Huang Chieh, a former army commander-in-chief who is a ranking Kuomintang official. He is also the former chief of the Formosa Garrison Command, an organization that has put fear into the hearts of many Formosans.

The Nationalist government also appoints the provincial council, leaving only the assembly to be elected by the people. Yet any measures the assembly adopts may be deemed against the "national interest" and vetoed by the Judicial Yuan (High Court). Although the seventy-seven as-

semblymen are virtually all Formosans, fifty-four of them are Kuomintang members. Nevertheless, many of the latter have confessed to me how tightly their hands are tied "from above." One well-known assemblyman, a Kuomintang member, once told me in a hushed voice as we sat in his office: "We are all puppets and the Kuomintang pulls the strings." For him, there is only one solution to the island's ills: The natural deaths of all the present Old Guard of the party and government. "No matter how rigged an election," he said, "you can't elect dead men."

I recall one incident in the latter part of 1961 that showed the "rubber stamp" nature of the provincial assembly. The provincial budget bill was up for passage and some assemblymen pointed out that not a single figure was cited. Speaker Huang Chao-chin, an affable, cigar-chewing member of the Kuomintang with a master's degree from the University of Illinois, apologized: "This won't happen again, I assure you." But he explained that the national government wanted the bill adopted quickly and with a minimum of debate. It was.

A Kuomintang-affiliated mayor told me the military "milked" 80 per cent of his city's budget. He said he had hardly any authority in his own city's affairs. "I'm helpless, I'm suffering," he lamented.

"Keeping" the Opposition

The government wields much more severe control over non-Kuomintang politicians. These include a handful of independents as well as members of the tiny majority parties—the Young China and the Democratic Socialists. They are known, euphemistically, as "the Opposition." But the Nationalist government has never allowed the minority parties to grow into healthy political organisms. While they have been torn by factionalism and lack strong leadership, many of their members have blamed this enfeeblement on the Kuomintang, which has "infiltrated" their ranks so that they don't even know many of their fellow members.

The Young China party was formed in Paris by a group of Chinese students in 1923, while the Democratic Socialists were organized in Shanghai in 1946. Each seeks a liberal interpretation of the Constitution and the protection of human rights; the Democratic Socialists also want to see China become a socialist state. Today, each has an active membership of around 300 (the Kuomintang claims 600,000), most of whom are mainland

Chinese. To keep them alive, though ineffectual, the Kuomintang has often provided each with "anti-Communist" subsidies, for they serve as window-dressing for Nationalist China's democratic façade.

The government's suppression of both parties was clearly shown in January 1962, when club-swinging agents of the Formosa Garrison Command, in mufti, broke up a general meeting of the Democratic Socialist party. Police agents also disrupted an anniversary meeting of the Young China party. Exasperated, a dozen or so Democratic Socialists proposed that "our party headquarters be moved to the United States in order to uphold the integrity of our party."

Non-Kuomintang, or "opposition" politicians, even if they are lucky enough to be elected provincial assemblymen or city councilmen, face almost daily harassment by the police: wires may be tapped, letters intercepted. They dare not associate intimately with foreigners—particularly Americans—for fear of police reprisals. When I interviewed a handful of Formosan opposition leaders last year in Taichung, central Formosa, the capital of the Provincial Government, I was stunned to see these provincial assemblymen search behind the curtains for hidden microphones. "Please don't mention our names," they begged, "or we'll surely be arrested." (Later, I learned that police questioned at least two of them after I left.)

When I visited the home of a noted Formosan opposition provincial assemblyman, he turned up the volume of his radio "so that police won't be able to tape-record our conversation." He told me: "I sleep with two suitcases near my bed every night. In one bag I've packed things I'll need if police come to arrest me and I have time to escape; the other's filled with some personal items if the police toss me in jail."

A Few Very Brave Men

During the summer of 1960, about seventy Formosan political and business leaders plus a few mainlanders challenged the Kuomintang by announcing their intention to form a new political party, to be called the China Democrats. The new opposition party, said its leaders, would "bridge the gap which exists between Formosans and mainlanders." Its platform called for: (1) Free and fair elections with supervision of balloting by neutral teams. (2) More opportunities for Formosans at the higher levels of government and military. (3) Free speech and freedom of the

press. (4) Freedom to engage in lawful political activity. (5) Freedom from arbitrary arrest. (6) Lifting of the martial law.

The chief leaders were some of the island's best-known political personalities.

There was the Formosan Henry Yu-shu Kao, the urbane, ex-mayor of Taipei who had been manager of the Taipei Chamber of Commerce and was one of the most popular men on the island. Li Wan-chu, another Formosan, was a distinguished, French-educated provincial assemblyman as well as publisher of the newspaper, *Kung Lun Pao*. For many years he had been a respected deputy speaker of the assembly, but at sixty-two, he was a sick man, suffering from gout and diabetes. Another key man was magazine publisher Lei Chen, a mainlander who had formerly been a member of the Kuomintang but was expelled, reputedly because of his liberal views. His *Free China Fortnightly* was outspokenly critical of the Nationalist government.

There was some speculation that the U.S. State Department considered the new party movement a possible alternative to the present regime. But no proof of this exists. In any case, one private American organization—Asia Foundation—had subsidized Lei's magazine, and the U.S. Information Service in Taipei subscribed to more than one hundred copies. Afterwards, when Lei was imprisoned and the new party foundered, American Embassy officials privately expressed keen disappointment.

The Formosa Garrison Command quickly pounced upon the new party. On September 4, 1960, Lei Chen was arrested on charges of "sedition" and, astonishingly, "harboring a Communist agent." Simultaneously, police seized all of the new party's documents. At a one-day military court martial, the balding, scholarly Lei was meted a ten-year prison term.

On the same day he was arrested, a court summons was served against Li Wan-chu, charging him with fraud in a housing construction deal. Henry Kao also was served (the same day) with three summonses, charging him with malpractice in office and burglary while mayor of Taipei four years previously. "With these charges," Kao said, "the government has a noose around my neck which it can tighten whenever it wants to." In 1962, the police accused Kao's physician-wife of performing illegal abortions, apparently to continue the harassment of Kao and his family.

After Lei's imprisonment, at a military jail outside of Taipei, many Chinese scholars appealed to the Generalissimo to pardon him but to no avail. A mainland-born writer named Hsu

I-chun visited Lei and wrote this description of Lei's prison life for the *Democratic China* magazine: "His cell is adjacent to the prison's toilet and in summer the stinking smell is so strong as to make breathing difficult. What is worse, his cell is incessantly invaded by swarms of flies from the neighboring toilet. In fact, Lei's daily exercise is swatting flies."

During 1961 and 1962 the Nationalist government continued its crackdown against the China Democratic party. One well-known Formosan arrested was Su Tung-chi, an outspoken councilman from Yunlin, central Formosa, who had been elected four times since 1945. The charges against him ("plotting rebellious acts against the government") appeared spurious; his arrest was, to many observers, an obvious reprisal for his recruiting activity. Moreover, Su had recently sponsored a strong resolution calling for a Presidential pardon of Lei Chen. It was adopted even though the Yunlin Council is dominated by Formosan Kuomintang members. Obviously, the government disliked an opposition leader with so much influence.

Su's wife, the mother of six small children, also was arrested for the fourth time in ninety days. She was charged with "failure to inform the police" of her husband's allegedly subversive activities. Outraged by her arrest, mainland Hsu I-chun protested against the government's "infringement on the human rights of this poor, helpless woman." He warned, in an article in *Democratic China*, that "the people will not forever stand idly by and tolerate such unconstitutional practices." A few days after the article appeared, Hsu was kidnapped by secret police.

I revisited Formosa for a few days in July of this year and learned that Mrs. Su was still in jail. Hsu was being held incommunicado at a camp for political prisoners.

At the time that Su and his wife were arrested, well-informed sources told me that hundreds of other Formosans were rounded up by police because of their connections with the new party. The Formosa Garrison Command admitted to me that sixty Formosans had been arrested at that time for "subversion."

Coinciding with the government's suppression of the new party movement was an assault against the few remaining newspapers and magazines that were not strictly Kuomintang-controlled. Lei Chen's *Free China Fortnightly* was suspended indefinitely. Another magazine, *The Humanist Monthly*, was ordered suspended for twelve months for criticizing what it called the government's "political harassment" of the new

party leaders. Almost at the same time, a court sequestration order was issued against Li-Wan-chu's *Kung Lun Pao*, charging Li with "mismanagement" of the paper. Within a few months the paper was grabbed up by Kuomintang interests. It was the sole surviving independent newspaper owned by a Formosan.

I am often asked if I was subject to censorship by the Nationalist government. No, not directly. But the constant pressure which the government put on Chinese nationals working as reporters for foreign newspapers, news agencies, and magazines certainly affected their news-gathering abilities. Within the past few years prominent Chinese newsmen who work for two large foreign news agencies have either been detained by police themselves or had members of their family arrested.

Prosperity Devoured

However dishonorable may be the Nationalist government's political record on Formosa, the Chiang regime must nonetheless be credited with some notable economic achievements. Perhaps the most striking example of success in this field has been the land-reform program, which was accomplished with the help of American advisers. Even violently anti-Kuomintang Formosans have kind words to say about it.

In 1949 only one-fourth of all Formosan farmers owned their own land. Many had to pay rents as high as 60 or 70 per cent of their crop. After reforms, these rents were cut to a maximum of 37.5 per cent; and the number of owner-farmers rose from about 210,000 to 470,000 in ten years.

Agricultural production has also risen about 40 per cent in the past ten years, while industrial output has climbed 180 per cent. An "Accelerated Economic Development Plan," currently under way, aims to make the island entirely self-sufficient in from five to ten years. But a rising population, land scarcity, and a staggering defense burden make such a goal appear unrealistic. Moreover, Nationalist officials disclosed early this year that the island was no longer self-sufficient even in staple food.

If land reform aided the farmers, excessive government demands in the form of taxes have to a large extent negated these gains. At the end of 1961, for instance, the government-controlled press admitted that increased "defense" taxes on the farmer had actually *lowered* his standard of living to almost what it was ten years before.

To support Chiang's military establishment,

which devours over 80 per cent of the government's budget, the United States pumps into the island about \$120 million annually in loans, grants, and food surpluses—much of this is listed as "defense support"—in addition to about \$90 million a year as strictly military aid. Since 1950, American aid to Chiang has totaled slightly more than \$3 billion.

Last year, to help meet its defense costs, the government levied a highly unpopular 30 per cent "counterattack surtax." Formosans were irked not only because the tax hit their pocketbooks, but also because the tax was okayed by the Legislative Yuan (which passed it in ten minutes) where the number of Formosan members is about 5 per cent of the total.

Despite the high cost of American aid to Formosa, our military men say the money is well-spent. They regard the island as a vital strategic link in our Far Eastern defense perimeter. They also rate Chiang's army, navy, and air force as very effective fighting units. More and more, however, they are voicing apprehension over the island's future, particularly over the question of who will succeed the Generalissimo when he dies; and what will happen if the Formosans take over. (One ranking U.S. naval officer told me: "I want to be miles away from this island when Chiang dies.")

Who Will Follow Chiang?

Chiang, meanwhile, shows few signs that he will soon step down from his pinnacle of power. Though in advanced years (he'll be seventy-six on October 31), he still gives innumerable audiences to visiting dignitaries. Foreign guests are usually impressed with his benign smile, his almost cherubic appearance. With him at these receptions are usually his wife, Madame Chiang, or other top, Western-educated officials, who interpret for him. He can, however, lose his temper if things don't go his way. And many times, he scolds his ministers and other high officials of his government as if they were errant schoolboys.

Speculation about Chiang's successor usually centers on two possibilities: (1) Vice President Chen Cheng will be the next Nationalist President (and party leader) under the Constitution. But Chen, at sixty-six, is in frail health. Last year he was hospitalized for almost four months for various internal disorders. But if he felt strong enough to assume Nationalist leadership, many foreign observers say he would be a more liberal ruler than Chiang. (2) Chiang's son,

Ching-kuo, will inherit his father's mantle of power. I believe that if this occurred, Ching-kuo would prefer to remain behind the scenes as the regime's strong man.

Whether Chen or Ching-kuo takes over the government in the future, it is certain that he will faithfully hold aloft the banner of "counter-attack" against the Chinese Communist regime. Many Nationalist officials maintain that this slogan will have "positive" meaning so long as there is hostility between the United States and Communist China. The Nationalists realize they do not have the ability to launch any invasion by themselves; but war—or the threat of war—nourishes their regime.

Two other possibilities, often discussed in connection with the future, concern, first, a "deal" between Taipei and Peking, and, second, a revolt by the Formosans. Both appear to be very remote. The Nationalists and the Communists have discredited all talk of a "deal." Chiang and his followers are "traitors" in the eyes of Peking. But such a possibility can never be entirely ignored. Does this mean that Nationalist China is an unreliable ally? Only, I believe, to the extent that it chooses to act unilaterally, without consulting the United States. However, U.S. military commanders on Formosa are confident this won't happen.

If Formosans were to stage an organized rebellion tomorrow, it's likely that it would be crushed. Most Formosans believe that Chiang's police agencies, including the military police, can effectively control the nine million Formosans. Today, seven or more Formosans cannot gather together in public—under the martial law—without first asking police permission. Nevertheless, there is some fear expressed that a spontaneous uprising, such as the "2-28 Incident" of 1947, might be touched off again. Without a doubt, police are extremely watchful for any stirrings of revolt. This seems to be the reason that about half of the Formosans in Chiang's army are stationed on the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu—far enough away so they could not cause any trouble on Formosa. And on Formosa, very few soldiers, incidentally, are given live ammunition.

If a poll were taken now to determine what status Formosans want for their island, I am sure that at least a two-thirds majority would favor independence. Of course, such a poll is impossible since just the mention of the words "independence" or "self-determination" on Formosa is taboo. But responsible Formosan leaders, both Kuomintang and opposition members, have told

me that more than 90 per cent of the people desire the establishment of an independent Formosan republic—shunning both Communist and Nationalist Chinese ties.

A Confusion of Experts

Quite vocal on this subject is a militant group of Formosan exiles in Japan led by Dr. Thomas Wen-i Liao, a short, energetic Formosan who fled the island with some compatriots at the time of the 1947 massacre.

For sixteen years Liao has confidently espoused the cause of Formosan independence: "Formosa for the Formosans." Most of his followers, and there are roughly a thousand of them in Japan, favor continuation of American aid to Formosa and close relations with the United States. In 1955 a group of these Formosans met in Tokyo and organized a "Provisional Government of the Republic of Formosa" and a "Provisional Formosan Congress," and they elected Liao as President. The group appears to have numerous sympathizers on Formosa, but it is impossible to say how well organized this "underground" is. The press frequently reports arrests of suspected Liao followers.

The Nationalist government, which considers Liao a traitor, has so far successfully pressured the U.S. State Department into withholding a visa for Liao, who has several times applied for one at the American Embassy in Tokyo. If he gets the chance, Liao, who received a doctorate in chemical engineering at Ohio State University, wants to plead his cause before the United Nations and the American public.

Some Formosans, who assume that the island's political complexion will remain unchanged for the next fifteen or twenty years, foresee that the time will come when younger generation Formosans—and mainlanders who have become "Formosanized"—will live in harmony under a government run predominantly by Formosans. Other Formosans are pessimistic; they darkly envision eventual control over the island by Communist China—unless the island is soon sliced off from its present "Chinese" connections.

On Formosa earlier this year, I listened to a well-known Formosan passionately give his views on America's China policy. "When the United States supports Chiang Kai-shek it is supporting a dying regime," he said, adding, "Chiang wants to lead America into war with Red China. That is the only way he will ever get back to the mainland."

I agree with him. And I believe that a growing number of Americans also are critical of our aid to a government which suppresses the people and claims to be the "authentic" representative of China. Moreover, this policy is losing us many friends among the Formosans.

Because Washington gives strong public backing to Chiang, we are obliged to lead the fight in blocking Peking's entry into the United Nations although it appears that this stand works to retard a solution to the Formosa impasse. Obviously, the future of Formosa is tied closely to America's China policy; and I have heard a number of America's Far Eastern specialists say that no changes can occur in United States policy toward Formosa until there is a change in United States policy toward Peking.

The United States cannot, of course, officially favor self-determination or a plebiscite while the Nationalist government exists in its present form. But America can do a number of things on Formosa to ameliorate the situation. The United States can tell Chiang: "Disband your secret police; permit anti-Communist opposition parties to exist; allow impartial supervision of elections; end martial law." Our government might then assess its aid program to Nationalist China in terms of how well these objectives are carried out.

In the past, our Ambassadors to Nationalist China have not used the weight of their office to encourage such reforms. At the same time, many U.S. Embassy officials in Taipei, while deploring conditions on the island, have clung to the argument that "We can't intervene in the internal affairs of a sovereign government."

However, experts on the aims and the politics of America's foreign aid are generally agreed that this aid—if accepted—should be an instrument of democracy, not a subsidy for repressive dictatorship. One such expert is Dr. Edwin O. Reischauer, an authority on Asia who is the present U.S. Ambassador to Japan. In his book, *Wanted: An Asian Policy*, he says that America "should be working for the development of a democratic Formosa with all the economic and political tools at our disposal." Formosa's future, he adds, is a problem "on which we can exert considerable pressure."

I believe the time has come to tell Chiang Kai-shek that we will not tolerate his blatant suppression of the Formosans. The least we must do is insist that the Nationalists wipe out, right now, the terror on the island and allow the Formosans some of the democratic freedoms we claim to uphold and defend.

Washington's Chance for Splendor

by Wolf Von Eckardt

If they are brilliantly carried through, the new schemes for reshaping the capital could make it a truly magnificent city—and a priceless example for the rest of the country.

Not since Jefferson has a President harbored such great ambitions for the city of Washington as John F. Kennedy. Inspired, perhaps, by his wife's much applauded refurbishing of the White House, Mr. Kennedy is determined to leave our rather shabby national capital a better place than he found it. He wants it, he has said, to "reflect the dignity, enterprise, vigor, and stability of our national government" and to "represent the finest in a living environment which America can plan and build."

Washington has always been, in Charles Dickens' phrase, "a city of magnificent intentions." When Dickens visited it in 1842, Jefferson's and L'Enfant's dream of a capital which would symbolize the ideals of the new republic had already bogged down in mud, bordellos, gambling houses, shanties, and wild real-estate speculation. "Boss" Alexander Shepherd, a District Commissioner during General Grant's Administration, restored some measure of respectability and planted the 60,000 trees which still hide many of the city's architectural blemishes. In 1901, under President Theodore Roosevelt, Daniel Burnham and his Beaux Arts friends partly resuscitated L'Enfant's original plan and started planting Washington's many massive marble and limestone monuments. Their vision was of the "City Beautiful"—a place of pompous civic edifices in parks.

But these magnificent intentions also bogged down, not in vice and mud but in planless boomtown building, public indifference, and the District of Columbia's horrendous administrative quagmire.

L'Enfant had layed out the city on a triangular plain, formed by the confluence of the Potomac and Anacostia Rivers and a ridge to the north. The only hill on this plain, almost exactly in its center, serves as a podium for the Capitol. From there, wide avenues, named after the states of the Union, radiate in all directions and cut diagonally across numbered streets. The widest of the avenues running straight west from the Capitol to the river, has now become the Mall, a mile-long green carpet reaching the Lincoln Memorial, with the Washington Monument at its center. Here the Mall is intersected by a short north-south axis; at its northern end L'Enfant placed the "President's House."

L'Enfant's planned city is today only a fraction of the District of Columbia. It gives the capital its familiar identity. The rest of town just grew and, except for some later extensions of L'Enfant's ideas, is pretty nondescript.

But even L'Enfant's city is still incomplete. The Mall is cluttered with "temporary" emergency buildings left over from the last two world wars. The grand avenues are resplendent only because of their width and their trees. For long stretches they are lined with shoddy, disharmonious buildings and even slums. And the little squares and circles at the intersections give only a hint of their potential charm. Most of them are badly landscaped traffic islands sprouting statues of forgotten heroes. You can seldom get close enough to them to find out who they are, for

roads have been widened at the expense of sidewalks. Buildings often seem to have been recklessly dumped around these open spaces without respect for the design of the square. A just completed motel, for instance, has plunked a giant bathtub—a swimming pool covered by a monstrous, retractable dome—right on Thomas Circle, at the intersection of Massachusetts Avenue and 14th Street which could and should be one of the finest cosmopolitan squares in America.

Washington's "downtown" district developed north of the Mall between the Capitol and the White House. The best that can be said of it is that it looks like any other small-town American business district. That may be tolerable for Salina, Kansas, but seems a disgrace for a world capital. And so are Washington's many lawns, dilapidated sidewalks, ugly and confusing clutter of traffic signs, decrepit benches, forbidding trash baskets, hideous parking lots, poorly lit, deserted, and crime-ridden city parks, and desperate dearth of amenities both for residents and for the fifteen million tourists who visit the city every year.

The President's noble aim to make this mess reflect the dignity of the United States government is, furthermore, in a deadly race against the unguided growth of the Washington metropolitan area—a part of the vast urban agglomeration, stretching from Boston to Richmond, Virginia, which the geographer Jean Gottmann has called "Megapolis."

The Washington metropolitan area has long since spilled over into the once green countryside of Maryland and of Virginia across the river. Its population has increased 37 per cent in the past decade and is now spread over some 1,485 square miles. This sprawl has brought with it the ugliness, land pollution, and traffic congestion common to the metropolitan explosion everywhere.

Since they have no smoke-belching industry, Washington's suburbs are still more attractive than most. But seen as a whole they too show all the avoidable defects of contemporary suburbia, which was "developed" for profit rather than planned for people. As elsewhere, suburbanites must spend a lot of time, energy, and money to

keep up the front lawns of their miniature manors, created by the required setback of houses, without getting usable private outdoor space in return. Trees are ruthlessly bulldozed. The street patterns are badly laid out and confusing. They lack sidewalks for the safety of small children. There are no community facilities, particularly for teen-agers, who find little to do but to race around in their cars.

New tall suburban apartments along both the Virginia and Maryland sides of the Potomac threaten to spoil not only one of the loveliest river valleys in the immediate vicinity of any large city but even the superb skyline of the city.

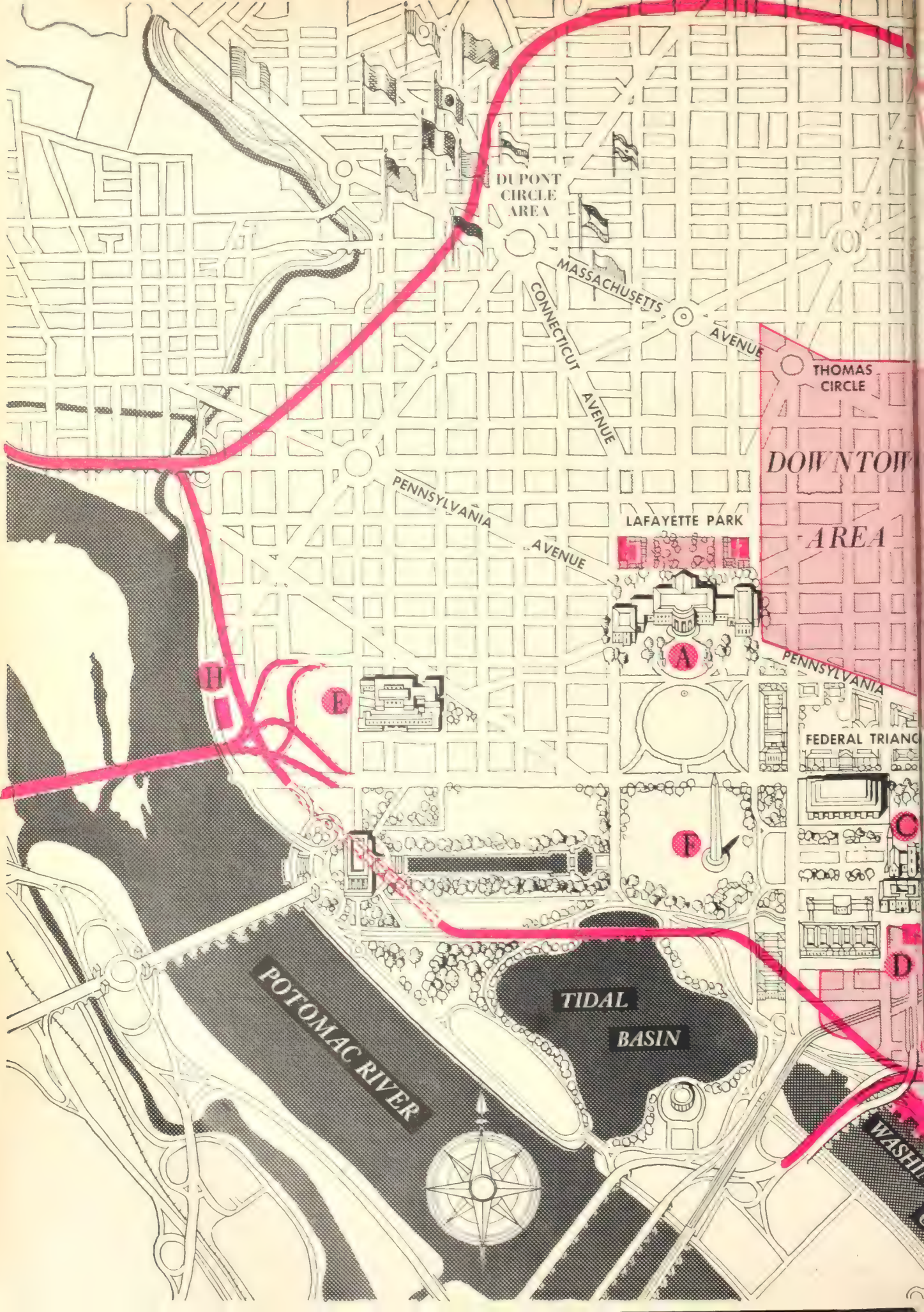
The President and the Wastebasket

The outcome of this race in Washington is crucial—not merely for the two million people who live in the area. The national capital symbolizes the values and aspirations of all Americans. Tourists from every part of the country, most of them youngsters, are impressed or depressed by their visit—perhaps for a lifetime. So are the foreign diplomats who shop, dine out, and conduct their international business here. Abroad the word "Washington" is often a synonym for America's aims and policies.

But more than national prestige is at stake in the success or failure of Washington's planning and architecture. Downtown decay and suburban sprawl are not problems unique to Washington. If this—one of the few American cities with a strong basic plan and generous space and with the full power of the federal government right in its midst—cannot arrest them, no other American city is likely to. Washington commuters travel to only one destination, the downtown government offices. If Washington cannot solve its traffic problems without turning into a mammoth highway cloverleaf, how can industrial cities whose trucks must rush around in all directions?

Washington is the national prototype in other important ways: It has great opportunities and potentials for realistically integrating its Negro majority and should be a shining example to other Southern cities. If Washington tears down its historic buildings every other city will feel encouraged further to vandalize its architectural heritage. And, as the many replicas of Thomas U. Walter's Capitol dome in our state capitals demonstrate, government architecture in Washington has great influence on all public architecture around the country.

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DUPONT
CIRCLE
AREA

MASSACHUSETTS
CONNECTICUT
AVENUE

AVENUE

THOMAS
CIRCLE

DOWNTOWN
AREA

PENNSYLVANIA
AVENUE

LAFAYETTE PARK

AVENUE

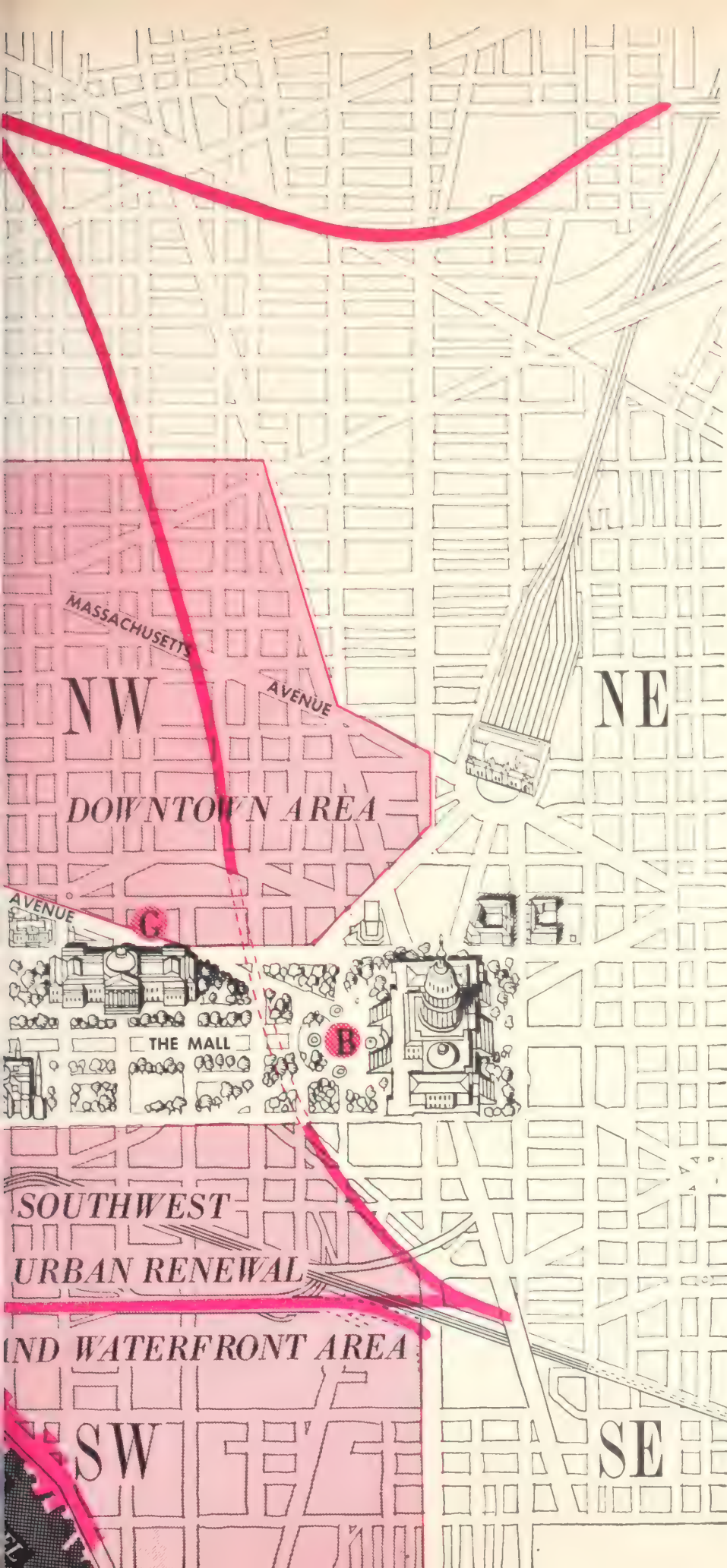
PENNSYLVANIA

FEDERAL TRIANGLE

POTOMAC RIVER

TIDAL
BASIN

WASHINGTON



LEGEND

- A White House
- B Capitol
- C Smithsonian
(Old—right, New—left)
- D F.O.B. Number 5
- E State Department
- F Washington Monument
- G National Gallery
- H Site of Cultural Center
- Proposed Expressway

The President's interest in these matters became evident as soon as he moved to the White House. Encouraged by his friend, the editor-turned-painter, William Walton, he tossed out a long-approved, hideous scheme to frame Lafayette Park across the street from the White House with massive new government buildings. A number of charming old houses, including the historic Federal-style Decatur House, were to be bulldozed. Thanks to the President, a new architect was hired who will preserve the old buildings and the pleasant, intimate character of the square with its playful squirrels, its memories of Lincoln, and that bench which Bernard Baruch made famous.

Magnificent intentions have also been announced for Pennsylvania Avenue, which L'Enfant intended as the grand link between the Capitol and the White House. Riding in the inaugural parade in January 1961, Supreme Court Justice (then Secretary of Labor) Arthur Goldberg was struck, as Charles Dickens had been, by the shabbiness of the avenue. A special committee, appointed by the President, is now plotting to transform this hick-town street into the great ceremonial thoroughfare it ought to be. And, in the course of a search for more government office space, Goldberg, together with a buoyant young New Frontiersman—now Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel P. Moynihan—worked out a new architectural policy for federal buildings which Kennedy issued as a formal directive. It enjoins all agencies to forget their monumental edifice complex and embrace “the finest contemporary American architectural thought,” enhanced, if possible, with good modern art.

Moynihan and Walton keep kindling the President's ambition. One day they sneaked an issue of *Architectural Forum* devoted to Washington's urban problems high on his weekend reading pile. Kennedy called Walton the very next morning. “Are there really cheap wire wastepaper baskets around the Washington Monument,” he wanted to know. “I can't see them from here.” Within days elegant new trashcans were installed. All it took was a Presidential phone call to the Director of the National Park Service, Conrad L. Wirth.

Such powerful concern is cause for heady hope. There is now even a solemn promise by the General Services Administrator, Bernard L. Boutin, that the “temporary” emergency structures on the Mall—some of them forty-five years old—will disappear by next summer.

There is no assurance, however, that despite the new architectural policy the tempos will be replaced by more inspired buildings. Nor is there

any evidence as yet that the new schemes for Lafayette Square and Pennsylvania Avenue will in the end result in a more livable and beautiful capital.

A Monument-studded Desert

The hope of providing “the finest living environment” in Washington does not in itself provide a clear concept of what makes an environment “fine” in our day and age. Nor can an executive directive calling for the “finest architectural thought” produce architectural excellence. As yet the magnificent intentions are not matched by any magnificent vision of what we really want.

Certainly it is not the same as the vision of T. R.'s Beaux Arts team. Architects Daniel Burnham and Charles F. McKim, landscapist Frederick Law Olmsted and sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens wanted a classic temple city. They had built one of gleaming white plaster at Chicago's Columbian Exposition in 1893, then rushed to Washington to realize it in marble. All but such eccentrics as Louis Sullivan and Henry Adams acclaimed this dream of a summer. To ensure its fulfillment a Presidentially appointed Fine Arts Commission was established in 1910. But even in guarding the Burnham dream the Commission querulously lost itself in details. The only time it really fought for anything was when it wouldn't let Harry Truman have his balcony on the White House.

Over the years, we have grown fond of the massive Beaux Arts monsters on the Mall. Like similar mediocre pomposities in Haussmann's Paris, they form the backdrop for an emotional experience we can no more imagine otherwise than we could physically remove the buildings. And, though this is still heresy among modernists, be it said that, at this distance from Rome, such lavish confections as John Russell Pope's National Gallery evoke a thrill. Likewise at this distance from Paris, the uniform cornice lines, and endless but lively and ornate façades of the Federal Triangle—the huge late Beaux Arts government office complex between Constitution and Pennsylvania Avenues—show a rare and pleasing architectural orderliness in our usual urban jungle.

All this, of course, is no excuse for the latest additions to the Mall, which, in terms of their period in art history, must be attributed to modern architecture. When you strip a heap of giant marble blocks of their period embellishments, no matter how anachronistic, all you have is a massive heap of giant marble blocks, period. It is

then merely a toss-up whether you prefer them on stilts and with bleak window ribbons, as displayed by the new federal office buildings on the south side, or just blank with shallow bays, as featured by the Smithsonian's almost completed Museum of History and Technology on the north. The attempt to harmonize not modern, but modernistic, bulk with Beaux Arts Classic mass has failed. Hopefully, the trees and the patina of time will eventually solve this problem better than the architects.

But the cardinal weakness of the genuine Beaux Arts was not so much its architecture as its grandiosely misguided planning concepts. They are still followed. After Burnham, Washington's planners and architects persisted in thinking of public buildings and government offices—in the "City Beautiful" tradition—as isolated monuments set in unused and unusable parks. They are deliberately divorced from the bustle of city life, leaving the commercial and residential parts of the city to grow at random and the workers in these temples to take long walks for lunch.

L'Enfant knew better. In planner Paul D. Spreiregen's words, he did not hesitate "to mix the grand with the mundane, the market with the town house, the barge landing with the government building. The poise and assurance in the gentlemen of his era were not shaken by marketing in proximity to a palace. After all, where does one best enjoy a good drink or the purchase of a fish but out in the open—simultaneously viewing the splendor of great architecture and a grand vista?"

L'Enfant saw the Mall not as the green swath Burnham made it, but as the central avenue of the city, lined with fine houses and embassies, where parades would be held and people would promenade on Sunday. Instead the Mall has become virtually a desert, except for the tourists who line up at Washington Monument or come by car and bus to visit the museums. Once they have sipped the view, there is nothing to induce them to linger.

Capital Eyesores. At top, the Rayburn Office Building. "That, sir," said Representative Frank Thompson Jr., "is a massive, ugly building. It destroys the beauty of the Capitol by its enormity." Below it is the new State Department Building which, according to August Heckscher, the President's consultant on the arts, is "a particular monument to false functionalism and false grandeur." At bottom: downtown Washington looks more like a second-rate main street than the shopping center of a world capital. (Most of the photographs illustrating this article came from the files of *Architectural Forum* magazine.)



JOHN BURWELL



GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION PHOTOGRAPH



JOHN BURWELL

Indeed the avenues around the Mall turn dead the moment the government workers catch their evening car pools. Deadness leads to decay. And decay is largely responsible for the fact that the capital city, which L'Enfant envisioned for 800,000 people, now has a population of only 763,956 according to the 1960 census. This represents a 10 per cent loss of population compared to the preceding decade, a loss few other American cities suffered. Between 1950 and 1960, 172,000 affluent white persons fled to the suburbs from this monument-studded desert of prime real estate. They were replaced by about 131,000—mostly poor—Negroes, who now make up 56 per cent of the population. Unfortunately, the kind of planning nonsense that produced this population shift has not been halted.

A cardinal current example of bad planning is the location chosen for the proposed National Cultural Center. It is to be built way down by the Potomac, just north of the Lincoln Memorial, in the area called Foggy Bottom. Instead it should be in the central part of town where lively activity is so sorely needed. Congress, it seems, had a park site left over to donate to culture. And such worthy phenomena, in the still prevailing "City Beautiful" view, thrive only in parks.

But the park is only to look at. No one will be able to walk to the Cultural Center because it will be inaccessibly enmeshed in a new inner loop highway. This will keep a lot of people from enjoying the view and proposed rooftop and terrace restaurants. Parking will be woefully scarce, which will keep many Washington culture devotees in their suburban homes, poorly served, if at all, by public transportation. And the place is, of course, far from the downtown hotels and restaurants, making it inconvenient for visitors.

The building was designed by Edward Durrell Stone who, after first trying a \$70-million giant version of his Brussels World's Fair Pavilion, then came up with a \$30-million adaptation of his New Delhi Embassy. Though clad in Stone's now familiar dainty trimmings, the new model shows yet another huge marble box. That seems the only way to wrap a concert hall, a theatre, and an opera house into one big, salable cultural economy package.

Officialdom has refused to look this Congressional gift horse in the mouth for fear of scaring away private contributors. But led to the water or not, there may be too few of them to get the full project built. Rumor has it that there will only be enough money for a concert hall to start with. It is badly needed but it too deserves a more suitable site. Later, perhaps, the opera and the-

atre will be built along or near Pennsylvania Avenue. There—accessible to people—they would do what cultural institutions are supposed to do: act as magnets for the buildings, shops, restaurants, and cafés that turn a town into a city.

The Cultural Center was launched in the Eisenhower era and is a semiprivate affair. On the other hand, the folly of F.O.B. Number 5 is wholly the government's and doesn't inspire confidence in the "fine architectural thought" Mr. Kennedy called for. F.O.B. Number 5 is a huge and hideous new office building which will seal off the large area of Washington south of the Capitol. Ten years ago this was a shameful slum. Now it has been redeveloped with a gay and, for the most part, well-designed mixture of town houses and apartments which is attracting middle-income people back into the city. Not yet quite completed, this southwest area promises to become the most successful urban-renewal project in the country to date.

The original idea was to link the area with the rest of the city by making a grand esplanade of Tenth Street, which runs up against the whimsical Romanesque Old Smithsonian. Along the Mall this esplanade was to be flanked by two new government buildings.

But the Government Services Administration, to get the space of two buildings for the price of one, insists on bridging the esplanade. Coming from the Mall and the central city we will now have to crawl visually under F.O.B. Number 5 to reach the new southwest, which is already all too effectively ghettoed by an enormous highway, railroad tracks, and an industrial belt between them. And instead of nicely framing the old Smithsonian the great mass of the new building will bully it. Such unnecessary brutality!

Architects for All Seasons

The big test of urban design in the Kennedy era is Pennsylvania Avenue. It is an exciting venture as there is no precedent, no accepted standard of excellence for a great ceremonial thoroughfare in our time. There is, in fact, little outstanding modern urban design of recent date anywhere in this country. And not Brasilia, nor Chandigarh, nor Rotterdam abroad could very well be adapted, if one wanted to do so, to Washington's setting. These cities started from scratch and did not have to adjust to existing buildings and living patterns.

Last summer a Pennsylvania Avenue Advisory Council was appointed. The ten names on it form

an illustrious roster.* Their task is to plan the rebuilding of the entire north side of the avenue which faces the Federal Triangle, with both government and private structures. The President, according to his instructions, does not wish to see a solid phalanx of office buildings which would leave the avenue deserted at night. There are to be benches, arcades, sculpture, planting, and fountains.

These admonitions evoke lovely visions of people strolling in cosmopolitan elegance amidst cafés and shops, and of office girls feeding pigeons in their lunch hour. It remains to be seen, however, whether J. Edgar Hoover, whose new FBI building will take up a sizable chunk of the avenue, shares this vision. The Council's interpretation is not yet revealed. The proceedings are private. Chairman Owings told reporters, however, that he would turn the avenue into a park. Its buildings, he said "need open space, they need greenery."

This may be true for some buildings. But it seems the last thing needed by the people of Washington, who are already blessed with their huge, accessible, and hardly used green swath, the Mall. The Chairman's lapse into old Garden City Beautiful nostalgia is surprising; he is *the* Owings of Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill, the architectural firm which created New York's Lever House, the Chase Manhattan Bank, and other masterpieces of urban, international-style architecture quite without benefit of avenues turned into parks.

Early unofficial glimpses suggested some Council members' predilection for rhythmically spaced high-rise slabs, reminiscent of Le Corbusier's Radiant City utopia of four decades ago. This concept would hardly sit well with Ralph Walker, another architect member (who was also on the Fine Arts Commission until June of this year). His designs are best described as Modernistic Beaux Arts. Another member of the Pennsylvania Avenue Council, Minoru Yamasaki, who resigned in June in protest against the proposed location

of the National Cultural Center, is known for a lithe, almost fanciful architectural style quite his own that has been called "modern baroque." And the fourth architect, Paul Thiry, the only member with practical planning experience, has done straightforward but imaginative buildings in the Northwest, notably the spirited Coliseum for last summer's Century 21 Exposition in Seattle, which he also served as chief architect.

Owings opened the Council's first session with the injunction: "Make no little plans." Perhaps he felt that by invoking Burnham's famous words he could also invoke a compelling common vision such as Burnham shared with his colleagues. But as yet no grand concept of what a grand avenue should be has emerged. It seems that for lack of such a concept, Owings' Beaux Arts-tainted view will prevail. There is talk that more buildings are to be torn down. Yet another unused and unusable open space is to be created.

Saareninen's Dream

If the prospects for new planning and urban-design concepts are thus uncertain, so are the prospects that individual federal buildings can also be good, modern architecture. The only outstanding new public building in Washington is the Dulles International Airport, which is thirty miles outside the city in the rolling hills of Virginia. But this marvelous building, with its daring pylons straining forward to grip the slung roof, was not so much the government's doing as that of the airport's engineers, Ammann and Whitney. They selected Eero Saarinen. This great architect died two years ago, barely fifty-two, before his masterpiece was completed.

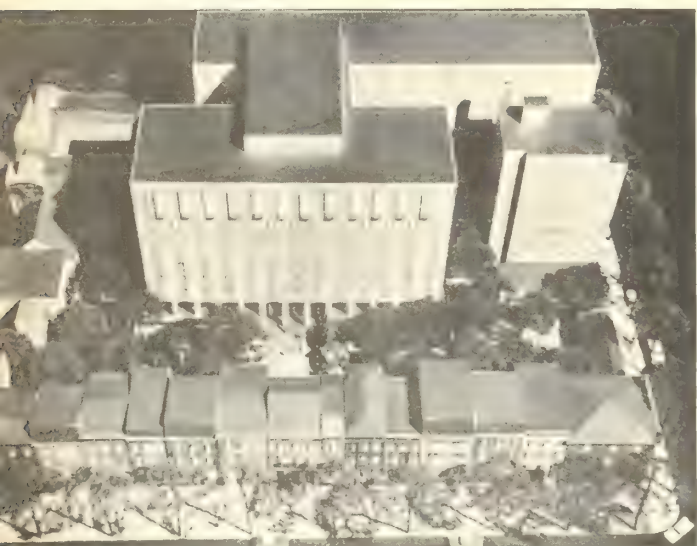
Congress would probably have handed such an architectural plum to one of its friends among the remaining practitioners of pastiche Beaux Arts. One of them, John F. Harbeson, recently puffed out the East Front of the Capitol in gleaming white marble. He was rewarded with the commission for the nearly complete Sam Rayburn Building, the latest and ugliest of the House Office temples. His reward for *that* might have been the terminal, had it been up to J. George Stewart, the Capitol Architect, who is no architect but used to be a builder and Congressman.

And the General Services Administration's architectural bureau—though now under new management—would doubtless have made a much "safer" choice than the daring Saarinen. It would in all likelihood have produced something along the lines of the newest New State Department

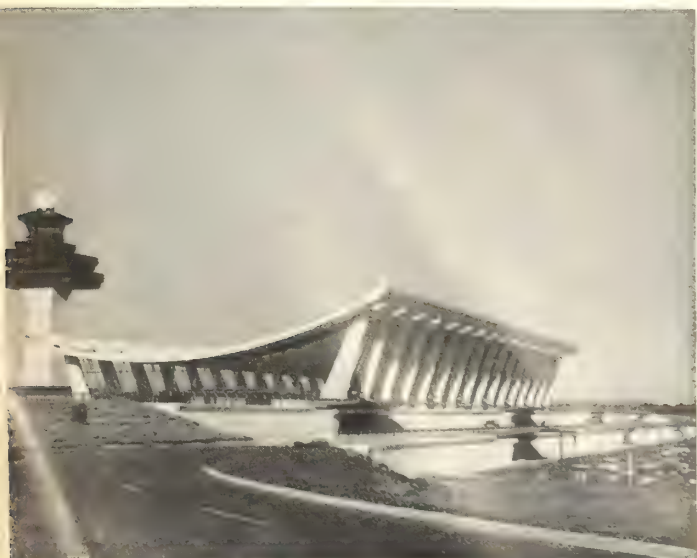
*The members of the President's Advisory Council on Pennsylvania Avenue are: Nathaniel A. Owings, architect, San Francisco; Ralph Walker, architect, New York; Paul Thiry, architect, Seattle; Chloethiel Woodard Smith, architect, Washington, D.C.; Charles Eames, designer-architect, Los Angeles; Dan Kiley, landscape architect, Vermont; Douglas Haskell, editor *Architectural Forum*, New York; William Walton, painter, Washington; Daniel P. Moynihan, Assistant Secretary of Labor, Washington; Frederick Gutheim, architectural historian, Washington. Architect Minoru Yamasaki was also a member but resigned in June.



ROBERT C. LAUTMAN



LOUIS CHECKMAN



BALTAZAR KORAB

Building, that institutional-looking, massive retaliation against "commodity, firmness, and delight," as Sir Henry Wotton defined good architecture back in 1624.

Both Eisenhower's and Kennedy's Federal Aviation Administrators, Elwood P. Quesada and Najeeb E. Halaby, share credit for the success of Dulles terminal. Both enthusiastically backed Saarinen and both fought for his ingenious idea of saving passengers miles of walking by means of mobile lounges which shuttle to the airplanes.

Halaby, furthermore, works closely with an excellent advisory group on matters artistic and architectural. It includes William Walton and Aline B. Saarinen, the architect's gifted widow. This group is not only perfecting the new terminal with good art and furnishings. It has also come up with such diverse improvements as a handsome, new standard airport control-tower design by architect I. M. Pei.

Moynihan and Walton share with Kennedy's official cultural adviser, August Heckscher, an enthusiasm for a fresh, modern look in government architecture. They believe that elite advisory groups can produce more Dulles terminals. They cite the often splendid and always modern new United States Embassies abroad which were built—*mirabile dictu*—under Eisenhower. They came to pass because the State Department consulted a board of outstanding architects on its foreign building operations.

The Embassy program abroad can, however, hardly give much of a clue to the new federal look at home. The only thing Edward Durrell Stone's Embassy in New Delhi, Walter Gropius' in Athens, and Eero Saarinen's in Oslo have in common is that all three are fine modern buildings. They are also forerunners of an architecture which, like the current mental-health fad, exaggerates self-realization and indiscriminately condemns conformism. Technically almost anything is possible; so architects rationalize that aesthetically anything must be possible as well. Except for the classicist and disciplined Mies van der Rohe all of them now huzza the doctrine of variety and often create visual jazz of varying quality. In Washington such individualism—

Hopeful Signs for Washington. At top, homes like these in the southwest redevelopment area are a magnet for middle-income families. Middle: historic houses around Lafayette Park will be restored rather than destroyed and the necessary new office buildings placed behind them. Bottom: the Dulles International Airport, Washington's only outstanding new public building.

though it is not fashionable to say so—may be worse than harmonious mediocrity.

Great architecture must have great clients. Jefferson, it can be said, knew what he wanted. His problem was only how best to accommodate given functions within a classical shell. Style was a matter of course for him. T.R. and Taft had an unquestioned style presented to them by the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. Kennedy does not enjoy such a ready-made advantage. His age is groping its way out of the Bauhaus and hesitating between Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier, with an occasional nostalgia for Frank Lloyd Wright. Kennedy's personal tastes in architecture are not known, unless one is unkind enough to infer them from the news pictures of his new summer abode on top of Rattlesnake Ridge in the Virginia mountains. They don't show a modern Monticello.

This is not to say that his magnificent intentions are already doomed. Lafayette Park is at least a promising step toward an urban design that harmonizes the new with the old. To save the historic houses that still surround the park the President's new architect, John Carl Warnecke, will place the necessary new eight-story office buildings behind them. To restore the residential scale, he will weed out on all sides of the park offensively tall and ugly buildings, such as the old Brookings Institution. The gaps will be filled with low buildings, matching the historic ones, which will have portals to the tall offices behind.

In their enthusiasm for this feat of historic preservation, Warnecke's clients may, however, have fallen into some other traps. Aren't, for instance, the bays on the tall office buildings straining a bit too hard for originality? And isn't it silly to fill the gaps in the residential row with exact replicas of the existing Victorian houses? Or will the government workers in these counterfeited structures wear top hats and crinolines?

Such architectural details will be the concern of the Fine Arts Commission, to which Mr. Warnecke was named this June along with Theodore Rozak, a distinguished modern sculptor, Aline B. Saarinen, William Walton, and Burnham Kelly, grandson of Daniel Burnham and Dean of Cornell University's School of Architecture. Upon this Commission—which is now entirely Kennedy-appointed—falls the burden of inspiring a new vision of Washington. Their predecessors failed because they clung to Burnham's dream far beyond its dissolution by changed tastes in a changed, uncertain world. There is not much time, if magnificent intentions are to win the race against public indifference, real-estate specu-

lators, and the highway boys. These last—in the view of some critics—are a greater menace to our cities today than the H-bomb. Certainly they present the gravest current threat to hopes of creating a fine living environment in Washington.

Tivoli on the Potomac

These hopes are embodied in a "Year 2000" master plan, drafted by the city's multitudinous, confused, and overlapping planning bodies. This guide to the future has been endorsed by the President. But the Maryland and Virginia suburbs are fighting it. Opposition is bitter in once-progressive Montgomery County, Maryland, where the voters have now elected a reactionary county council which threatens its school system and hates all planning that doesn't produce fast bucks for farmers turned real-estate developers. Downtown builders largely ignore the master plan.

There is also a promising "action plan," drawn up on behalf of the downtown merchants, to revitalize their sadly decayed district. But there will be no action on it until Congress deigns to permit it. Congress has so far denied to Washington the right, granted other cities, to use federal urban-renewal funds for downtown revitalization. In Washington, furthermore, three competing agencies have now labored for eight years to clear slums, but the slums are still very much with us.

The saga of the not yet completed southwest redevelopment area illustrates the ways of Washington. This area will largely rely on its waterfront for liveliness and its intended urbanity. The bureaucrats hassled about the new waterfront for eleven years. Fish sellers, seafood restaurateurs, and other tenants were evicted three years ago, leaving a once-picturesque slum a deserted construction site. At last, this spring, architect Chloethiel Woodard Smith prepared a titillating design.

It calls for a charming bustle of boats, restaurants, and shopping bazaars in a green setting that could make this an urban recreation area comparable to Copenhagen's Tivoli. And the parking problem has been brilliantly solved without disturbing the visual delight of promenading people. Mrs. Smith's promising plan is now passing no less than thirteen bureaucratic hurdles for review and approval before a shovel can stir. Nor is there, at this writing, any administrative assurance that the various building owners and their architects will not spoil it with honky-tonks. It's their democratic birthright.

Mrs. Smith and her proposal are bedeviled, furthermore, by a Congressional inquisition, prompted mainly, it seems, by the complaints of one restaurant owner, Watson Rulon, owner of Hogate's. Mr. Rulon has a scheme of his own that seems more profitable to him. He also wants more parked cars immediately in front of his establishment for his patrons to squeeze between.

Architects and planners elsewhere tell similar tales, of course. But Washington has more than a bearable share of conflicting and uncomprehending agencies, commissions, committees, boards, and assorted bureaucrats to confuse and frustrate orderly planning and building. It also has more than its share of vociferous highway engineers and lobbyists who would adjust the city to motor traffic rather than the traffic to the city. It would be easy to speed motor traffic on L'Enfant's wide avenues by the simple device of providing well-designed underpasses at intersections. But that would cost money. New expressways cost the District Commissioners very little. As elsewhere, the federal government, with misguided generosity, pays for 90 per cent of any expressway the highway engineers want to dream up as long as it connects with some interstate road—which, of course, all roads eventually do.

The current plan for inner loop freeways will dispossess a large number of people, steal land from parks, and remove property from the tax rolls. True, this is happening all over. But in Washington there is an added catastrophe. The new freeways completely disregard the classic order of the city's original plan. L'Enfant's concepts grew out of the baroque reaction against the medieval walls which were choking Europe's expanding cities in his time. His wide avenues radiate out to invite air and life. The proposed loop would rebuild a medieval barrier. It would seal off the business section of the city and, repeating our railroad mistakes of a century ago, put it on the wrong side of the highway lanes, separated from its residential areas and customers. The proposed northern portion of the loop would slash right through the only remaining elegant area in central Washington—the Embassy area between Dupont Circle and Georgetown along Massachusetts Avenue. The highway would go smack through the lovely Indonesian Embassy, formerly the Walsh Mansion, barely skirt the Cosmos Club and the Phillips Gallery, and destroy a number of other fine turn-of-the-century houses. Many of them are fully as worthy as Georgetown's. Now, in a smooth and urbane transition, this area, with Dupont Circle its heart, blends in with the commercial bustle of Connecticut Avenue and

thence to the White House and Mall. It is such blending that makes cities lively and attractive.

A sensible and feasible alternative to this monstrous freeway has been proposed by the National Capital Transportation Agency. Its plan calls for a modern subway system with seven lines radiating from the central city to the suburbs. It also calls for new express bus service. Some of the proposed new highways would be built but the most obnoxious and destructive ones would be dropped. Instead, existing streets and avenues would be converted to "express streets," which means mainly that they would have underpasses at intersections. The proposed subways would be convenient and fast, and the added buses would help to carry people downtown. The plan strikes a still rather timid balance between highways and public transportation. Yet it is savagely, spuriously, and almost unanimously fought and, to date at least, ineptly defended. While federal financing of highways is assured, the money for a public transportation system is not. Merchants are still looking for the carriage trade, believing that only people who can drive in big cars to their doorsteps will buy their wares.

OVER this whole mess hovers a Congress which represents every one of Washington's many special interests but those of its voteless people. The stupidity with which the ruling District of Columbia Committees often approach the city's municipal problems seems incomprehensible. But the hostility with which they govern their territorial possession is simply explained: The majority of the Congressional District Committees is Southern, and the majority of Washington's population is Negro.

No one could be more aware of all this than the President. Late this spring he gave his approval to the Transportation Agency's subway plan and called for restudy of the automobile freeways. Recently, too, he named a special adviser on District affairs, Charles A. Horsky, who is quietly trying to bring some order into this Augean stable. His appointment gives hope that along with better schools and welfare, the people of Washington will also be granted a centralized and powerful planning authority to speed better housing and assure the orderly growth of their city. Planners and architects can give the President's noble ambitions whatever form our time is able to create. But only skill and determination can get it built and win the race for a worthy and livable capital of the Free World.

History may, indeed, judge the Kennedy era by the outcome.

The Case for Fast Drivers

by Robert L. Schwartz

Contrary to common belief, they are not the worst menace on the road . . . low speed limits don't really reduce accidents . . . and "safe-driving" campaigns may actually make our highways more dangerous.

More than a clutch of my fellow Americans seem seized with the notion that we live at the mercy of maniacal speed demons who are making death traps of our highway system.

The myth about "the dangerous high-speed driver" is almost a perfect example of a mass search for a scapegoat: there *must* be someone at fault in the complicated, depressing highway-accident situation—sure enough, it's the high-speed driver. A substantial set of "facts" supports the myth. The facts, all completely wrong, usually go like this: (1) Auto deaths are increasing at a tremendous rate. (2) The resulting highway carnage is practically a national disgrace. (3) The chief cause is high-speed driving. (4) The "horsepower race"—the reckless insistence of automobile manufacturers on building cars with more and more powerful engines—is a major supporting cause. (5) A hard core of fast drivers is particularly dangerous. (6) Constant safety campaigns to increase public awareness of danger are important. (7) The real solution, however, is lower speed limits.

These truths are all false. The actual facts are these.

Auto deaths are not increasing. In absolute

terms, the annual death toll has not only risen but fallen several times during the past three decades. Its highs were 39,969 in 1941 and 40,900 in 1962; its low, 23,823 in 1943. And in relative terms, the toll has decreased markedly. Although more Americans drive more every year, the rate of deaths per mile driven has been cut by better than two thirds over the past thirty years—from a high of 16.7 deaths per 100 million vehicle miles in 1934 to a current 5.3 deaths per 100 million vehicle miles. Traffic deaths once accounted for 3 per cent of all U. S. fatalities; they are now less than 2 per cent.

The annual death toll from highway accidents in the United States is lower than the death toll from pneumonia. This is not "carnage."

Over 85 per cent of all U.S. traffic accidents are caused by factors other than high speed. More than half of the fatal auto accidents in the U.S. happen at speeds below 40 mph. If no one in the country drove over 50 mph last year, 60 per cent of all fatalities would still have occurred.

The greater a car's horsepower, the less likely it is to become involved in an accident. Statistics prove that there is a direct relationship at every level between higher horsepower and fewer accidents.

There are practically no "high-speed drivers" as a constant group; a man's own driving speeds vary more from hour to hour or from day to day than they do from those of other motorists. A man killed at 40 mph today on a rural highway was going 65 mph yesterday—and he was safer then by 300 per cent.

Safety campaigns are more than a bore.

They're a menace. By searing the timid and by emotionalizing danger, they only add another disturbing ingredient to the highway problem.

Finally, and perhaps most surprising, there is evidence that lowering speed limits tends to induce accidents, while raising the limits prevents them.

These disclosures make a mockery of most of the nation's speed laws, speed limits, and speed enforcement, under which some three million Americans were arrested for speeding last year. Local traffic cops, safety officials, and police-court judges may, indeed, be causing more automobile fatalities than they prevent.

Most of this information comes from a survey submitted to Congress in February 1959 by the Bureau of Public Roads of the Department of Commerce. Called "The Federal Role in Highway Safety," it reports on a massive study of rural driving authorized by the Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1956—the same law that provided for the huge interstate highway system now under construction. The survey, the most comprehensive of its kind ever made, covered 600 miles of highway in eleven states and included roadside interviews with no fewer than 290,000 drivers. It amassed statistics on 3.7 billion miles of travel and on accidents involving 10,000 vehicles. It took three years to complete, and when it was finished there was so much data that conclusions had to be obtained by feeding the figures into a high-speed computer.

Its findings have subsequently been supported by independent studies conducted by several states—a few of which have quietly changed their speed laws as a result.* Nevertheless the report has been widely overlooked by traffic officials and entirely ignored by the public at large, possibly because the most dramatic conclusions were buried deep in an otherwise unremarkable government pamphlet.

Statistically the study is beyond reproach. Indeed, it is the only study to have measured the percentages of motorists traveling at different speeds, so that it is possible to reach conclusions like this one: A motorist driving at 65 mph on a main rural highway will go almost three times as far before a fatality (22 million miles) as a man

going 35 mph—8 million miles. In other words, more people aren't killed at 35 mph because more are driving at 35 mph; more are killed because 35 is a less safe speed on a main rural highway than 65, mile by mile.

The logic to this seeming paradox is simple: a sustained high-speed traffic flow is far safer than a shifting current of fast- and slow-moving vehicles. It is best to set and maintain a speed limit which acknowledges the desire of most motorists to get where they're going within an increasingly shorter time.

Let Fast Drivers Rule

What would happen if the speed limits on all U.S. main rural highways were lowered to 40 mph? By hypothetically projecting the available data, we come up with a national death toll from auto accidents of 90,000—well over double the present figure. Grim support for such an estimate comes from the Pennsylvania Turnpike statistics: when a 1942 Presidential directive reduced Turnpike speeds from 70 to 35, in order to save war-time gas and tires, the Turnpike death toll shot up to its highest accident and fatality level—before or since.

Raising rural speed limits to 70, on the other hand, would probably cut the national death toll by as much as 5,000. In the New York City area today, the high-speed Garden State Parkway (60 mph, casually enforced) has less than half as many fatalities, mile for mile, as the less crowded, nearby Palisades Interstate Parkway (45 mph, rigidly enforced).

Tickets, under our present system, usually go to the safest drivers. As state surveys have repeatedly shown, the fast drivers are the ones who tend to go at safe speeds, regardless of the rules. Sensibly, many states have taken this lesson to heart and begun to let the drivers themselves determine speed limits. Assuming that, though most motorists ignore unreasonable curbs, they still have a strong, sane interest in their own survival, officials of these states set the maximum speed being used by 85 per cent of motorists as the limit. Most drivers respond to such adult treatment by slightly lowering their previous speed.

Where Illinois officials did a statewide test of this theory in 45 low-speed-limit areas, the obedience rate rose by 119 per cent, the average speed declined from 42.6 to 42.4 mph, and accidents declined 36 per cent from 62 a year to 40.

Results in Utah were much the same. On a

* Among the more enlightened traffic experts and highway officials who have urged changes as a result of the study, often after confirming state studies of their own: Wilbur S. Smith, Connecticut; J. Edward Johnston, Utah; J. C. Womack, California; J. E. P. Darrell, Minnesota; Martin E. Bruening, Wisconsin; J. P. Mills, Jr., Virginia; Burton W. Marsh, AAA; John E. Baerwald, University of Illinois; Harold L. Michael, Purdue.

two-lane highway west of Salt Lake City, the 85 percentile figure indicated a proper limit of 60, not the posted 40, which was being ignored by 95 per cent of motorists. Despite a huge public outcry because school buses were loaded in one section of the area and because the accident rate was already high, the authorities pressed ahead. What happened? Though speed limits had been raised 20 mph, the average speed through the area was reduced, legal limits were observed by 95 per cent of motorists instead of 5 per cent, and accidents declined in one year from 10 to 3 on this highway.

Similarly, when the Nebraska Highway Department raised the speed limits on Highway U.S. 30 as it went through twenty-eight Nebraska villages and towns, the accident rate fell 34 per cent.

In Oregon and in Virginia, merely the observance of speed limits was tested. The finding: in every one of nearly 1,000 cases where speed limits were raised, traffic speeds declined.

These findings fly in the face of all previous "logic" about speed, speed limits, and accidents. Perhaps it will pay to look at the earlier "logic" in action. Which brings us to "Safe Driving Day." This long-planned, widely heralded effort occurred on December 1, 1955. Sponsored by a Presidential committee with over two hundred cooperating national organizations, it was the nation's most massive attempt at an emotional approach to traffic safety. Unfortunately, the death toll climbed 10 per cent on "Safe Driving Day." Since a prior "dry-run" also increased the traffic toll, and the final performance confirmed it, the plan has been abandoned.

Another emotional effort for safety was a 1960 one-hour CBS television documentary called "The Great Holiday Massacre," narrated by Edward R. Murrow. Though thoughtfully done, the show featured screaming sirens, injured children, sheet-covered victims, and other emotion-loaded scenes. A subsequent audience poll by the National Safety Council found that the number of people who felt personally involved in the auto-accident problem had declined by 50 per cent; most viewers could not personally "identify" with the gore, and instead "transferred" their feelings of involvement to certain bad drivers featured on the show.

Emotional approaches to traffic safety, accompanied by our fixation with speed, have done still more serious damage by drying up any interest, and any funds, for a truly scientific study of auto accidents. As a result, practically nothing is known about them. Post-accident investigation is almost nonexistent. The police do little more than see that victims are sent to morgue or hospital and wreckage is cleared from the highway. Detailed mechanical, engineering, medical, and psychological studies are not attempted. The simplest report for a policeman to make is "Driving too fast," and, being human, he usually makes it.

In court, most motorists charged with speeding are understandably readier to plead guilty and leave than to plead not guilty and extend the proceedings. Thus the traffic court doesn't act as a corrective or a teaching influence either. What it does do is bring in money. Since contemporary folklore regards the arrest of speeders as almost noble, and since it is clearly profitable, there is a subtle pressure to keep low speed limits for their income potential—which is enormous. In 1951, for example, 47,000 summonses issued to speeders on the New York City parkway system brought in almost half a million dollars in fines.

Is Life Worth \$5?

The saddest and heaviest loss caused by the traffic myths is in research. Quite possibly, more money has been spent on scientific study of any one major air crash than has been spent on the serious study of all of several million typical auto accidents. An average of \$100,000 per victim goes into air-crash research. An average of less than five dollars per victim goes for auto fatalities. The difference in quality of the research is even greater than the difference in dollars.

Private and government studies continually lead to changes in airline procedures, techniques, and equipment (the Boeing 707 and the Douglas DC-8 have each had over 250 design modifications for increased safety—and more will come). But a typical auto "safety" effort usually leads absolutely nowhere. In 1960, for instance, the "coveted Alfred P. Sloan radio and TV award for distinguished public service in highway safety" was given to radio station WCCC in Hartford, Connecticut. What did the station do? It gave school-teachers three thousand apples, each with a cellophane wrapper plugging safety—and also plugging radio station WCCC.

The incredible truth of the matter is that there is not one single study of the causes of the

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typical automobile accident, despite the millions of dollars spent for promoting highway safety. (Useful work done at Cornell, Minnesota, and the University of California, Los Angeles, is excluded since it deals with impact, seat belts, and other factors affecting survival *after* an accident. It does not attempt to study the *cause* of the accident. Hardly anybody does.)

The only serious study worthy of respect is one now under way at the Harvard Medical School, under a grant from the U.S. Public Health Service, and this study, as massive, complex, and thoughtful as it is, deals only with a fraction of highway accidents: those which are fatal. One of the earliest things learned by the Harvard group was that the fatal accident is a wholly different breed of animal from the non-fatal accident. Thus the typical or nonfatal accident is still unstudied and uncharted.

Researchers at Harvard investigate fatal auto accidents in the same painstaking detail as is used after air crashes. A team of scientists from many fields pores over the accident site, examining and recording everything. A mechanical and engineering group studies the wrecked cars, the highway, the collision course. An automotive engineer looks for possible auto malfunctioning prior to the crash. Another group of scientists studies the victims involved. This group includes a pathologist, chemist, technician, sociologist, internist, psychiatrist, ophthalmologist, optometrist, statistician, clergyman, and attorney. They examine survivors, witnesses, and others knowing the past history of the principals in the accident. In most cases, they do an autopsy on dead drivers to study (a) possible death or physical impairment prior to accident, (b) influence of alcohol, medication, or drugs, if any, and (c) actual cause of death.

Granted funds to study accidents in depth over a five-year period, the group has examined over two hundred fatal accidents so far. No overall results are yet available, but the fractional returns are interesting and enlightening.

Deadly Simple Slipups

Among the first things that became clear about fatal accidents was that generally accepted "causes" won't stand up. For instance, the three most widely believed accident causes are speed, traffic violations, and lack of courtesy. These turned out to be without significance.

What does produce accidents? The answer is very simple—and very complex. Fatal accidents

are caused by small things, simple, everyday human or mechanical or highway failures. But they always team up. A list of the causes of any hundred fatal accidents would run over two hundred items.

Let us take one of the fatal accidents studied by the Harvard group. On the police records, the cause was "speeding," and there was a belief that intoxicants were a factor. The case was thus ended for police purposes.

There were actually four "causes" of the fatalities. Here, with names and locale changed, is what happened:

At 2:00 P.M. of a clear October afternoon, Miss Jane Smith and Miss Mabel Jones were returning to Boston from a trip to Gloucester. As they came over the crest of a hill on Route 128, they were in the left (high-speed) lane but were actually within the speed limit (50 mph). At this moment (Cause Number 1) the right-front tire of Miss Smith's car lost all its air. This was not a blow-out; this was a *maintenance failure*. Some weeks earlier, Miss Smith's practically new tubeless tire had been cut by a rock and had gone slowly flat. The gas-station man "fixed" it by pouring some rubber-like glop over the inside of the scar. But the cut "sawed" back and forth on itself, and finally sawed through the repair compound. (The tire should have been thrown away. Did Miss Smith insist on repair instead of replacement? Did the garageman recommend repair as adequate? Or did he tell her he'd replaced her tire when he'd only "fixed" it? No one knows.)

At this point, Miss Smith was not in real trouble. At her speed and with the low density of traffic around her, she should have had no difficulty taking her car slowly off the road and gently braking to a stop. But Miss Smith (Cause Number 2) had *inadequate driving skills* for this situation. She promptly turned a minor problem into a major crisis. She vigorously grabbed the wheel to straighten the wobbly course of her car, and she slammed on the brakes. A straight-line "panic stop" with a flat tire is virtually impossible. Miss Smith's car swerved way to the right and went up on the wide, grassy berm alongside the road. Happy day! Miss Smith was now safely out of traffic, pointed in the right direction, and had one-half mile of grass paralleling the road in which to roll gently to a stop with moderate periodic braking. But Miss Smith didn't know about stopping gently with a blowout. She kept her brakes on hard. And now she was on grass. Her car swung back left and headed across her side of the highway toward the dividing grassy mall in the center.

At this point, no one still need have died. But Cause Number 3 was looming ahead. The mall was too narrow and had no guardrail to separate opposing traffic. If (Cause Number 3) *inadequate highway environment* had not been a factor, Miss Smith might have bounced along a retaining barrier and come to a noisy, fender-bending halt, hurt but still alive. (Divider barriers on roads with center malls drastically reduce fatalities by preventing head-on collisions.)

But by now, (1) Bad Maintenance (2) Inadequate Driving Skills, and (3) Inadequate Highway Environment had already gone a long way toward causing a fatal accident. At this point, one and possibly two persons were apparently doomed to death, but Cause Number 4 was still to take an additional life.

Miss Smith went across the mall and into the path of a car being driven by David Brown, returning from the beach with his family of four. Brown was in the fast lane and was going approximately 50 mph. Miss Smith, her speed now down to, say, 40, smashed at an angle right into the middle of the front bumper of Brown's car.

A head-on collision is always serious because of the combined speeds of the two cars, in this case, approximately 90 mph. What happened was predictable—though little understood and quite startling. Both cars hit each other four times. In an action much like the bouncing ping-g-g-g when a hammer strikes an anvil, the two cars impacted again and again and again, with such force that one bolt of the Smith car made four distinct, close-together dents in the bumper of the other car. (Passengers are also subject to this injury-producing series of impacts.) In the instant that this was happening, the rears of both cars rose high in the air. An impacting car, whether it hits a tree, a wall, or another car, always goes down in the front and way up in the rear. This action flipped Miss Smith and Miss Jones right through the windshield of their car and sent Miss Jones completely over the Browns' car and into the windshield of a third car, trailing behind Brown. This windshield did not break, but splintered, and the driver, braking hard but without success, smashed under the raised rear end of the Browns' car, still off the ground from impact. So quickly did all this occur that Miss Jones was dead against the windshield of the third car before Brown's car had even settled to the ground.

When the noise and dust had settled, Miss Smith and Miss Jones were dead, Brown, the driver of the second car, was mortally injured (he would die twenty-nine days later while ap-

parently recovering), and all six other passengers were injured.

One safety device almost saved Brown; another saved the driver of the third car. Brown would have died instantly but for the deep-dish steering wheel (a product of Cornell research) which cushioned his impact against the steering column. The driver of the third car would have been killed by the arrival of Miss Jones through his windshield if it had not been safety glass of high-strength modern construction. As it was, no one—neither police nor survivors—would believe that Miss Jones had actually hit that windshield until the Harvard researchers showed lab tests proving the hair on it was hers. The police also (a) would not believe Miss Smith wasn't speeding, (b) would not accept the wobbly brake marks as indicating she had had a flat tire prior to impact, (c) were indifferent to the cut-and-repaired tire as additional evidence, and (d) preferred to ignore an autopsy report showing no alcohol in Miss Smith's blood. Instead, they accepted the "direct evidence" of their observation that Miss Smith was found with beer cans all around her. No one was interested in the Harvard lab report showing that Miss Smith's body finally came to rest among some half-rusted beer cans that had been on the mall for at least one month.

Miss Jones and Mr. Brown would be alive today if there had not been (Cause Number 4) *lack of restraining devices*. If all persons involved had been wearing seat belts, two of three deaths would have been prevented and more than half the injuries. This confirmed a typical Harvard finding: the group has never investigated a multiple-death accident without finding that at least *half* the deaths could have been prevented with seat belts. Yet only a small minority of Americans wear them.

"Keep It Moving"

Thus, like most of the accidents studied at Harvard, this one had not one cause, but many. None of them was high speed. It rarely is—and Americans are going to have to dismiss the comfortable, but inadequate, myth that "speeders" and "reckless madmen" are the principal cause of accidents.

Indeed, the high-speed myth, though still given credence by local police and magistrates (for whom it is a significant source of power and income) is given little importance by sophisticated thinkers about the problem.

Listen to Howard Pyle, President, National

Safety Council: "Speed by itself decidedly has been overemphasized as a major cause of traffic deaths."

And to Russell E. Singer, Executive Vice President of the AAA: "Purely routine speed-checking is futile and wasteful of enforcement officers' time. It clogs the courts on matters that have a minimum relation to real traffic safety."

And to J. E. Johnston, Traffic Safety Engineer (addressing the Institute of Traffic Engineers): "Publicity . . . for the past thirty years has all been aimed at 'speed' as being the major cause of accidents, when nothing could be further from the truth."

Or to John D. Williams, Head of the Mathematics Division of the Rand Corporation (the Air Force "think factory" where both civilian and military problems are pondered by civilian eggheads): "The physical and social structure of the country would be almost frozen in its present attitude were we to freeze the speed of the automobile. Speed is one of the really crucial factors

in our society. I cannot help but believe that we would manage better if we were conscious of the need for more speed, rather than believing the exact contrary. Our laws tend to be aimed at the limitation of speed rather than at the promotion of traffic flow. If one recognizes that the central problem is to promote the smooth and rapid flow of lots of traffic, one is likely to devise measures that will in fact operate in this direction—and it will probably have reasonable safety.

"The motto of everyone concerned with traffic should be 'Keep It Moving.' The odds are that no matter what one does to that end, something good will come of it. The odds are that whatever one does that is contrary to the motto will have a detrimental effect."

America produces jet aircraft, space missiles, and over 60 per cent of the world's automobiles. It is about time we produced—dispassionately and scientifically—some useful information about vehicular traffic accidents. Outmoded myths about speed can lead us nowhere.

Song of Balaam's Donkey

by Jack Marshall

WHY does he beat me so, my lord?
Doesn't he see what I see—that sword
across the road hissing all hell
like a cuckold in my ear? At first I couldn't tell
it from a snake sheathed in the grass,
set to rear and spit if I should pass
its way. Oh how many times has my life been brushed
by that awful tongue, swift, invisible, and hushed!

What do they want of me, that one
who will not show himself, blinding as a sun,
and this one who will not see?
Am I not bitten by one lash as by a thousand fleas!
Haven't I always done his bidding,
kept his feet above the mud's reach, the rock's and sting
of red ants, expecting no more for my pains
than a heap of straw mixed with rain
and my own caked dung. My back's worn and threadbare
as a bridge all for him whose comfort is my care.

What do I know of gods and their private feuds,
their tug-o-wars that use me for the rope, a last shred.
It's been so long since I learned to keep
my nose out of heaven and busy deep
in my feedbag, like a lover's crotch.
Still, there's fire and hissing in all I touch.

Oh lord of donkeys, where's your pull?

Dearly Beloved



A Story by Joseph E. Kokjohn

Father Schumacher took off his "gardening pants," dropped them on the closet floor, and struggled into a worn and wrinkled black suit. He had puttered around raking the lawn a bit too long and now was exhausted, but he still wanted to walk over to Father Addison's for confession and pick up some groceries. The Bishop was coming for lunch, but there was still time to take care of these things.

Saturday morning was not the best time to shop, but the damp weather had delayed his work on the yard all week. It had been a damp fall. He was getting old, too, and naturally his pace was slowing down. Usually he could avoid parishioners by shopping during the week. It wasn't that he was overly anxious to avoid them, but their names sometimes failed him, especially the names of the younger people in St. Boniface. Oh, the people were friendly in their peculiar way, but now and then one a little more brazen

than the rest would give him a polite why-don't-you-retire look.

They weren't easy people to deal with, but they would have a fight on their hands if they tried to make *him* retire. And there were just enough who wanted him put out to pasture so some kind of harebrain with the flush of youth—and short sermons—could take over the parish and ruin it. Sermons? Too bad old John Hunt couldn't have heard the eulogy preached at his funeral yesterday. Yes, the opening line really caught everyone's attention: "This is the longest old John has been in church for one sitting since the day he was married." People didn't have a right to more than what was true, and hadn't his sister Kate, who kept house for him, reassuringly said that it was the kind of sermon the people needed?

At the neighborhood grocery store, in order to avoid a customer who was just leaving, he walked over and picked up a can of lima beans,

examined it, and placed the can back on the shelf. The hunched-over German grocer obligingly worked up to the side of Father Schumacher as the customer departed without a word to her pastor.

"You'll never sell them at that price, man. I know you can't make a fortune on lima beans, but you'll never sell them at that price."

"Exceptionally good beans, Father," replied the grocer, turning the can so the label could be seen. "You'll have the regular weekend pork chops? Nice and fresh today."

"Yes, yes, four. A small can of all-purpose oil, one ring of bologna, and a head of cabbage, but only if it's good and solid, you understand."

"Too bad about John Hunt, wasn't it, Father? Sort of unexpected," commented the grocer as he shuffled behind the meat counter.

"Unexpected, man? Not at all. Retired for six years with nothing to do but get ready for death, eh? Unexpected? Not at all, man."

Only the slip-slop of the pork chops answered; it sounded vulgar.

"No need for anyone to retire unless they're inefficient, man. Old John would still be living if he had kept on working. Retirement's killing off the nation, making room for all these young dandies with all their hustle and bustle. The result? Utter confusion everywhere."

The grocer worked silently as he filled up Father Schumacher's order.

"Wrap the meat with some extra paper, if you don't mind. I'm going to visit at Assumption and the extra paper keeps the meat a little better." He watched the grocer grudgingly tear off the extra paper. "The Bishop's going to have lunch with me today, so make sure that ring of bologna is extra nice." It didn't hurt to let the people know that he was on friendly terms with His Excellency.

"And the cabbage, Father?"

"Yes, yes, almost forgot. Now, it has to be nice and solid, or I won't take it, understand. That little Protestant grocer down by the new apartments always has good cabbage, and I can get it from him, eh?"

The grocer carefully felt and fumbled each of the dozen heads and finally handed one to his pastor for inspection. They agreed that it was nice and solid. The bell on the door seemed to agree with them as it announced the entrance of the mailman.

"Morning, Father. Say, have you thought any more about organizing the Boy Scouts?"

Father Schumacher, pretending he had not noticed the intruder, straightened himself to his

five feet and six inches, turned, blinked, and curled up his lower lip.

"Man, we have worry enough in our parish without adding Boy Scouts!" He raised his hand nose-high and shook his index finger in circles. "You worry about getting to the sacraments and paying up your church support, and I'll take care of running the parish. Boy Scouts at St. Boniface. Next, you'll be wanting a school."

The outburst, he saw, took the grocer and mailman a bit by surprise.

"Gee, Father, all I want to do is volunteer my services. It doesn't take any money to keep the Scouts going."

"Man, I've had experience with the Scouts. Don't tell me it doesn't take any money. And where would you hold your meetings? Answer that. In the school we don't have?"

"But we'll have a school pretty soon, won't we, Father? I mean, with these new apartments going up and everything . . ."

"See, I told you. Now you want a school. Young man, we can hardly afford to keep the church open." He could see that the grocer was sympathizing with the mailman's embarrassment. "Sacraments, that's what we need. Get to the sacraments and let me run the parish. I don't tell you how to deliver the mail, and I don't tell you how to run your store!"

The mailman adjusted the bag on his shoulder. "Yes, Father, but all the parishes in town have . . ."

"But you don't belong to the other parishes in town, man. You belong to St. Boniface, and when the time comes the Bishop will see that you get what you want. Meanwhile I'm the pastor and I'll run the parish."

"Of course, Father. We understand that. But we want to see a little activity—you know, a little change to keep up with everything." The mailman's voice was hesitant. "No disrespect, Father, but we want to see our parish keep up with the others."

"The others? Like Assumption? Go ahead, send your children to the big parishes." He moved closer to the mailman. "Now, you didn't go to a parish school"—and then pointing his finger at the grocer—"you didn't either, and

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neither did I. Who's to say anything's wrong with us, eh? Talk, talk, talk. Expense, man! Overhead! If you didn't have the Boy Scouts and the school problem to talk about—you and everyone else—why, you'd find something else, wouldn't you? Maybe the way I walk, or eat, or say Mass, eh? I've been in this business a long time and I know how you talk about priests behind their backs."

The grocer ran his tongue over his lips. "Now, Father, he was only making a suggestion. I know what it's like. Maybe if we had a parish meeting to . . ."

"To what? Check the books? No, no, no! I can give you a hundred reasons for not having a parish meeting. You know what would happen? We'd have one big fight for someone to report to the Bishop. I don't want to hear any more on the subject! Now . . ."

"Father," interrupted the mailman, "we don't mean any disrespect . . ."

"I said I don't want to hear any more on the subject." He clutched the bag of groceries, felt to see whether his hat was on, and proceeded toward the door. At the exit he turned and raised his index finger once more. "Young man, has anyone reminded you lately that you are an impertinent and bold busybody!"

Having had the last word, he emerged into the damp and chilly autumn breeze, which was playing lightly with the discarded candy wrappers on the sidewalk. He closed the top of the sack and held on to his shapeless black hat. Maybe he was getting up in years and had lost the zest of youth, but no one was going to run the parish into a heavy debt and then blame him for it. When he couldn't administer the sacraments and preach a sermon like any other priest in the diocese, then someone else could move in and take all the responsibility. Meanwhile they weren't going to rush him off to the grave by a lot of building committees, PTA meetings, and Boy Scouts.

Side by side with skeletons of houses once occupied by parishioners, the apartment buildings were rising rapidly; the pounding of hammers and the yells of the workmen annoyed him as he stepped over the bricks and bits of wood on the sidewalk. These buildings should never have begun; Kingston was just getting too big for its own good—destroying all the nice residential sections by building shopping centers and apartment buildings. Two of the workmen tilted their caps, he grunted a greeting in return.

It just wasn't fair being in competition with a place like Assumption with its three priests and

nine or ten nuns. Addison was a fine priest all right, but he went in for too much of that organization business and nice-guy approach with his people. He gave his assistants too much of a free hand around the parish, too. Why, most assistants couldn't even preach a decent sermon these days, much less get along with people.

He stopped to catch his breath before climbing the concrete steps leading to the back door of the Assumption rectory. Rectories were always built by *young* priests. He recalled how he had advised Addison against placing the rectory on this side of the church. In the winter it had no protection, and all year long one had these infernal steps to climb. Treacherous in bad weather. St. Boniface didn't have everything, by any means, but it was warmer in the winter and cooler in the summer. Expense—that was one item the younger priests just didn't understand about building. Look at that—one, two . . . six windows on the north side, and *three* air-conditioners hanging out like horrible gargoyles—ruined the entire architecture. Those young priests would stupidly sweat and swing on a golf course in the heat of the day and then come home and freeze. Utter nonsense! The bag of groceries slipped from his arm, but he caught the cabbage with his foot before it rolled away.

"Well, Father Schumacher, come in, come in."

It was Father Addison, the spare and tall pastor of Assumption, standing in his clean cassock at the open door. He looked like a clean-shaven Abe Lincoln. "I see you have some groceries. Anything we can put in the refrigerator for you?"

"No, no thanks, anyway, Andy. Just stopped over to go to confession and will be on my way in a minute. Bishop's coming for lunch." He watched for Father Addison to react—it was a fatherly smile. He wished Addison wouldn't be so condescending; after all, there wasn't more than nine or ten years' difference in their ages. Addison looked fifteen years younger, of course, but he also had two assistants to unload most of the work onto.

He permitted the pastor of Assumption to take the groceries and set them on the floor, then took off his hat and hung it on the doorknob to make sure he wouldn't forget it. There was one of the assistants wearing a *green* shirt, of all things, and laughing with one of his former parishioners. Why, it was that rattle-brain McKeever, just transferred from Greenley. So *this* is what the people wanted—fresh blood! God deliver St. Boniface from such an abomination of desolation!

In the polished and orderly office Father Schumacher watched his colleague close the door, place a slightly soiled violet stole over his shoulders, and then sit in the swivel chair behind the desk. Perfunctorily the older priest braced one hand on the desk and unsteadily lowered himself to a kneeling position for confession.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. My last confession has been two weeks, maybe three—the last time I was over. Now, let me see. I am guilty of procrastinating a bit and being out of humor, especially with the new servers. Nothing serious, of course. Lot of little things against charity. My mind wanders at Mass and when I say the divine office. But I've been making an effort to be more devout. Oh, yes, I was a bit harsh in a funeral sermon yesterday, more or less gave the guy what he deserved. I don't have the patience I once had, Father. Nothing serious." He paused. "Oh, yes, I had the servers lock the doors again right before Mass started last Sunday and might have caused, oh, a half-dozen people to miss Mass. Probably came over here to one of yours. But it's the only way I can keep them from coming late every Sunday. Never do it during the week. That's all, Father, and I'm sorry for all my past sins, especially against charity. May God have mercy. I do the best I can."

Father Addison's head was bowed, resting on one hand, his eyes closed. "Fine, Father, very fine. As long as we do the best we can, God will have mercy on our faults. The best—that's all that can be expected; the best—even when dealing with the hostile, the stubborn, and the jealous. This duty is with us always, every hour and every moment, even when others forget their duty toward us. God will reward us with a generous mercy as long as we are dutiful. For your penance recite devoutly the twenty-second psalm. Now make an act of contrition." Father Addison's right hand elevated in absolution: "*Domine noster Jesus Christus te absolvat . . .*"

Father Schumacher was never sure whether it was grace or the unburdening of himself, or both, that always made him feel more quiet after confession. Maybe it was just the reassuring words of Father Addison, always soft words of consolation and hope.

"Getting harder for me to kneel every day, Andy," he said, rising and rubbing his knees. "Why, even walking to the grocery store taxes me. Not the man I once was." He lighted a cigarette carefully and dropped the match next to the ashtray as he sat down. He noticed Father Addison's smoke-stained fingers. "First cigar-

ette today. I don't see how these young people who smoke all the time really get any pleasure out of it. Smoking's killing off the nation. And TV—blinding half the nation, ruining their eyes. That's what I preached on last Sunday, and Kate said it was a real good sermon, just what they needed." His ashes landed on the desk, just short of the tray. "Dear old Kate, I'm beginning to worry about her—getting a little childish. But we get along. She's been a good housekeeper all these years, and I think we have to overlook faults when people get a little older. Now, take the people here in Kingston. Always running and complaining to the Bishop about everything. Of course, you're not one of his classmates and I suppose he deals a little harsher with you when your parishioners complain. That's where I have a little advantage."

Father Addison smiled in agreement and pushed the ashtray closer to Father Schumacher, but the ashes fell on the spotted trousers, causing a gray smudge as they were brushed away.

"I suppose you hear a lot of talk about the people wanting me to retire, but I know the Bishop and that's the farthestmost thing from his mind. I told him a couple of weeks ago not to start thinking about sending me an assistant either. Too old for that kind of nonsense, man. And, I admit, I probably wouldn't be the easiest pastor for a young assistant to get along with, eh? Be seventy-two in December."

After Father Addison had made a few remarks about the weather, Father Schumacher grunted himself into a standing position. "Well, since the Bishop's coming over for lunch again today, I'd better be moving along. Wanted me to join him downtown, but you know how I hate all that hustle and bustle down there."

Father Addison glanced at his watch. "Do you know what time it is, Father? Almost noon. And the Bishop's coming . . ."

"Is it now! Well, maybe you could drive me home, eh? I'll put in a good word for you, Andy. Now, where'd we put those groceries?"

Father Addison changed from his cassock to his suit and told the housekeeper, who had just come in with boxes of groceries, to delay lunch. The assistants were told, by way of the intercom system, to take any calls that might come in. Father Schumacher enjoyed the little stir of confusion he had caused in this efficient and well-ordered rectory. These Assumption priests were always talking about how busy they were, and the phone had not rung once while he was there.

The windshield wipers swatted angrily at the

few drops of rain, and Father Addison silently drove Father Schumacher back to St. Boniface. The Bishop's car was parked two feet away from the curb in front of the orange-brick rectory.

He delivered the groceries to Kate, splashed about at the kitchen sink, and hastily dried his dripping hands on Kate's apron. He found the Bishop in the parlor inspecting a dark oil portrait.

"Good morning, Your Excellency. Sorry I'm late. Had a busy morning. Father Addison wanted some advice."

"Say, Frank, I meant to ask you a number of times whose portrait this is," the Bishop asked, scratching his ear. "It seems to have lost most of its luster."

"Picked it up at an auction—was interested in the frame." He couldn't remember whose portrait it was. "When I got it home, I just couldn't take that portrait out. Maybe it's the sentimental streak in me, eh? I started thinking how personal that must have been to someone at one time, and I just couldn't get up the courage to remove it. Addison has one something like it, Your Excellency." He was always careful to address the Bishop with formality in the initial conversation, but always gradually worked up to calling him "Chris" in any conversation. He knew this irritated some of his colleagues, especially the monsignors.

At lunch the topic of conversation was their class reunion. The Bishop ate most of the bologna but didn't touch the German beer or pickled herring. Over strong coffee and during an uneasy silence, Father Schumacher noticed the Bishop twirling his episcopal ring and easily anticipated what was on his mind.

"Oh, now, Chris, you're not going to ask me to retire again, are you? We were all through that just last month." He straightened up and firmly placed his hands on the table. "Look at me—another ten years of good service left. Why, I'm almost as hearty as I was fifteen years ago, eh? Why only yesterday I buried a man who could have lived another . . ."

"Now, Frank, you're being cantankerous. You don't even give me a chance to talk. How do you know what I'm thinking when you don't let me express myself!"

Father Schumacher settled back in his chair. The Bishop seldom raised his voice.

"I want to talk to you as your friend, Frank, not as your superior. But, taking everything into consideration, I do think you should resign."

"Now, Chris, please don't say that. Resign? What would I do in retirement? Listen, Chris,

Kate and I'll stay on without any salary, just so long as . . ."

"Father Schumacher, please let me finish." The voice was again loud and solemn, but it was softer when he resumed. "The diocese needs a resident chaplain at St. Ann's Home for the Aged. Your sister can have accommodations there, too. I've checked and made reservations for the two of you. You'll be doing the diocese a great service, Frank. I'm not asking you to retire, but to resign St. Boniface. You can do just as much or as little as you please at St. Ann's. It should be very pleasant."

The Bishop, while Father Schumacher nervously dug at his fingernails with a toothpick, went on to explain that the new apartments necessitated a more active pastor and that nuns had agreed to staff a school at St. Boniface. He concluded firmly and gently by asking for a letter of resignation within a week.

"Those new apartments, Chris, are merely replacing houses that already belong in the parish. They're not going to make this parish boom. More than likely they'll help Assumption, not St. Boniface. Don't you see how we're hemmed in here with the river on one side and Assumption on the other. This's a dying parish."

The Bishop remained silent, bobbing his head and scratching his ear. Father Schumacher cleared his throat apologetically and glanced away. "Oh, I see. There's more to it than that, isn't there? They're complaining again. My sermons, confessions—and they don't like having the doors locked on them so they can't come late. I suppose they'd complain if they had the Pope for their pastor."

"Well, Frank, we *are* old, and I suppose people don't like the way we go about things. Take your rolling pulpit . . ."

"Oh, that! I don't see why the people should object to . . ."

"And as we grow old, we are apt to be a little impatient at times, even if it isn't too serious. Now, the people at St. Ann's are more in line with the way we do things. They share our mentality. You see, they know it's not easy to grow old and be, what we might call, out of fashion. Like King David, we must forget the complaints and say: '*Inhabitem in domo Domini, in longitudinem dierum*'—'I shall live in the house of the Lord through many years.' The *old* sheep don't forget the old shepherd, Frank." The Bishop's voice was now a whisper. "And St. Boniface will go on, just as the Diocese of Kingston will continue after I am gone." The Bishop pondered his own words before continuing. "Oh, yes, another thing,

Frank. I think you might apologize to the people for what you said last Sunday—you know, about their not being fit to ride in a garbage truck."

"Oh, that!" chuckled Father Schumacher as if the remark canceled everything that had been said. But the Bishop's sympathetic eyes told him otherwise.



That afternoon he occupied himself with bitter-sweet memories as he wandered about the church grounds in a frosty, half-drizzling rain. Here was the sidewalk he had poured twenty-seven years ago; there were his initials and the date in the cement for his successors to scorn. Over there he had cut down a hedgerow of sickly poplars and replaced them with oaks. When he had gone to Europe eleven years ago, Kate had the bay window added to the parlor to surprise him; it was her gift for the thirty-fifth anniversary of his ordination; and now, because she kept her ferns and foliage in it, people referred to it mockingly as "Kate's Garden of Eden." How soon everyone forgot the good things. They had forgotten how Kate used to play the church organ for their weddings and funerals—without remuneration. Now all she could manage was the cooking and the dishes, and that not very well. What would he do with all her ferns and foliage, and his own books, pictures, and furniture? Auctions—and he reflected on the portrait in the parlor which no one had wanted any longer—like a funeral for an unknown and unwanted. He would burn everything rather than permit his and Kate's belongings to be handled by unknown scavengers.

That evening penitents were, as usual, quite few. The scarcity permitted him to take care of

the routine Saturday night chores. He cleaned the vigil light stand, oiled the wheels on the pulpit, prepared the vestments, and modestly decorated the altar for Sunday morning. Several of the ferns were carried over from the rectory and placed on the main altar just as carefully as Kate used to handle them. The words of the Bishop haunted him. It was true: he was old and out of fashion. There was one place left for an old priest—St. Ann's Home for the Aged. And still there were priests his own age, like Schulte at Croston and Travis at Greenley, operating parishes larger than St. Boniface. Well, he would forbid any farewell party to take place; such an ordeal would merely be the worst kind of hypocrisy. His parishioners would tell him that they were *so* sorry to see him leave; even a few tears might be shed. They might even take up a collection so they could present it to him as a "token of their affection and appreciation." No, he didn't need that kind of affection.

Upon returning to the rectory he sat up late trying to make the accounts balance and writing checks to pay off bills he had delayed or forgotten about. No one could say the parish had run into debt while he was pastor. If they didn't get their Boy Scouts and school, well, they didn't get a debt either. He impatiently scratched out an outline for his sermon, threw it away, and started searching for his last will and testament. It was between two dusty volumes in a bookcase. Bit by bit he tore it up, childishly letting the pieces flutter into and around the wastebasket. Carefully he drafted a new one which he would read from the pulpit. For an hour he doodled, trying to determine a new beneficiary, and then fell asleep at the desk. An hour later he trudged upstairs, forgetting to finish the divine office as well as the penance imposed by Father Addison. The day had been difficult and unkind.

He was still asleep when the bells rang at six-thirty announcing the seven o'clock Mass. The rain had stopped but had left its imprint on the wallpaper in one corner of the bedroom. Rapidly he washed his face with cold water, combed his hair, knocked on Kate's door, and left for the sacristy.

Four newly trained altar boys were waiting for their last-minute instructions. He silenced their giggles by shaking his finger, and then turned on the lights in the nave, a function not even permitted the part-time janitor. The rolling pulpit was carefully, but needlessly, explained to the servers: one knock on the side meant forward; two, stop; three, backward—which was

seldom used; and four, to turn the pulpit around. He inspected their hands for cleanliness and helped them wet down their hair.

At the vestment case he rested his bristly chin in the cups of his hands, waiting for the bell to ring. This would be his last Sunday at St. Boniface, his dear St. Boniface. Then, as if inspired, he twirled around and sent two of the servers for more of Kate's ferns; the other two were told to get out extra candles, all kinds, and place them on the altar. The wrinkled green vestments were taken off and placed in a heap on the window sill. The special vestments, the gold ones reserved for Christmas and Easter, were carefully taken out. Wearing them today would violate all the rules of rubrics and liturgy. So what! It was a special day, his day of farewell. He could make allowances as well as anyone else. The servers also changed, from musty black cassocks to the red "festive" ones. He inspected each one to make sure the cassock was neither too short nor too long, and then pulled a fresh, heavily-starched surplice over each server's head. Again he examined their hands and went over the directions for rolling the pulpit. No one would be able to say that the altar boys were not well-dressed and well-trained during *his* regime.

Promptly at seven o'clock he sent one of the servers to lock the church doors, and then together, the servers in red cassocks and he in the heavy gold vestments, pompously paraded into the blazing sanctuary. The altar never looked better. Not even the nuns who were to staff the projected school, with all their intricate arrangements, would be able to compete with Kate and her ferns.

At the end of the first Gospel he descended from the altar, after straightening a candlestick, and ascended the heavily-varnished pulpit outside the sanctuary. The four servers assumed their station behind it. For the first time this morning, hovering above the congregation, he noticed the air of expectancy which filled the church; he could sense the anxiety and astonishment of his people, waiting to have the festivity explained. With a nervous nonchalance he scrutinized the small assembly as if taking a silent roll call. To increase the suspense the preliminary announcements were read slowly. He reminded them that "old John Hunt has left our midst—and the less said about it, the better"; told them that last year's coal bill had still not been paid; apologized for last Sunday's offensive remark by telling them they *were* fit to ride in the back of garbage trucks; and then cracked the side of the pulpit with his knuckles and was rolled unsteadily to

the center of the main aisle. Here the conveyance stopped at the given signal. He cleared his throat and coughed into his handkerchief.

"Dearly beloved. For thirty-four years I have been addressing you as 'dearly beloved,' but during these years the congregation has dwindled to such a few that I could almost be sued for breach of promise in using such an endearing address." There was no visible or audible reaction from the congregation. "My dearly beloved are leaving for greener pastures and younger blood and shorter services in the neighboring parishes. Well, dearly beloved, you can tell your friends and your families that St. Boniface is going to take on the new look along with the other parishes and get in on the competition. His Excellency is going to rectify the grave injustice which has been inflicted upon you. He is going to send you a new pastor. And if you behave yourselves, which habit you are not particularly addicted to, you might eventually be rewarded with an assistant. St. Boniface is going to be rejuvenated, reactivated, and resurrected from the depths of senile incompetence. Yes, dearly beloved, you are to be saved, not by the hand of the sacraments, but by the hand of progress. Think of it: your parish with a school—and maybe even Boy Scouts—will rival no other than that of Assumption under the capable hand of Father Andrew J. Addison and his two assistants."

It was time for him to catch his breath and let the words penetrate the congregation. In much the same way an actor permits the audience to applaud, he permitted a momentary buzz and stir. With a loud rap on the side of the pulpit he was rolled a third of the way down the aisle, to a point where the pews were more fully occupied. Here he unfolded a sheet of paper and waved it on both sides of the pulpit.

"This is my letter of resignation, dearly beloved. Resignation, not retirement, mind you, eh? Please remember in the years to come that I resigned of my own free will. I have not been forced to leave because of your running and complaining to the Bishop. Not at all. Oh, I admit, dearly beloved, that you helped me make up my mind. But don't be misled into thinking that you can run this parish or the Bishop or the Church. After thirty-four years of work I have realized that I am tired, but even if I were to stay I would continue to do my best—which is more than a lot of you can say for yourselves, eh?"

The letter of resignation shook in his hands. Here and there he interpreted a passage, noticing

as he looked up that some of the parishioners smiled and a few sniffled. Most of the eyes, however, were dry. But even these smiled when he told one of the servers to stop cracking his knuckles. Finishing the letter, he waved it once more for everyone to see, placed it in a stamped envelope, which he sealed, and handed it to the tallest server, instructing him to "post the missive immediately." Before resuming he watched the server march the length of the church.

"This is my going-away party, my farewell, dearly beloved." Beginning to perspire under the weight of the heavy vestments, he knocked on the pulpit and was rolled to the pew where the German grocer was hunched over. "I don't have many thank-yous to make, unfortunately, but I do want to recognize the fact that we had good groceries these thirty-four years. Not that we received a clerical discount, mind you, but we did enjoy good solid food without a lot of frills." The janitor was next and received a short eulogy on dedicated years in God's service. With two more thank-yous he was at the back of the church, where he had to descend in order to unlock the door for the server who had mailed the letter of resignation.

He helped the servers turn the pulpit around. Then, sensing that Kate might feel hurt, he instructed one of the servers to go up front and tell her to play the organ "with all she can give it" during the remainder of the Mass. Resuming his position in the pulpit he began to address the congregation from the back of the church.

"No doubt you're wondering what will happen to my money, eh? Well, the Bishop has some grandiose plans for the parish. Kate and I, as you know, have no relatives to survive us. Building a school is going to be an expensive project; it's going to make a lot of demands on your spirit of sacrifice. Along with the school and convent, you will have to buy new vestments and some new furniture. No one would want my old worn-out things left behind. Yes, indeed, the parish will have a lot of expense under new and more capable hands, dearly beloved.

"Last night I was looking over my will, and do you know that ten years ago I made out everything to St. Boniface? Yes, everything! So I tore it up. After all, you don't want my old things and my old money. Yes, there will be a lot of expense, dearly beloved, but I think you can handle it. You can hardly expect more than thirty-four years of dedicated service, so I made out a new will and decided to leave my money to the Kingston Public Library."

Next to the Godly

by Barbara Overmyer

In the pink place
next door to the laundromat
where the coffee is thick and hot

we met once more and drank
to the tenderness and ironies
of the pure in heart.

You said, stay a while,
our work will wait.
But I arose to go,

paid the exorbitant check,
and said that my clothes were clean by now,
my dimes' worth done,

my shirts and diapers dried
of sweat and remnants,
the ginger touch on the back of the neck.

I left, and felt
the chlorine taste of deterrent on my tongue
and bleach in my bones.

He rapped loudly and the pulpit creaked into motion. The organ, he could hear, was warming up for Kate's final performance.

"However, I am going to leave enough money for a little shrine. I want it between the church and rectory where everyone can see it, a shrine to the Good Shepherd. A life-sized statue of the Good Shepherd with a plaque, and on the plaque the twenty-second psalm."

And as the pulpit rolled down the aisle, he recited clearly the penance Father Addison had imposed upon him the day before.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want;

"In green pastures he gives me a resting-place . . .

"Goodness and kindness follows me all my life;

"I shall dwell in the house of the Lord through many years."

He helped the servers roll the pulpit out of view and returned to the altar. Continuing the Mass but forgetting the Credo, he bowed and kissed the altar stone, then turned and with a loud voice said, "*Dominus vobiscum.*" But all he could see was a blurred congregation, and all he could hear in reply was the off-key blast of the organ.

The Military's Limited War Against Segregation

by Ruth and Edward Brecher

Throughout the South, Army, Navy, and Air Force bases are providing working models for integrated living—and may soon put considerable pressure on neighboring communities.

Following World War II, on orders from President Truman, the Army, Navy, and Air Force abolished their traditional Jim Crow units and with very little fanfare integrated themselves. On a recent 3,200-mile tour of the South, we viewed the impressive results.

We saw Negro and white servicemen eating at the same mess-hall tables, drinking at the same on-base bars, playing ball on the same teams. They sleep in the same barracks, share lavatories and showers, borrow money from one another until pay day.

In on-base homes assigned without regard for race, white and Negro families live next door to one another, baby-sit for one another, watch TV together, share backyard barbecues. They swim together in on-base pools, worship together in military chapels. Their children play and squabble happily together on the lawns, attend on-base schools and Sunday schools together. All this has for years been accepted practice on military bases, including many in the Deep South.

Some white service families, to be sure, remain personally aloof; that is their privilege. But "stirring up trouble" on base has become a social misdemeanor. Many Negro servicemen and

their wives assured us that nowhere else had they ever experienced such complete or such successful neighbor-to-neighbor integration.

The speed with which Southerners as well as Northerners adapt to this integrated military way of life must be seen to be believed. Negro and white recruits reporting for induction are herded together into buses without prior indoctrination and driven to their first assignment, hours or even days away, in elbow-to-elbow intimacy. From the onset white Southerners take orders from Negro officers and non-coms as a matter of course—a decisive demonstration that abrupt social change is feasible, even when dictated by outside authority rather than inner conviction.

"This must be your first experience associating with Negroes," we remarked to a sandy-haired GI hitchhiking home from Fort Lee—an Army post in Virginia—for a weekend on his father's small farm on the Virginia-Tennessee border.

"Sure is."

"It must have taken quite a while to get used to."

"Sure did—'bout two weeks."

Often white and Negro GIs form firm friendships. "Our best friends at Fort Knox were a white couple from New Orleans," the wife of a Negro lieutenant colonel told us. "We were all heartbroken when we were shipped out—we to Germany and they to Japan. But now we're all back in the States again, and they're bringing their kids for a visit next month." White service

families have described similar friendships.

Military integration changes those who experience it. Negroes expect more after they leave the service, and white ex-servicemen are generally willing to yield more. In several Southern cities we found white and Negro ex-officers, ex-GIs, and their wives active in the small but fervent integrationist groups which meet till long past midnight in one another's living rooms to plan their community's next steps toward desegregation. And when such groups negotiate with local officials and business groups for integration concessions, ex-servicemen are commonly found on both sides of the bargaining table.

White segregationists realize that military integration is helping crumble local racial barriers. "My own nephew argues with me about segregation since he's been in the Air Force," an Alabama bank president told us with wry candor. As a guest of the nearby Army base commander recently, this banker for the first time in his life had dinner with a Negro. Though he doesn't like the prospect of integration, he's getting used to the idea.

So, too, are the tens of thousands of Defense Department civil servants who stream into the huge Army, Navy, and Air Force installations each morning. All day they work side by side with Negroes, take orders from Negro supervisors, use integrated washrooms. Evenings and weekends, too, Southern civilians flock to the bases as guests at integrated officers' and enlisted men's clubs. They shake hands with Negro club members, bowl at integrated alleys, play integrated bingo, attend integrated lectures, concerts, art shows, and religious revival meetings. Seeing such activities in the heart of the South, we found it hard to realize that a few miles away, Negroes were being arrested and beaten for seeking a cup of coffee at a lunch counter.

For the sorry truth is that integration stops abruptly at the gates of the military reservations. Just outside those gates, "White Only" signs can be seen on restaurants, bars, and theatres—even drive-in movie theatres—from Maryland to Texas.

Ruth and Edward Brecher—a husband-and-wife writing team—this year won both the Albert Lasker Medical Journalism Award and the Robert L. Cecil Writing Award of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation. Their research for this article was financed by a Philip M. Stern Family Fund grant. They live in Connecticut, and this is their first study of Southern integration problems.

We learned at first hand from scores of Negro and white officers and GIs, and from their wives, about the many forms of off-base discrimination, crude and subtle, brutal or merely demeaning, which assail the Negro serviceman and his family. In retelling their stories, we have omitted or altered names of individuals and left locations indefinite for obvious though painful reasons.

No Vacancies

The South today is ablaze. Reprisals are daily occurrences. When it was alleged in a local newspaper, for example, that the sister-in-law of the president of a dry-cleaning company had attended an integrated prayer meeting, a boycott was organized against the dry-cleaning company. The small integrationist groups which meet in many Southern communities often receive bombing threats and must change their meeting places frequently. Some integrated meetings have been bombed. Publicity concerning one integrationist group led to tape-recorded attacks on it broadcast all day, every hour on the hour, over a local radio station. To identify a white civilian as an integrationist is to expose him at the very least to a barrage of 2:00 A.M. "hate calls" on the phone and piles of garbage on his lawn. Negro activists, of course, run much graver risks—loss of jobs, police harassment, and "stray" bullets.

Even on the military side of the fence, a man's career may be subtly but significantly affected if he is identified as either an integrationist or a segregationist. At least one influential Southern Congressman is out for the scalp of an Air Force commander who took a step toward integration; another commander suffered transfer to a distant post after he was accused of "dragging his feet" in carrying out an integration order from Washington. Anonymity is thus a pearl beyond price in the turbulent South today. The identities of even the officially appointed members of biracial negotiating committees are commonly kept a closely guarded secret.

Among those who must remain anonymous is an Army master sergeant we'll call Lincoln Smith. He is typical of the many dedicated Negro career men on whom the Armed Forces rely to train recruits and carry out countless other essential military duties. In 1962, after eighteen years' service at Northern and overseas posts, Master Sergeant Smith got his bad news: transfer to a base in the South.

On arriving there with his wife and three

daughters, he learned to his dismay that no on-base quarters were available. This is a common experience; half of all servicemen these days are married—and the military services have housing for barely half of their married personnel.

White families who arrived with the Smiths moved temporarily into motels or tourist camps. But most Southern motels are closed to Negroes. For their first few weeks, as a result, the Smiths had to swelter in a run-down Negro rooming house, in a single room, with a curtain rigged down the middle; kitchen and bathroom "privileges" were shared with three other families. The few modern homes and apartments open to Negroes were full, and waiting lists long. Eventually the Smiths had to settle for a shack on a dusty unpaved back street lacking even street lights. It has three small rooms and a rickety front stoop, a kitchen sink, and a rusty shower stall but no tub or running hot water. "The only reason I put up with it is to keep the family together," Mrs. Smith explained.

Overseas, an American commander would do his best to get his men out of billets like this—but in the South, such accommodations for Negro service families are accepted as a matter of course.

On his way to the base each morning, Sergeant Smith passes an attractive air-conditioned FHA-financed housing project. It was built for service families. Its rents are little more than the Smiths pay for their shack. And there are half-a-dozen vacancies—but none for Negroes.

Bad as their housing is, the Smiths worry even more about education. "We can wait, but our girls' schooling can't; it's now or never," Mrs. Smith said. She herself attended integrated Northern public schools many years ago; that her daughters at this late date should have to attend a Jim Crow school is gall and wormwood for the Smiths.

Disintegration Fatigue

Master Sergeant Smith is not timid about standing up for his daughters' rights. If he were not in uniform, he might sue to secure their admission to a white school. But as a serviceman in the South, he hesitates. He has eighteen years' seniority at stake. He has heard rumors—and so have we—of Negro servicemen who have taken part in off-base desegregation activities and who have shortly thereafter been labeled "trouble-makers" and threatened with reprisals—transfer to some post in Alaska or Greenland, for exam-

ple, where they cannot have their families with them at all.

These rumors can seldom be confirmed. Some may be apocryphal. But they are widely believed—and no one in authority has ever assured Negro servicemen that they are free to demand their constitutional and off-base human rights. So the rumors have become deterrents; and the Smiths end up feeling even more frustrated than Negro civilians who can at least protest, demonstrate, and sue.

Sergeant Smith has had no trouble personally with the local police force. "I always go straight home nights," he says. And there have been no beatings, jailings, or police-dog attacks in the immediate vicinity during recent months. But an incident or two a year is quite enough to keep a whole population "in its place."

So Sergeant Smith walks the city streets with eyes averted, does not take his daughters to the zoo or other places where they may not be welcome, and avoids looking or sounding "uppity" in the presence of a white man or woman. "If I'd been raised in the South I'd probably catch myself saying, 'Yas, suh, boss,'" he remarked, with an effort to smile.

On base, Master Sergeant Smith must play a very different role—that of a man of dignity and self-assurance, training his troops in the defense of their country. He does his very best. But like tens of thousands of other Negro Americans held in the South by their military orders, his ability to perform his duties boldly and efficiently on base is inevitably impaired by the "disintegration fatigue" from which he suffers off base.

Jim Crow also undermines white morale. A white infantryman from Kentucky stationed in rural Georgia was as bitter on this score as any Negro. "Eleven of us were transferred back from Germany to this hole," he told us. "Three of us are Negroes—great guys, guys you'd trust your life to. We'd been buddying around together all over Europe. First Saturday night here, we headed for town to celebrate with a few beers."

Bar after bar refused to admit them together. When they finally elbowed their way into a Negro spot, the bartender called the police. "Said he'd lose his license if he didn't. The cops juggled us for the night, in segregated cells. When we got back to the base late for drill next morning, the sergeant took away our privileges for a month." The charge was drunkenness. "But hell, we never did finish one beer. Now we go to town separately, and come back mad. The three of

them have a grudge against the world, and I don't blame them—but sometimes I wonder what it would be like to go into action with guys nursing grudges. We're all getting out of here the day our time's up. . . .”

“Re-enlist? Hell, no!”

Maxwell Air Force Base in Alabama, Fort Benning in Georgia, and several other large Southern installations serve, in addition to their other functions, as training centers for foreign officers. Among these military guests have been high-ranking Haitians, Liberians, Ethiopians, and others with dark skin. To shield them from affronts, one base supplies foreign officers with handsomely embossed “passports,” signed by the mayor, the Chamber of Commerce president, and the base commander. The officers are warned to carry these documents with them whenever they leave the base. But insults, refusals of restaurant service, and other incidents occur despite this and other precautions. And the passport system is peculiarly offensive to Negro American servicemen.

“I had two strikes on me down there,” said an MIT graduate who had recently completed his tour of duty. “In addition to being a Negro I was an *American* Negro and wore an *American* uniform. They wouldn't give me a passport so I could eat in a decent restaurant or go to a first-run movie.” A Negro captain's wife at another base complained: “You can live almost anywhere around here if you speak with a foreign accent. And your kids can go to the white school, even though they're a lot darker than my kids. The only people they discriminate against around here are *American* Negroes.”

What Kind of Local Elite?

The Department of Defense took its first short step toward solving off-base discrimination problems in June 1961, when a Pentagon order directed that commanders “make every effort” to secure integrated off-base facilities for their men.

But the order also specified that commanders should use for this purpose their “community relations committees,” composed of high-ranking officers and civilian leaders. These committees had previously been devoted to maintaining cordial relations between the bases and their neighboring communities. At many Southern bases, unfortunately, the committees were peculiarly unsuited to their new mission.

Some dated back to the day when a few ruling

families still constituted the unchallenged local “power structure.” Some had fifty or even a hundred members; inclusion on the committee had become a social honor comparable to listing in the Social Register. Quite a few commanding generals and admirals were themselves born and bred in the South, and kin to the local elite whom they planned to rejoin on retirement. Such officers would hardly venture to trouble their distinguished committee members with the discrimination problems of Master Sergeant Smith—especially if, as was often the case, leading local segregationists sat on the committee. Though the South was rapidly changing, few committee members died and none retired. When the United States Commission on Civil Rights (established by Congress in 1957) checked up on what had been accomplished during the first year of the off-base integration order, it was able to find few signs of progress. Some committees, and even some commanders, were unaware that the order even existed.

This year, following the Civil Rights Commission checkup, the 1961 order was revived and supplemented. On March 6, for example, the Navy instructed “all ships and stations” to “include local leaders of all ethnic groups” on the committees and to establish liaison with “. . . influential local community organizations such as, but not limited to, the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Lions, the Urban League, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and the Kiwanis.”

On our own recent swing through the South, we noted some resulting harbingers of change. At one base, for example, a commander skilled in social as well as military tactics had first cut his committee down to working size. In the process, he quietly dropped members who might balk at serving with Negroes. He then added two prominent Negro leaders and took the whole group on a two-day military junket to get acquainted with each other. After a few further shakedown dinners and social sessions, he dumped into their laps his most pressing community problems: integrated schooling and the opening of restaurants, hotels, and theatres to all servicemen and their families. The first fruits of the new approach were promptly harvested; courses at the previously all-white university branch near the base were opened to Negro servicemen with barely a ripple of local protest.

At another base we visited, the commander had appointed one Negro to his committee but was

*Key thoughts to
understanding the industrial
problems we live with*



The Need To Modernize

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hesitating to take the next step. At a third, the commander was balking. "I'd be willing to appoint a Nigra," he told us, "but there isn't a Nigra around here qualified to serve." He was mistaken, of course. During a very brief stay in his area, we met several Negroes capable of serving with distinction.

Some commanders and their staffs displayed a surprising ignorance of conditions outside their gates. "No complaints around here," we were assured at one Georgia base. But ex-GIs who had served there told a different story: they had not dared to complain while still in uniform for fear of reprisals. Currently under consideration by the Defense Department is a proposal that a specially qualified officer on each base—preferably one with legal training, free of personal prejudice—be charged with the duty both of investigating all civil-rights complaints, reprisal threats, and other common grievances of Negro servicemen and their families, and of alerting the commander to abuses even in the absence of formal complaints.

Both Sides of the Fence

The Defense Department is also seeking in other ways to ease the pressure on its Negro personnel in the South. It has requested an appropriation, for example, to build 12,000 new housing units on bases next year. Congressmen were shocked when Secretary of Defense McNamara, testifying personally in support of this appropriation, showed them photographs of shacks in which service families now live.

But even if the 12,000 new units are built, the surface of the military housing problem will barely be scratched. According to Secretary McNamara's own figures, 106,000 military families live off-base in homes that do not meet military standards because of their physical condition or their small size or their distance from the base. An additional 32,000 families live in substandard on-base housing. And 24,000 married servicemen are living apart from their families because they can't find family housing at all. The brunt of these housing hardships falls with discriminatory weight on Negro service families.

The 12,000 new units should, of course, be built. In addition, private entrepreneurs must be persuaded to build integrated housing near the bases. President Kennedy's Housing Order of November 1962 opens the door for FHA financing of new integrated housing developments throughout the country; but to date, little

has been done to put this order to use near military installations. And local commanders, with the help of their reorganized community-relations committees, must be directed to protect the builders from segregationist interference. This is not as formidable an assignment as it might appear to be from a distance. Even the Deep South has for years calmly accepted integrated housing on one side of the military fence; with tactical skill it can no doubt be led to accept it on the other side, too.

Schooling, like housing, is a disgrace to our Armed Forces. Servicemen's children at 248 bases still attend segregated off-base schools; and nine years after the Supreme Court school decision, the federal government is still subsidizing these schools with federal "impacted-area" payments. Worse yet, federal funds are still being furnished for the construction of new segregated schools.

To date, the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has allotted more than \$21 million for the construction of such schools in Alabama, more than \$33 million for Georgia, and more than \$8 million for Mississippi. In addition, generous annual subsidies help meet the operating expenses of these schools—\$5.3 million to Alabama school districts last year, \$5.6 million to Georgia, and \$1.8 million to Mississippi. Negro schools in these districts are likely to be inferior in many respects. Some are not accredited; some use cast-off books from the white schools; some are on double shift. Yet the formula used to compute the subsidies allows as much per Negro pupil as per white pupil.

Fort Lee in Virginia is an example of the system at its worst. The 1,613 children of white servicemen posted there go to bright new Prince George County public schools. The 210 children of Negro servicemen are instead transported by bus to Negro schools in the next county. The Prince George County school board receives federal payments for educating the Negro as well as the white children—but "subcontracts" the Negro children to the Petersburg, Virginia, school board!

School integration throughout the South has been delayed by such practices; for so long as Washington not only tolerates but subsidizes school segregation and discrimination, Southern communities find it hard to believe the government means business on enforcing the Supreme Court decision.

Recently, it is true, the Justice Department has brought suit to desegregate schools receiving federal subsidies in Prince George County and

in Huntsville, Madison County and Mobile County, Alabama; Bossier Parish, Louisiana; and Gulfport and Biloxi, Mississippi. Also, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare is building new integrated elementary schools on eight large Southern reservations—Maxwell Air Force Base, Fort McClellan, and Fort Rucker in Alabama; Robins Air Force Base and Fort Stewart in Georgia; England Air Force Base in Louisiana; and Myrtle Beach Air Force Base and Fort Jackson in South Carolina. Fifteen school boards, in Florida and Texas, have agreed to desegregate “voluntarily,” under threat of withdrawal of subsidies or Justice Department suits. But these measures, like the housing measures, barely scratch the surface of the problem. This fall, as in past years, the great majority of children of Negro servicemen stationed in the South at their country’s call will be enrolled in segregated schools.

A Few Lessons from Private Industry

Clearly, new techniques are needed to deal with these ugly situations. One approach as yet untried is the “status of forces agreement” commonly used in foreign countries. Before a base is opened abroad, American officials secure a signed agreement from local authorities safeguarding the rights of military personnel. Similar agreements might be negotiated with American states, cities, and school boards—especially at the strategic moment when Southern lobbyists are in Washington hungrily seeking a new base or the expansion of an existing base. Along with a pleasant climate, safe water supply, and adequate approach highways, federal officials responsible for selecting base locations might consider whether a site assures satisfactory off-base housing, education, public accommodations, and police protection for Negro as well as white personnel. Private industry weighs such factors when choosing plant sites. Had the Defense Department been equally prudent, a disproportionate number of large military bases would not now be crowded into the South.

Strategic opportunities for securing such agreements have been neglected as recently as this spring, when a \$400-million installation was allotted to southern Mississippi for military and civilian missile-engine testing. No civil-rights assurances were secured from the Mississippi communities which will boom as a result of the facility’s location. The moral issue aside, there

is here also a practical issue: it won’t be easy to staff the new installation in a turmoil-blighted region.

Another technique often discussed but rarely invoked is use of the power to declare “off-limits” to all servicemen any establishment which refuses to serve Negro servicemen. It is theoretically possible, too, to close down a base altogether and transfer its payroll and purchases to a more hospitable neighborhood.

As a practical matter, however, such steps would no doubt be effectively blocked by powerful Southern Congressmen who are endowed, through their seniority, with the chairmanships of key military affairs and appropriations committees. One measure of their influence is the present weirdly disproportionate crowding of military establishments below the Mason and Dixon line. “If they put any more bases in Alabama, they’ll sink the state,” an Air Force commander said recently.

Yet another obvious but rarely used remedy for the off-base grievances of Negro GIs is resort to the law of the land. The federal courts, and a few Southern state courts as well, are building magnificent records in safeguarding human rights. A victim of false arrest, a family which cannot rent in a new FHA-financed housing project, or a couple whose child is refused access to a white school can appeal to the courts with considerable likelihood of securing redress eventually. But the prerequisite for court action is skilled legal counsel, a commodity in lamentably short supply for Negroes in the South.

The Armed Forces supply servicemen and their dependents with doctors when they are sick and dentists when they have a toothache—but not with lawyers when they suffer illegal discrimination off-base.

A modest move in this direction has recently been made, it is true. A recent Naval instruction, for example, states: “Legal assistance officers may be employed to assure that members of the Armed Forces are accorded due process of law.” The instruction spells out specific steps to be taken “if it appears that civil rights . . . may be infringed on.” But these noble phrases refer to legal *advice*, not representation in court—the service which GIs in the South really need.

Recently, too, the Defense Department has been struggling with the problem of whether or not to permit servicemen to participate in peaceful off-base demonstrations when off duty and out of uniform. In June, the Air Force took a small step in this direction; in July (under pressure from Congressmen) the Defense Department modi-

fied the June order but did not yield completely. As a result, few servicemen know just where they stand. Orders giving GIs other rights, too, have never been adequately explained to personnel. A right is of little value to a man who doesn't know he has it. A military statement of off-base civil-rights policy, addressed directly to the rank and file, is long overdue.

Also overdue is firm action to clean out the isolated remnants of on-base discrimination which survive in a few commands. They are not common, even in the Deep South, and usually it is the spirit rather than the letter of the integration orders which is violated—but they rankle all the same. No commander these days, for example, would tell Negro officers or non-coms that they are unwelcome in an on-base club. To do so would be to invite court-martial. But there are subtler ways to achieve the same effect. A commander can set up several clubs, staff one of them with a Negro manager, load its juke-box with Negro records, and hire Negro bands for gala events. Negro personnel get the message quickly.

Similarly, no commander would forbid a serviceman to bring a Negro guest to an on-base club. But he can bar guests from within a radius of fifty miles—and then neglect to enforce the order when the guests are white.

Military establishments, like other federal agencies, are under long-standing Presidential directives to hire, promote, and fire civilian employees without regard to race. Yet at one on-base cafeteria we visited, the only Negroes in

sight were busboys clearing away dirty dishes. The civil-service employees eating in the cafeteria were without exception white. One way of achieving a lily-white civilian working force, we learned, is by posting notices of civil-service examinations and vacancies only in segregated places where Negroes won't see them. No doubt there are other dodges, too.

Little additional effort would be needed to clean out such anachronistic pockets of discrimination on military bases and thus complete with flying colors the job begun many years ago.

Detailed recommendations for reform, both off base and on, were formulated in June by President Kennedy's Committee on Equal Opportunity in the Armed Forces. In forwarding these recommendations to the Secretary of Defense, the President urged that the military consider them promptly. He called discriminatory practices "morally wrong," and announced: "I am asking the military community to take a leadership role. . . ."

Defense Secretary McNamara in reply promised prompt action and even agreed that in extreme cases businesses or communities discriminating against Negro servicemen might be "declared off-limits" to all servicemen. He gave the three services until August 15 to prepare improvements in their integration policies.

The next moves are thus up to the Army, Navy, and Air Force. Their response during the next few months may have an important impact on the pace of change throughout the South—and in the North as well.

The Man Who Refused a Hat

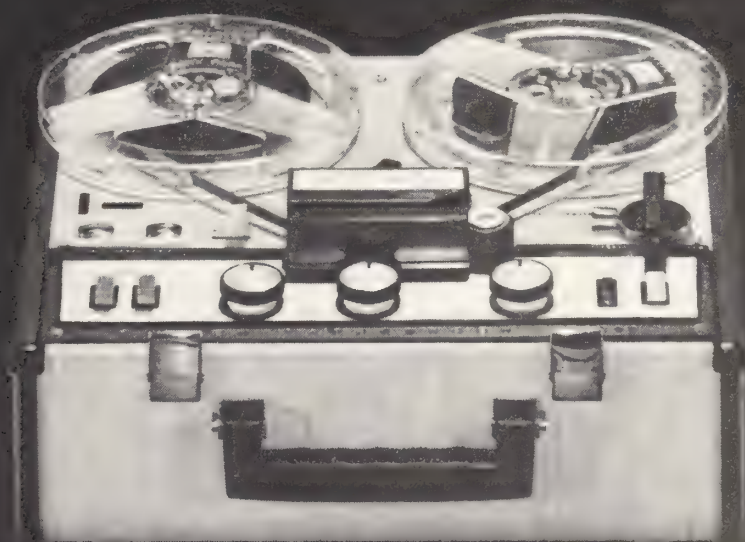
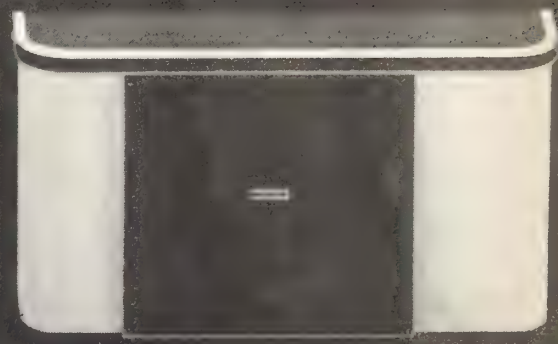
In an article published in the October 1956 issue of "Harper's"—shortly before the election of Pope John XXIII—Luigi Barzini made the following predictions:

If we follow the Vatican rule-of-thumb and oral tradition, which foresee a "religious" Pope and eliminate the best-known candidates, this is the way things will probably turn out: the next Pope will, in all probability, still be an Italian, a saintly old Cardinal, with a rich experience in the administration of parishes, dioceses, archdioceses, the Vatican itself, and of the many organizations depending from them; a man in touch with the common people but never connected with definite and intransigent political views, either of the Right or of the Left. His old age will not be an insurmountable obstacle, as his task will not have to be a long one.

The description, of course, fits any number of Cardinals nobody ever mentions among the *papabili*. After him, when the Pope will have to be "political" once again, it may be that one of the men named in this article, Agagianian, Siri, or Lercaro will be elected. Some of the best-informed are of the firm opinion that it will then have to be Giovanni Battisti Montini, who perhaps has refused a Cardinal's hat only to avoid being considered a present candidate, but who, by then, will probably have accepted it.



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A Special Duty for Republicans

by John V. Lindsay

Their most urgent job—according to a highly respected young Congressman from New York—is to protect individual liberties against the encroachments of the New Frontier.

As I am a member of the Minority in Congress, and since the Majority is large and their whips take instruction from the Executive, I am especially conscious of the Minority's obligation to restrain the government from whittling down basic individual rights and liberties. The obligation applies no matter which party is in power; no party in power has been without excesses—excess use of government or Congressional power to impinge on individual liberties. As a Republican with high respect for the philosophy of Lincoln, I see it as the special task of my party to redefine the role of the individual in our half-garrison, half-welfare leviathan state.

Contrary to the prevailing view of my party's national leadership, I believe that the real danger of increasing centralism does not lie in the comparatively modest federal expenditures for the destitute, for education, and for health, but rather in the pervasive threat to individual liberties that stems from undue concentration of military, police, or economic power.

These liberties include the rights to speak freely, to dissent, to assemble and to petition and protest, to travel without harassment, to take up or defend unpopular causes, to receive the full benefits of due process, and to avoid the frustra-

tions and arbitrariness of weighty bureaucracy.

Certainly one of the functions of the Minority in representative government must be to protect such liberties from erosion by the pressures of government. Alexis de Tocqueville commented that his major doubt about our system was "the possible tyranny of the Majority." In no area is this truer than the area of individual rights. But neither the Democratic nor the Republican party is now taking a strong enough stand for the protection of these rights. The Republican record has been less than distinguished on this subject. The Democratic record is rapidly getting worse.

Massive complexes of institutional power tend to roll up individuals in their path. This is true in both the private and the public arenas. The combination can be devastating—as President Eisenhower warned in his reference to the colossal power of the military-industrial complex. Although most governments pay lip service to liberal dogma they seem unable to control the emergence of antiliberal forces in their midst. The more massive the government complex, the greater the possibility that these forces will emerge. They appear under various guises: "military secrecy," "national security," "international competition," "dominant governmental interest," or just plain expediency.

In the last Congress, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, backed by the Kennedy Administration and the House leadership, tried to push through by unanimous consent a bill that went under the title of "Industrial Security." A small group of us in the House barely beat this

bill down by less than a majority vote, under a procedure which requires two-thirds for passage. The bill would have given the government summary power in effect to remove from their jobs, without due process, up to five million Americans employed in private industry and universities on defense contracts or on related research. The rationale of the bill was that since classified information relating to defense contracts and research is spread all over the country in the giant industrial defense system and in universities, the government must have power to screen out from access to such information any person it believes to be a security risk. The decision not to grant a due-process hearing on some undisclosed charge could be made under the terms of the proposed legislation at various subordinate levels in the Pentagon. The bill made no provision for appeals to the courts in individual cases.

Is "Security" Worth This Price?

Three of us objected to passing the bill on the consent calendar. It was then scheduled for Floor action under "suspension of rules," a procedure which by-passes the Rules Committee and is reserved for relatively noncontroversial bills. Only forty minutes of debate is permitted and amendments may not be offered. However, passage requires the affirmative votes of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Six of us, all relatively new to the Congress, three Republicans and three Democrats, then went to work to muster support for an attack on the bill. We were required to overcome the Secretary of Defense, the Attorney General, the House leadership, and the entire membership of the Un-American Activities Committee under whose direction the bill was being handled on the Floor. We mustered enough "No" votes to prevent two-thirds, but we still fell short of majority. The bill therefore, presumably, will be offered again under procedures which require a simple majority for passage. Meanwhile, the government has been operating an industrial security system by Executive Order of the President but under limitations imposed by the Supreme Court. The legislation now demanded by the government would remove some of these limitations.

I received mail from several scientists and researchers telling me of lost jobs and destroyed careers because they had not been given a chance to refute charges and hence had been denied

access to information needed for their work. The immediate employer, the defense plant, or the university was helpless in these situations; the federal government had taken charge of the employer-employee relationship.

In May of this year the House of Representatives passed, by a vote of 340 to 40, H.R. 950 (to amend the Internal Security Act of 1950) which tosses into the ashcan any semblance of due process for accused employees of the National Security Agency, an organization which handles highly secret military and Cold War operations. The bill, which was backed by the Kennedy Administration and the leadership on both sides of the aisle, denied hearings and all other normal procedures which protect most government employees discharged from the government. It means that any employee of this large agency who is charged by an anonymous informer of having "wrong" opinions, associating with "wrong" people, or doing any other vague "wrong" thing can be summarily dismissed and remain forever tainted in government files and records without any understanding whatever of why it happened and by whom it was caused. Repeatedly it has been demonstrated that gross injustices occur when the government operates in this fashion, and there is no commensurate improvement in government security.

As disquieting as the bill itself was the procedure under which its proponents originally attempted to put it through. Despite loud cries of warning and protest from the American Civil Liberties Union, two attempts were made to pass the bill on the "consent calendar," a procedure reserved for uncontroversial "little" bills which are thought to have unanimous approval. There is no debate. Admittedly this particular bill presented a close question because of the sensitive nature of the agency, but personal rights are nonetheless diminished, and full debate was called for.

The Attorney General continues to press for legislation that will permit the FBI to tap wires without court orders in cases "presenting a threat to the security of the United States"—a phrase

John V. Lindsay is now in his third term in Congress as a Republican Representative from New York City. In World War II, he saw action in the Mediterranean and Pacific on Navy destroyers; he got his law degree from Yale in 1948 and practiced in New York and before the U.S. Supreme Court. He is on the House Judiciary Committee and has sponsored legislation for individual rights, welfare, and education.

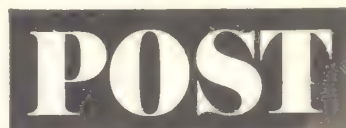


Drama in Birmingham. Police officials blasted this girl demonstrator with fire hose to stem civil rights march.

It matters...

When the Negroes revolt

The Negro Revolution—1963—has been reported in depth and with courage by the Post, because the editors believe it matters. It is among the most profound social upheavals in our history. Beyond the bloodshed and violence, its impact has been felt in less dramatic, but no less important, ways: in living habits and working conditions, manufacturing and marketing concepts, in the education of our children. It may be the overriding issue in the 1964 presidential campaign. Post editors were aware of the now flaming Negro militancy before it reached tinder point. Well in advance of the fury, the Post pinpointed the key battlefronts, then moved behind the scenes to reveal the battle plan and review the shock troops who would execute it: zealous youth groups; Martin Luther King; the fanatical Black Muslims and their chief, Malcolm X. When trouble started, the Post explained it with vivid, but judicious, articles by gifted writers who stressed the historical perspective, rather than the sporadic unfolding of news events. The Post added thrust to these articles with a series of tough-minded editorials urging light, not heat: understanding and moderation, rather than revolution and violence. The Post will continue to shed light on this social upheaval. Because it matters.



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which can mean anything at all. Wiretapping is dirty business. Improperly used it is the worst kind of invasion of privacy. Modern electronic listening and eavesdropping devices have made the threat to individual rights posed by unchecked, unlimited use of this power all the more dangerous.

Recently there came to light a widespread practice in the Pentagon of using lie detectors on Pentagon personnel. There is a whole unit which does nothing but train people how to administer lie-detector tests. Some months ago, in connection with a leak to a news reporter of a nonclassified Pentagon memorandum, the country was treated to the spectacle of a few layers of brass in the Pentagon, including the Deputy Secretary of Defense, voluntarily submitting to lie-detector tests at the request of an outraged and embarrassed Pentagon security chief.

Last year, I and five other relatively junior Republican members of the House Judiciary Committee—joined later by a few junior Democrats—were barely able to hold the line against a bill which would have made it a crime to “obstruct” a government investigator in the course of his work. Under the draft originally submitted by the Department of Justice, an irate housewife who merely administered a tongue-lashing and brandished a broom because she objected to having her home invaded—or even an aggressive lawyer defending his client—could have been included.

Three years ago during the Eisenhower Administration the House passed with only one nay vote—mine—a so-called anti-obscenity bill, which would have given the Postmaster General summary powers to prevent distribution of books and periodicals thought by one official in the Post Office to be obscene. The measure was pressed by a Republican Postmaster General and sponsored by a Democratic Congresswoman, accompanied by flowered encomiums from the Democratic Majority Leader. It was a major and probably unconstitutional assault by government on the personal right of free speech.

The bill placed the full burden of proving innocence on the mailer and attempted to exclude the courts from reviewing the merits of cases on appeal. Surely the works of Geoffrey Chaucer would never have survived if such a government tool had existed in the fourteenth century. The American Book Publishers Council and other organizations finally came to the rescue and the bill was jettisoned in the Senate. A reasonable proposal was then drafted by a number of us and enacted.

The House has passed by a vote of 338 to 40 a bill pressed by this Administration which broadens the old World War I Sedition Act. The Sedition Act, which has been almost dormant for forty years, makes it a crime for any person in the jurisdiction of the United States to make false statements designed to interfere with the Armed Forces, or to attempt to interfere with enlistment. Constitutional lawyers agree that this Act is the most stringent curb on the personal right of free speech ever enacted in our country's history, including even the Smith Act.

Under the Sedition Act, some may recall, in 1918 an American woman was prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced to ten years in prison for saying, “I am for the people and the government is for the profiteers.” Two years later, in 1920 when passions had calmed, an appellate court reversed this decision. A preacher, whose audience was a woman, two old men, and another clergyman, was convicted and sentenced to fifteen years for causing insubordination and obstructing recruiting by preaching and issuing leaflets on the Christian duty of pacifism. He was pardoned a year later. Under a state act, modeled on the federal act, a woman was prosecuted for discouraging women from knitting socks for the soldiers overseas by saying, “No soldier ever sees these socks.”

The Amendment to the Sedition Act, overwhelmingly passed by the House of Representatives, broadens the act to include statements made by Americans overseas. The Justice Department thinks it necessary because of our continuing military commitments abroad.

Nibbling at the Bill of Rights

The bulwark of freedom is the First Amendment. Of all the personal rights and liberties stated in the Bill of Rights it is the most treasured. It restrains constituted authority from interference with the rights of individuals to speak freely, to worship freely, to assemble peaceably, and to petition against grievances. But the First Amendment is a dike that must continually be shored up. If neglected, it will begin to crumble, and will finally burst. Rather than pressing for legislation which will further erode the First Amendment, the government ought to be seeking legislation to empower it to invoke the protection of the Amendment on behalf of individuals.

In spite of the excellence of most parts of

the Administration's proposed civil-rights bill in this Congress, the Administration omitted asking for legislation that would enable the government to invoke the protections of the First Amendment on behalf of individuals who are in no position to do so for themselves. Negroes have been attacked in the streets for gathering together in peaceable assembly in order to petition against grievances. The First Amendment specifically protects "the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Coupled with the Fourteenth Amendment, the protection it affords the individual applies against all governmental units. But the federal government cannot invoke First Amendment protections on behalf of individuals in the absence of a statute. The statute has been proposed in the past—in fact the House passed it in 1957 only to have it buried in the Senate—and four of us on the Minority side of the House Judiciary Committee, besides the Chairman of the Committee, have introduced it again. The importance of "the right of the people peaceably to assemble" has been clouded in the public mind by instances of nonpeaceable assembly, but its importance nevertheless remains. In all the discussion about civil rights there has been scant mention of First Amendment rights and obligations.

A recent development is the use of government leverage to induce people "voluntarily" to give up First and Fifth Amendment rights. Government employees, consultants, private citizens in contractual or subcontractual relationships with the government—a large and still-growing segment of the population—are asked to sign away Bill of Rights protections.

Regulatory agencies increasingly have moved in the direction of demanding voluntary waivers of rights. Recently, for example, the Federal Trade Commission mailed out mass requests to small apparel manufacturers demanding that they sign *carte-blanche* "consent-orders" binding them not to engage in the practice of sharing promotional advertising costs with retailers. Few if any of these manufacturers were under any charge of any specific wrongdoing. Admittedly, many manufacturers split the cost of advertising at the insistence of the large retailers, a practice which violates the Robinson-Patman Act. But the normal method of handling allegations of wrongdoing is on a case-to-case basis—complaint, answer, proof, and hearing. By signing this consent order, the language of which was unusually vague, the manufacturer voluntarily surrendered his rights to appeal to the courts from the terms

of the order. Two liberal-minded commissioners handed down blistering dissents, charging that this device set a new and frightening precedent.

An argument can be made for denying public-school teachers the right to invoke the protections of the Fifth Amendment as a condition of employment, or letter carriers the right to strike against grievances—but the practice nevertheless diminishes the worth of the Bill of Rights, and the practice widens. Recently even the "voluntary" aspect was abandoned when the Department of Justice nearly succeeded in pushing through Congress a bill concerning the transportation of gambling devices which would have permitted the Department to force individuals to waive the Fifth Amendment in exchange for grants of immunity against prosecution.

Who Can Visit Albania?

Congress also seems oblivious to the narrowing of our basic rights. Bills against individuals are routinely scheduled for consent-calendar passage until an objection knocks them off onto a calendar that requires fuller debate. Often they are brought up under rules that do not permit amendments. A favorite day is Monday, when many Members are still away from the Capitol on weekend trips to their states and districts.

Last fall when a large group of women in New York and Washington assembled and petitioned against atom-bomb testing, they were subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee. There were four or five Communists among them, and presumably the Committee's purpose was to expose this for the edification of the general public as well as of the other ladies involved. But what happened to First Amendment rights—the right to assemble, to speak and to petition—in the process? Few but the ladies seemed the least bit troubled by the point.

In the last five years I have spent more time than I should care to account for, shuttling between the House and Senate and the State Department in order to contest legislation or regulations designed to place curbs on the right of Americans to travel. Several years ago the Supreme Court held that Congress had not authorized the State Department to deny citizens passports without fair hearings—the Fifth Amendment right of due process. The State Department has been trying ever since to reestablish its authority to deny passports in this arbitrary fashion. One day perhaps the Supreme Court will declare that the right to travel is

surrounded with First Amendment protection of free speech. How can people communicate if they can't travel, whether across a street or an ocean?

It is possible that the State Department is waking up a little. Recently, when I threatened a tirade on the Floor of the House, the Department reversed its earlier refusal to validate a passport to Albania for a constituent of mine. He is an author who had contracted to travel by ship through the Greek Isles in the company of British scholars and students of Greek civilization. The port of Durres, Albania, was to be a one-day stop to see some of the finest Greek ruins of all. The predicament of the single American on board would have presented a fine picture of American foreign policy as he stood on the gangplank—his passport surrendered to the captain on United States government instructions—while his British counterparts departed for the short bus trip, passports and notebooks in hand.

The theory of the Department's position was that, since the U.S. does not have relations with Albania, it will not allow a citizen to travel in Albania, for his own protection. But the Department will make exceptions to its blanket area travel ban whenever, in its sole judgment, it finds the cause worthy. According to State Department practice, a citizen's interest in the distribution of an estate in Albania would come under the exception—which means that a legacy of rare books on Greek mythology would qualify, but a scholar's interest in seeing the original stuff would not.

The First Duty of Government

The structure of modern society, based as it is on a high degree of organization, encourages the growth of central power complexes. Today virtually nothing in the Constitution except the Bill of Rights effectively limits government power in any field. It is the final barrier. And even here, the wall has been breached, as the pressures of national security, international competition, automation, and population expansion have brought about pragmatic compromises of very fundamental rights. What were once thought to be absolute guarantees and safeguards in the Bill of Rights have become mere weights on a scale which can be tipped the other way by the counterweight of "the competing interests at stake." Contrary to the common view, the Supreme Court has not made the protection of the Bill of Rights grow to the same extent as constitutional grants of power to governmental

complexes in other areas—and yet the need for maximum protection of basic rights is greater today than ever before. This point is cogently made by Yale Law Professor Charles Reich, former law clerk to Justice Hugo Black, in a recent article in the *Yale Law Journal*:

In a mass society, with access to information about what is happening in government increasingly difficult to obtain, with increasing monopolization of all the media of communication, and with heavy pressure for conformity from the large-scale organizations for which most people work, freedom of expression and political association are easily reduced to impotence. If it is true that they are indispensable to the functions of a free society, could it not be argued that the need for maintaining maximum legal protection of these rights has been greatly increased by modern developments? The Court has weighed eighteenth-century needs for rights against twentieth-century demands for power.

In those cases where the Court has "weighed the competing interests" and found the individual's interest greater than the government's, it is strange indeed that the Court should have been attacked by self-styled "conservatives" for subverting the security of the nation. These ladies and gentlemen should, rather, take comfort in the fact that the eighteenth-century concept of individual liberty can be reconciled with the needs of the twentieth century.

Our government was instituted to secure to individuals their inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In a society as complex and rapidly changing as ours, it is the highest function of government to safeguard those inalienable rights so that human beings may live in self-respect and without fear. The Bill of Rights marks off a protected area in which each individual may develop himself and express himself in his own way. But even that delimited area can be restricted in the absence of a vigilant and vocal public opinion. I fear for the guarantee of the Bill of Rights for I have never known a day or heard of a time when the forces of myopia and tyranny were not at work. There seems to be little concern about the subject today. The absence of concern—and therefore of watchfulness—is an unhealthy condition. In a society increasingly given over to massive organization structures, in which individualism is either regarded with suspicion or ignored as unimportant and unproductive, the absence of primary concern over individual rights and liberties can lead to the stagnation, and ultimately the corruption, of both government and the free system that government is supposed to represent.

The Quietmouth American

by
Donald Lloyd

Much more plentiful than the Loudmouth variety, he is even more baffling to foreigners. And his inscrutable ways often lead them to quite mistaken conclusions about this country.

As Americans are drawn more and more into overseas travel and service abroad, we are advised to be ready for something called "culture shock." Culture shock, roughly defined, is the total psychological discomfort one feels in foreign situations where every human function is dealt with somewhat differently. Big differences, such as language, are obvious; it is not too hard to make allowances for them and adjust to them. But the many, many tiny differences between life in the United States and life abroad—like the taste of the coffee, the value of time, or the smells—are more insidious. Bit by bit, their effects pile up in the pit of the emotions until they all become too much to be endured. Suddenly, unexpectedly, we have had it.

Culture shock works both ways. In our contacts with foreigners at home and abroad, Americans not only receive the bruises that build it up, but deliver them. Leaving to others, then, to advise on our defense against it, I would like to say a few words about the attack—the contribution we make to the shock that others take from us.

Foreigners frequently emerge from meetings with Americans convinced—although they probably couldn't say exactly why—that we are brainless and entirely uninterested in the life of the mind. Understandably, they are shaken by this conclusion. But the many small habits which

together have created the impression are not really the traits of the stupid American or the anti-intellectual American; they are the natural ways of the quietmouth American.

Let me explain.

Americans can be divided into two groups: the "loudmouths" and the "quietmouths." Loudmouths make a business of expressing their opinions, whether for duty, profit, or pleasure. These are the voices heard by all those who wish to plumb American character, American policy, American public opinion. These are the journalists, ever busy, busy, busy, and forever seeming busier than they are, mainly by the noise they make. These are the politicians or their ghost writers, the captains of industry or *their* ghosts, the clergy moved by a holier Ghost. These are the columnists, writers of books and articles, critics, reviewers, biographers and autobiographers, street-corner loungers and barflies buzzing the news straight from the horse's mouth. These—all these—are the loudmouths. Everybody knows what they think.

All other Americans are the quietmouths. They are the ones who are touching the lives of foreign folk and being touched by them, more and more as time goes on. What do they think? Nobody knows. They don't say.

Not that it is hard to get an American to talk. He is really quite chatty with strangers, ready to say a kind or unkind thing about the weather, baseball, any current event or holiday. Weasels and how they fish will interest him if the barber talks about these as he cuts his hair. He talks to the plumber about plumbing, with the mechanic about cars; if the bus driver, the elevator girl, his secretary, or his children have had a bad day,

he commiserates, a good day, he rejoices. But what does he *think*? Nobody knows. Somehow he doesn't say.

Similarly his wife. At the supermarket, the drugstore, the beauty shop, the cocktail party, she converses amiably on what may be amiably conversed about: oddities of husbands, bother of children, vagaries of style, crotchets of neighbors, glories of gardens, monotony of home management, textures of textiles, weight, diet, and taxes. But what does she *think*? She doesn't say.

The American's house reflects his mind. Set back from the street, it offers every passer-by an inviting stretch of green lawn. Like a house in any country, it resembles the houses surrounding it. Usually the green lawns merge with no more to mark boundaries than a hedge which is no barrier to dogs or paper boys. Or eyes. The American's house has a broad porch or a picture window, sometimes both. Entering this house across a welcome mat, you are met by a hearty "Come in," served refreshments with heartwarming informality, and engaged in conversation which, if it veers from the standard safe subjects, veers toward your interests and recent experiences. The evening over, you are pressed to come again, though without definite fixing of a future engagement.

The American house is open, fluid in its arrangements, and the doors to its rooms normally stand ajar. Yet there is a clear (though undefined) line between those parts of the house which are "public" in the sense that you can wander freely around, and those into which you hesitate to step unless invited. If you have grown up in a world in which an open door means "enter," and a closed door means "keep out," your sensation must be much like that of the animals in a modern open zoo: no obvious cages or barriers, yet experience tells you that there is something there which you cannot cross.

In the evening, the picture window is removed as a means of outside observation by the friendly light of a lamp, spread across the glass to obscure all casual vision through it. It is these subtle and psychological barriers (unremarked by Americans because they are so unobtrusive and so familiar) that send a foreign visitor home from a very friendly, even convivial evening, wondering

whether he has really been admitted to anything.

Thus, in a social world of open affability, the quietmouth American has many friends and few intimates. Across the lawn which spreads to meet the other lawns, he shows a public face of friendliness, kindness, and good will to all. But to all a good night. His intellectual life is intensely private and intensely his own.

A Stranger on the Move

How the intellectual life of this quietmouth American became a private affair is lost in history. Perhaps it has its origin in English religious Dissent, when ordinary people kept their Bibles and their thoughts well hidden and met the world with bland and noncommittal faces. Perhaps it began in the American Colonies; as religious sectarians settled and mingled, persons sick of harassment in Europe found peace in common silence. Avoiding touchy issues, one could do business. Or perhaps this intense privacy was a function of the vast empty land and the migrations which filled it. Seldom have so many persons moved so far, so often, so peacefully, traveling individually, by families, or by entire communities. As paths of migration interwove, it became a matter of courtesy to respect the silence, however ambiguous, of the stranger. In the Old West it was an intrusion even to ask a man his name if he did not choose to tell you.

A remarkable social mobility may also have contributed to the intellectual reticence of Americans. Most college students today are not children of college graduates and many are making the leap from common school or even illiteracy to the highest degrees in one generation. When you meet an American, chances are that he is living in a part of the country and enjoying an affluence he did not know as a child, has a higher educational level, and is doing a different kind of work than his father and grandfather did. The egalitarian public manner of Americans makes this individually generated mass uplifting less obvious than it might be. But because of it the hunting ground in which norms of behavior are sought is not a stable complex of custom and tradition. It is a situation in process, a social and economic flux. Caution, doubletalk, and circumspection lurk within the open, restless, activist, friendly, considerate social demeanor of the American, who, wherever he is, is a long way from home.

Yet the intellectual diffidence of Americans has no roots in political fear; it is not the cautious buttoned-lip of the police state. On the contrary

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the American is gossipy, a blabber-mouth of oddities observed in the world about him, a fearless expresser of superficial attitudes. Nor is his intellectual reticence due to that "inbred suspicion of outsiders" said to characterize most Asiatic peoples. He often shows his warmest side to strangers, saving most expressions of innate human meanness for his intimates.

Nevertheless, he maintains a citadel of reserve, a means of being alone in company, private within the pressures of such public life as ordinary men have. Thus to probe through to his mind is intensely difficult. Perhaps the best approach is through his heart. It is often said that the American wishes to be liked and fears dislike; it is probably more accurate to say that he drifts toward the company of people who like and respect him and out of the company of people who do not. Where others react to people's actions, the American tends to probe sensitively across them to underlying attitudes ("I wonder what he meant by that"), looking for clues of compatibility or incompatibility by which to make or abandon friends. The American's conversation is much like his courtship. Each participant has a supply of low cards, pawns, of small change, which he can advance without fear of great loss and which leave him with plenty of room for retreat. He gives an inkling and watches for a reaction; if the weather looks fair, he inkles a little more. Wishing neither to intrude nor be intruded upon, he advances by stages of acceptance, by levels of agreement, by steps of concurrence.

Thus the quietmouth American's conversation (like his courtship) takes shape like a joint-stock company, with each investor matching the committal of the other; it is the development of a partnership. As he meets opposition or disagreement, he fades back to safer ground. Having committed little of himself, he comes out with self intact.

The process of reaching the inner core of the American's intellectual stronghold is something like covering distance in battle. An army may be a hundred miles from its objective, but these are not all equal miles. The first fifty or seventy-five may be eaten up easily, merely by sweeping away screening forces, but the advance bogs down where the defense is dug in. Kinsey's report of the "technical virginity" maintained throughout heavy petting by American young people provides an interesting analogy to the hard-core reticence of the American mind, with its ultimate reserve in the course of what seems like ultimate intimacy.

The quietmouth American avoids intellectual

friction and seeks agreement. Where he has opinions, he drifts into the company of those who agree, and out of the company of those who differ. He is not looking for argument. A Democrat finding himself by chance among Republicans does not challenge the opposition. He sits uncomfortably silent or eases himself out, relaxing when he reaches again the company of right-thinking, like-minded people.

During a recent election, for example, the wife of a Democratic politician found herself on a plane occupied otherwise by the entire state Republican campaign committee. Since there was considerable confidential discussion of the campaign, one would have expected her to absorb all she could and run to her husband with the word as soon as the plane touched down. Instead, she did something peculiarly American. She introduced herself and stated her party affiliation. The response was peculiarly American too. All political talk ceased; she was made the guest of honor of a gay party that lasted until landing.

Shadowboxing with Ideas

Avoiding disagreement, the quietmouth American is thus inept in debate. He is not used to being challenged; his mode of thought is not organized for attack and defense; it is directed toward definition of a position. Associating intellectual interests with personal compatibility, he is likely to confuse disagreement with dislike. Thus when forced into discussion, he does not debate; he argues. He does not make points coolly and tactically; he states his views finally and hotly, throwing off the cautious give-and-take of normal conversation, raising his voice as his temper rises, and embroiling himself in a fracas from which he withdraws (win or lose) with strong personal antagonism toward his opponent.

He simply does not see discussion as a means of discovering and developing ideas. Instead, the American synthesizes his idea positions in a private world of thought. As reader, member of an audience, or member of a class, he absorbs information. The medieval "disputation" in which a scholar had to perform in the presence of his peers and defend himself against them has never caught root in American universities. At American academic gatherings, though many papers are read and many panels conducted, the speakers address the audience, not each other; it is from the audience that questions and objections come, which the speakers may or may not meet directly. Ordinarily each man advances his

personal segment of truth and attends to the other's; afterward they go off for a drink and talk about something else. If a real dispute develops from something said in the meeting, the onlookers are half-embarrassed and half-delighted, as if somehow the system of shadow-boxing had broken down.

Similarly with the arts—painting, music, sculpture, the drama, movies, TV—the American perceives alone and without verbalizing. He knows what he likes and he likes what he knows, as a private matter; he does not feel obliged to explain, justify, or dissect his direct apprehension of the esthetic experience; indeed, he tends to be bored with much chitchat about it. What he says, despite often highly sophisticated sensibilities, is likely to be anecdotal, personalized, and irrelevant, having to do with the situation of the experience rather than the experience itself. He sums up with generalizations: "It was lousy." "It was all right, I guess."

What He Is Serious About

The quietmouth American inclines toward silence about any special knowledge he possesses, except in the company of his peers, and this silence has a kind of courteous social grace. Considering it ill-mannered to dominate a situation by a display of intellectual power (he is not thus inhibited about his physical or practical skills), the American permits its domination by ignorance. He feels no loss of face from abandoning a field on which victory is not appropriately to be reached for. A kind of Gresham's law of the depreciation of subject matter takes over; conversation drifts to trivialities of the widest but most superficial interest.

A foreigner, accustomed to testing out new acquaintances on the very ground of their intellectual range and power, judges the American who evades this testing to have no intellectual interests worth noting. In contrast, the American passes his own judgment on manners and mind; he is dazzled and dismayed by foreigners' conversational techniques, and he is likely to conclude that their intellectual life is all for show and all in the mouth. At home in the arena of important issues, foreigners can take a variety of attitudes. They can be serious, playful, witty, ironic, cynical; they can shift ground easily, play the devil's advocate, cite impressive references (real or invented), call on plausible if occasionally specious evidence. The game of intellectual disputation is part of their cultural and educational

tradition and they can enjoy it. Trying to sparkle, to amuse, to wrestle—and not much concerned with winning or losing as long as they keep in trim for this kind of contest—they are not at all committed to set truth against truth with a whole intellectual position at stake. "What is truth?" said Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." Playing a different game on their own familiar ground, they win it on that ground; they judge the American to be immature, infantile, ignorant, and ultimately ill-mannered.

But the American has not fought and lost the contest. He has not even entered. All his energies have gone into avoiding serious debate, into evading self-disclosure by any means but a mutually cultivated communion of interests. When the foreigner attempts by shock tactics to tease out American opinion on such subjects as education, women, child-rearing, and American materialism, only the ignorant and unwary react; others puff their pipes and let the show go on. Or else they respond with polite and interested questions that require no self-revelation, lead the aggressor on, inflate his ego, and leave him feeling that these Americans know nothing, nothing at all, and have no deep opinions on any important matter.

We do have deep opinions of course. But, for us, discussion of them is properly the outcome of a slowly developed intimacy of mind and temper. It is a final revelation of something the American usually holds to himself: *what he thinks*. He is deadly serious about what he thinks; it is his truth. He lives by Sir Thomas Browne's dictum, "A man may be in as just possession of the truth as of a city, and lose it by rashly venturing it where he cannot defend it." He uses language seriously to clothe his thoughts as exactly as he can. Discussion is for him a revelation, risking, matching, and comparison of truths.

Neither good nor bad in themselves, our ways simply are. They exist. The American's highly developed social "other-directedness"—to borrow David Riesman's term—combines with an almost primitively secretive intellectual "inner-directedness." Together they create a unique discordance that bewilders non-Americans. Insight into this dissonance may lessen the shock of its impact on the men of other nations with whom we are increasingly becoming involved. And if the quietmouth American—really our most available and most ubiquitous human export in the years to come—is sensitive to the discordance which he bears within him wherever he goes, he may be able to soften its harsher effects, and give and receive much personal good will that now seems inexplicably to evade him.

The New Poetry by William Jay Smith

Poet in Residence at Williams College and author of "Poems 1947-1957," "The Spectra Hoax," and other books, William Jay Smith here discusses for "Harper's" some books published in the period from August 1962 to August 1963.

There has been much talk in the past few years about the lamentably poor quality of book reviewing in this country, but little in these discussions has been said about the reviewing of poetry. The general feeling appears to be that it makes no difference what sort of review a book of poems receives because the audience for poetry is so limited anyway. Furthermore, since poetry is usually reviewed by poets, it is thought, even with its limited coverage, to fare better than prose. The fact is that whether appearing in the book pages of the best newspapers and magazines or in the critical columns of quarterlies or poetry journals, poetry reviews are the worst written, sloppiest, and silliest critical pieces published anywhere today. Over a decade ago Elizabeth Bishop wrote: "The analysis of poetry is growing more and more pretentious and deadly. After a session with a few of the highbrow magazines one doesn't want to look at a poem for weeks, much less start writing one."

After a similar session recently. I noted down a few passages from some of these same highbrow pages. Here is one from a distinguished quarterly: "An utopian and oral poetry like his [Gregory Corso's] refuses to be an object and to be pointed at as I am now doing: it tries to be speech that does not know the negative, therefore adds instead of subtracts, and subsumes contraries in its affirmative sweep." And another from the lead review in our oldest magazine of verse: "Gresham's law applies to poetry at least part of the

time, but in MacDiarmid the bad writing is just swamped by the good. The creative tap is left running and a kind of ardor pours out, an untrammelled spontaneity, and with it come tumbling the wonderful tadpoles and toads, all the small monsters of magic that more constricted writers have hidden away forever in the inaccessible shadows of themselves." It is clear that Gresham's law does indeed apply to the reviewing of poetry; bad writing drives out the good even more effectively than it did ten years ago.

Few of the older poets today write reviews of current work as they once did (Louise Bogan in *The New Yorker* is the exception); they do, however, release their capsule comments in blurb form on dust jackets. In the past year several manuscripts that I have had occasion to read have reached me subsequently in book form. Their new wrappings were studded with such a profusion of encomiums that I felt in some cases that I had been handed a small box of diamonds rather than a modest collection of uneven, unenduring, and generally pretentious verse. It is no wonder that newspaper editors, gathering at the time of the National Book Awards, said that they would be pleased to publish more reviews of poetry if publishers would only alert them to the books that were really important and were likely to receive attention. I certainly hold no brief for reviewers who can't arrive independently at the proper judgment of a book, but in the case of poetry the publishers seem to want to bring the house down on their heads. If virtually everything published is great, is there anything really good? Whitman's unauthorized use of Emerson's statement on *Leaves of Grass* seems unusually modest alongside the quotes displayed on some first books today. The time has surely come to call for a more careful editing of volumes of

verse, and for a moratorium on blurbs.

The air of prosperity evident in the critical appraisals on the dust-jackets is followed through on the biographical notes on their back flaps. The young poet now is not just on his way; he has *arrived*: After receiving his doctorate from Iowa, he has published two and one third volumes, has appeared widely in magazines and paperback anthologies, has received numerous awards (including undoubtedly the Janus medal and the Bronze Sunflower of the Kansas Poetry Society); he has spent the previous year in Peru on a Pre-Columbian grant, and is now traveling in Europe on a Longfellow fellowship. In an address entitled "Poetic Gold," delivered before the Oxford University Philological Society and included in his *Oxford Addresses on Poetry* (Doubleday, \$3.95), Robert Graves comments wryly on his discovery that the "gold" medal awarded him in 1960 by the Poetry Society of America was only gold-plated. "To be paid in gold is to be paid *really*," Mr. Graves writes, "not in promissory notes or base metal." And he goes on to quote Chaucer: "*Hyt is not al gold that glareth*." In the gold-labeled poetic productions currently being published with *éclat*, the authors, for all their glistening credentials, pay off only intermittently in the real thing.

Split-level Grotesque

Recent books display every type of style from the oracular to the whispered confessional, from the women's club weeping wet to the academic dull dry, from the wild beat to the dead-beat. Although there are many of the standard Guggenheim and Fulbright metaphysical salutes to the European capitals—Rome, Paris, Athens, and even Amsterdam—the focus in most of the new poetry is

The Swivel Chair

Even before the last summer hammock has sighed to a full stop, the big-season book battle is joined. Everywhere at once there is competition for counter space, for critics' time, for browsers' pause.



How to get all three? It's automatic for the well-established writer, bulwarked by one success after another, it's an exhilarating challenge to the second- or third-book writer who has started for anywhere, it's a sharp struggle against time for the first-comer, for as the *Saturday Review* once cogently observed, books are fresh vegetables and a new batch will be delivered tomorrow.

Arriving in late summer, then, are two from the established — **Powers of Attorney** by Louis Auchincloss, a book again centered in the legal circles of Manhattan, in a fictional world that is a little truer, because more observable, than life itself. (\$1.50) A long list of strong novels preceded this; most recently on the best-seller lists were *The House of Five Talents* and *Portrait in Brounstone*. This is a natural for Auchincloss fans and a grand introduction to a prolific novelist for the new aficionado.

The second involves another sort of recognition — an old book newly appropriate. John Howard Griffin's reputation rested on his novels *The Devil Rides Outside* and *Nuni*, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, until at the request of *Sepia* he undertook one of the strangest and most significant assignments of our day. **Black Like Me** is the intensely personal chronicle of a white man's journey through the South as a Negro. It has had many honors in the year and a half since its publication. "A moving and troubling book written by an accomplished novelist . . . a scathing indictment of our society. I recommend it to those who would understand why this republic is in disfavor with the nonwhite peoples of the world." *Saturday Review* (\$3.50)



And there are two who are moving on to a second from the rare event — a successful first novel. **The Marquis** by Joan Sanders, author of *La Petite*: advance reading copies to that professionally tough-minded group, the booksellers themselves, brought some glowing reactions. Among the 'couldn't put it down's' was one pleasantly forthright "Uncommonly good — the most enjoyable historical novel to come my way in a long time," and the academic reaction was equally heartening — from Harvard, inclusion in future reading lists on Seventeenth Century France, and from the French Center of New England, "The Court of Louis XIV comes to life under the skillful treatment of Joan Sanders — It's a marvelous picture of the times built around three figures — a King — a Marquis — and the woman they both love." (\$4.95)



Gloria Jahoda's *Annie* had a warm reception from the critics and a sale that more than trebled that of the average first novel. That gives her second, **Delilah's Mountain**, also a historical novel of the Bickley family, that cherished headstart for attention. (\$1.95)

And three by writers new to book publishing in America, all with the initial advantage of advance reports from professionals. **Pacific War Diary, 1942 - 1945**, by James Fahey, might better perhaps have been called "A Bluejacket's Diary," for it is just that — the day to day personal record of war at sea as it was experienced by a young seaman who had a natural gift for putting down simply what was happening to him and to those within his sight. "One of the most astonishing memoirs of the year. And I imagine that historians and other creative writers will quarry Mr. Fahey's pages with proper appreciation of its high-tonnage veracity." Charles Poore, *The New York Times*. "It has lessons to the young officers and men in today's Navy, and it should be a source of great pride to the old veterans of U.S.S. Montpelier . . . I whole-heartedly recommend Fahey's book to all male high school graduates who are just leaving school and to their parents." Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz (\$6.50)

A first novel that draws praise from long-established writers is the leisurely, warm, utterly convincing story of a family-century in the South, **Tears are for the Living**, by Margaret Bannister. "For sheer readability and sweep it recalls *Gone with the Wind*," Margaret Coit. " . . . the completely real characters, the authenticity of the milieu, together shed much light on that sometimes paradoxical, but always fascinating phenomenon, 'the Old Southern Family.'" Nancy Hale (\$5.75)



And as the last case in point, controversy in the British press has built up momentum for attention here to **The Appeasers**, by Martin Gilbert and Richard Gott. *The Library Journal* is typical of the prepublication professional reaction here: "A devastating case against those men who effectively encouraged German aggression, supported Hitler's aims and sought a Nazi alliance. The charges are specific: the evidence is overwhelming. The accused can offer no factual defense, and no appeal to charity should pardon their infamy. It must also be remembered that the appeasers did not 'speak for England'; happily Gilbert and Gott do give full credit to those who saw the truth, dared express it, and were rejected for their honesty. An important book for any library and every student of the modern world." (\$6.50)



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clearly on the American suburban scene; its subject is the young married couple—their quarrels, children, divorces, and their moments of anguish, revelation, and delight over too many martinis. A new poetic mode has evolved that can only be described as split-level grotesque; it is replete with classical allusions (the poet has, after all, been to graduate school) but they all relate to a suburban setting; it contains all the neat ironies that readers of the critical journals have learned to expect, but it offers also some deadpan shock effects. Bink Noll in *The Center of the Circle* (Harcourt, Brace and World, \$3.95) writes from the center of such a style when he addresses a cockroach:

O bug, it is some century
That writes its poems to thee.
Fled are the romantic beasts.
It's you who arrive in the groceries
A sudden fright of brown
Faster than most women.

This poem concludes:

Face to face we match our instincts.
On avenues of flight I sprinkle borax
To get you in your antique thorax.

In Mr. Noll's universe the family

gathers for a traditional summer cookout ("Elemental Barbecue"), and what's cooking soon becomes clear:

Now the fat is mostly dripped
The living fathers hear again
The flies, the trees, the creek, the feet
of neighbors hungering; and from the
edge,
for they'll eat last, they watch
their fate—
its jaw baked open to a gape.
The cook cuts father from the spit.

Such writing is not likely to startle anybody into attention for very long.

Confessions

Frederick Seidel's *Final Solutions* (Random House, \$3.75) attempts the grotesque on a grand scale (there is nothing split-level about it) and at times he succeeds; but much of his book has an air of Grand Guignol. Mr. Seidel's first collection has already caused quite a stir, largely because it was banned even before publication, a distinction that few poets achieve. It was awarded a prize last year by a jury consisting of Robert Lowell, Louise Bogan, and Stanley Kunitz. When officials of the organization offering the prize read

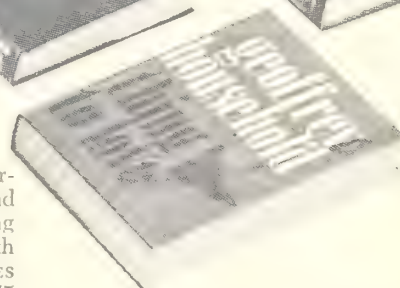
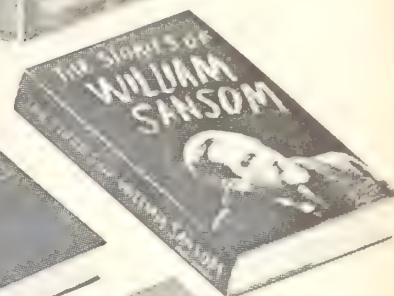
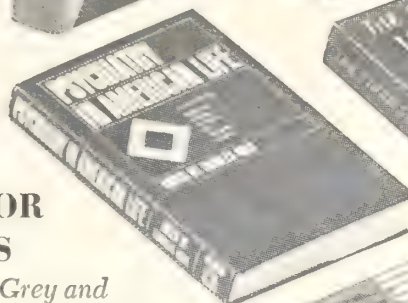
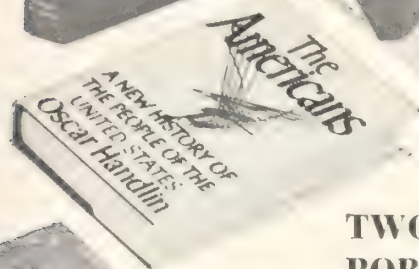
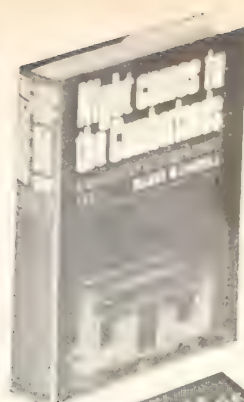
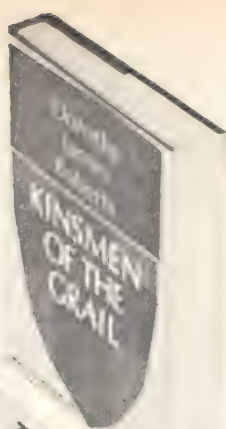
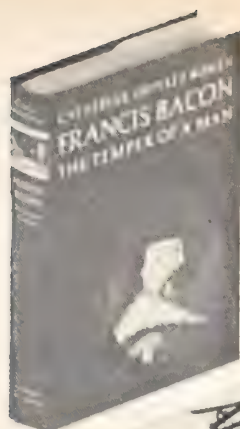
the manuscript, they found certain of the poems not only shocking but libelous; the prize was withdrawn, and the jury resigned in protest. The manuscript was accepted by the publisher who had agreed to issue the prizewinner, and subsequently rejected on the grounds of possible libel when Mr. Seidel refused to make any changes. It now appears under the imprint of a second publisher, intact except for the deletion of one poem concerning the private life of a prominent American woman.

All this sounds like something that could only have happened in the Soviet Union. But Mr. Seidel's poems, despite the implications of his title, are not at all political. They are in no way public utterances. Hitler's final solution to the Jewish problem was mass destruction; the final solutions of the characters in Mr. Seidel's poems lie in their personal confrontation of destruction in the private world of nightmare. Everything is seen in a cold, clear, terrible light, unrelieved by any hint of joy. Mr. Seidel speaks through many masks; and certainly he carries the dramatic monologue to new extremes (the speaker in "Heart Attack" is a long-dead mistress haranguing her aged Roman lover as he lies with another woman). But his poetry is nevertheless one of confession, as is shown in the opening poem, "Wanting to Live in Harlem," which is modeled on the Rimbaud of "*Les Poètes de Sept Ans*." The power of Rimbaud's poetry, as Laforgue pointed out early on, rests "in the extraordinary power of confession, in the inexhaustible surprise of his perfectly adequate images." The failure of much of Mr. Seidel's book for me lies precisely in the lack of such adequate images, in a too heavy reliance on Robert Lowell's meters, and a theatricality that, although at first startling, does not ultimately ring true.

IN the first complete revision in over a decade of his *Modern American Poetry and Modern British Poetry* (Harcourt, Brace and World, \$11), Louis Untermeyer includes, as the youngest poet represented, Anne Sexton, whose second volume, *All My Pretty Ones* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), has now appeared. "Her subject matter—guilt, loss, mental distress,"



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says Mr. Untermeyer, "will trouble the reader, yet, in its calm clarity, it delights even while it disturbs. This poetry is poignant and sometimes painful, the impact of a spirit so agitated that it has been pushed across the borders of sanity." Mrs. Sexton makes clear what she believes poetry should be in an epigraph from Kafka to the effect that "a book should serve as the ax for the frozen sea within us." She writes of "life with its terrible changes":

My friend, my friend, I was born
doing reference work in sin, and born
confessing it. This is what poems are:
with mercy
for the greedy,
and are the tongue's wrangle,
the world's pottage, the rat's star.

Her poems, like Mr. Seidel's, are indeed confessional; their rhetoric is less dense than his, and their imagery generally more adequate to their subject matter. Her work is a feminine version of Mr. Lowell's *Life Studies*, and she treats baldly themes that most women writers would avoid. When she succeeds, she conveys a real sense of poignancy and power; when she fails, she is merely embarrassing. Poetry, since the time of Browning's *The Ring and the Book* and Tennyson's *Maud*, has been making inroads on the novel, and rightly so; but certain of Mrs. Sexton's less successful pieces, which seem only the raw materials of autobiography, make one wonder if some such material could not be better dealt with in prose.

The Epic View

One of the most curious, difficult, and fascinating books to reach us recently is *The Anathemata* by David Jones (Chilmark Press, \$5.75). It is not unknown, having appeared over a decade ago in London; and it is not likely ever to become widely read, although W. H. Auden has called it "very probably the finest long poem written in English in this century." It has yet to receive the critical attention of Pound's *Cantos*, which it superficially resembles; but it is epic in scale, and there is certainly no other book like it.

When *The Anathemata* first appeared, Kathleen Raine said of its author, "David Jones seems to be the only writer to have adopted Joyce's

allusive method from the same sense of man's place in history as Joyce himself possessed." She was right then in pointing out that most imitators of Joyce have imitated "the accidents of his style without sharing his political sense." Mr. Jones is a Londoner of Welsh extraction, a painter of distinction, and a Roman Catholic convert; and it is as one aware of Britain and her long history that he approaches his subject. *The Anathemata* bears the subtitle, "fragments of an attempted writing"; and what is it about? "I answer," says Mr. Jones in his preface, "that it is about one's own 'thing,' which *res* is unavoidably part and parcel of the Western Christian *res*, as inherited by a person whose perceptions are totally conditioned and limited by and dependent upon his being indigenous to this island."

One has the impression in reading it—an impression enhanced by the illustrations in the book and the inscriptions all made by the author—of a mosaic composed of brilliant and varied fragments of both past and present at a moment in time which is now, but of a moment already receding in time. It is a mosaic washed over and rubbed clear by the flux of time as by the sea—and some of the finest passages in the poem are those concerned with the sea and ships. "I regard my book," says Mr. Jones, "more as a series of fragments, fragmented bits, chance scraps really, or records of things, vestiges of sorts and kinds of *disciplinae*, that have come my way by this channel or that influence. Pieces of stuffs that happen to mean something to me and which I see as perhaps making a kind of coat of many colors, such as belonged to 'that dreamer' in the Hebrew myth. Things to which I would give a related form, just as one does in painting a picture." To help the reader through these disjointed bits, Mr. Jones provides an elaborate supporting framework of notes and an intricately wrought introduction.

The author intends *The Anathemata*, the title meaning "Things set up, lifted up, or in whatever manner made over to the gods," to be said as well as viewed on the page. The punctuation marks, the line lengths, the groupings of words have "an aural and an oral intention." The poem has a circular pattern, the tale

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of a dark and stormy night told on a dark and stormy night. At the beginning, the reader finds himself in a church while mass is being said, and allows his mind to wander, along with that of the author, in "a kind of quasi-free association." He is taken on an endless voyage through time and space, in search of identity, a voyage paralleled in the mass, which "is precisely the argosy or voyage of the Redeemer, consisting of his entire sufferings and his death, his conquest of hades, his resurrection and his return in triumph to heaven":

Extend your hands
all you orantes
for the iron-dark shore
is to our lee
over the lead-dark sea
and schisted Ocimum looms in fairish
visibility
and white-plumed riders shoreward go
and

THE BIRDS DECLARE IT
that wing white and low
that also leeward go
go leeward to the tor-lands
where the tin-veins maculate the fire-
rocks.

The birds
have a home
in those rocks.

Mr. Jones stresses the fact that it is incumbent upon the visual artist, all the way from Beatrix Potter to Picasso, just as it is upon those who practice any art, to "uncover a valid sign." He has attempted that in a more profound manner perhaps than any other poet writing today; and for those who care about poetry that offers both delight and dimension, *The Anathemata* will be well worth the effort it requires.

Titanic Stance

To turn from the epic view of David Jones to that of Robinson Jeffers, who died last year in California at the age of seventy-five, is at first seemingly to cross more than an ocean and a continent. Yet different as they are, a similar Celtic background informs the work of both. In the forty-eight short pieces in *The Beginning and The End and Other Poems* (Random House, \$3.95), collected after his death from his manuscripts by his sons and secretary, Mr. Jeffers, like Mr. Jones, stresses the fact that a poet works always *sub specie aeternitatis*. After

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the population explosion has pushed people into his Carmel retreat and they have eaten up his woods and thrown down his stone-work. Mr. Jeffers says in one poem, only the little "four-foot-thick-walled" tower that he built with his own hands may remain:

That and some verse. It is curious that
flower-soft verse
Is sometimes harder than granite, tougher
than a steel cable, more alive than life.

But whereas Mr. Jones is concerned primarily with man in relation to history, Mr. Jeffers views the human race as only "one of God's sense-organs/ Immoderately alerted to feel good and evil." Mr. Jones says also in his preface that when the workman is dead all that will matter is the work "objectively considered." But he adds:

Moreover, the workman must be dead to himself while engaged upon the work, otherwise we have that sort of "self-expression" which is as undesirable in the painter or the writer as in the carpenter, the cantor, the half-back, or the cook. Although all this is fairly clear in principle, I have not found it easy to apply in practice.

Robinson Jeffers, who would surely have agreed with the statement in principle, found it even less easy to apply in practice. The Titanic stance that he assumes in his poetry is often marred by touches of shrillness and self-pity. But when he is writing objectively, as he often does in these poems, of the natural scene—of the wildness of this country, the full moon, the Pacific, sea gulls in a storm, the "enormous inhuman beauty of things"—no one has ever equaled him. A poem like "Birds and Fishes" is as fine as anything he ever wrote.

Modest, Original

William Stafford's **Traveling Through the Dark** (Harper & Row, \$3.50), which received the National Book Award, is also concerned with the Western landscape. This is Mr. Stafford's second book, and it brings together the best work by one of the most original poets to appear in years. Mr. Stafford has a keen eye for nature, as when he writes: "Evening came, a paw, to the gray hut by the river," or: "At night sometimes

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the big fog roams in tall/ from the coast and away tall on the mountain road/ it stands without moving. . . ." But always at the center of nature stands man, or better still, he is moving out into it:

Oh civilization, I want to carve you
like this,
decisively outward the way evening comes
over that kind of twist in the scenery
When people cramp into their station
wagons
and roll up the windows, and drive away.

In an earlier poem, not included here, Mr. Stafford said: "Mud through my toes I'm from this land, viewing it evenings from the horse trough,/ meditating it through hushed hours in the morning." And farther on: "Its people are my people—I shrug the way they do." There is nothing quite so Whitmanesque in the present volume, but the feeling is implicit in all that he writes. He can treat folk themes without sounding folksy: his work has an unusual openness and an energy that is never mawkish. A subtle and refined balance informs his poems, as in "Glances":

Two people meet. The sky turns winter,
quells whatever they would say.
Then, a periphery glance into danger—
and an avalanche already on its way.
They have been honest all of their lives;
careful, calm, never in haste;
they didn't know what it is to *meet*.
Now they have met: the world is waste.
They find they are riding an avalanche
feeling at rest, all danger gone.
The present looks out of their eyes;
they stand
calm and still on a speeding stone.

It was perhaps the naturalness and modesty that one finds reflected in his poems that prompted Mr. Stafford to remark that not he but Howard Nemerov should have received the National Book Award. Certainly the adjectives that the judges used in describing the poems in *Traveling Through the Dark*, "clean, direct, and whole," could apply equally well to Mr. Nemerov's *The Next Room of the Dream* (University of Chicago Press, \$5). Mr. Nemerov's new book contains 45 poems written since 1960, and two plays on Biblical subjects. His range has never been greater nor his touch surer. His view of art is best expressed in the first stanza of "Vermeer":

Taking what is, and seeing it as it is,
Pretending to no heroic stances or
gestures,
Keeping it simple; being in love with
light
And the marvelous things that light is
able to do,
How beautiful! a modesty which is
Seductive extremely, the care for daily
things.

Mr. Nemerov likewise pretends to "no heroic stances or gestures"; he can keep it simple. But a sane, intelligent, and mature view enables him to write on an unlikely subject such a brilliant poem as "The Dial Tone," with its remarkable final stanzas:

Suppose that in God a black bumblebee
Or colorless hummingbird buzzed all
night,
Dividing the abyss up equally;
And carried its neither sweetness nor its
light
Across impossible eternity.

Now take this hummingbird, this bee,
away:
And like the Cheshire smile without its
cat
The remnant hum continues on its way,
Unwinged, able at once to move and wait,
An endless freight train on an endless
flat.

Something like that, some loneliest of
powers
That never has confessed its secret name.
I do not doubt that if you gave it hours
And then lost patience, it would be the
same
After you left that it was before you
came.

Chester Kallman's volume, *Absent and Present* (Wesleyan University Press, \$4) concludes with an aphoristic series of "Notes for an Ars Poetica," of which these three might serve to characterize his own poems:

Poems take place
In medias res.

*
To oppose the times it is enough merely
To think personally and compose clearly.

*
You will have work to do. The Muse
when heard
Speaks not in grammar but suggestive
word.

Mr. Kallman wastes no time; his poems go directly always to the heart of the matter. He writes clearly, and with a subtle ear trained by years of writing for opera. His subject in this second collection is perspective:

THE NEW BOOKS

istant, remembered places and people brought close-up, and present situations viewed in depth. At times, when writing of childhood sharply observed and recalled, he presents killfully the distortion of nightmare (he has a real talent for the grotesque); at others, he is delicately lyrical and often very funny.

Guarded by Women (Random House, \$3.50), Robert Pack's third book, is the work of a young poet of great technical skill and sensitivity. Mr. Pack displays a formal sense that does not call undue attention to itself, and an art that communicates without clutter.

Two collections of women writers—**Waterlily Fire, Poems 1935-1962** by Muriel Rukeyser (Macmillan, \$5) and **To Mix with Time, New and Selected**

Poems (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.50) by May Swenson—have now been issued. Miss Rukeyser in her title poem, built around the destruction by fire at the Museum of Modern Art of Monet's *Waterlilies* (an event that she herself witnessed), fuses in the images of the fire—and the mental journey that for her it occasioned—one of the most powerful poems she has yet produced; it provides a fitting terminal piece to this collection. Miss Swenson has a painter's eye for fresh detail; and this selection, which brings together her best work of the past ten years, shows a range far greater than one had imagined and a sense of nature as it really is, whether in Manhattan or the Camargue, that is never superficial.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

When the Legends Die, by Hal Borland.

Lo, the Poor Indian, is an American story that has been told and re-told, but the Ute boy Thomas Black Bull, who is the hero of this one, is not betrayed by the white man. His fate is determined by even more inexorable enemies: death, which leaves him orphaned at twelve; the stupidity and cupidity of his own people on the reservation; the changing times which make the old ways obsolete; and Tom Black Bull's inability to ride his own furies of frustration. This he tries to do quite literally by becoming one of the best and most terrible of broncobusters in the rodeos of all America (he rode seven horses to their deaths). This summary gives no sense of the quietness and credibility of the telling; of the nostalgic beauty of the old ways, as properly practiced; the excitement and detailed descriptions of the rodeo contests which never stale; of the terrible psychic anguish of a human being when the legends which have given his life direction suddenly become meaningless. How

Tom Black Bull at long last makes peace with his inheritance is worth discovering. It is a story as universal and deceptively simple as the lines which introduce it:

When the legends die, the dreams end.
When the dreams end, there is no more greatness.

Lippincott, \$4.50

The Messenger, by Charles Wright.

"I could hear their voices wild above the music, searching for that crazy kick that would still their fears, confusion, and pain of being alive. . . ." "They" are homosexuals, prostitutes, junkies, a tired rich widow, an alcoholic divinity student, who inhabit the desperate shadowy world of New York's lonely misfits and who are friends of "the messenger," the narrator. Some of these people are rich, some are poor, some are black, some are white. They are all bound together in being outcasts from the "normal" life of the city they despise. They surely are not happy as they are, or where they are. They are haunted, human, and real, and Mr. Wright's picture of them in this first novel (he is a Negro) is honest, tough, and compassionate.

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COMING IN OCTOBER IN HARPER'S A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT



The Tangled Romance of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson

By Vincent Sheean

When America's most attractive and famous lady journalist and a world-renowned novelist fell in love, their marriage looked like one of the most unusual partnerships of the century. In a letter to Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Thompson wrote: "I wonder if you feel with me the eternal sense of our having found each other, as though the gods had directed it, and were satisfied."

But as their careers advanced—with "Red" Lewis winning the Nobel Prize and Dorothy becoming a top political columnist for the *New York Herald Tribune*—the relationship grew more turbulent, the separations more frequent and lengthy, their letters more anguished.

In *Harper's* October Supplement, Vincent Sheean—the eminent foreign correspondent and critic, and one of the couple's close friends—tells the story of this great literary union and its tragic conclusion. This narrative, with its surprisingly intimate letters and diaries, its moments of piercing joy and profound heartache, may well be the frankest revelation of a marriage ever published. Adapted from the book, *Dorothy and Red*, which will be brought out by Houghton Mifflin Company in November.

If you are not already a *Harper's* subscriber, why not start your subscription now? Simply mail in the card opposite page 104, and you will promptly receive the October Supplement issue.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The protagonist, who works for a New York messenger service by day, in his time off earns extra money as a male prostitute in some very elegant East Side apartments or elsewhere. He is constantly visited in his "pad"—the "life-boat"—by his friends, other lost souls, or perhaps not quite lost, who come to him for comfort and consolation. In spite of the dogged honesty of the reporting of the loneliness and degradation, a thin line of hope and not a little pride shows through. The book, like the lives, is made up of episodes and thus as a novel isn't quite successful. But it is mesmerizing to read.

Farrar, Straus, \$3.95

Short Stories

The Reservoir; Snowman, Snowman, by Janet Frame.

These two volumes, boxed, constitute an unusual venture for a publisher. They both contain short pieces by the New Zealand author of *Faces in the Water*, that moving story of mental illness, and *Owls Do Cry*. *The Reservoir* contains stories and sketches; *Snowman*, fables and fantasies.

Braziller, \$7

The Quiet Enemy and Other Stories, by Cecil Dawkins.

This is another publishing venture not in the usual tradition—a book of short stories by an author who has not yet published a novel. Her stories, however, have appeared in *The Paris Review*, *The Sewanee Review*, *The Pacific Spectator*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and elsewhere. They deal with inarticulate, usually nomadic people of the American South and Central states who run "the truckers' rests, the spare-parts yards, the roadside animal shows," and the stories reflect the strength, despair, violence, and humor of people who live close to realities. I suggest reading the last one, the title story, first.

Atheneum, \$4.50

In the Vernacular: The English in India; and The English in England, by Rudyard Kipling, edited and with an introduction by Randall Jarrell.

These two anthologies of Kipling's short stories are the first two volumes of a series of Kipling's works which Mr. Jarrell is editing for Anchor Books. The first volume (the Indian stories) is made up of stories

BOOKS IN BRIEF

written when he was a young man, the second of those of his maturity; both are welcome in the reprint field. Mr. Jarrell's introduction—as all introductions should—lights up new ways of looking at even the most familiar of these.

Doubleday Anchor (paperback)
\$1.25 each

Two with Suspense

Alice, by E. V. Cunningham.

Just before jumping to his death in front of a New York subway train, an unknown stranger clings for a moment to the narrator's (Johnny's) arm and, as he discovers later, slips a key to a safe-deposit box into his pocket. Johnny leaves the scene of the accident and rushes to his home in New Jersey in shock and horror, but apparently someone has seen the brief contact on the subway platform. The people who want that key are legion, devilish, and determined, and the life of Johnny and his wife, the heroine "Alice" of the title, becomes one of increasing terror. The tale of kidnap culminating in a violent midnight rendezvous by boat in the desolate Jersey Meadows serves as background for another personal story—a man's discovery of his wife. Not distinguished but plausible enough for an evening's entertainment.

Doubleday, \$3.50

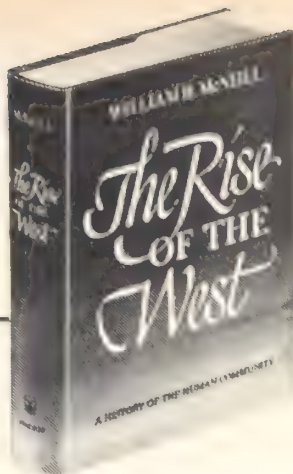
The Trouble Makers, by Celia Fremelin.

An enthralling (really) story of life in British suburbia and a murder caused by nothing more complicated than the gossip and curiosity, kindly and otherwise, of a group of small-town housewives. Convincing and spine-chilling and wise in the ways of well-meaning and fallible human beings. A secondary plot concludes in a final domestic scene with a rabbit named Curfew which is both funny and tender and worth waiting for even without the murder.

Lippincott, \$3.50

Nonfiction**My Darling Clementine: The Story of Lady Churchill**, by Jack Fishman. Introduction by Eleanor Roosevelt.

As Mr. Fishman would be the first to acknowledge, it would take someone with exceptional taste, perception, and literary skill to do justice



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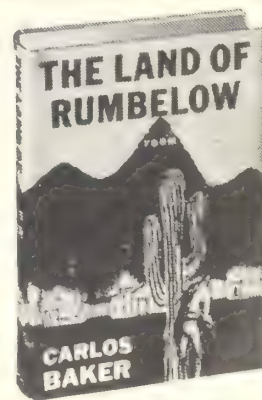


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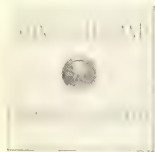
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

to a biography of this distinguished lady, who for more than half a century has been the wife of Winston Churchill and whose life has touched most of the great moments of our time. Alas, though Mr. Fishman's admiration for his subject is boundless and his material, which he has been collecting since World War II, is reasonably full (though mostly secondhand), the book still reads like the work of a good reporter rather than that of a first-class biographer.

Yet it is continually interesting in surface detail and lively anecdote. The life itself is so a part of history that the superficial facts alone make interesting reading. The introduction by Eleanor Roosevelt is a personal and therefore illuminating footnote on the nature of this kind of public marriage. McKay, \$5.95

Rascal: A Memoir of a Better Era, by Sterling North.

This first winner of the annual Dutton Animal Book Award is ostensibly about a pet raccoon but it is also, as the subtitle suggests, Mr. North's nostalgic story of what it was like to grow up in a small town in Wisconsin at the end of World War I. By the author of that other nostalgic best-seller, *So Dear to My Heart*. Dutton, \$3.95

Forecast

Big Books Coming Soon

There is room to list only a few plums from the fall pudding of exciting new books, but even the few will serve as a sample of its rich texture. September will see Rumer Godden's *The Battle of the Villa Fiorita* (Book of the Month, Viking); and *The Venetian Affair*, by Helen MacInnes (author of *Above Suspicion*, *Decision at Delphi*, etc.) from Harcourt, Brace and World. For October American Heritage Publishing Company (illustrated) and Harper & Row (text only) announce *The Age of Napoleon*, by J. Christopher Herold, author of *Mistress to an Age: A Life of Madame de Staël* (Book of the Month, November). Also in October Scribner's will issue *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, edited and with an introduction by Andrew Turnbull. In November from Doubleday will come the first volume of Eisenhower's *The White House Years*, this volume called *Mandate for Change*.

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MUSIC in the round

by *Discus*

German and American Stereotypes

A ponderous performance of Mozart and a breathless Beethoven make this listener grateful for Mr. Bernstein's revelry.

Sometimes, in concert and opera as well as on records, one hears a performance that raises the hackles. You sit there, glooming, while all of your neighbors are having transports of delight, and you wonder what is wrong with you. I experienced this feeling listening to the new recording of Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* (Angel 3631, mono; S 3631, stereo; both 4 discs), an album that has been generally well received. On paper it looks good enough. The six singers are Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, Hanny Steffek, Alfredo Krauss, Giuseppe Taddei, and Walter Berry; and the Philharmonia Orchestra and Choir are conducted by Karl Böhm. Krauss is a young tenor who is beginning to attract attention and Steffek is a soprano who has been operating out of Munich. All of the other principals are well known, though in America Taddei's reputation is based mostly on records. He has sung in several American opera houses, however, and made his New York debut last season in the title role of the Concert Opera Society's presentation of *William Tell*. That was the performance during which Taddei, a short and portly man, sat on a chair and found himself sprawling all over the floor when it collapsed under him. A real pro, Taddei dusted himself off and continued singing.

There are several faults in the *Così* recording, such as the mannered quality of Schwarzkopf's interpretation and Krauss's lack of affinity for the Mozart style, but even

those can be borne with. What cannot be borne with is Böhm's insensitivity. There can be no other word for it. In *Così fan Tutte*, Mozart and his librettist, Lorenzo da Ponte (also the librettist for *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*), put together the fluffiest of farces—but a farce with highly philosophic undertones. Böhm sees the philosophy, all right, but he completely misses the humor, lightness, and sparkle of the music. His tempos are slow to the point of being sheerly funereal, and he conducts *Così* as though it were a Bach cantata.

His attitude is reflective of a certain school of musical thought, a school that is predominantly German. (No Frenchman, Italian, American, or, for that matter, Austrian, would make so serious a thing out of so light an opera.) It is a school that, when it refers to Mozart, refers to Der Meister—and one sees Mozart clad in a toga, stroking his lyre. It is a humorless school, one that deals with Categorical Imperatives, Hegelian aesthetics, and other equally weighty matters. Thus it is a school that, in essence, lacks proportion. It catches the heaviness of music but

misses its charm. Hans Knappertsbusch was a conductor of that school, and so is Otto Klemperer, along with a dozen or so worthy kapellmeisters one could mention. Böhm appears to be of that company.

One wonders, too, if a German named Leopold Ludwig also belongs. Ludwig is the conductor in a disc of Chopin's *F minor Piano Concerto* (Deutsche Grammophon 18791, mono; 138791, stereo), and he leads the Berlin Philharmonic with Stefan Askenase as soloist. As in the *Così*, the performance is slow, slow, slow and heavy, heavy, heavy. Part of the trouble is in Askenase's mannered, effeminate playing. But certainly Ludwig could have imparted a little spark to the proceedings. Chopin is not the ponderous writer that Ludwig makes him out to be.

Emotion at Arm's Length

If the German style of music-making—or, at least, one aspect of it—tends toward the ponderous, it is counterbalanced by the American style, which leans toward speed and precision. The Juilliard String Quartet is representative of that style. In Beethoven's *F minor Quartet* (Op. 95) and *F major Quartet* (Op. 135), the four young players scoot along in a fast, objective, sharp, and clear manner of play (Victor LM 2362, mono; LSC 2362, stereo). Instrumentally the results are breathtaking, and it could well be that no living foursome has equivalent finesse, intonation, and ensemble.

But, somehow, emotion is kept at arm's length. Where the German school can hug emotion, exclaim over it, fondle it, and hate to let it go, the American school seems rather ashamed by it all. Another example is Lorin Maazel's performances of Schubert's *Symphonies Nos. 2 and 3*, with the Berlin Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon 18790, mono; 138790, stereo). Maazel is a sort of podium equivalent of the Juilliard String Quartet. His technique is flawless, his rhythm strong, his beat clear. But he simply will not let the music relax, and as a result it sounds metronomic. Ditto Leon Fleisher in his recording of the Brahms *B flat Piano Concerto* with George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra (Epic LC 3853, mono; BC 1253, stereo)—



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

would approach the music or the language that way—but it manages to avoid the Teutonic stereotype.

A Romantic Throwback

In his recording of Carl Nielsen's *Fifth Symphony* with the New York Philharmonic (Columbia ML 5814, mono; MS 6414, stereo), Leonard Bernstein avoids the American stereotype. Bernstein is, in many respects, a romantic throwback, and thus he is atypical in a nonromantic age. He also responds to new music (not necessarily contemporary music, but any new music, which seems to stimulate him) with enthusiasm. At its best, Bernstein's conducting has a freedom, flexibility, and color that a younger American conductor like Maazel (or Thomas Schippers, for that matter) cannot intellectually or emotionally comprehend.

In the Nielsen score, Bernstein has come up with an unusually interesting piece of music. Nielsen was a Danish composer who died in 1931 and is often referred to as the Danish Sibelius. The Danish Vaughan Williams would be a closer analogy, however. Nielsen was much more universal than Sibelius, and he forged a very personal style (as did Vaughan Williams) from postromantic elements. He was conservative but not academic, and his writing has the confidence of a master. Every once in a while there are sporadic Nielsen revivals; and at those times everybody says how interesting the music is. But somehow Nielsen has never taken root in America (or almost anywhere else, for that matter). This *Fifth Symphony* is a powerful score (composed in 1922) with a trace of Mahleresque influence. It has original melodic ideas, it builds to great climaxes without hysteria, it is sonorously orchestrated, and, in short, it is quite a symphony.

Bernstein revels in its broad melodies and spacious layout, and he revels even more in some of the block-busting surges of tone (as the ending of Side 2, which should fully test the resources of any high fidelity machine; if you can reproduce it without distortion, your machine is in good shape). It is in this kind of music that Bernstein lives up to his reputation, and it is hard to conceive of anybody doing it better.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Gospel

The two basic strains in American Negro music—the Blues and the Spirituals—have tended to conform to the ancient distinction between black magic and white, the one turning inward in sorrow and sinfulness, the other crying out a joyful song unto the Lord: *Freude, Freude!* Even where the two magics come so close together stylistically as to sound almost identical, as in rhythm-and-blues and gospel singing, true artists of the latter—like Mahalia Jackson—have always insisted on a precise distinction between the way of bitterness and the way of joy.

Now the two are becoming woefully confused. Mahalia has been diverted into recording music that is not natural to her, while the untutored gospel-shouters have left the pentecostal, storefront churches and come into the nightclubs. This past season's fashionables, having deserted the Twist and the Peppermint Lounge, have been rattling tambourines and shouting "Yas Lawd!" in a pop-gospel *boite* called *The Sweet Chariot*.

There is a logic here. The club's singers are asserting their simple emotionalism; they are unashamed of it, and world-weary whites are coming to them—as they have always come—for the vicarious thrill of contact with it. But there is also something wrong, and you can hear it in the unctuous voice of the m.c., in the music's strain and uncongeniality.

A scholar goes South on a foundation grant, and in a clapboard church on a dusty back road records a shouting, hand-clapping, foot-stomping service. A recording company takes its equipment into a bar-café and records an act while the customers are served by waitresses called "Angels" in abbreviated robes. I would rather not be so sentimental as to think that the difference is a mere matter of commercialism, but there is a difference.

Introducing the Sweet Chariot. Columbia CS 8861. **The Sweet Chariot Singers.** Columbia CS 8862. **Everybody's Shoutin' Gospel,** The Herman Stevens Singers (at the Sweet Chariot). Epic BN 26062.

big tone, huge efficiency, considerable drive, but scarcely any poetry. Ditto Carl Weinrich in a disc of *Bach Organ Music* (Victor LM LSC 2649), in which expert performances of such material as the Passacaglia come out mechanical-sounding because of a lack of feeling for color and line.

It is of course a generalization to say that the German school of music-making tends toward slowness and sentimentality, the American school toward speed and objectivity. One can cite any number of individual musicians in each school to counter the generalization. The German school of singing, for example, is heard at its best in Hans Hotter's performance of the greatest of all song cycles, Schubert's *Winterreise* (Deutsche Grammophon 18778 9, mono; 138778/9, stereo). Hotter's voice is on the downgrade, but not his musicianship. He sings with art, with style, with perfect pacing of the dramatic elements, with a fine affinity for the lyric aspects. Hotter's singing is Teutonic—no American

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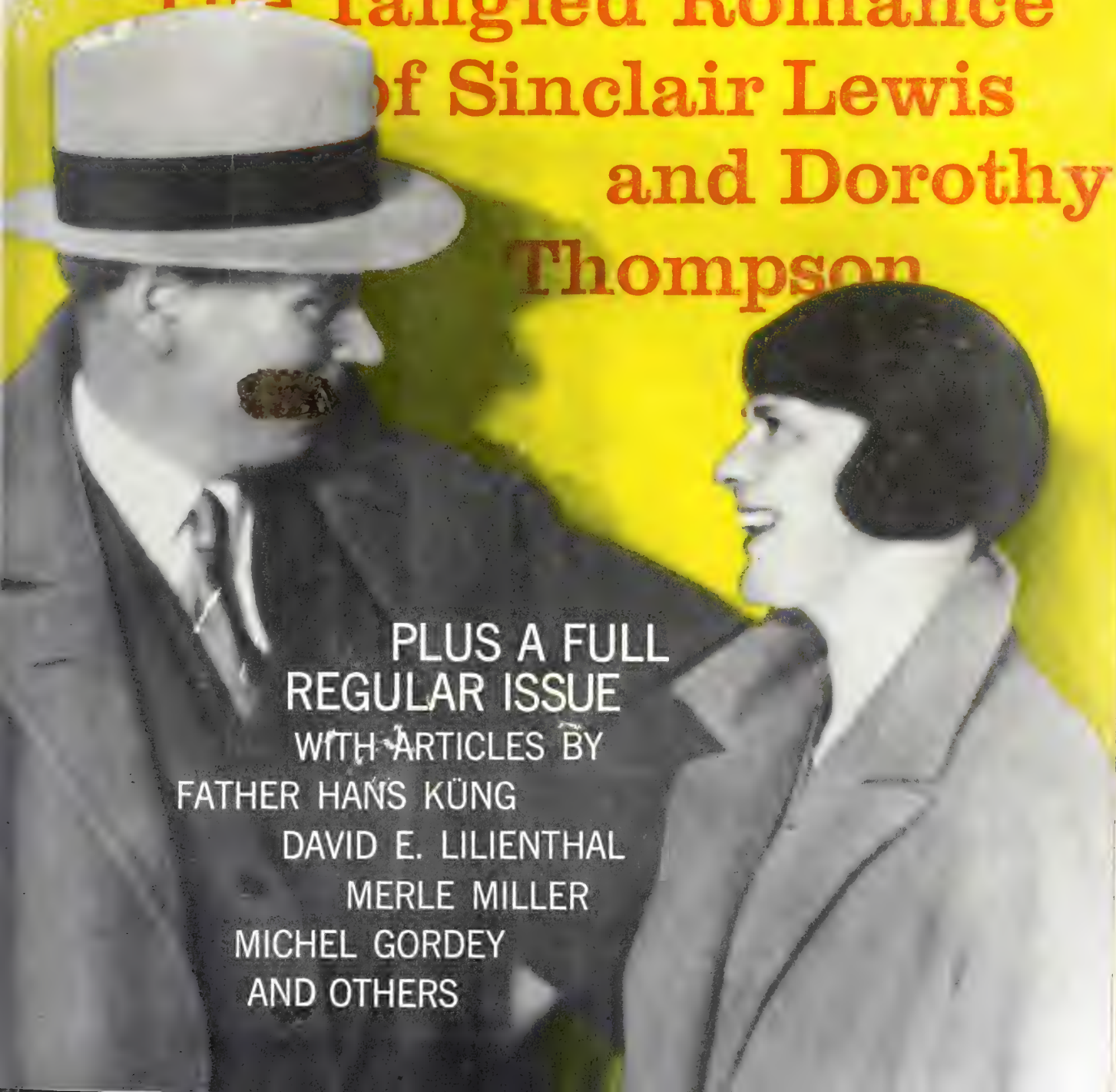
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BY VINCENT SHEEAN

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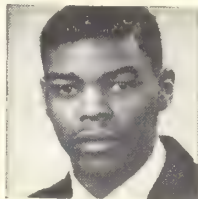
Kenneth E. Ferguson, Installer-Repairman, Newport News, Virginia. En route to a repair job, he came upon a burning house where a blind, bedridden woman lay helpless. Ripping out a window, he and a policeman entered the flaming room. They were forced out by intense heat and smoke. Mr. Ferguson ran to a nearby house for blankets. Wrapped in wet blankets, the two men re-entered and rescued the woman.



Mrs. Dorothy Crozier, Operator, San Rafael, California. She took a call from a frantic mother whose small son had stopped breathing. After notifying both ambulance and fire department, Mrs. Crozier realized that traffic was heavy and time short. Over the telephone, she taught the mother mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The boy was breathing when firemen arrived. Doctors credit his life to her alertness.



Charles J. Gilman, Communications Serviceman, Bellwood, Illinois. Driving to an assignment, he saw an overturned car and found a man under it bleeding profusely. Cautioning bystanders not to smoke, he helped remove the victim. The man's arm was almost severed below the shoulder and he seemed in shock. Mr. Gilman applied a tourniquet and kept pressure on it until an ambulance arrived.



Leonard C. Jones, Supplies Serviceman, Morgantown, West Virginia. He noticed a neighboring house on fire. Rushing to it, he helped a father rescue three young children. Then he plunged back into the burning building and, guided only by cries through the choking smoke, found and saved another child who was hiding under a couch in the blazing living room. Minutes after he left, the wooden house collapsed.



Franklin Daniel Gurtner, Station Installer, Auburn, Washington. He heard a request for emergency breathing equipment on his radio monitor and hurried to the address, where a baby was strangling. He found the child's air passage was blocked, cleared it, and successfully administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Then the fire department arrived and applied oxygen to help overcome shock.



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magazine

October

1963

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Is there always a buyer when you want to sell stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange?

"What if I needed cash . . . and couldn't find a buyer for my 100 shares of stock?" It's a realistic question, and there's a realistic answer.

At the New York Stock Exchange, except in unusual circumstances, someone is interested in buying your stock if you are willing to sell at the best available price on the floor.

You may never meet him personally. But he's there. Maybe among the millions of investors who, through their brokers, buy and sell securities listed on the Exchange. Maybe among the specialists and other members on the floor who buy and sell for their own accounts.

How do you find your unknown buyer? By phoning your Member Firm broker and directing him to sell your stock for you. And somewhere (maybe in the next block, maybe thousands of miles away) someone else is instructing his broker to buy.

Minutes later, these two orders will converge at a certain post on the floor

of the Exchange in New York . . . in fact, in an area not much larger than a small-sized rug. Your broker tries to get the highest price possible on the floor, the buyer's broker tries to get the lowest. Thus buyer finds seller, seller finds buyer.

It is possible, of course, that when your order reaches the floor, there may be an unusually large difference between what is asked and what anyone is willing to pay.

When this happens, a member of the Exchange called a specialist, who specializes in your stock and certain others, is usually expected to enter the picture. One of his objectives is, within practical limits, to make a higher bid or a lower offer. In this way he may help make it possible for your order to be executed at a better price.

And the commission your broker receives is one of the lowest for the transfer of any property.

Finding a buyer so quickly and easily illustrates one of the Exchange's most important functions: providing liquidity. Liquidity simply means you can convert your 100 shares into cash easily. If you have an "odd lot" (less than the usual 100 share unit of trading), a different procedure is followed, but normally your sale can be made with similar ease.

This liquidity is one reason why millions of people can invest in stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. And the willingness of these people to share in the risks and rewards of investing is one reason for the growth of American industry.

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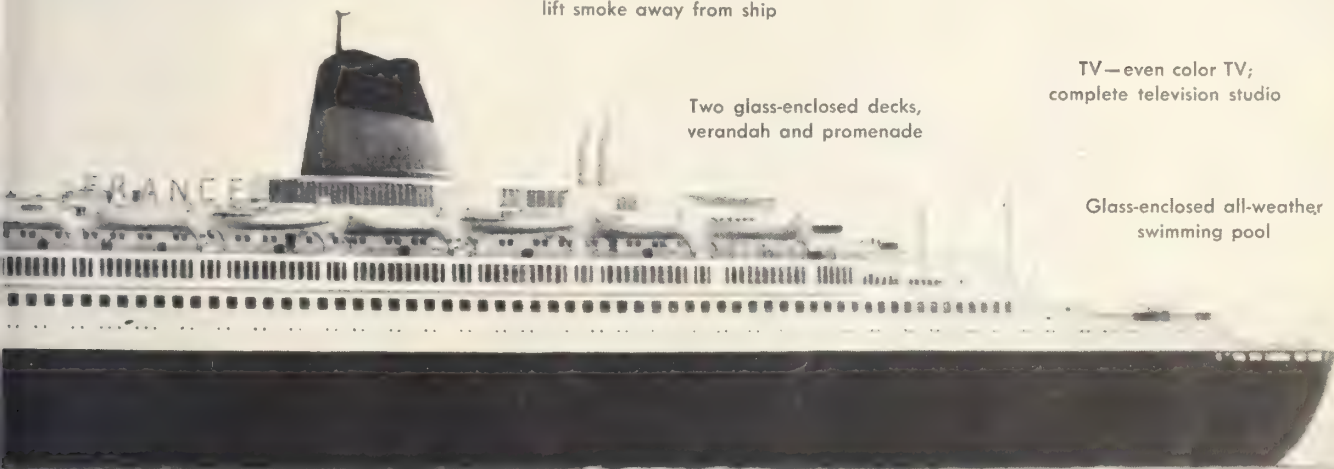
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PROVIDENT

You remember Edward Lear's Owl and Pussy-cat who "went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat" and who "took some honey, and plenty of money, wrapped up in a five-pound note"? That's what you call being provident—preparing for all sorts of financial emergencies by carrying money wrapped up in money.

And yet we hope that the Owl and the Pussy-cat didn't set sail with all their wealth—that they left some of it behind to work for them while they were enjoying their sea voyage. They could, after all, have brought their surplus funds to us before they left and put those funds into good common stocks that might have increased in value in their absence and perhaps paid dividends as well. For cash has a way of declining in purchasing power, while good common stocks—although they have their risks—may grow and provide a possible hedge against the inroads of inflation.

Our Research Department has compiled a list with just that purpose in mind—a list called "20 Stocks for Long-Term Investment." Owls, pussy-cats, and others who would like copies, without charge or obligation, are invited to ask at any of our offices or write to

Puffs on the Money Page

If it is possible to destroy 146 years of publishing integrity with a single article, *Harper's* has come close to it with the publication of Peter Bart's article ["How to Read the Financial Pages Without Going Broke," August]. . . . In my twenty-six years as a financial journalist it had never occurred to me that the financial pages of any newspaper were meant principally to serve as a "source for investment leads" or as the basis for a reader's taking a "flyer." To judge financial sections on those terms . . . seems to me irrelevant. To ignore . . . the volume of significant and accurate news and informed comment which many of them carry—on broad economic and business developments as well as on specific industries and companies—is to miss the main point of what financial journalism is trying, with considerable and steadily increasing success, to do.

The public relations men . . . will have to make their own case. . . . The news source who is also plying the art of advocacy is as old as movable type. He holds no terrors for the journalist who is confident of his own ability to judge a press release or a story pitch on its news value, not on the basis of jolly junkets well remembered and also not on the basis of a prior determination to "keep a persistent press agent out of the paper." The professionals in financial journalism are likely to see less threat to the quality and integrity of their work from the designs of public relations men than from such problems as the difficulty of keeping pace with the business effects of rapid changes in technology and science or the frustrating need to treat complex subjects in too little space and with too little time for preparation and research.

It seems peculiar that *Harper's* has not questioned Mr. Bart's premise of existing general incompetence and venality among financial writers with the exception of those on the two newspapers for which he has worked. The article attempts to cast a cloud of venality over financial journalism

LETTERS

as a whole. . . . Errors have occurred. . . . They are regrettable, and no journalist is proud of them; but they are exceptions rather than the rule that Mr. Bart's article would make them appear to be. . . .

ROBERT E. BEDINGFIELD, Pres.
N. Y. Financial Writers' Assoc. Inc.
New York, N. Y.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

In response to Mr. Bedingfield's only specific point, I might mention that the article did not state that the only purpose of financial news is to offer "investment leads." The article pointed out, however, that people and companies do act upon what they read in the financial press, whether by buying a stock or, indeed, a company. Unlike the movie gossip columns, financial news influences future events. And newspaper readers have the right to assume that what they read is the truth. Mr. Bedingfield and his association would do well to do more introspecting and less flag-waving.

PETER BART
New York, N. Y.

My stint with the *Wall Street Journal* was about as short as Mr. Bart's, but long enough to let me testify to the general accuracy of his article. Your out-of-town, non-*New York Times* readers, by the way, might have appreciated being told Mr. Bart writes that newspaper's advertising column. . . . No newspaper publisher can . . . pay enough to keep a stable of financial reporters large enough or competent enough to cover thoroughly U.S. business and industry. . . . Today hired company representatives are as integral a part of the writing and printing of financial news as a reporter's typewriter or his copy paper. This currently is a way of life which applies just as directly to travel "news," society, politics, etc. . . .

STEVEN C. SWETT
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . Responsible public relations practitioners . . . are in agreement that the unethical practices cited by the SEC should be outlawed. This is precisely why a seven-man advisory committee representing the



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LETTERS

PRSA is currently working with the SEC "to develop effective means to prevent improper practices in the financial public relations field." . . . This . . . is not mentioned in Mr. Bart's article.

When Mr. Bart states that public relations people will not regulate themselves, he is wrong. The PRSA has a very specific Code of Ethics to which every one of its more than 4,300 members subscribes and which is enforced by disciplinary bodies. . . . In 1964, an Accreditation Program for public relations counselors will be put into effect. Under this program, a counselor meeting age and executive experience requirements, whose professional background and reputation have been thoroughly investigated will be eligible to take a two-day examination. If successful . . . he will be given an accreditation title, similar to that of the CPAs. This program has been conceived and planned by the Counselors Section of the PRSA . . . without any pressure or suggestions from outside. . . .

None of the flagrant cases of unethical financial publicity practice mentioned [in Mr. Bart's article] involved members of the PRSA. . . .

SCOTT JONES, Chmn.

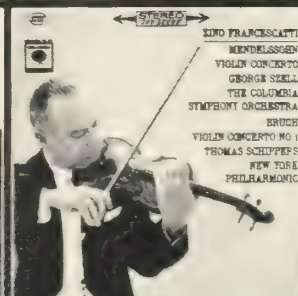
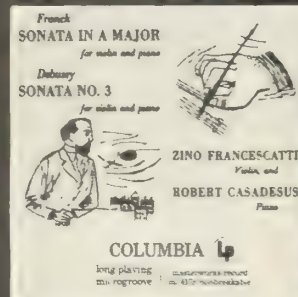
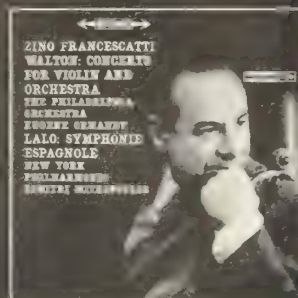
Counselors Section of the Public Relations Society of America
New York, N. Y.

Peter Bart performs a service in exposing the high-pressure tactics of some public relations men, and the undisclosed financial interest of some financial journalists, that may lie behind some business news stories. The trouble with exposés is that, unless properly balanced, they convey an impression that the practices described are universal. . . . Thus the exposé of misleading reporting becomes itself misleading.

The fact is that the great majority of public relations practitioners want only that their enterprises be reported accurately, even when the news is unfortunate, such as a plant accident in which people are hurt or killed. And the great majority of business reporters, even though they may lunch with a public relations man or accept a plane trip to inspect a distant facility, write the news as they see it. . . .

On a newspaper of any size a story passes along through several persons

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Record collectors have long treasured the way the Francescatti strings "sing" the concertos of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bruch, Paganini and Saint-Saëns. But even they may be astonished by the lyric heights achieved on his latest recording—with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic—of the Brahms Violin Concerto in D Minor.

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by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Years ago when the railroad decided to lay its track through Central Kentucky, my home town of Danville entertained high hopes of becoming a way-station on the right-of-way.

Our most bombastic politician was dispatched to high-pressure the company president.

Alas, his inept salesmanship fell short of the mark, just as the iron rails later did, bypassing Danville a few short miles.

The president dismissed our man with this epic compromise: "We'll come close enough to Danville so you'll always *hear the whistle*, but never *smell the smoke!*"

Our neighbor town got the depot. We got the whistle.

Likewise, many a bottle on today's shelf seems purposely made to bypass the taste buds—close enough to qualify as whiskey but with only a sniff of flavor.

One colorless product, with an "Iron Curtain" name, lacks *both* smoke and whistle, depending on the additive of your choice to give it any flavor whatsoever.

And *another*, from North of the Border, is so narrow-gauged in taste as to make you wonder where the whiskey went.

Now Bourbon is meant to taste like Bourbon—full of deep, rich flavor, pleasingly round and mellow.

This is why our family distillery has never compromised the tedious, costly sour mash method which imparts to OLD FITZGERALD its authentic, old-fashioned bourbonness.

As such it enjoys a growing acceptance among an inner circle of bourbonites who have made it the final choice of their mature tastes.

If you are one who feels side-tracked lately with no more than a faint toot of flavor in your glass, I invite you to join those bourbon scholars who find OLD FITZGERALD pleasant to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

100 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Made in U. S. A.

LETTERS

—reporter, possibly a rewrite man, an editor. It is hard to believe that on a reputable publication, with rarest exception, the persons concerned would all hold investments in the same company and then conspire to puff it. When such a situation did exist, the conflict of interest would almost certainly come soon to the notice of some superior of the connivers, who would be fired. No doubt some public relations men proffer bribes, subtly or crudely. But the vast preponderance . . . condemn such practice. The bribe-taking or double-dealing reporter quickly becomes known to his colleagues and to honest public relations men, and loses the respect of both. . . .

I believe most business reporters would . . . agree that the proportion of conscientious individuals in public relations is about the same as in any profession, and that these workers are indeed of great help to the gatherers of news.

STEWART SCHACKNE
New York, N. Y.

I commend Peter Bart's story for its substance and substantiation. However, financial reporting has improved more than "a degree" and includes many assignments "with honor." It is regrettable to paint all Wall Street public relations men, financial reporters, and corporate news sources who try to feed them, with the same brush. There are both honest and enlightened men who know that saying "good-good-good" is no more effective than crying "wolf-wolf-wolf." Does anybody claim that "sumptuous lunches," "excellent brandy," press junkets, and puff blurbs are confined to the securities business? The purpose of our annual award program [the Loeb Awards for Distinguished Business and Financial Journalism] is to advance the quality of financial reporting.

G. M. LOEB
E. F. Hutton & Company, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Justice vs. Smut

Joseph Kraft's excellent article ["Riot Squad for the New Frontier," August] points out Attorney General Robert Kennedy's inability to grasp civil liberties issues but fails to point up his biggest blind spot, namely,

his inability to grasp the issues involved in censorship. . . . Mr. Kennedy is stepping up the Justice Department's anti-"obscenity" activity to an even more feverish pitch. Unless the President puts a stop to his brother's great smut hunt, he may soon find The New Frontier characterized as The New Inquisition.

RALPH GINZBURG
Eros Magazine
New York, N. Y.

Kenwood's Solution

Elinor Richey deserves much credit for her fine exposition of how "Kenwood Foils the Block-busters" [August]. The community, however, is of such an exceptional nature that I found it difficult to conclude, as she did, that "Kenwood has clearly shown how block-busters can be stopped and how interracial living can be made to work." The essential ingredients for the Kenwood success were several years of integration before the "trouble"; moneyed residents (including several millionaires); beautiful homes. I doubt that many, if any, similar communities can be found. What can a more typical community, such as adjacent Hyde Park, do? Certainly the "open house" technique would have failed. . . .

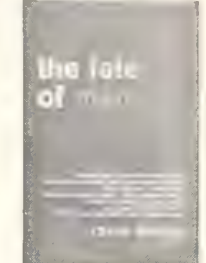
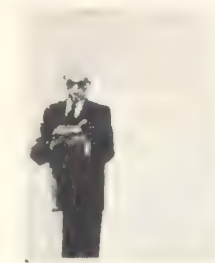
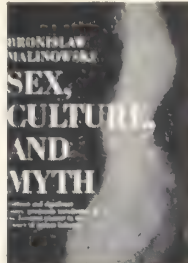
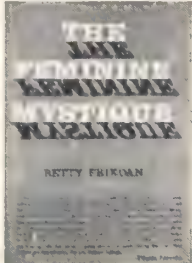
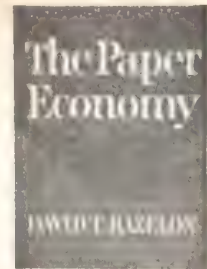
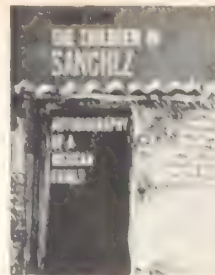
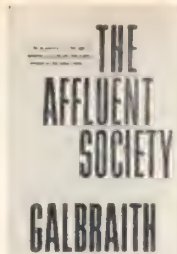
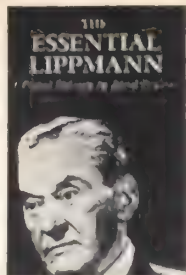
PETER J. KAHN
Princeton, N. J.

Economy Double-talk

I read with interest William D. Zabel's piece about packaging deceptions ["What's in the Package?" Easy Chair, August]. On the candy shelf of our local supermarket . . . single Tootsie Rolls are priced at 2 cents each. Right beside the loose rolls are displayed "Special Ten Pack" deals of the same product for 21 cents. Recently, while my wife was getting . . . other "specials," I watched the candy shelf. During a forty-five-minute period five people picked up the ten-pack deal. If our government could figure out some sort of "deal," we could soon pay off the national debt.

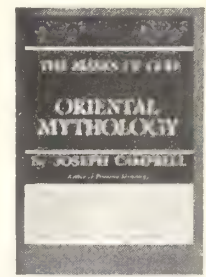
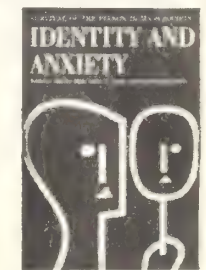
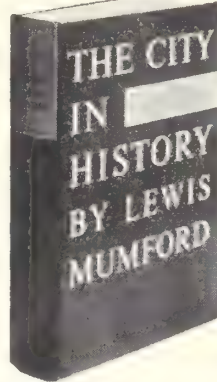
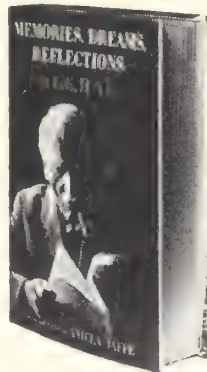
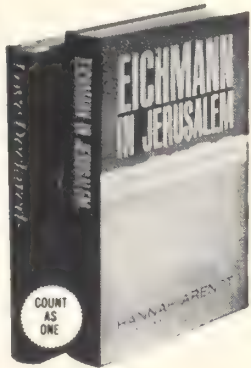
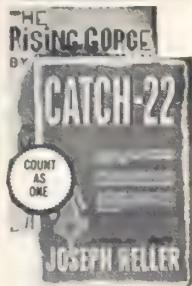
LYLE BRYCE
Resident Naturalist
The Greenbriar
White Sulphur Springs, W. V.

The big crisis which Mr. Zabel, Senator Hart, and the other well-



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LETTERS

meaning armchair shoppers have created boils down to a mere matter of arithmetic. When you encounter a can of pears that serves two and not four as advertised, you simply don't buy it next time or . . . you merely buy two cans. . . . The housewife has only a few things to which she may apply her wits. Let's please leave a little challenge to the trip to the market rather than adding another routine chore to our list.

MRS. BARBARA ANN HARRIS
Newport Beach, Calif.

When one has waded through the innuendoes, subtleties, and plain damn larcenous attempts to mulct the public of its last penny by misleading advertising, packaging, and fine print, one cannot but come to a conclusion that man is using a nom de plume when he calls himself *homo sapiens*. He has been living under a false name. Man is a *louse*.

H. WILLIAM WAY
San Francisco, Calif.

Solar Storm Center

It's about time you hired a competent, tough-minded science editor to protect *Harper's* from publishing such egregious nonsense as Velikovsky's theories ["Scientists in Collision: Was Velikovsky Right?", August]. Eric Larrabee appears to be a knowledgeable critic of jazz, but when it comes to science he doesn't know A sharp from B flat. If he did he wouldn't have fallen for the Velikovsky mishmash in the first place. . . .

It would require the equivalent of a textbook on elementary physics to refute Velikovsky's mechanics. . . . But scientists have far more important tasks than the refutation of the endless stream of peculiar "theories" advanced by the Velikovskys of this world. . . .

W. H. STELLNER
Chicago, Ill.

Since a careless reading of Eric Larrabee's article may leave the unwary reader with the false impression that Dr. Bargmann and I accept and agree with Dr. Velikovsky's ideas, I should like to state my point of view as clearly as possible. Although I did not discuss this letter with Dr. Bargmann before writing it, I believe that his position in this matter is essentially the same as

mine. I do not support Velikovsky's theory but I do support his right to present his ideas and to have these ideas considered by responsible scholars and scientists as the creation of a serious and dedicated investigator and not the concoctions of a charlatan seeking notoriety.

Strictly interpreted, Dr. Velikovsky's ideas do not constitute a new theory since they contain no new fundamental principles of nature; they are an attempt to explain certain terrestrial phenomena by means of certain postulated astronomical events which occurred in the past and which he seeks to account for in the framework of the accepted theories of mechanics and electricity and magnetism. . . .

Although Dr. Velikovsky is aware that his ideas are in conflict with celestial mechanics and the conservation of angular momentum (one of the most fundamental principles in nature), he has felt that the historical evidence is so compelling that his analysis of what occurred must be right, and that the burden is on the scientists to explain the many strange facts that he has revealed. If he had been content merely to point out historical discrepancies and unexplained geological features of the earth, his writings would have caused no opposition at all, but his attempted explanation, stated without equivocation and without a thorough mathematical analysis, brought the wrath of astronomers and scientists in general down on his head. Since the strange behavior of Venus according to his picture, and the sudden changes of the earth's rotation (its angular momentum) that he postulates cannot be accounted for by means of accepted gravitational theory and the laws of mechanics, Dr. Velikovsky argues that there are electromagnetic forces present in our solar system that astronomers have failed to take into account and that these forces (between the earth and Venus) brought about the events that he described in his book.

That there is no astronomical evidence for electromagnetic forces of the magnitude required by Velikovsky's theory . . . and that such forces of the required magnitude, if they were present, would destroy the beautiful and completely verified laws of planetary motion are not

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LETTERS

accepted by Dr. Velikovsky as valid arguments against his ideas. Since, as he points out, these ideas have led him to certain predictions about the surface temperature of Venus, radio waves from Jupiter, etc., he is convinced that his ideas must be right. But . . . verified predictions alone do not validate a theory, and my position is that nothing has happened during the last decade to make Velikovsky's theory any more acceptable now than it was when he first published his *Worlds in Collision*.

In spite of my rejection of Velikovsky's concepts, however, I believe that his predictions should be recognized and that his writings should be carefully studied and analyzed because they are the product of an extraordinary and brilliant mind, and are based on some of the most concentrated and penetrating scholarship and research of our period. . . . Dr. Velikovsky has performed a service to science in collecting the vast amount of data that he did and bringing clearly to the attention of the scientific community the many discrepancies that exist in our understanding of the history of our earth during the last geologic period.

LLOYD MOTZ

Professor of Astronomy
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

In "Scientists in Collision," *Harper's* and Eric Larrabee once again have performed an act of courage on behalf of science itself as well as on behalf of one man.

In theory, science's "reception system" is based on the objective, rational evaluation of submitted evidence. In practice, however, as the Velikovsky case so dramatically illustrates, it operates much like other social institutions, complete with hierarchy, dogma, and coercive power. Truth tends to be confused with orthodoxy, science with scientism. So I think the "agonizing reappraisal" suggested by Larrabee is long overdue.

As a step in that direction, *The American Behavioral Scientist* magazine, on whose Advisory Board I serve, devoted its entire September issue to the Velikovsky case and its social-science implications. It is a fascinating and rather startling story. What is still needed is a seri-

ous scientific evaluation of his theories by scientists themselves and one without rancor or prejudice.

HADLEY CANTRIL
Princeton, N.J.

As an editor and publisher committed to the cause of academic publishing and, furthermore, as a firm believer that the academic integrity and creativeness of our educational process is one of the most valuable safeguards of our society, I am still compelled to say that Eric Larrabee's article excites my admiration and respect. It does so first of all because it takes up a cause which . . . has been just about as discredited an intellectual cause as our society affords, and re-examines it more than a decade later to discover whether a decision made thirteen years ago by the intellectual community was a sound decision or not. Second, it re-examines that question with an informed and careful approach which ought to cause re-examination of all opinions held without question. . . .

WILLIAM SLOANE
Rutgers University Press
New Brunswick, N.J.

Floating City

Regarding Noel Perrin's "New York Drowns Another Valley" [August], I had no idea. I grew up in Texas where everything is metered including gas wells, and I naturally supposed New York City to have some system even cleverer. I have always been careful of water, here as elsewhere, out of consideration for my landlord, and early training. Back home, water bills would run us from \$3 per month in the winter to as high as \$12 or \$14 in the summer. . . . I have always thought my landlord appreciative of my consideration. . . . Since I now know that it would cost him no more should I leave my taps running full blast, it is a great temptation to succumb to such lovely irresponsibility; unfortunately, I have that built-in dislike of running taps—the memory of those \$14 dog days, of course. Perhaps the solution to the city's problem is to send the natives away and import settlers from more neurotic parts of the country.

MARY R. STANDARD
New York, N.Y.

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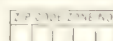
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A Small Band of Practical Heroes

by John Fischer

They are quiet people. They do their work inconspicuously, much of it by night. They seldom get involved in the kind of demonstrations that make headlines. To the outside eye, they haven't accomplished much. Some say they never will . . . not in our lifetime anyhow. The local press and wire-service reporters try their best to ignore them. Besides, most of them—sixty-two out of sixty-seven—are in jail just now, and the remaining five have learned to expect arrest (or worse) at any minute.

For these reasons the outside world has not yet heard much about what this handful of students is trying to do in Mississippi. But in time it will. One day—perhaps sooner than now seems likely—our history books may add at least some of their names to the list of Americans who have done more than their share for their country, along with Ben Franklin, Nathan Hale, Clara Barton, Alvin York, Frank Merrill, Medgar Evers, and the rest.

They call themselves field workers for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, or "Snick" for short. The mildest thing they are called by Mississippi whites is "outside agitators." Which they once were; nearly all came in the beginning from Northern universities, although about 80 per cent are now local recruits. Some, including a few girls, are white; most are Negroes. Their first goal is to win for Mississippi's Negro citizens the fundamental right of every American: the right to vote. But their ultimate purpose (though some of them may

not fully understand it) is to bring the American revolution to Mississippi, 187 years late. Until that happens—until the whole structure of its society is rebuilt on the American pattern—neither the right to vote, nor freedom of speech, nor the right to hold a job can ever be secure for either Negro or white.

No one who has not seen Mississippi with his own eyes can really comprehend how different it is from the rest of the United States, including its Southern neighbors. In many ways it is almost as remote as South Africa, which it somewhat resembles.

To begin with, it is the poorest state. Its per capita income in 1961—the latest year for which figures are available—was \$1,229; and this includes all the contributions in the form of veterans' pensions, Social Security, relief, and farm subsidies from the hated federal government.

But not all Mississippians are poor. It is the only remaining state dominated by a plantation economy—essentially unchanged since the first settlement—and the few hundred white families who own the big plantations and lumbering operations are often very comfortable indeed. Naturally enough, they don't aim to give up their way of life without a fight; and they are fighting men, as they have demonstrated in six wars.

Together with a few bankers and fewer industrialists, they make up the oligarchy which rules the state. They run it as they always have; for the Civil War—except during the

brief hiatus of the Reconstruction—left their power structure intact. So did the Industrial Revolution, which hasn't really reached Mississippi yet. (Some of its leading citizens have told me that they hope it never will.) In one way or another, practically everybody else in the state—sharecroppers, tenant farmers, the thin middle class of filling-station operators, cotton gin owners, and little merchants—is beholden to the oligarchs. Anybody who gets out of line feels the weight of their wrath right now: a note is called at the bank, a lease is not renewed, credit dries up at the crossroads store, an advertising contract is canceled, a college professor or a field hand may be fired with equal abruptness.

These are their gentler weapons. Violence is endemic in Mississippi, as anyone who has read its history, or William Faulkner, will remember. Virtually every male* owns at least one gun and knows how to use it, since hunting is the universal sport. Murder, mutilation, and arson have been used as means of political and social discipline for more than a century, against whites as well as Negroes. (See Will Percy's *Lanterns on*

* Yes, most Negroes too. The wonder is that they haven't used them in self-defense. After the Evers assassination, Snick and NAACP workers and Negro ministers had to use all their powers of persuasion to restrain some Negroes who wanted to retaliate.

The best analysis of the reasons for the Southern tradition of violence is probably W. J. Cash's *The Mind of the South*.



*Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include*

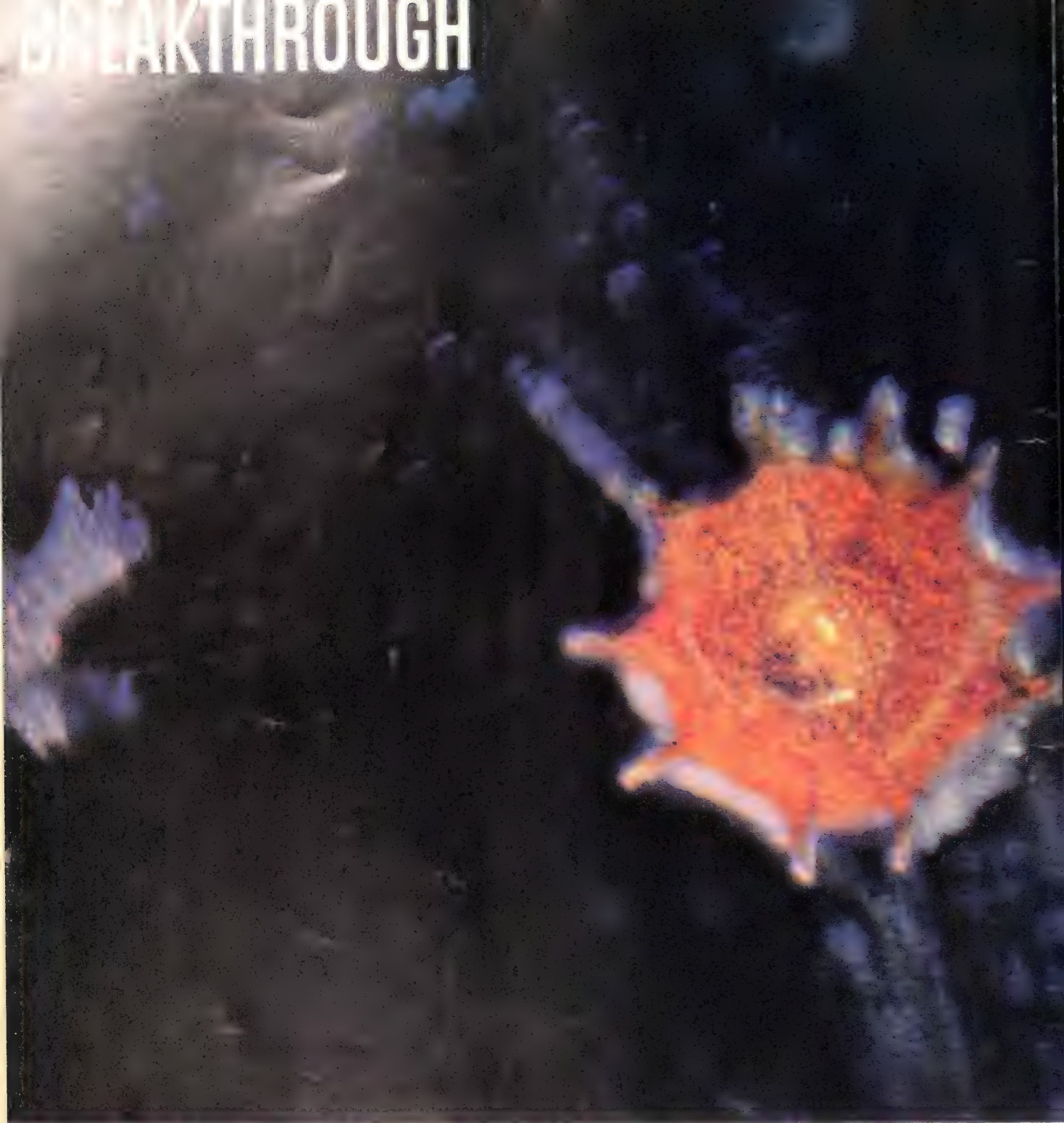
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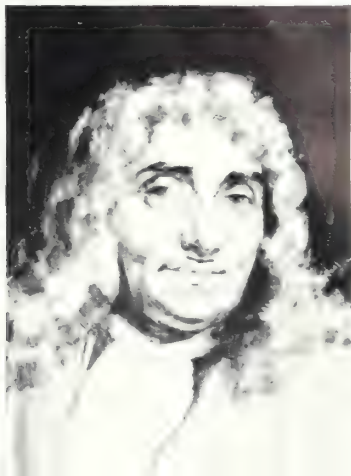
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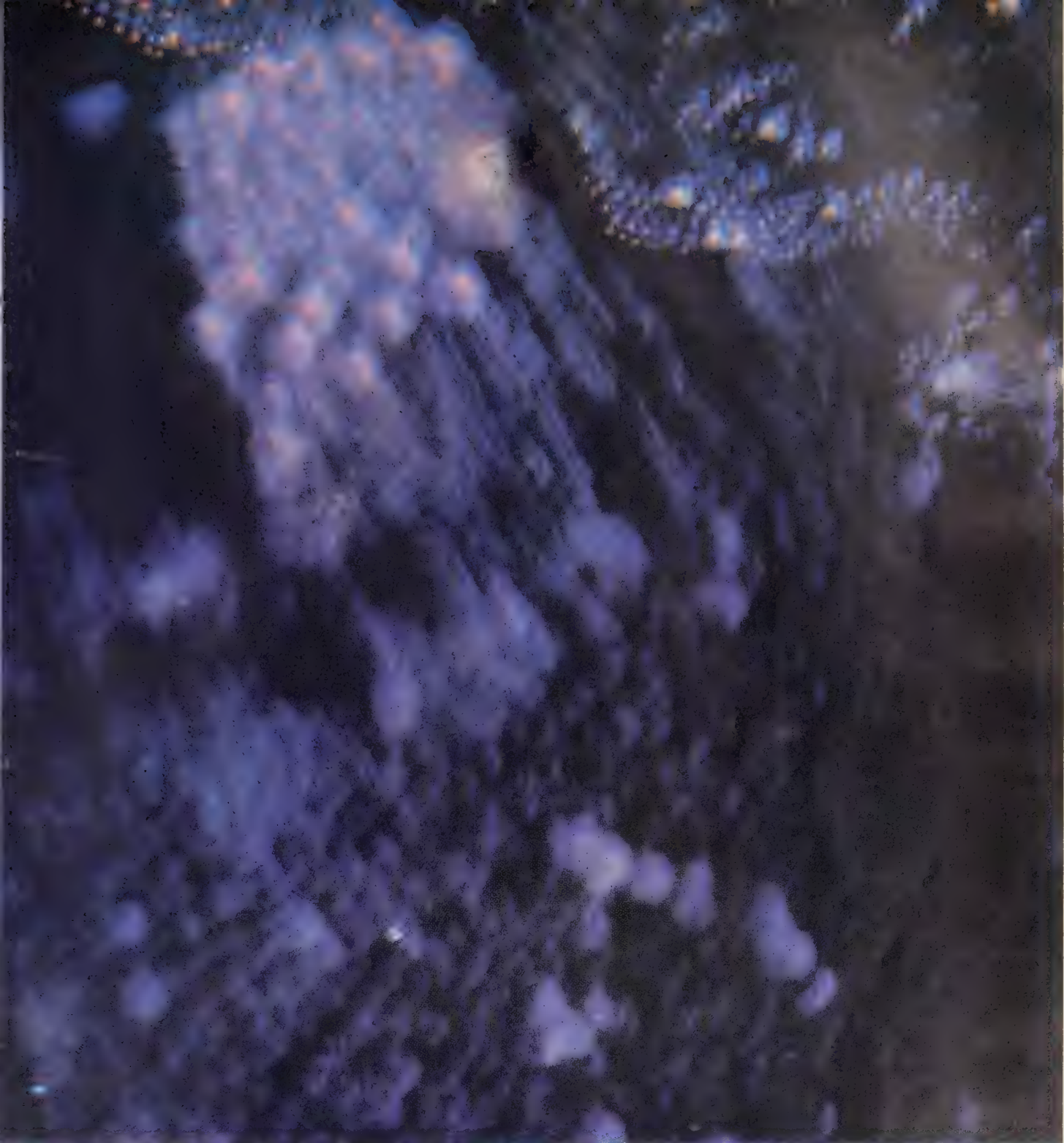
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Once you've rounded a curve on the Powell Street cable car, once you've watched a yacht race from a window on Nob Hill, and once you feel you've captured the many other sights, sounds and moods of this eventful city— you have at least three more days of *must* sightseeing within a few hours' drive of San Francisco. To the North, across the Golden Gate Bridge, you'll find giant redwoods and the Wine Country (where dedicated guides will invite you to sample a glass of their best). To the South, down the

Peninsula, the sea coast of Carmel and Monterey. To the East, the Bay Bridge leads you to Mt. Diablo and a view of 80,000 square miles. And to the West, the entire Pacific is at your feet.

The nights? If you can cover San Francisco's restaurants, stage plays, musicals, opera, ballet, symphony, jazz clubs, night clubs, and little theatres in less than a week—then my name isn't *Ray Bolger!*

SAN FRANCISCO
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

the *Levee* for an account of the way such tactics were used in the twenties against independent-minded whites, including one or two plantation owners; and of how Percy—a hard man to scare—fought fire with fire.)

Against white dissenters a more common, and equally effective, sanction is social ostracism. A few years ago a Mississippi friend of mine dared to question the local credo out loud; he tells me that he "hasn't heard a friendly voice since," his wife has left him, and his business would be bankrupt if he hadn't been able to get outside help. At Ole Miss the handful of white students who showed hints of good will toward James Meredith have been forced to leave, not by the administration but by their fellow students. And Faulkner himself spent much of his later years outside the state, at least partly because the few neighbors who read his books suspected him of "moderate" leanings.

As a consequence of all this, Mississippi is not very different in essential characteristics from a Communist police state. (It may, indeed, be even more tightly controlled than Yugoslavia or Poland, where whispers of dissent—however muffled—can occasionally be heard.) It has an official ideology: Segregation and the Mississippi Way of Life. It has the usual single-party system—still labeled, ironically, Democratic, although it loathes democracy and every politician in the state denounces President Kennedy and his followers as The Enemy. Its ruling class is organized into an elite action group—the White Citizens Council—which performs planning and disciplinary functions much like those handled by the Party hierarchy in Russia. It keeps its subjects in a constant state of alarm over the threat of intervention by a hostile power—in this case, the federal government. By a variety of devices, of which the poll tax is probably the least important, it disenfranchises about half its citizens—Negroes and poor whites—who are suspected of dangerous thoughts. As in other authoritarian states, terror (by police and by free-lance brutalitarians) is an accepted instrument of government.

And, like the Communist countries,

Mississippi loses many of its ablest people. An even larger percentage, in all likelihood, because Mississippi has not yet found a way to wall up its borders. As Willie Morris, an exile from the state, pointed out in this summer's issue of *Dissent*, "The occasional good student who graduates from Ole Miss usually leaves never to come back." So do the better faculty members; the more spirited Negroes; those of both races who nurse a hankering to speak their minds and to associate with whom they please; the men of conscience; and the ambitious. As a result, Mississippi has not produced a statesman since Jefferson Davis, nor a businessman of national stature, nor a scholar of the first rank. Its only intellectuals are a few writers—Faulkner and Eudora Welty, for example—who are tortured by a complex love-hate relationship with their own soil.

One result is a fatal lack of progressive leadership. Of all the Southern states, only Mississippi has so far failed to produce a single man with the courage, the imagination, and the political skill to show its people how they can (and must) learn to accommodate to the inevitable. Even South Carolina, even Alabama, eventually turned up leaders who were able to make a beginning on the tortuous process of desegregation. (Few people outside his own state yet appreciate the acumen and political deftness of President Frank Rose of the University of Alabama, who devised a way to admit Negro students peaceably despite the opposition of the Governor, the legislature, and probably a majority of the voters.) But in Mississippi all but a few of the moderate whites who remain are cowed into silence, and all the public figures have nailed the Confederate flag to their mast. Do they really believe they can win a return engagement?

My hunch is that the ablest leaders in Mississippi today are Negroes: the young men of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee. Certainly they are the bravest, the hardest-working, the most indomitable, and probably the best educated. They or their successors may yet prove to be the salvation of the state. (If salvation is still possible—a question

which Faulkner, among others, held in doubt.)

The one I know best is Robert Moses—an honor graduate of Hamilton College and of Harvard, where he took his M.A. degree in philosophy on a John Hay Whitney fellowship. After graduation from Harvard he taught for three years at Horace Mann—one of New York's better private preparatory schools—while he worked on his Ph.D. He was well-launched on a promising academic career (and a safe, comfortable life) when he decided in 1961 to put all that aside to work for SNCC; he is now working as director of its Voters Registration Project in Mississippi.

In the last two years he has been shot at, jailed, clubbed by police, and bitten by a police dog. Many days he has gone hungry—his salary, when it is paid at all, is \$10 a week—and often he has not known where he could find shelter for the next night. Yet I have never heard him utter a word of regret, bitterness, hatred, or discouragement. He seems to regard persecution not as welcome, exactly, but as an honorable and inevitable part of the job.

Mr. Moses asked me to make it plain that he is in no way exceptional—that he has done nothing, taken no lumps, risked no more than every other member of the group. Some have been through worse. James Travis, for example, was seriously wounded by a shotgun blast fired into his car on February 28; Moses, riding with him, was unhit. Sixteen of the sixty-seven SNCC workers are, at this writing, in the state penitentiary under maximum security, while another forty-five are doing hard labor on the LeFlore County prison farm. White volunteers for the project, he says, often have the toughest time of all, because their very presence enrages the local whites. Let it be understood, then, that I mention Bob Moses only as an example, typical of all the rest.

This is the way he describes their work:

"When a representative of Snick comes into a Mississippi town, his first problem is to find someplace to live. Most Negro boardinghouse keepers are afraid to take in somebody who might look like a trouble-



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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

maker to the whites. They are afraid the lease might be canceled, or the taxes raised, or the house burned down. So in the beginning we often have to visit around for a long time, staying a few nights with one family and a few more with the next.

"The first job is to get some kind of organization started. We just talk to people in the streets, or call at their homes in the evening, going from door to door. After a while we may be able to call little meetings in a church. When I first came to Greenwood, the church people were all afraid to let us hold meetings. Now eight Negro churches are open to us. That is a real sign of progress; it shows that a lot of people aren't quite so scared anymore.

"We talk mostly about how important it is for Negroes to register to vote. It takes a long time to persuade anybody to try. They tell us: 'I don't want to be bothered with that mess. I don't want those white folks shooting into my house at night.' They tell us what happened to Negroes who have tried to register—how they got beat up, or lost their jobs. Twenty-nine Greenwood people who attended a voter-registration meeting in a church were arrested and sent to the county prison farm for four months: rocks and a smoke bomb were thrown through the windows of the church. No, the whites didn't do that; they got a Negro to do it, by giving him thirty dollars and the promise of a job.

"But after six months in Greenwood, we got fifty people to try to register. Only two of them passed the test. They have to interpret a section of the Constitution to the satisfaction of the registrar, and of course he isn't easy to satisfy.

"By that time we had a little office in a room over a Negro store. In August of 1962 it was raided by two carloads of whites at 1:00 A.M. Three of our people who were there—Sam Block, Lawrence Guyot, and Lavaughn Brown—escaped by climbing out the window and running over the roofs, before the raiders broke in the door. But we had to give up the office, because of tax pressure against the owner and police charges brought against the man who leased the building. Most of that winter we had no office and no place to live. We just kept shifting from house to house.

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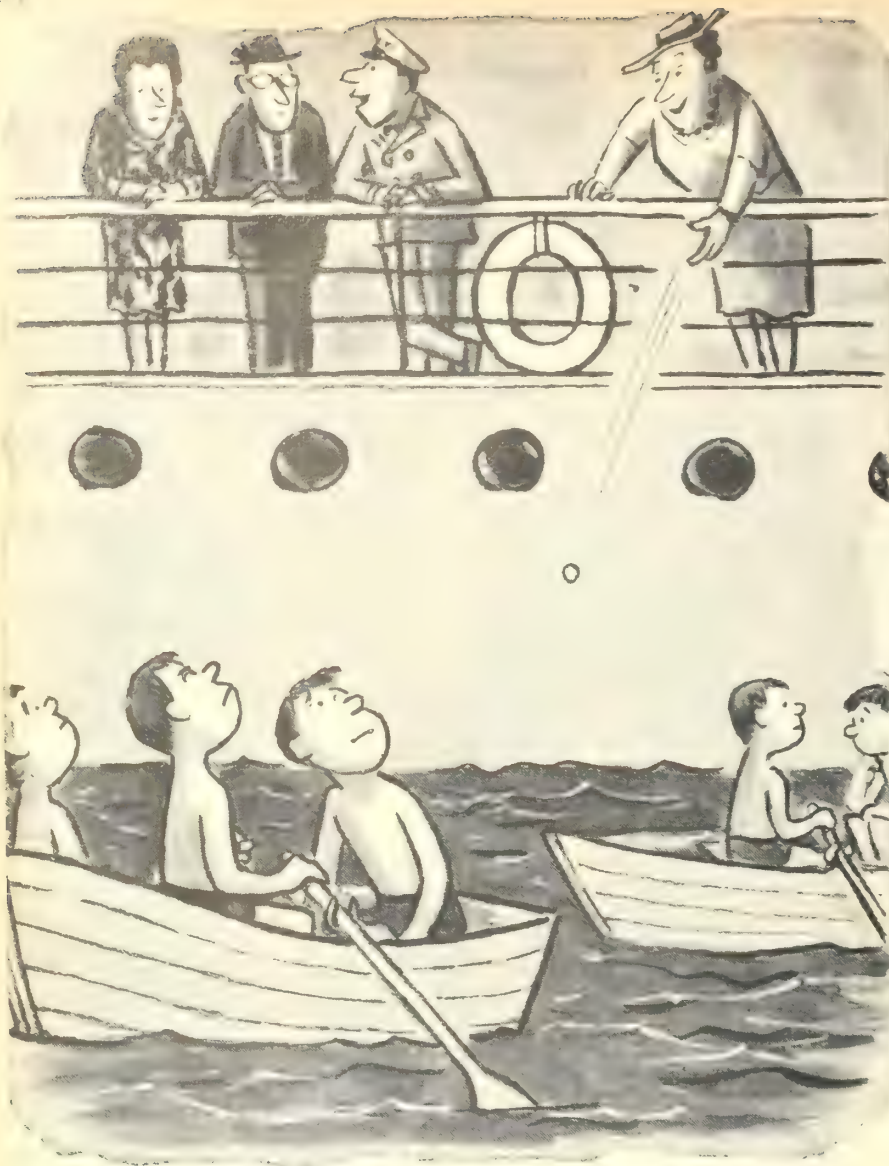
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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

In December we managed to get another office, but it was burned in March.

"During this particular time we were trying to collect food and clothing from all over the country for destitute plantation hands and sharecroppers, because the county officials had stopped distribution of federal surplus food—which meant that about sixteen thousand Negroes had nothing to eat. Whenever we were able to get a little something to give to a hungry family, we also talked about how they ought to register. As a result, about a hundred marched down in a batch; they felt safer if they went together.

"It was soon after that Jimmy Travis got shot, and there were three more shootings in the following month. One time they fired into a Negro theatre where a meeting was going on, and once into Sam Block's car while four people were riding in it, but nobody got hit. The shots were fired from cars without any license plates. The police paid no attention and when some of us protested, they put us in jail—I think the charge was disturbing the peace.

"About that time Dick Gregory, the entertainer, came down to help us with a demonstration and the Justice Department filed an injunction suit to stop intimidation. Soon we were able to rent a new and bigger office, and in the past five months, about 1,300 Negroes have tried to register. We don't know yet how many of them will be permitted to pass the tests—but maybe the situation is a little more hopeful, because the Justice Department is examining the records and it has filed a suit to abolish these tests as unconstitutional. It will take a long time, of course, for the case to work its way through the courts." *

* In 1960 only 163 Negroes—less than one per cent of the Negro population of voting age—registered in LeFlore County. By contrast, more than 50 per cent of the eligible whites registered. This year the SNCC workers hope that as many as four hundred Negroes may be able to get on the registration rolls. Usually only a small fraction of those registered dare to cast a ballot. This is easier to understand if you remember that this is the area where fourteen-year-old Emmett Till was murdered, and also is the home of the man charged with killing Medgar Evers.



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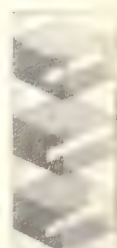
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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Meanwhile, the SNCC staff is busy with other projects:

1. It is enlisting and training local Negroes to take charge, eventually, of the work in Mississippi—with considerable success.

2. With the help of researchers and technicians in New York, it is trying to develop a simple, cheap teaching machine which Negroes can use to teach themselves to read—and thus to pass the voting tests. Throughout Mississippi, education for whites is poor; for Negroes it is negligible.

3. It is trying to set up a small library for Negroes in Greenwood, the LeFlore county seat. At present they have no access to books. LeFlore county has no bookstore—in fact, there are only a few in the whole state—and Negroes are of course barred from white libraries. So far, SNCC has collected about two thousand volumes, most of them contributed by students at Hamilton College in New York. Bob Moses tells me that they particularly need "a good set of reference books, children's books, and books written by Negroes"—though anything else of quality, including good periodicals and paperbacks, will be welcome. (Anyone who would like to contribute should send the books by parcel post to Robert Moses, 708 Avenue N, Greenwood, Mississippi.)

4. SNCC is conducting one-week seminars or workshops for high-school students in seven counties, to teach them a few basic facts about government—notably, how to overcome the many legal obstacles Mississippi has set up to keep Negroes from registering and voting. Major help in this enterprise is being provided by Northern law students—five from Harvard, two from Columbia, three (including a woman) from Yale—who are doing research on Mississippi's ingenious laws, and helping to prepare a Mississippi Political Handbook.

5. It is trying to line up as many volunteer workers as possible: white or Negro . . . local or from outside the state . . . for the school vacation months only, or for periods up to three years. The requirements are exacting. In addition to intelligence and the physical stamina for hard work on short rations, a volunteer has to have exceptional self-discipline

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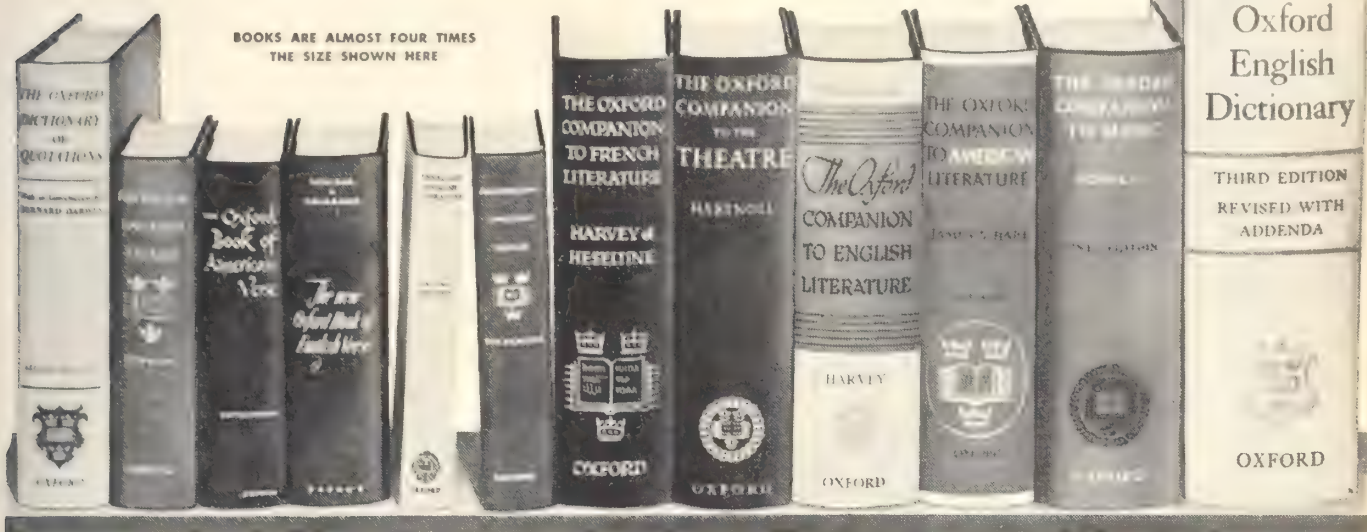
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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

and emotional maturity. He must be able to take insults and beatings without ever striking back.

"Hotheads are no help," Moses explained. "White volunteers especially have to be able to keep their emotions under control. If they are too forward, too eager to gain acceptance, they just make the local Negroes suspicious. If they show fear, their fear is likely to infect others. If they lose their tempers or act defiant, they will cause unnecessary trouble with the local whites. We've had a few neurotics who have come down here—youngsters with a John Brown complex—but we've shifted them out fast.

"What we need most is people with teaching and organizing skills. Understand, this is like going into an underdeveloped country. What we really need is a Peace Corps."

Are the meager results worth all this effort and sacrifice?

I think so, if only for their by-products. Two of these may prove more important than the immediate results in voter registration:

1. A considerable number of Negroes are learning the art of leadership, in the hardest possible school. When he finishes a SNCC assignment in Mississippi, a man is bound to know something about the persuasion and management of people, and the carrying through of complex operations under fire. He also is likely to end up with a new (and well-earned) pride and self-confidence.

This generation of leaders will be very different from that of Adam Clayton Powell and Malcolm X. They aren't interested in demagoguery or self-aggrandizement. Nor do they have any use for demonstrations staged primarily for publicity or emotional release. They have specific, well-defined goals; they are driving toward them with relentless determination; they can't be frightened or bought off; they waste no energy on unfocused hatred; and they have a hard grasp on political reality. Unlike the Black Muslims, they don't dream of a separate Negro state in some Utopian future; they want simple American justice, in Mississippi and now.

2. Harder to measure, but perhaps equally important, is their impact on the Southern mind. One thing that the average Mississippian does ad-

mire—however grudgingly—is courage. And he can't watch the SNCC people at work indefinitely without beginning to wonder whether it is *really* true that all Negroes are innately inferior.

One of these days, when he is finally forced to deal with his Negro neighbors as human beings and American citizens, he will know, deep inside, that he has met an opponent worthy of respect. And because of that recognition (probably never voiced out loud) the inevitable adjustment to reality will come a little easier for most Mississippians. After all, only after Antietam did the Confederate troops begin to shed their contempt for the Union army. At the time, it looked like an indecisive and costly battle; but we now know that it was the actual turning point of the war.

What Other Particulars?

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Died

at her house in Charles Street
near Berkley Square London
(where she resided alternately with
her seat Bookham Grove in Surrey
for a period of about thirty five years
HAPPY and RESPECTED)
after an illness of three weeks
AT MIDNIGHT . . .

in the presence of all her five children
and three of her old and faithful
attendants

in the seventy third year of her age,
the right honorable
LORA

BURTON DAWNAY
VISCOUNTESS DOWNE

widow of John Dawnay Fourth Viscount
Downe / mother of the Fifth Viscount
and other children, / and only child and
heir of William Burton, Esquire, / of
Ashwell, Rutland, / by his wife Eliza-
beth Pitt daughter of George Pitt / of
Stratfieldsay / by his second wife Lora
Grey of Kingston, Dorset /
For her character and other particulars
See the Gentleman's Magazine
for May MDCCCXII . . .

—From an inscription on a marble tomb
in York Minster, England

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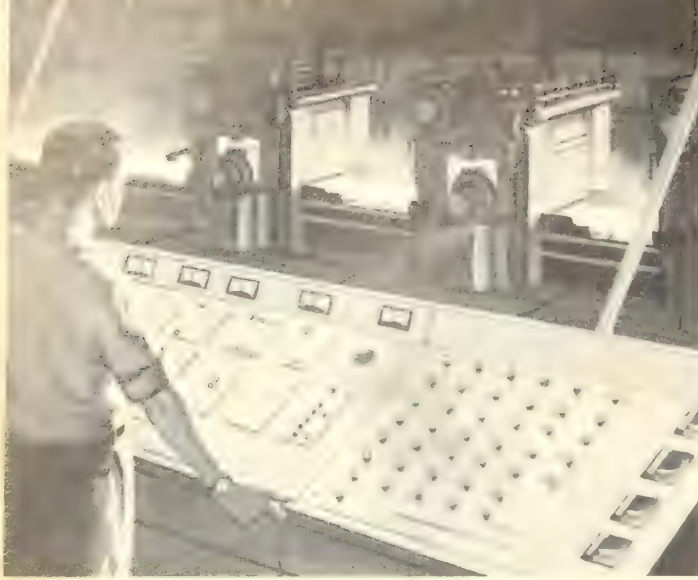
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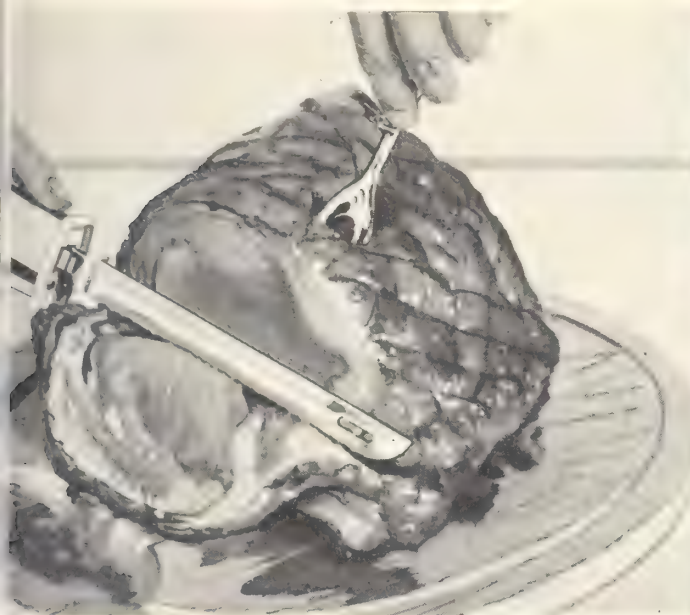


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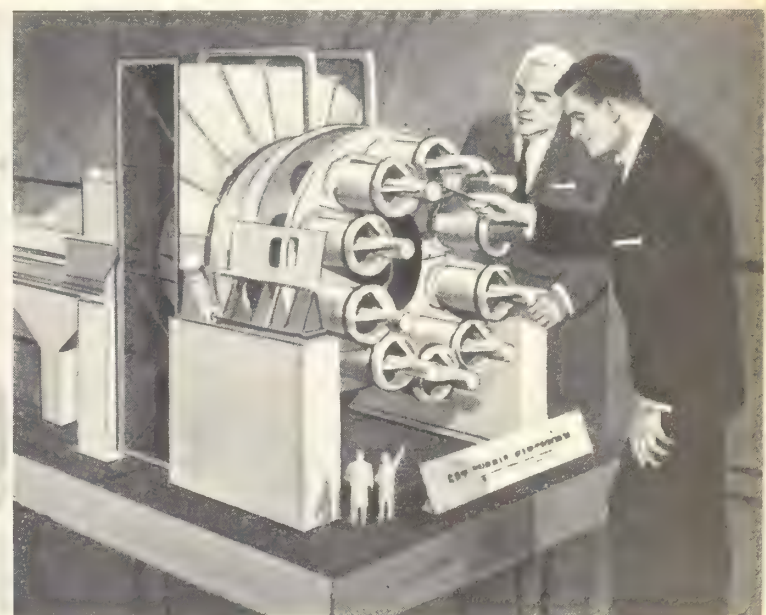
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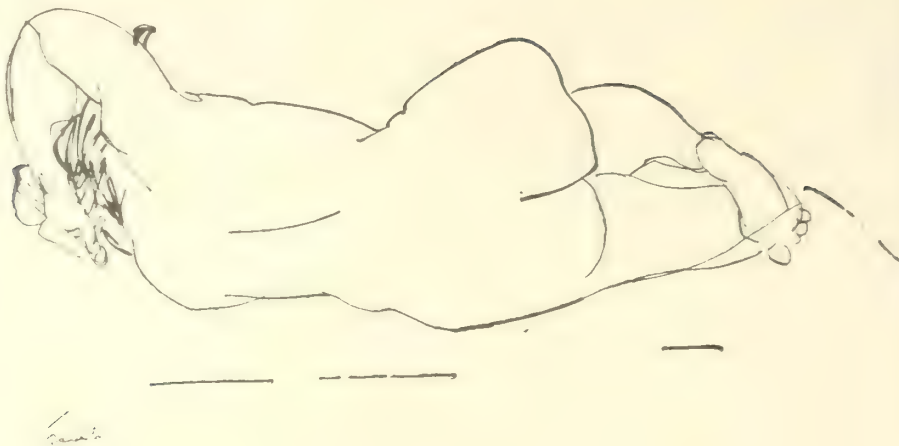
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After Hours



Sunday Painters by Frederick Franck

Dr. Franck is a Dutch-born New York artist, writer, and incidentally also a dental surgeon. His drawings and paintings are owned by many museums, and he will have two exhibits opening in Madison Avenue galleries on October 21. His next book, from which this essay is taken, will be "My Eye Is in Love," to be published by Macmillan. The drawing above is one of his many nudes—a subject he recommends to his fellow artists for the reasons noted below.

The old-time Sunday painter, now collected so furiously, who lovingly enumerated all the leaves of the oak tree and all the bricks of the church tower, was an endearing species not yet encouraged by the advertisements. No ideas of aesthetics and "development" were drummed into his head. He did not read the art magazines or visit museums of modern art.

I knew such a Sunday painter when I was a child in Holland. He was a clerk in my father's business. He had no illusion of being an artist. I can still see the faithful drawings of our city gates done by Fons, with every stone imitated as if his life depended on precise imitation.

"I just copy," he would apologize, "but real artists make things sing." And then he pointed out passages in the post-Impressionist local painters he adored like idols. But Fons was

too true to his eye to imitate those painters instead of following his own perception, and so he was perhaps the most real artist I knew in my childhood. His eye was in love, and he worked from infatuation. He drew until he died, a salesman—and an innocent. I surmise that it is to Fons I am indebted for taking art as a serious matter and for my faith in the vision of my own eyes.

The new-type Sunday painter may start with the purest impulse. He may have been one of those many children in whom the artist was awakened, only to be submerged by the onslaught of later life. I have met many people in whom the dream persisted in a different form. They became gallery addicts, collectors, critics or art-haters. In others, however, the artist was completely forgotten until much later the longing returned. Perhaps they were suddenly moved by last sunrays on poplar trees, by lifting mists at dawn. After all, why shouldn't they try? How many times did they not feel, looking at contemporary painters: even I could do better than that? Maybe they could, but the new-type Sunday painter has a terrible handicap. He has become a market for whole industries: the artist-material industry, the frame makers, the mail-order art courses extract his money and flatter his vanity.

After covering a number of pre-

fabricated canvases with blobs and strokes which at first fill him with joy, he soon feels he is stuck, that something is missing. "Just take our simple, infallible course," the advertising columns say. Only then the new Sunday painter is quite lost, for he starts to "develop." Under the misguidance of ready-made criticism and the jargon of the art courses, the returned impulse of the artist-child is quickly perverted. With local exhibitions and prizes, a new competitiveness enters his life, choking the original longing to a second and final frustration and death.

One cannot dispense with drawing without missing the very wellspring of art, one cannot attain freedom of expression without drawing oneself to freedom. All shortcuts mean the acquisition of a small bag full of tricks on which to depend: heads à la Klee, hands à la Picasso, monstrosities à la Bacon, drips à la Pollock. Dead-end alleys.

But if I draw, aims will clarify themselves. While drawing, I have a chance to discover my own handwriting and through it my authenticity. To find this unique authenticity is not only the point of practicing an art, it is the point of being alive at all. It is only because of the breakdown of criteria in the visual arts (who has not wondered how exactly juries arrive at their choice of prizes



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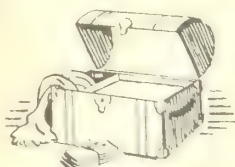
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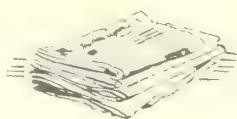
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AFTER HOURS

in large group shows?) that the sloppiest products of our time are offered to public view in what is still ironically classified as "Fine Arts."

In writing there are obvious criteria: words have to be organized into sentences and sentences have to convey some meaning. There has to be some control. Is this too hard? Then let's paint.

The man who sets out to make a chair has to work accurately, for a chair that wobbles, a chair one cannot sit on without its falling apart, shows him up as a pretentious incompetent . . . unless he calls it sculpture and becomes "creative." Who would dream of writing symphonies without knowing notes or give piano recitals without ever having played scales?

The pen, even more than charcoal, refuses to flatter one's vanity. It demands a steady hand, coordinated with a clear eye. Without pity it shows up all flabbiness of purpose, the slightest flagging of concentration. The pen is not only mightier than the sword, it is even mightier than the brush. The pen is even mighty enough—for who dares answer its challenge?—to cure the paranoia (delusions of grandeur and persecution) so easily unleashed by brush-wielding. (Needless to say, few people afflicted with paranoia have a desire to be cured, and there is little inducement, for, as is well known, every paranoiac has his "paranees," who just can't wait to confirm his delusions of grandeur and even feed them. These "paranees" may bring fame to the patient if he is an artist, or a following of *Sturmtruppen* if he is a politician.)

To learn to draw—a study that takes a lifetime—one has to draw everything and especially the nude body. Drawing the nude is my daily or at least weekly prayer. After I have thus prayed, my mind is at ease and I can work on. In drawing, beginner's luck definitely does not exist, for it is exceedingly difficult. It is a constant test of skill and will and concentration. It is more than an academic task. For the nude model is neither plaster cast, nor mechanism of moving parts. It is a human being and the manner in which I render it gives me away completely. It is I,



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AFTER HOURS

the artist, who in my nudes show myself naked for all to see. Every sloppiness, all incompetence, every fetishism, infantilism, or callousness shows up in a man's drawing of the nude body. But also all that is good, profound, and free becomes clear to whoever can read a drawing.

Rembrandt in his nudes shows his supreme understanding of, and compassion with, human destiny; Degas, his cold anger and irritation at the imperfections and stupidities of his models; Maillol, his pagan, human animality; Pascin, his nervous, melancholic sensuality; Bouguereau, his academic petrification; Felicien Rops, his sick eroticism; Ingres, his cold-hot tenderness; and countless thousands, their dirty little minds.

Why have painters since the Renaissance preferred the female nude? Is it because most painters until recently were males? It may be. For it is obvious that a man gazes with higher emotional charge on a woman's body than on a man's. I believe Picasso said that men should paint women and vice versa. Is it also because a woman expresses herself so much more easily through her body and exhibits herself so much more naturally, taking more delight in the attention bestowed on her? Or is it because male models are usually so clumsy, their repertory of poses so limited that they need a staff to lean on, a rope to hang against, or a hand to support a head pretending thought?

The importance of the model cannot be overstressed. Renoir in his old age never tired of caressing the female form, his brush tied to his stiff hand. "I need the model," he would say. "I ignite myself by this contact."

The contact is essential. There are good models and bad ones; and it is not sufficient for a girl to take off her clothes to become a model. A bad model gives me the feeling that I cannot draw anymore. But a good model practically draws herself. Elemental women, incarnations of the forces of nature, seem to make better models than intellectualized ones. Plump ones are usually preferable to modish stalks.

The good model draws herself indeed, her every gesture flows, all is natural, spontaneous, nothing is put

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TOYS TOYS TOYS

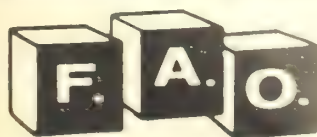
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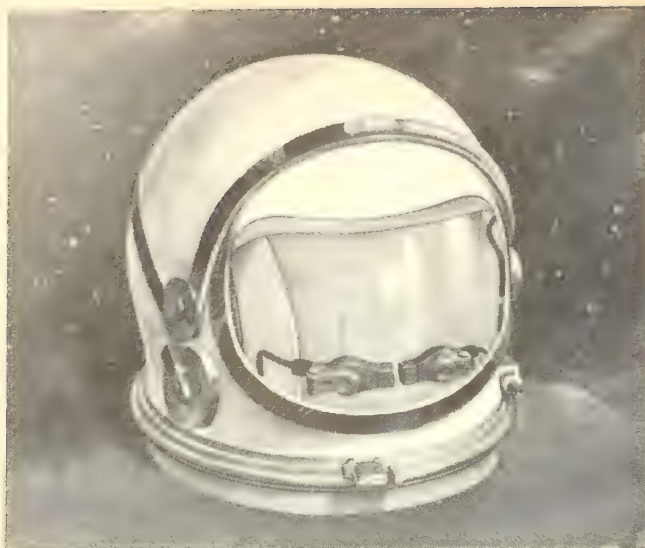
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AFTER HOURS

on. She is neither afraid of being ridiculous nor of being immodest. She does not give it a thought. Whether she is "beautiful" or "ugly" is immaterial. It is the movement of her body, the expression of her face, that intangible something that makes the pen move by itself. Whether she is a woman in bloom, or a woman worn out by childbearing, or a smooth little virgin, it is her inner life that informs her every movement of hand, head, and pelvis.

My favorite model is at least fifty-five. She is no beauty and she talks constantly. When I first saw her in her shabby clothes, looking like a dilapidated charwoman, I resigned myself to a lost evening. When she was nude I saw at once that this old body had once been trained for the ballet, and that life had destroyed its smoothness but not its grace. A grace made heavy and poignant by the passing of the years, the children born, the floors scrubbed, the illnesses overcome. "Why do you draw that old bag?" men will say, thumbing through a heap of drawings. "She is horrible," say the girls, each pushing to the back of her mind the realization that in a few years she will be much like old Loulou, though without her elegance of movement. Such a model you draw with the love and the respect with which you draw a tree.

That is, if the spirit moves you. In some sessions you think you draw well from the beginning, and when the next day you look at the drawings, you see that the whole batch should be thrown into the stove. In other sessions you go through hours of despair, then find you have done well. It is wise to forget the distress caused by the bad drawings, it is even wiser not to adore the good ones for more than an hour. They might seduce to mannerism and stagnation.

I rarely paint nudes. Yet I cannot forgo drawing from life. In the aridity of the city the nude model is my landscape of flesh. She is the archetypal mother, the nymph, the imp. She is chaste or perverse, athletic or languid, bovine or spirited. She always demands worship in work. In the city she is my epitome of nature. The continuous test of my skill. The constant, pitiless measure of my growth, stagnation, maturity, or decline.

Eating habits children learn in the home often lead to obesity problems later in life

PARENTS WHO ARE really interested in the present and future health and happiness of their children cannot ignore the importance of cultivating sensible eating habits in the young. Allowing a child to overeat or to not eat a well balanced diet, with the hope that the child will ultimately outgrow these poor habits, is a good example of how some parents encourage the development of lifetime behavior patterns that cannot help but lead to frustration and unhappiness. The fat child too often grows into a fat adult, or the undernourished girl, the one who is not encouraged to eat a balanced diet, often becomes an adult woman who will experience difficulties in pregnancy because her body is not as well developed as it might have been.

Children acquire most of their lifetime eating habits, their food tastes and preferences, at the family table. The example set by the parents in the home is a powerful influence in determining how the children will eat through the rest of their lives. For instance, the mother who nibbles at a piece of toast and a cup of coffee for her breakfast certainly does not set a good example for her teen-age daughter.

LEARN THE SIMPLE FOOD RULES

Mealtime should be a pleasant occasion for all members of the family. Consuming food should not be mysterious, complicated, or a medical treatment. Learning and following some very simple rules can provide a daily food pattern that is nutritionally adequate and enjoyable.

Regardless of other purposes eating may serve, the basic reason for consuming food is to provide the body with the nutrients required for proper growth, maintenance, and energy. Teaching children to eat meals and snacks that are well balanced in both quantity and quality of foods is a parental responsibility which, properly performed, can contribute much to the longevity and happiness of the child. We should never forget that it is easier to teach by a good example than by preaching alone.

Nutritionists have tried to simplify food selection as much as possible. They have analyzed the nutrients our bodies need, and they have suggested food patterns to provide these nutrients. A variety of foods is recommended because the nutritionists are not yet certain about our needs for certain nutrients. Trying to rely on pills for essential food nutrients is not only a less pleasant way to feed one's self but also may possibly eliminate some of the nutrients present in a variety of foods.

FOLLOW THE DAILY FOOD GUIDE

Parents should set a good example for children by following the daily food guide established by nutritionists. This involves selecting foods from four main groups:

MILK AND DAIRY FOODS: Children and teen-agers should have at least three glasses of milk each day (or its equivalent in such dairy foods as cheese and ice cream). Adults

should have at least two glasses of milk. Two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide these portions of the recommended daily allowances of food nutrients for an adult man: protein (of very high quality, ready for immediate use) 25 percent; calcium (which adults need to keep bones strong even after growth is completed, as well as for other vital processes) 71 percent; vitamin A 15 percent; riboflavin 46 percent; thiamine 10-12 percent; calories (which become undesirable only when we consume too many!) 10-13 percent. The percentages for an adult woman are slightly higher because of the slightly lower nutrient needs of the woman, but two glasses of milk still provide only 14-18 percent of the daily calorie needs for an adult woman. To obtain the protein, minerals, and vitamins in milk through other foods usually would require a much higher cost in calories. This is why the calories in milk are often called "armored calories" as opposed to foods which provide fewer or no other nutrients except calories.

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS: Two or more servings each day from this group of foods provide additional high quality protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. Weight reducers should select the lean cuts of meat to keep calories down.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS: Four or more servings, selected from the tremendous variety of these foods available today, help assure adequate consumption of vitamins and minerals. Selections should include a citrus fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable rich in vitamin A. Children do not have to be forced to eat any particular fruits or vegetables. Try many different kinds to find those they like best so that they get started in the habit of eating these valuable foods each day.

BREADS AND CEREALS: Four or more servings each day from this food group provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and calories. Weight watchers should select carefully in this group to keep the calories in balance with needs.

Selecting foods from the four groups and determining the amount of food required to maintain desirable weight are lifetime eating habits that should be taught very early. Children should also be taught, again by parental example, that daily exercise is an important element in building and maintaining good health. The time has come to expand the slogan "Families that pray together stay together" to read: "Families that walk together to pray together stay together." Surely, families that learn to eat wisely together also have greater opportunities to live longer and happier lives.



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Whatever Happened to the Peaceful Atom?

By David E. Lilienthal

A pioneer in developing atomic energy explains why his early hopes have collapsed—and why the vastly expensive nuclear power program should now be ruthlessly cut back.

A few days before Christmas, 1945, a young Senator from Connecticut, Brien McMahon, introduced a bill which expressed a common conviction of that time: a revolutionary period based upon the peaceful use of atomic discoveries lay just ahead.

As passed by Congress eight months later, the McMahon Act declared: “. . . The effect of the use of atomic energy for civilian purposes upon the social, economic, and political structures of today cannot now be determined. It is reasonable to anticipate, however, that tapping this new source of energy will cause profound changes in

our present way of life.” The declaration concluded on the almost desperately hopeful note that atomic energy would be directed toward “improving the public welfare, increasing the standards of living, strengthening free competition among private enterprises so far as is practicable, and cementing world peace.”

A year later almost to the day, in the mid-afternoon of December 31, 1946, I sat next to President Truman in the White House as he signed the document which transferred from the Manhattan Project, as it was called, the whole complex of wartime atomic facilities—factories, laboratories, weapons—to the civilian Atomic Energy Commission. At midnight that same day, General Leslie Groves, the dedicated officer who had carried the responsibility for producing the first atomic bomb, said in his farewell address: “Five years ago the idea of atomic power was only a dream. You of the Army’s Manhattan Project have made that dream a reality. With

regard to peaceful applications, you have raised the curtain on vistas of a new world."

These statements reflected quite accurately the expectations widely held in 1945 and 1946. American domestic policy and America's first efforts toward international atomic control, in which I participated, were built on this great hope. I fully shared these views at the time; otherwise I could not with such conviction have joined the work of trying to bring these dreams to reality through the tapping of atomic energy for civilian uses.

On this explicit premise, radical and unprecedented measures were adopted by Congress. For the first time in our history a new technical development became a monopoly of government, its future entrusted not to normal competitive forces but to a single government agency—the five-member AEC—armed with billions of dollars and the broadest of powers. Nothing of this nature had ever been attempted in order to further other technical discoveries and inventions which had revolutionized our life: the dynamo, the electric light, the automotive engine, the airplane, the radio.

We made this departure from a deep conviction. There was an overriding national interest—not simply in developing one more source of energy in a nation already so richly endowed in other sources of power, but in giving special priority to a peaceful atom which was to have a "profound effect" on our people. It was *this* national interest which justified an immense effort, prodigious expenditures of public money, and a wholesale absorption of so much of the scientific, technical, and industrial resources of the country.

The Shattered Illusion

Immediately after President Truman signed the order transferring the wartime properties to the AEC, we proceeded to expand an already extensive atomic establishment. Most of this expansion went to research and to the production of improved atomic weapons. But the nonmilitary program also claimed much attention. The universities of the Southeast were brought together in a great expansion of the Oak Ridge Institute. A similar program embracing universities and also stressing national laboratories was carried out at the Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago, the Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island, the laboratory at the University of Iowa in Ames, the scientific complex in New

Mexico, and the laboratory and facilities at Berkeley.

The effort today continues unabated. The AEC is actually pressing for a new program which would cost \$2 billion over the next decade. Not merely improvements in existing reactors are being sought, but a whole new line of technology—the so-called breeder reactor, talked about endlessly for fifteen years—is now being forwarded, with predictions ranging from conservative to nebulous.

Yet the initial goal has long since proved to be a mirage—so much so that the AEC and the Joint Congressional Committee not only prefer to forget that fact, but warmly berate those who, like myself, remind the country of the shattered illusion.

In a full-page advertisement published in newspapers this spring, North American Aviation Corporation presents an American mother, father, and kids at their family dinner. The caption goes, in large letters: "One of the Most Revolutionary Events of the 20th Century Has Just Happened in This Room." In smaller type this event is explained: "Just a moment ago the peaceful atom started supplying the electric power that lights this room. The room looks no different than before; yet the world is far brighter as a result. For the atom has proved itself an answer to man's growing need for electric power."

But in human affairs, including politics and business, a vested interest in a destroyed illusion is commonplace. To have second thoughts on the pursuit of a will-of-the-wisp in public programs or in private enterprise takes an aroused taxpayer with a profound sense of disappointment.

Suppose in 1946 Congress somehow had been forewarned that even when great powers are invested in a unique government agency, huge research and development facilities built throughout the nation, uranium sought both here and abroad, uranium fuel costs heavily subsidized, large development and partial capital costs borne for manufacturers of electric equipment and utilities—if all these things are done at the expense of billions of dollars for twenty or thirty

David E. Lilienthal has been chairman of the board of the Development and Resources Corporation since 1955. A Midwestern lawyer and public official, he was appointed director of the Tennessee Valley Authority in 1933 and was first chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission 1946-50. His article is adapted from his new book, "Change, Hope, and the Bomb," to be published by the Princeton University Press.

years, the product is civilian electricity which is only just as good and about as expensive as other sources of power. What would Congress have said? My guess is that Congress and the people would have gone to any lengths to develop the military atom, but would have had nothing to do with such a prospectus for peaceful civilian electricity.

Even in the early days the AEC's advisory committee, an eminent group of men, uttered words of caution. Industrialists like Philip Sporn told the country and the scientific community that power from the atom is like any other power, and that the atom is just another kind of fuel rather than a magic shortcut to virtually costless electricity. These voices were largely unheeded.

A perceptive satirist, Frank Sullivan, liked to debunk the clichés of exuberance in those days. In a piece published in *The New Yorker* in November 1945, Sullivan's cliché expert, Mr. Arbuthnot, "testified" in question and answer form. From the witness stand Mr. Arbuthnot told his examiner that he had better learn to use the words "harness" and "unleash" if he expected to talk about the atom. "They are two words frequently used. With pea, of course."

Q. "Why pea?"

A. "Oh, everything is in terms of the pea. You know how much U-235 it would take to drive a car to the moon and back?"

Q. "No, sir. How much?"

A. "A lump the size of a pea."

Q. "You wouldn't settle for a lump the size of a radish or a bean?"

A. "Sorry. The pea is the accepted vegetable in these explanations."

Reading some current atomic-power predictions, the dialogue with the cliché expert might continue in this fashion:

Q. "After eighteen years, where are we in 1963, Mr. Arbuthnot?"

A. "Threshold. We are on the threshold of cheap atomic power. That is the word to keep in mind."

Q. "But didn't you testify in 1954 that we were on the threshold? And then again in 1960, didn't you say the same thing?"

A. "Yes, of course I did. Threshold it was and threshold it still is."

Q. "And how high is that threshold in 1963?"

A. "High? Well, the same height as 1954. Hundreds of millions a year high. And don't forget breeder."

Q. "Breeder? This is a mixed audience and I'll ask you to watch your language."

A. "But breeder's the latest word. If some-

one presses you about the old kind of atomic power plant, just say breeder. It always works for me. A breeder is in the future, and who's to dispute that?"

Today no one expects or even predicts that some magic of technology will be found through which electricity from the atom can be produced so cheaply as to cause revolutionary changes in our life. Except in the promotional rhetoric, somewhere along the line the goal has shifted. Now the objective is a quite different one: to produce atomic electricity that will be *just as good* as electricity from coal, oil, or water; or, to use more formal language, "competitive," meaning competitive in cost.

Even those who once laid their reputations on the line are becoming disenchanted as the new technical obstacles and the cost of overcoming them become more apparent. Not long ago Admiral Hyman Rickover advised Congress to make a large investment in a 500,000-kilowatt nuclear power plant, but not with the thought that it would produce economically competitive power. Rickover's testimony was in marked contrast to many warm predictions made to Congress in the past about atomic power. It showed the moral courage so characteristic of Admiral Rickover when he argued that civilian atomic-power reactors "should not be built for any other purpose than to learn something." It would be "a waste of government funds," he said, "just to go out and build a big reactor."

Perils of Radiation

The goal now is electric power which is "just as good." But the potential hazards to life and health of hundreds of thousands of people in densely populated areas adjacent to power plants make it a travesty to place atomic power facilities on the same level as conventional ones, even should the cost ultimately be about the same, or even less.

Atomic power plants produce large quantities of radiation—aptly described in a 1961 Supreme Court opinion as "the most deadly, the most dangerous process that man has ever conceived."

The atomic fuel for this radiation must be replaced from time to time. When the atomic "ashes" are removed, they are still furiously radioactive. These highly poisonous wastes must be handled in several stages: removed from the power station, placed in containers, transported in vehicles to some place far removed from populated areas, processed in a plant (such as

one now being built in upper New York state), and then ultimately buried, *still radioactive*, in an atomic graveyard.*

At each stage in this process, there is the risk of human error. And although the AEC has devoted much attention to the hazards of handling and transporting these dangerous materials, accidents have happened. The AEC recently reported that since 1957 there have been 47 accidents in such shipments. Of these, 15 were characterized as "severe impact-type accidents," such as head-on vehicle collisions and train derailments.

The fact that none of these accidents resulted in serious consequences does not set my mind at ease, for the AEC is now pressing for a nationwide program of large-scale atomic-power stations—despite the fact that after fifteen years no method of disposing of the waste poisons from such plants with complete safety has been field-demonstrated. Indeed the AEC recently reported to the President that such methods are still in the research stage.

For a new technical venture, the AEC safety record has been very good indeed. But with atomic radiation, "very good" is not nearly good enough. Just one major accident, one human error, one serious miscalculation in an atomic power plant—such as the huge one planned for the heart of New York City—one failure of a container in a populated area could be a disaster, with terrifying consequences.

Were it not for the great perils of radiation poisoning, one could earnestly hope atomic electricity would prove in time to be competitive, or nearly so, with energy from other sources. And if the only way we could provide for our rising energy needs were these still-experimental operations, we might even be forced to take such long risks to the public's health and safety.

But the split atom is but one way to provide heat with which to turn turbines and generators. There are many other ways: the burning of coal, lignite, gas, and oil. The split atom produces a still most inadequately understood phenomenon, massive radiation. It is this radiation which provides the heat. Burning coal, oil, or gas

*Dr. Donald R. Chadwick, chief of the Division of Radiological Health of the U.S. Public Health Service, estimated earlier this year that "the accumulated volume of radioactive wastes from nuclear installations . . . will [if atomic power plants are built according to the AEC program] increase from about 1.5 million gallons, the estimated 1965 volume, to two billion gallons in 1995." He added: "It is in the development of atomic energy . . . where lies our greatest potential environmental contamination problem if uncontrolled."

supplies heat without the poisonous radiation.

The story of the second coming of coal as a source of energy in the past decade illustrates the difficulty of predicting a specific change over an indefinite future. Coal is not glamorous, like water power or the atom. In the public mind it is often associated with disasters and the hard life of the miner. There are still places where mining methods are as primitive as they were thirty years ago. But today improved technology and economics, higher efficiency in transforming heat from coal to electricity (an increased efficiency of 30 per cent in the last few years), and better long-distance power transmission have made coal in many parts of the country—including the heavily industrialized Ohio Valley—by all odds the least costly source of energy, except perhaps for some of the better water-power sites. America's supply of coal is clearly more than adequate for many decades, despite the mounting energy needs of the country. Mine-mouth coal, transmitted to distant cities in the form of electricity or by revolutionary new modes of railroad transport, is establishing new low records in cost.

The continuing gargantuan expenditures of government money for atomic development have been justified on the grounds that we should determine whether uranium as a fuel is, or can be, less costly than coal—even if by only a mill or so per unit of electricity. Is there a *national public interest* that justifies this scale of effort? Where there is no present or prospective economic need for a product or a service, does it make sense for the government to devote so much of the country's resources to civilian atomic energy? I doubt it. Does it make sense for some of America's ablest technical men, in the AEC and in industry, to meet frustration after frustration for no imminent overriding public purpose? Military applications, of course, including the nuclear submarine power plant, would stand in a different category.

Excitement in the Sciences

I submit two propositions:

One, the problems of securing safe and economically competitive power from the atom have far exceeded the expectations of the administrators and the technical experts; and after all these years and the expenditure of vast sums of public money, the problems have not yet been solved.

Two, other sources of power are ample and becoming steadily cheaper.

Accepting those views will give us a new

perspective for sensible public discussion. It will allow us to devote much of our scientific and technical talent to other significant areas. For it becomes more and more clear that when the economics of power show a need for atomic energy, the manufacturers of equipment and the utility industry, private and public, will supply that need without government prodding.

It was not only the search for atomic power to which our public outlay was directed. It was believed that atomic discoveries would produce great advances in the basic sciences, in medicine, and in the production of food as a contribution to the conquest of poverty and disease on an international scale. Radioactive isotopes have indeed been a marvelous boon as a tool of science. Those in the 'forties who sensed that this area might well give us the greatest benign applications of atomic energy have been proven right. The radioactive isotope has made important, though still somewhat limited, contributions to medicine and chemical engineering.

In the industrial uses of the atom, however, a new note of prudence seems to be emerging. The Dow Chemical Company, for example, recently announced it had been successful in using a radioactive substance, cobalt 60, as a catalyst to produce small quantities of the organic compound ethyl bromide. One headline was in the style of the old exuberant era: "The atom runs a chemical plant." But in finer print the company's chemist said, "It's just another type of catalyst, another tool to consider. Ultraviolet light and chemical agents may still be the best, most economical way to produce many chemicals." The atom in chemistry is now seen as a part of the mainstream of chemistry, not as some esoteric magic.

There continues to be a very high level of intellectual progress and excitement in physics, following the path cut a generation ago by such giants as the late Niels Bohr and his younger associates. The money and brains devoted to nuclear science apart from the research and development of atomic power have, I think, on the whole been well used. But I am not alone in questioning whether the degree of intellectual effort devoted to this whole area of science is justified when compared with the newly emerging opportunities in the life sciences—for example, where there is a growing understanding of genetics, involving some of the basic processes of life itself.

We can well be proud—I certainly am—of our great atomic laboratories. But we are making a mistake in assuming that they must *always* expand. A kind of Parkinson's Law of Research has developed, a "law" I would state this way:

that research expands as fast as money is made available. Fifteen billions of dollars of federal funds for research—the figure today—could become thirty billions if we don't take a hard look soon at this cumulative process. I suggest that a comprehensive and critical review of the gargantuan federal research program is urgently needed.

Further, the AEC continues to stockpile uranium. By 1966, we are told, our uranium surplus—above what we are told are our needs for weapons and reactors—will amount to about a billion dollars. Do the prospects for atomic reactors or the need for more weapons in the next decade justify this mounting surplus reserve? If not, can we afford to build a kind of atomic political pork barrel, or a uranium Congressional bloc as tenacious as the silver bloc?*

The Remnants of Our Resolve

There are various reasons why we continue to do all these things despite the reduced prospects for the uses of the peaceful atom. Some are straight political ones. Some stem from the natural and justifiable pride of honorable men whose technical careers have been dedicated to certain goals. They have a quite human difficulty in being wholly objective about the results of their work. But deeper still, I think, are the remnants of a resolve that we *must* prove that the atom has a peaceful nonmilitary promise of high importance, that somehow a weapon so destructive simply has to have humane applications.

Is the peaceful atom, then, a goldbrick, a fiasco, a flop? Nothing has changed the majesty of the basic discovery and its theoretical potential. The trouble is mainly with ourselves for allowing our determination about the atom to inflate our hopes so grossly.

*The *New York Times* reported in a Washington dispatch dated June 29, 1963, that the Administration was considering a substantial cutback in the production of atomic weapons, because "we have tens or hundreds of times more weapons than we would ever drop even in an all-out war, and we have had more than we needed for at least two years." The report added that many members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy suspect that "production of atomic weapons was coming to be based more on the capabilities of the AEC to manufacture them than on the actual requirements of the military" but that any cutback would "run into resistance from regional and political interests."

More than 100,000 people are employed in developing and making atomic weapons, in addition to many thousands of miners digging uranium ore.

—The Editors

Years ago the Russians declared that, unlike the bloodthirsty Americans, who only saw the atom in terms of ultimate destruction, they were developing it for peaceful purposes. Most knowledgeable people at the time interpreted this announcement as a characteristic piece of Soviet Cold War propaganda. Yet the pressure on us to prove that atomic weapons were not the only product of our massive scientific efforts led to strange contrived notions like the blowing out of harbors and the producing of steam by underground explosions. Without judging these undertakings, one can observe that they reveal how far scientists and administrators will go in trying to establish a nonmilitary use.

For example, dramatic pictures of a great hole blasted out in the desert by a "peaceful" atomic explosion in July 1962 were released to the press by the AEC—but not until four months after the event, when the AEC's budget for similar spectacles was before the Budget Bureau. As a buildup for the peaceful application of the atom, a comparison was made between the amount of earth moved by the desert explosion and that removed to dig the tunnel under New York's East River—where an atomic explosion would hardly be welcomed. This was only one of many instances in which public-relations techniques—the not-so hidden persuader—have been used to promote the appropriation of atomic funds.

One other consequence of this glamorization is the foreign-aid program within the AEC, part of President Eisenhower's "Atoms for Peace" proposals of 1954. An elaborate ritual for providing atomic research and technology to underdeveloped countries like Thailand and Guatemala became an expensive AEC showpiece. Much of this project was utterly wasteful and meaningless, since most of the beneficiary countries hardly had a mere cadre of scientists and lacked the minimum facilities to put this "exchange" of atomic knowledge to any significant use. Even as a propaganda device it was naïve and self-defeating. Many of these countries need doctors and medicine, storage batteries, plows and fertilizers and seed, and good *elementary* scientific instruction.

There has been another disturbing aspect of the overemphasis on the peaceful atom at the expense of other equally promising areas of science. From the beginning of the AEC it has always been easier to persuade Congress to appropriate funds for science and research if somehow the atom could be tacked onto the request. I do not depreciate the importance of the huge accelerators, costing hundreds of millions of dollars, or such elaborate laboratories as those at Oak Ridge,

Argonne, Brookhaven, and Berkeley. There are simply too many other worthy claimants for a part of our great but limited research energies.

Back in the Mainstream

The time has come for us to cease thinking of the atom as a thing apart from all other segments of science. Until the atom is brought back fully into the mainstream of the scientific thought of our country, and becomes one element of that mainstream, Congress will continue to remain vulnerable to special pleadings for funds for atomic research, with too little opportunity to weigh that field, soberly and realistically, against our other needs and opportunities.

Of all our national resources, minds are the most precious. Two-thirds of our trained minds available for exploring scientific and technical frontiers, we are told by the President, are absorbed by the space, defense, and atomic-energy activities of our country. The rest of America's needs are relatively impoverished—neglected and starved.

For the first time, I believe, the country is beginning to realize that we cannot have a satisfactory rate of economic growth if this disproportioned allocation of our trained intellect continues. President Kennedy said in his economic report to Congress last year: "We have paid a price by sharply limiting the scarce scientific and engineering resources available to the civilian sectors of the American economy."

The "civilian sector" is a colorless term in economics for what it is that keeps America going. Cut off the research and technical efforts of the civilian sectors, and the space, defense, and atomic-energy programs will have no one to pay the bills. Reducing this drain on our intellectual creativity was not specifically proposed by the President, but I suggest Congress consider the civilian atomic-energy program as a good place to start that will not impair our military security.

* * *

I have observed with great misgivings over the past thirteen years that although the original expectations of the civilian atomic-energy program have steadily dimmed, the huge expenditures of money and brains are continuing. As first chairman of the AEC, and as one who had a hand in the beginning of this program, I feel a responsibility now to make public recognition of the fact that the peaceful atom has had a fair trial—and that the original hopes have collapsed.



Our Most American Animal

by Polly Redford

One of the most adaptable of beasts, the raccoon thrives in swamps or suburbs . . . eats almost anything . . . and seems to think humans make cute pets.

People who have studied raccoons—and there are very few of them—have proposed that this animal join the eagle as an American emblem. Why not a national mammal as well as a national bird? Raccoons certainly qualify. While there is nothing distinctly American about eagles, the raccoon is a New World mammal, native to no other continent. He is tough, adaptable, and successful. Highly intelligent, he rounds out our American Dream by being handsome and useful as well.

Nothing about him is rare, delicate, or specialized. He is as common as dirt and as hardy as weeds. When wild chestnuts disappear he switches to acorns and hazelnuts; when his den trees are cut down he moves into fox burrows, culverts, caves, and old barns; in the deep South he is active all year, but he sleeps through Northern winters; where the sea provides shellfish he abandons his nocturnal habits and fishes in broad daylight following the ebb tide. He lives in suburbs, sleeping in attics and raiding garbage cans.

He develops a rich, heavy coat for Canadian winters, and a thin, almost white one for the hot brilliance of the Florida Keys. He eats crayfish in Ohio swamplands, and on Cape Sable he must dig wells down to fresh water. In Michigan he is an important cash crop and in Florida he is a pest.

(My own two coons came from my great-aunt's attic, barely a mile from City Hall in Miami. My great-aunt thought she heard squirrels up there, but Live and Let Live is her motto—a light-hearted attitude that changed abruptly one morning when two babies dropped through a soft spot in her ceiling onto her guest-room sofa. She telephoned us to come with nets. Which is how I got my start as a raccoonist.)

On Florida Keys I have watched the raccoon collecting his day's receipts as he works his black paws through the crumpled recesses of a Cracker-jack box or with one sharp claw delicately hooks the last olive from the bottom of the jar. And when picnics are packed away and all the cars have driven off, the coon walks quietly out of the shrubbery and over to the trash cans to dine royally on apple cores, leftover hot dogs, bits of marshmallow, and stale bread. When eagles and buffalo have long disappeared, when all America has become one vast expressway and used-car lot, the raccoon will still be with us—nesting in

rusty automobile bodies, eating cast-off TV dinners, drinking water that collects in old tires.

The story of raccoons is in some ways a tiny mirror of our own history. It begins in 1612 when Captain John Smith wrote a book describing his new Virginia colony, where bear and deer abounded, and where he had seen a curious new creature—"a beast they call *Arougheun*, much like a badger, but useth to live on trees as squirrels doe." Captain Smith, a no-nonsense man, mentioned the animal in passing and went on to more important things. Had he been a philosopher, or even a Frenchman, he would have given it some Elizabethan title or heavy Latin name; but quickly and sensibly he merely adopted the word *arakun* used by the Virginia Indians. *Arougheun* soon shortened itself into raccoon, and a new word came into English.

In the Indian language *arakun* meant "he who scratches with his hands." The little animal was by nature a scratcher, a plucker, a feeler, a kneader, and a dabbler. Indians knew this because they had watched him. They called him simply and perfectly *the feeler*, and so, without knowing it, we call him feeler to this day.

By 1672 English colonists were no longer explorers like John Smith, but farmers living off their crops. Coons, who knew a good thing when they saw it, began to live off them too, coming down from the trees and moving in closer to the fields for a free lunch. In that year a New Englander named John Josselyn published the first of what were to be millions of farmers' complaints.

The raccoon liveth in hollow trees and is about the size of a gib-cat. They feed upon mass and do infest our Indian-corn very much. They will be exceeding fat in autumn. Their flesh is somewhat dark but good food roasted.

Obviously, farmers had already begun to take their revenge.

A Naturalist's Nightmare

It took 150 years for naturalists to understand that raccoons are a separate genus and not poor relations of Old World quadrupeds. Trying to classify raccoons in terms of familiar animals led to John Brickell's difficulties in 1737. He reported in his *Natural History of North Carolina*:

The Raccoon (which I take to be a species of the *Monkey*) is of a dark grey Colour, and [in] shape and bigness partly resembles a *Fox*, but has large black Eyes, with great whiskers like a *Cat*, the nose like a *Pig*, and the feet

are form'd like a Hand or those of a *Monkey*. . . .

They are easily made tame and familiar like a *Dog*, yet they are very *Apeish* and the drunkenest creatures in the World; if they can come at Liquors that are strong and sweet. . . . The parts of this Beast are much of the same Nature and Virtues with those of the *Otter* and may be used indifferently after the same manner.

Sad to say, Dr. Brickell did not use his own data; he lifted these remarks from John Lawson's *A New Voyage to Carolina*. Lawson, who had been tortured to death by Indians, was in no position to object. Nowadays, when science seems so serious and infallible, it is hard to accept that a great many naturalists did not see the animals they wrote about, but only copied from other "authorities."

The first naturalist to give a fairly accurate description of raccoons was Mark Catesby, the Audubon of the colonial era. But his report included a curious account of how Virginia and Carolina coons fed on oysters and were sometimes trapped when the shells snapped shut on their paws "and so held fast (the Oyster being immovably fix'd to a Rock of others) that when the Tide comes in they are drown'd." This sounds improbable since coons are so strong and determined that they tear off their toes and gnaw off their feet to escape from snares. Nowadays, trappers use heavy double-jawed traps, chained and pegged deep in the ground with hardwood pegs, to hold a coon. I doubt that oysters, even Carolina oysters, could do the job.

Catesby also mentioned the peculiar S-shaped *baculum* or penis bone which is the raccoon's claim to fame among mammalogists. In Catesby's time, frugal frontiersmen dried these little bones and used them as pipe cleaners.

This *baculum* also interested the great Swedish naturalist, Carl Linnæus, who printed a picture of it in 1747 as part of the first systematic study of the animal. Linnæus decided the raccoon was really a kind of bear. There are resemblances: flat, plantigrade feet; rough, coarse hair; heavy layers of fat between skin and muscle; an omnivorous diet; tree-climbing habits; sprawling postures when sitting or lying down; the build of both animals, with hind quarters higher than foreparts, giving them the same shuffling walk.

Then Linnæus got another piece of information. Someone may have told him that raccoons wash their food. Or perhaps in his travels through Holland and England he watched a pet coon snatch a piece of bread with dexterous paws,

then dunk it in his water cup and massage it into a flabby mess before eating it. At any rate, Linnæus used his new system of scientific nomenclature to name the animal *ursus lotor*, washing bear, and so it appeared in the 1758 edition of his *Systema Naturæ*. The master had spoken and Europe followed suit. The Swedish name for raccoon became *tvättbjörn* (*tvätt* = washing, *björn* = bear); in German *washbär*; in Spanish *oso lavador*; while the French, individualistic as ever, said washing rat—*raton laveur*. Only benighted Americans and Englishmen went right on calling him raccoon, the feeler.

A captive raccoon does look as if he washes his food. He has a pan of water in his cage; and if you give him a tidbit, he will immediately dunk it in the water, slosh it, dabble it, roll it over and over very quickly in his paws, take a little bite, and claw and fiddle with the rest of it while he chews. The whole process looks like an insane high-speed shampoo.

(I once gave a pet coon a marshmallow. Enchanted with its limp sweetness, she rubbed it round and round her water dish, looking at me all the while. When finally she lifted her paw to her mouth, it was empty. She looked everywhere, but her marshmallow had melted away to nothing.)

But a coon will also shampoo pebbles, feathers, bits of string, sea shells, pencils, paper clips,

Chat Sauvage



"Trying to classify raccoons in terms of familiar animals led to difficulties." (From *Histoire de la Louisiane, 1758*, by Le Page du Pratz.)

ping-pong balls, diamond rings, and gold watches; he would shampoo your eyeglasses and false teeth if he could get them (and a pet coon will run right up your shoulder and try). When no water is available, he still goes through plucking, washing, kneading motions. In the same way, he will play with objects in the sand, burying and uncovering them a hundred times.

The explanation is that the raccoon's tactile sense is as specialized and highly developed as a bloodhound's nose. He explores with his hands, and his intelligence makes him intensely curious

about everything. This is so well known to trappers that they often bait traps with shiny pieces of tinfoil instead of food because a coon cannot resist a trinket. He would rather play than eat.

Lots of Coonskins, No Cash

A German naturalist, Gottlieb Conrad Christian Storr, first realized that the raccoon is not a bear, a fox, a weasel, or a dog. He named his new genus *procyon*, the Greek word for a first-magnitude star familiar to mariners as the Little Dog Star. Storr's *Procyon lotor* is common to all thirteen original colonies, but as more states were added to the Union, different kinds of coons were discovered. The present count is nineteen species and subspecies in the continental United States and another twelve scattered through the Caribbean and Central America. Other members of the raccoon family appeared: coati mundi, ringtail cats, olingo, and kinkajou, and they became the *Procyoninae*.

Through the years, raccoons seem to turn up in odd corners of American life. So it's no surprise to find them in the State of Franklin in 1784, when some East Tennessee backwoodsmen with lots of coonskins and no cash were exercising their American right to disagree with everybody. These Daniel Boones and Davy Crocketts wore *Procyon lotor*'s fur on their heads, cleaned their pipes with his *baculum*, ate him in winter when other animals got lean and stringy, greased their boots with his lard; and if better oils weren't available, they boiled him up and used his fat in lamps and as machine oil. When they formed the separate State of Franklin they paid their Governor one thousand deerskins a year, and his secretary five hundred coonskins, while every member of the state legislature drew three coon pelts a day.

Since they are 100 per cent American, raccoons inevitably went into politics, serving as emblem of the Whig party in the 1830s and 1840s. Whigs were called "Coons" in those days when they wore coonskin caps and campaigned furiously for log cabins and hard cider, Tippecanoe and Tyler too.

But the band of Bible communists known as

Polly Redford lives with her husband and two sons in Coconut Grove, Florida, and does her freelance writing at a rolltop desk next to the automatic washer. She became expertly acquainted with raccoons by raising two from infancy.

the Oneida Community had more effect on *Procyon lotor* than any explorers, naturalists, or politicians. An Oneidan, Sewall Newhouse, developed modern spring steel traps. He made them out of scrap metal in his father's blacksmith shop at Oneida Castle, New York. When the Community settled nearby in 1848, he became a convert, sharing his inventions for the common good according to Oneidan beliefs.

Until then, trapping had been done Indian-style with snares and deadfalls. These primitive methods had supported the gigantic fur trade that opened up the wilderness. The forest held so many animals that trappers didn't need to be efficient. But from the moment a traveling Oneidan demonstrated the new gadgets in Chicago hardware stores, trapping stopped being a fine art. Any country boy could do it in his spare time. The Oneidans opened factories, grew rich, and ended up as a joint stock company; and it wasn't long before American wildlife felt the results.

What hunters and trappers did not kill, farmers and lumbermen starved out by cutting down forests and clearing the land. Nineteenth-century progress and development also meant the extermination of animal life. Whole species disappeared; others, like the buffalo and roseate spoonbill, were barely saved and live today only as carefully tended curiosities in our State and National Parks. But not the raccoon. Closed hunting seasons in most states have provided him with all the protection he needs.

In the twentieth century, raccoons became



The author's son, Adam, with friend.

commodities like everything else, but certainly not stable or reputable ones. In an era of gin and jazz, when college boys valued raccoon coats more than sheepskins, the price of coon pelts jumped from \$3 to \$9.50. Fifteen coons died to provide one coat, but the fad died too in the depression and *Procyon lotor* slipped back into obscurity.

Only to rise again in 1955 on the wings of a song, "Davy, Davy Crockett/ King of the Wild Frontier," and every moppet in America yearned for a coonskin cap just like the one on TV. For a few months, immigrants in New York cut and sewed coonskins as Scotch-Irish had done in the wilderness 150 years before, and wholesalers got \$10 a cap. (What would have happened if Kefauver had become President?) Now you can buy a dozen remaindered for \$1. The raccoon market, like free enterprise itself, is not always easy to understand.

Currently, for fashion in fur nothing competes with mink. But recently college girls have been wearing sheared-raccoon coats retailing from \$400 to \$900. And as the nation goes onward and upward, so does the bright-eyed little feeler. Unofficially he is always part of the American scene. Officially it has turned out otherwise.

For on the evening of July 4, 1776, when the main business of the day was over and a committee of the Continental Congress—Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Jefferson—met to discuss a design for the Great Seal of the United States, they did not include the raccoon. (They did not include the eagle either, but that is another story.) Later committees chose the eagle and soon bogged down in problems of heraldry, spending two years deciding what kind of eagle it should be and how many arrows it should hold in its talons. The eagle is a heraldic bird, an ancient emblem of power and stability, chosen to lend to this weak new collection of rebellious colonies the power of the past. It was more than mere imitation of the British; Congress wanted to regularize its actions, and it needed symbols of authority—sealing wax and eagles.

Raccoons are no good at this sort of thing. When they stand still long enough to symbolize anything, it is always wilderness and freedom, log cabins and hard cider, self-reliance and adaptability.

Coons remain hillbillies at heart and will never make a respectable national emblem. For there is in them a note of wild laughter and tall tales (you can see it in their faces), of joyous, anarchic liberty which may turn out to be more American than any eagle's pomp.

"Consider Me a Communist"

A Portrait of Evtushenko On Stage and Off

by Michel Gordey

Why he has become a hero to Russia's young people . . . a threat to the Party's Old Guard . . . and a bewildering problem to Khrushchev.

Look at him. A tall, lanky, young man, aged thirty, with a ready, boyish smile and charm that is almost a tool. Blue-gray eyes, a handsome face, a sensitive mouth, blond hair. He likes flashy clothes, Italian shoes, tight trousers, colorful sweaters. Does he really come from Moscow, or from Saint Germain des Prés, Via Veneto, or Greenwich Village? Why is he the idol of Soviet youth, who recite his poems by heart? Why do the Russians first promote him at home, send him abroad on almost official assignments—and then suddenly unleash the whole Soviet propaganda apparatus in an attempt to destroy him? Is he showman or poet, prophet or opportunist, rebel or Soviet propagandist-at-large? Who are you, Evgeny Evtushenko?

In his very outspoken autobiography, published in France, West Germany, and the United States,* but not in the Soviet Union, he says: "The poet has the duty to face his readers with his feelings, his actions and thoughts. . . . For the privilege of telling the truth about others,

the price is to deliver himself, without pity, in his own truth."

One poem, written in New York in 1961, says: "You're a brave man they tell me. This is not true. I never was brave. I only thought it unworthy to be as cowardly as others. . . ."

Another poem, dated 1958: "Frontiers oppress me. . . . I want to wander as much as I like . . . to talk, even in broken language, with everybody."

In the course of the last two years, Evtushenko had achieved this dream, in many countries. In London and Paris I met him and talked with him for hours—in his own language, which is also my childhood tongue. I have read all his poems. My image of "Zhenia"—his nickname among friends—is a very mixed one. I believe that he represents a whole generation of young Russians, those under thirty, grown up after Stalin's death, with whom we shall have to live in the coming decades. Writers have often been, in Evtushenko's country, willingly or not, prophets, revered or stoned by Russia's people and governments. Is Evtushenko one of them?

The last time I saw him was early in March 1963 at the end of his triumphal trip to France. At the huge Chaillot Theatre, he read his poetry and answered questions from the floor. Thousands stood outside in the bitter cold, waiting to catch a glimpse of the new star from Russia. Reading in a passionate voice, his face changing from sad to happy, his whole body following the text, he moved even those who did not understand Russian. He could have been a great actor.

**A Precocious Autobiography*, translated by Andrew R. MacAndrew, was published in New York in August by E. P. Dutton. In this article, all quotations from Evtushenko, as well as spelling of Russian names, are Michel Gordey's.—*The Editors*

"He is all true. He wears no mask. He is like the outstretched palm of a hand. That's his merit and his main trouble," his pretty, dark-haired wife Galya said to me.

His truth was, however, bewildering. Nobody in the political world of Paris could quite make up his mind about him. Even the official Communists could not. The Soviet Ambassador, Sergei Vinogradov, once a Stalinist and now an enthusiastic supporter of "Khrushchevism," bought about half of the seats in the theatre and sent tickets to the diplomatic corps and to all the communist and capitalist friends of the Soviet Union for the "Evtushenko Festival."

Two months later, Yuri Gagarin, the first Soviet cosmonaut and the faithful mouthpiece of the Kremlin, shouted at a Young Writers' Conference in Moscow: "I don't understand you Evgeny Evtushenko. . . . You have published in the foreign press such things about our country and our people that I am ashamed of you."

Between the triumph in Paris and the public beatings in April and May, thunder had struck. From one day to the next, Evtushenko became the whipping boy of the "intellectual cleaning campaign," launched by the Soviet Communist party, with Nikita Khrushchev himself taking the lead. The sudden reversal in this upward trajectory did not surprise me, nor do I think that it took him unawares. But what happened is important not only for his personal destiny, but for any deep analysis of the Soviet present and future. For a short time, he was like a window, deliberately opened by Khrushchev for cross-ventilation. It has been shut, nobody knows either for how long or how tightly.

On the Crest in London

I first met Evtushenko in April 1962 in London. We lived in the same hotel, and I used to barge in on him, usually after midnight, "at the time when life begins for every Russian," as he once told me. He struck me as something entirely new among the Soviet men and women I had met in the last twenty years. He was ready to speak out, to answer every question. We walked the empty streets of London-by-night, in Piccadilly Square or Soho, and then we talked and talked, till four or five o'clock in the morning. We discussed poetry and literature, of course. Politics, too.

In the very first hour of our acquaintance, and always thereafter, I found out that Evtushenko was no rebel against the communist system, that

he believed in the main tenets of the regime which had educated him, that he wanted to improve it, to have justice, freedom, and kindness to his fellowmen prevail over the present hypocrisy, bureaucracy, and rigidity. But then, too, I heard from him words which no Soviet official or private citizen had dared utter while traveling abroad. He wanted freedom of communication with the "outside world," freedom to read, to write, to think without prescriptions.

"We are grown-up people now," he said. "We are building communism because we want to, not because we are told to do it. We, the young ones, and also some of the old generation, have understood that all the misery of the past was based on lies."

A hundred years after Dostoevsky, this young man, with his tight trousers and Italian shoes, talked like Alyosha Karamazov. But he was no monk, and certainly not an ascetic. From literature and truth he would jump to glowing descriptions of the pretty girls he had met in Cuba or during a short stopover he had made in Paris at Christmastime in 1961. He showed almost too much interest in strip-tease shows; he liked new foods, new fashions, jazz and modern art, the twist (banned in Moscow). It was quite a challenge to answer his ever-changing questions. But he was critical of what he saw: he had the inbred Soviet image of capitalist corruption, of the rule of money, of the "misery of the toilers," of slums contrasting with wealth.

About Russia he was full of optimism. "The fears are gone forever, nobody is afraid to talk anymore," he said. At home, thousands of young and old people crowded huge halls for poetry readings. He had performed more than two hundred times in the last twelve months, and he had to stop the stream of invitations and of visitors. Most emphatically, he said that the Party (i.e., Khrushchev) helped and pushed the young writers in their work, that there were no official obstacles against their drive for freedom.

I asked: "Are you sure that there will be no sudden stop? Don't you remember the fate of Mayakovski, of Yessenin?" These two, who were considered the best Soviet poets of the post-Revo-

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Perspective

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lutionary years, committed suicide in their early thirties.

He shrugged. "Nothing of this kind can happen anymore. And I am strong enough not only to protect myself, but also my friends and colleagues. I don't look it, but I have broad shoulders when it comes to a fight. Of course, there are enemies and slanderous attacks, but I could not care less."

On this visit—his first officially sponsored trip to a Western country—Evtushenko was on top of the world. Newsmen followed him to Edinburgh, where he read his poetry and had a candlelit supper in a castle with his host, the Duke of Argyll, wearing a Scottish kilt. He spent hours at the bedside of C. P. Snow after his eye operation; he went to see T. S. Eliot and the sculptor Henry Moore—all symbols of Western decadent art to the Party back in Moscow. Zhenia raved about them in press conferences; I never felt that the Soviet Embassy in London was supervising him. In Oxford he had a triumph, reading his poetry to a crowd of students and dons. Back in London, he wrangled with his hosts of the British Council in order to get a "real big theatre" to face a mixed crowd and again read his poems (with an English translation) and answer questions—some of them quite nasty—from the audience. He finally got what he wanted and again it was a huge success: the hall sold out days in advance, thousands turned away.

In our London conversations Evtushenko talked with me about Pasternak, whom he had visited at Peredelkino in 1959 after the Nobel Prize scandal and Pasternak's exclusion from the Soviet Writers' Union. He had gone almost against his will with a group of Italian intellectuals but he did not even have to introduce himself. Pasternak said: "Evtushenko, I have been waiting for you to come . . . I like your poetry. I imagined you would look exactly as you do." When the others had left, Evtushenko and Pasternak spent half the night together; they drank three bottles of cognac, and the young man read his poem "Loneliness," and Pasternak wept. Though Evtushenko doesn't like *Doctor Zhivago* because he doesn't think it up to Pasternak's poetical standard, he thought it a grievous mistake that the novel was banned.

On the subject of America, which he had visited briefly in 1961, Evtushenko spoke without hesitation during an hour-long television interview for NBC which I had with him in a BBC studio. "I liked New York very much," he said. "It is perhaps the most impressive city I ever saw. And besides, no other people resemble the Russians as

much as the Americans do." (In 1960 I had heard Khrushchev in New York blast "the city of the yellow devil"—in Maxim Gorki's phrase.)

"What is it that you *did not* like in America?" I asked, teasing. He thought for a while.

"Maybe it's the material security. The people live well, they are wealthy, they have reached the standards of material comfort which we are striving for . . . and look what happens to intellectual creativity over there. I just wonder what could happen to us, in Russia, if we ever have the kind of security the Americans have got." This answer Zhenia gave with a big smile on a TV program that would be seen all over America and reported back to Moscow. But once again, he could not care less. Later I asked him about the differences between his opinion of America and that of *Pravda* (which means "Truth"). "There are all kinds of pravdas," he said and jumped into a cab.

Dangerous Stardom in Moscow

In the nine months between that moment and our Paris meeting the winter of 1963, many things happened in Russia and particularly to my friend Zhenia. His new collection of poems, *Tenderness*, published in Moscow in an edition of 100,000, sold out all over the country within forty-eight hours. This, of course, brought him friends in the Soviet literary world but also enemies, especially in the old generation of Stalinists and Party stalwarts whose stupid, conformist poems remained on the bookstore shelves.

In the summer and fall, he made literary headlines with two articles in the *Literary Gazette* about his visit to Britain and another in the *Young Communist* praising Mayakovski and—daringly—Pasternak as poets. Elected to the board of the Moscow Writers' Union against heavy opposition, Evtushenko immediately proceeded to help his friends of the "New Wave" and to blast the old literary hacks. He then was appointed to the editorial board of the Communist literary monthly, *Yunost* ("Youth"), which became for many months the carrier of young, non-conformist writers like Aksyonov, Kazakov, Vonnessenski, and Okudzhava. With a circulation of 500,000, *Yunost* reached the "under-thirty" generation all over the country, and manuscripts poured in from unknown young people.

At the same time, the best Soviet literary journal, *Novy Mir*, published more and more non-conformist poems, novels, and the Ehrenburg memoirs blasting the Stalinist past. *Novy Mir's*

bombshell came in November, with the publication of the now-famous *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch*, by Solzhenitzin, telling the appalling truth about Stalin's concentration camps. This publishing event had taken place with backing by Khrushchev and against some harsh opposition in the Presidium and the Central Committee of the Communist party.

Until October or November, Evtushenko personally had powerful support too: Nikita Khrushchev intervened on his behalf to have his poem "The Heirs of Stalin" published in *Pravda* on October 21, 1962, in the midst of the Cuban crisis and just before the Party's Central Committee met in Moscow to hear new denunciations of Stalin. In his poem, Evtushenko spoke out violently: "I request our government to have a double, a triple guard on his tomb, so that Stalin cannot rise again, and with Stalin—the past. It seems to me that there is a telephone in his grave, the wires reach many places. . . . We took him out of the Mausoleum, but how should we take Stalin out of Stalin's heirs?"

This poem was one Evtushenko had been reading for a whole year before thousands of listeners, without being able to have it published. On the day of its belated publication, October 21, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* devoted a full page to a dozen other poems by Evtushenko—most of them political, expressing the faith in this new brand of communism which the poet had talked to me about in London. Some were "anti-fascist," some others "anti-imperialist." One, called "Three Minutes of Truth," was about a Cuban boy, a forerunner of Castro's victory. Three days later, *Pravda* brought out a new poem by Evtushenko, sent by wireless from Cuba—an attack on American policy toward Cuba, where the poet was working on a Soviet-Cuban film. This was at the height of last fall's Russian-American crisis over the Soviet missiles and forces on the island; and in some ways it was the height of Evtushenko's stardom.

The Backfire of Politics

Everything seemed to be going in the direction of the "new truth" till last December. And then, as often in Soviet history, the international situation backfired on internal affairs. Khrushchev had suffered a personal defeat in the Cuban crisis; he came under heavy attack from Peking and from his own colleagues in the Kremlin. Suddenly, he called a stop on "liberalism" in the arts and literature. He went to a modern art ex-

hibit at the Manege Square in Moscow and made an almost hysterical scene before some young sculptors and painters—Evtushenko's friends—calling them "pederasts" and threatening to expel them from the country. Two weeks later, a secret meeting took place at the Kremlin between the Party leadership and a few hundred Soviet writers, artists, composers, and literary critics. Nothing was published about this meeting, but by the Moscow grapevine everyone knew that Khrushchev had spoken out against the new trends in painting and literature—and that one perennial ugly subject had been raised: anti-Semitism.

It was over a year since Evtushenko's poem, "Babyi Yar," named after the mass grave of the Jews killed in Kiev by the Germans in 1941, had made its author famous overnight. This deeply emotional cry against anti-Semitism—not only in the Tsarist and Nazi past, but, so it seemed to the readers, in the Soviet Union today—ended with the significant lines: "Let the International ring out when the last anti-Semite on earth will be buried forever. There is no Jewish blood in my veins, but every anti-Semite hates me bitterly and harshly, as though I were a Jew. And this is why I am a real Russian!"

Among the attacks which the poem drew was the "counter-poem" by an obscure poet A. Markov, starting with the words: "What kind of real Russian are you if you forget your own people? Your soul is narrow like your trousers and empty like a hallway. . . ."

Evtushenko received over 30,000 letters from every corner of the Soviet Union, and although "Babyi Yar" was omitted from his three volumes of collected poetry, his mass audiences usually clamored for "Babyi Yar! Babyi Yar!" and people would weep and cheer. In April 1962, Dmitri Shostakovitch finished a new symphony with chorus, in which he had included five poems by Evtushenko; one of them was "Babyi Yar." In London, Zhenia told me about this great honor.

It so happened that Shostakovitch's symphony had its world premiere in Moscow in mid-December. Though a new symphony by Shostakovitch is a great event in Russia, this performance was not reported in the Soviet press. No Party leader attended the concert. But at the secret meeting a few days later Khrushchev lashed out against "Babyi Yar" being part of the new symphony, and blamed both the composer and the poet for playing up the Jewish problem—"thereby giving help and nourishment to the Western anti-Soviet propaganda about alleged anti-Semitism in the U.S.S.R."

Apparently, Evtushenko decided then to make a slight "tactical retreat" by adding a few lines to his original poem. The new version included the story of a Ukrainian peasant woman who had saved a little Jewish girl from the massacre and then had lost her life for doing so. The Shostakovitch symphony was performed again in Moscow in February 1963, with this "corrected Babyi Yar" recital, and this time the Party leaders appeared at the concert and the press published good reviews. The public laughed, wept, and cheered.

Brave, if Banal, Words

It was with some foreboding that Evtushenko left on his scheduled tours of West Germany and France, in mid-January 1963. He had planned to spend a few weeks in West Germany, one month in France, then to go on in March to Italy and in April to the United States, where he had been invited to speak at nineteen American universities and even hoped to be received by President Kennedy. From the U.S. he would go to Cuba to finish shooting the Soviet-Cuban movie "Cuba, si . . ." for which he had written the script. He was to stay abroad till September. All his plans were abruptly interrupted in March.

In West Germany, his personal "magic" conquered the German youth, and especially the students, in Hamburg, Munich, and the old university town of Tübingen. First he met not only curiosity, as in England, but also hostility and distrust. He told his audiences that he had come with prejudices and fears. He stressed his desire for communication—and above all, peace. Thus, in a certain way, he was a Soviet propaganda carrier, but he expressed his personal feelings.

His tour included such miscellaneous people as Berthold Beitz, the powerful Ruhr magnate of the Krupp Empire; Heinrich Böll, the German novelist whose books have a huge success and circulation in Russia; Maria Schell, the beautiful movie actress, "with whom I fell slightly in love, but platonic love, of course," he said; and since he was refused an audience with Konrad Adenauer, he went to see the Bonn Minister of Interior, Dr. Hoecherl. In Munich he attended the "Fasching" carnival; he drank beer, danced with pretty girls, and argued about poetry with the Munich beatniks. He even asked to meet a former Nazi general and said wryly: "I don't quite understand how among such nice people the Fascist barbarity could spread so terribly. If even Hitler's generals are so nice—then I ask

you: where are the evil Germans? Please show me at least one." To the annoyance of the Russian Embassy, he publicly praised the paintings of Max Ernst, another "hateful decadent."

Before leaving Germany, he wrote an article in the liberal weekly, *Die Zeit*: "Let us break the ice! The earthball is tired of being a political football, pushed by the policy makers in one or another direction. . . . As I look from my hotel window at German children skating on the ice, laughing and shrieking, the thought that all this could come to a sudden stop is horrible to me. We, the adults, must trust each other for the sake of our kids. Both East and West have their faults and illnesses. We could both profit from honest criticism and fair competition. We have the choice: to live together or to perish together."

One could say: Banal words—but here Evtushenko carefully weighs every sentence, and it should not be forgotten that such tolerant thinking has never been, and is still not, fashionable in Moscow. "Ideological coexistence" is a capital sin there. If he speaks for his generation—as, indeed, he pretends to do—we have some hope and quite a lot to learn from him.

I deeply felt this when I spent many hours with him again, last February in Paris, after his German tour. He spoke of the December discussions with Khrushchev and remained an optimist: "The main thing is that after these arguments we go home without any fears. Even after shouting at the sculptor Neizvestni, Khrushchev took him by the arm, and left the hall talking to him. These are different times and I still say: It is spring in Russia, it is not a temporary thaw. And spring cannot revert to winter."

Once again, we discussed his ideas—or dreams—of the future communism: "Everybody must have something in his life that he is ready to die for," said Evtushenko. "I want to have a new world for which I'd be willing to accept death. And I'm not alone; the Russian youth feels as I do. All right, we still don't have this ideal regime I'm speaking of. But do you have it? Do you have ideas or ideals in the West which are worth dying for? If you do, please tell me, I may be willing to join you if you convince me that you are right. Meanwhile I remain a Communist."

He was more than ever in love with Cuba. Having spent the crucial days of the October-November crisis in Havana and talked for hours with Fidel Castro, he was raving about the romantic aspects of the Cuban revolution: "It's like our October Revolution but under a tropical sun and without the mistakes and the crimes of Stalin."

"Come now," I replied, "there have been mis-

takes and crimes committed by your darling Castro."

He became angry: "You haven't been there. You should have watched the boys and girls during those days when war was upon our heads. I'm telling you: Fidel is the purest of the Cuban leaders, almost too pure to be a politician."

For him, Cuba was the first communist experience without the rigid Russian approach and he would overlook the dark side of the Cuban realities. But here again, he was sincere to the point of admitting that Khrushchev's policies during the Caribbean crisis had been unfair to Castro: "One can understand, having been there, why the Cubans were mad at us."

Buried Like a Stone in Him

After attending an Ionesco play in Paris, we walked into an open-air snackbar, crowded with pimps and prostitutes. He knew the bartender, who spoke a little Russian, having been in a prison camp in Germany with Red Army soldiers. Evtushenko, smiling, handsome, wearing an elegant gray fur hat, caused a sensation. We stood at the bar and ate sausages and drank red wine. My American-born wife asked quite innocently: "Do you have hot dogs in Moscow?"

Zhenia's face became dark with anger: "No, madam, we have no bread, no sausages in Russia. We just have poets, that's all." He was proud of being a Russian and would not let anybody doubt that his country had "everything of the best." A few minutes later, he apologized, admitting he had made a fool of himself.

At the age of thirty, Evtushenko has a stormy life behind him. His first wife was the beautiful, gifted Bella Ahmadullina, whom he always praises as one of the most promising poets of the young generation. For her he wrote sad, almost desperate love poems. And then, there are so many other poems, about other girls, other love affairs, about life's cruelty, and about the vain pursuit of personal happiness. Another leitmotiv of his poetry is his deep respect for women's strength of character and fortitude.

I asked about anti-Semitism in Russia, and for the first time he dodged. He was uneasy about the problem, and quite aware that his trouble with "Babyi Yar" was known abroad. His only answer was that there is anti-Semitism everywhere and that one must fight it. Galya, his present wife, was with him, and watching them together I sometimes had the impression that she has more inner strength, more uncompromising

attitudes than he, and that in some ways she is his conscience. She is half Jewish. Both her parents were deported and died in Stalin's concentration camps. Evtushenko speaks of her terrible childhood in a poem: "I am older than myself by your thirty-three years, and everything that ever happened to you and all that you remember or have forgotten, is buried in me like a stone. In me they kill your father, in me they drag your mother for questioning. In me your child's eyes grow dim. . . ." In some ways, Galya may have inspired "Babyi Yar." One evening in Paris, discussing Stalin's death, Evtushenko said: "When he died, I knew nothing about his crimes, I thought he was a great Communist." Galya became pale: "I certainly thought the opposite on that day," she uttered with real hatred. She does not like the publicity surrounding her husband. "All this time lost for your work," she sighs. "When are we ever going to be alone? When are *you*, Zhenia, going to be alone with your poetry facing you?"

Can the Spring Be Stopped?

He was suddenly called back to Moscow in March, so it may well be that now at last, Evtushenko is alone with his wife, his work, and his poems. During his triumphant days in Paris, he spoke with nostalgia of the places of his childhood, of the Siberian village called "Station Winter" ("Stanzia Zima"), which is also the name of his first long anti-Stalinist poem, published in 1956. "I want to spend weeks and weeks in the Siberian forests, with hunters and fishermen. I want to smell my childhood days again. I'll do it when I'm back from my trips." Now there may be no more trips scheduled for Evtushenko, though this summer it was reported that he went to Cuba to finish his movie; perhaps Castro intervened personally with Khrushchev for his friend Zhenia. He also traveled widely in Russia and found support everywhere for his courageous stand and his refusal to "admit his errors."

On March 8, in his speech about the "intellectual freeze," Khrushchev had been moderate about Evtushenko. He had even conceded that during his trips to Germany and France the poet "had behaved with dignity." But he criticized him for "falling into the trap of the capitalist press and for seeking favors of the bourgeois public." Praise from our enemies, K said, is always suspicious. And he blamed him especially for telling about the Soviet public's support of "Babyi Yar."

The official pretext for the attack on Evtushenko was the publication in France of his *Premature Autobiography*, which was too frank about the moral crisis of Soviet youth and of the whole country after Stalin's death. But then there are other lines of attack: his praise of modern art, his advocacy of free communication with the West, his concern for his own personal problems, his love poems, his "lack of political education." Most of all, Evtushenko and his literary friends have been ostracized for not stressing the beauties of the Soviet paradise and for revealing its negative aspects. Also, they have gone too far in their anti-Stalinism. All this, together with the special emphasis on Evtushenko's crime of denouncing Soviet anti-Semitism, shows a dual crisis in Soviet ideology.

In the first place, many Party leaders and cadres resented being connected with Stalin's crimes. Khrushchev himself could not escape the accusation, and his lame excuse that he only learned about Stalin's crimes after the execution of Beria was believed by nobody in Russia. A stop had therefore to be made, even very brutally, to the literary outpourings about the evil past. Those party leaders who had resented the new freedom in arts and letters took the opportunity to put on the squeeze again.

The other debate is between two different generations. It is true, as Evtushenko himself has stressed more than once, that "there are young people who think like grandfathers with long white beards, and old writers and intellectuals who are in many respects younger than I am." But the conflict of the "fathers and sons" is a Soviet reality. The way young Russians in the cities talk, dress, behave, and think is in direct opposition to the patterns of their elders, *i.e.*, of the Stalin era. The deep longing for more intellectual, sexual, and social-political freedom is there. New forms of art and poetry, music, sculpture, and dancing fascinate the "under-thirty" generation. They want to see foreign countries, to talk freely with foreigners, to learn for themselves whether things in the West are as bad as they are told or as good as some of them dream. They also want to dissociate themselves from the horrible past, which their fathers lived through; and since the young ones have no complexes about it, they don't understand the embarrassed hypocrisy of the old generation. This again explains Evtushenko's popularity: he is the mouthpiece of that state of mind. It also explains, alas, his sudden downfall and punishment of last spring. Before his personal troubles, he had said: "Nobody can stop the spring."

Faced with the organized attack from the party leaders and from his literary and personal enemies, Evtushenko has shrouded himself in silence and refused to recant. When he tried at first to defend himself, at the end of March, he was shouted down and booed by his fellows at the Soviet Writers' Union. He spoke for almost one hour, but the party-controlled press brought out only excerpts—equivalent to about five minutes' speaking time—of his speech, and in these paragraphs he attacked the French liberal weekly, *L'Express*, which had published his *Autobiography*. The Tass dispatch reporting Evtushenko's speech had the following comment: "It is necessary to say that his performance did not satisfy the audience of the Plenary Meeting: in his speech there were clear signs that Evtushenko did not understand the roots of his errors." For weeks thereafter, he was attacked on personal and literary grounds. The Secretary of the Komsomol twice called on him, in speeches printed by the press, to recant and to make his "autocriticism."

Maybe his own poem written two years ago is relevant: "I am not a party member, but I am yours, revolution. In vain they offend me: I am not afraid. In vain they adore me: I am not afraid of that either. I am not afraid to love badly, nor to be sad if I get in trouble. My fear is to betray the revolution even in some small matter. I'll have to undergo tortures, but I shall remain firm. I shall not be a creeping flatterer. And so, unlike the words of some false, calculating people, my life itself shall tell you: Consider me a Communist!" This poem, Evtushenko told me, is one of his best and perhaps his most important work. The answer to all the threats and enticements of last spring is in that poem.

The tragic side of the history of Russian literature was strikingly summed up in a book banned by the Tsarist regime and published in London in 1853. A great Russian thinker who spent half his life in exile—Alexander Herzen—wrote:

A terrible and dark fate is the lot of those in our country who dare raise their heads above the level drawn by the Imperial scepter. Poet, citizen, or thinker, an inexorable fatality pushes them to their graves. The history of our literature is made of martyrdoms or prisoner lists. Even those who have been spared by the government come to perish, having hardly blossomed, as if in a hurry to end their life.

One can only hope that Russia has changed since Herzen wrote those words, 110 years ago. Evtushenko's fate may be a test case.

Latin: The Church's Mother Tongue?



by Hans Küng

A leader in the Catholic movement for reform in the liturgy of the Church puts the case for conducting the Mass and other devotions in contemporary languages.

It is a remarkable fact that there are few problems of ecclesiastical reform which can excite such an emotional response in Catholics as that of Latin in the liturgy. All kinds of people—both those who understand Latin and those who do not—become quite passionate in their defense of Latin, although they always voice their arguments in their own language. The reasons put forward in favor of Latin in the liturgy are, however, generally of a cultural or aesthetic kind rather than of a pastoral nature. It is often forgotten, too, that all the arguments which a classics master may, with complete justification, put forward in support of the preservation of Latin in secondary education cannot be used to make out even an adequate case for the preservation of Latin in worship.

There seem to be a great many emotional factors at work here, which make us view the whole question of Latin in the liturgy in the wrong proportions and in a false perspective. The arguments in favor of Latin are frequently exaggerated, and any discussion of the subject tends to be lifted up onto a quasi-dogmatic plane.

Again and again one hears the same catchphrases—Latin is *the* language of the Church, Latin is the language of the *mysterium tremendum*; Latin is the sacred language of Catholicism; Latin is the Catholic Esperanto, and so on. What is the best way to reply to these arguments? Undoubtedly the most suitable thing to do—and, bearing in mind the task facing the present Council, there is also an urgent need to do this—is to draw attention, in the most matter-of-fact and unemotional way possible, to certain obvious facts. Let us take, then, the one catchphrase which sums up and includes all the others: “Latin is the mother tongue of the Church.” For Latin to satisfy all the conditions contained in this sentence, it must have been spoken since the earliest times in the Church, it must be universally spoken within the Church, and it must at all times be intelligible.

Latin has not been spoken since the earliest times

(1) It is important here not to overlook the obvious, but nonetheless decisive, fact that the founder and head of the Church, Jesus Christ himself, did not, either in speech or in prayer, or in his sermons, use Latin (like the Romans, with whom he was acquainted), nor did he use Greek (like the priests of the Temple, who had become Hellenized and thus completely alienated from the ordinary people), nor did he use He-

brew, the "sacred tongue" of the Old Testament, which he certainly understood. Christ used Aramaic—the ordinary colloquial language of the people.

(2) In the mother Church of all the Churches in the world, the Church of Jerusalem, the mother tongue and the liturgical language were also one and the same, that is, not Latin but the vernacular (Aramaic).

(3) The sacred Scriptures of our Church were, moreover, not written in Latin but in *koine* Greek—the vernacular language of the Roman Empire.

(4) The most ancient liturgical language of the Roman Church, too, was not Latin but Greek—the oldest formulae of the Mass, those of Justin and Hippolytus, have been handed down to us in Greek. It was only round about the year 250 that the gradual transition from Greek to Latin began to take place. It was evidently the community itself which demanded this change of language, because Latin was becoming more and more the spoken language.

(5) Furthermore, even in the case of the other early Christian communities, the liturgy was not conducted in any special Latin liturgical language but, once again, in the vernacular.

How is it then possible for one language to be the "mother tongue" of the Church, if this language was not used either by the founder and head of this Church or by the Church's oldest community, or by either the Roman or any other primitive Christian community as an ecclesiastical language? At that time, no one felt the need for a "sacred language," intelligible only to the "initiated." The very opposite was in fact the case, and the Church felt that she existed for the "little ones"—the simple and the uneducated—and that she was committed to become Greek for the Greeks and barbarian for the barbarians.

Latin is not universally spoken within the Church

The claim that Latin as an ecclesiastical language acts as a "bond of unity," uniting all the various sections of the Church in the world, cannot be substantiated.

(1) During the first centuries of her history, the Church succeeded, to a phenomenal extent, in bringing about a real unity within herself, and Latin did not play the slightest part in this achievement. In the original task of building up the far-reaching but decentralized federal structure of the early Church, Latin was, quite simply, never a necessary instrument for the Church in her need to manifest her unity.

(2) Both before and after the relatively late emergence, in Rome, of Latin as the language of the Church—and it was only possible for Latin to become a liturgical language because it was also a vernacular—the early Church recognized a large number of official ecclesiastical and liturgical languages which were also, as in the case of Latin in Rome, at the same time vernacular languages. Among these can be listed Aramaic, Greek, Syriac, Egyptian (Coptic and Ethiopic), Old Slavonic, Armenian, and so on.

(3) All these languages are still officially recognized liturgical languages within the Catholic Church. Latin is simply one language of worship among many, although the most widespread. To this very day, during papal High Mass in Rome, the Scriptures are read in Greek as well as in Latin. For many pilgrims of all colors and races in Rome, the greatest experience of the world-unity of the Catholic Church in St. Peter's is certainly not the Credo sung in Latin. No, it is the praying aloud of the Our Father in countless different languages during the great people's audiences in Rome, and the singing of the people in many languages.

(4) In furthering the cause of reunion with the separated Eastern Churches, Rome certainly does not insist that Latin should be accepted as the only liturgical language, even for the sake of "unity." On the contrary, the other liturgical languages have been particularly encouraged, especially since the time of Pius XI. What indeed is constantly borne in mind in Rome is that the various attempts to Latinize the Eastern Church (linguistically and culturally) played an essential part in her separation from Rome and in the widening of the schism later on, especially during the time of the Crusades.

(5) As far back as 1615, permission was granted for the conduct of the entire Liturgy, including the Breviary, in Chinese, and this permission has never been officially rescinded. In 1949, permission for the celebration of Mass, exclusive of the Canon, in Chinese, was renewed. In Israel, too, some priests have been given permission to celebrate Mass in Hebrew.

To sum up, the Church has no need for any

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external and purely formal unity based on one single liturgical language. Her unity is primarily a spiritual unity—in the one Lord and the one Spirit, in the one Faith, in the one baptism and the one Eucharist, in the one charity and hope and under the one leader. Hers is a unity in multiplicity. She is the *one* Church of *many* languages. This is the miracle of Pentecost.

Latin is not intelligible

- Latin replaced Greek as the liturgical and ecclesiastical language of the Roman Church because Greek was no longer understood by the people. In the same way, Greek, which had become more and more confined to the sphere of scholarship and learning, gave way, in the eastern part of the Roman Empire, to Syriac, Armenian, Coptic, and so on: that is, to the languages of the people. In every case, these changes took place because the new liturgical languages were universally intelligible.

- The discipline of the *arcanum*, which was exercised for a certain period by the early Church in order to protect the sacred mystery of Christian worship, made no division between the clergy—that is, the educated, who understood—and the Christian people—the uneducated, who did not understand—but only between the Christians and the *heathens*. In the cause of general intelligibility, even bishops and popes who were educated in the classic tradition, such as Ambrose, Augustine, and Gregory the Great, expressly condemned the use of *classical* Latin and declared themselves in favor of a language which, though not debased, was closer to that of the people.

- The structure of the Mass at that time, and of the individual parts of the Mass, was distinct and clearly discernible. It was unencumbered by features of secondary importance. The movements and gestures were intelligible and had no need of explanation. The liturgical prayers were, to a great extent, simpler, more straightforward and of a more popular kind—indeed, the priests frequently used improvised prayers. All this helped the people enormously to understand the spoken word and the entire service.

- Nowadays—that is to say, since the Middle Ages—Latin is understood only by an ever-decreasing number of scholars and priests, and even in their case there is often a serious deficiency of knowledge. How many scholars are there today who can follow and understand every reading of St. Paul's epistles simply by listening? And how many priests are there who can easily read

the difficult patristic homilies in their breviaries? Latin can only be compared to Esperanto, the "language which is understood internationally," in that it too is often spoken about but very seldom spoken.

- There has been, in recent years, a considerable increase in the number of complaints about the use of unintelligible Mass books in Latin. Especially with the spread of the so-called *Betsingmesse*, and the corresponding use of the missal in conjunction with this form of Mass celebration in the German-speaking countries, more and more people are beginning to feel that Latin has no place anymore in the Mass. There would certainly be many protests if a funeral service or a marriage were conducted in those countries entirely in Latin, or if the Epistle and Gospel of the Sunday were read only in that language! Catholics did not admire Pius XII because he was able to make superb speeches in Latin—it was, in fact, quite depressing to observe how the Italians who were present in St. Peter's Square during those speeches chattered and laughed among themselves because they did not understand what was being said—but because he was able to make himself perfectly understood in the vernacular languages of the various people he addressed. Who would dream of using Latin when he wanted to say something in church that really needed to be understood—such as, for example, an announcement or a statement about the collection? Nowhere in the entire Catholic world, from St. Peter's down to the most obscure village church, is it the practice to use Latin in such cases. No one can possibly deny that our people do not understand Latin, and no one can call a vague inkling of what is being said full "understanding." Should anyone wish to dispute this fact, he should first of all ask a number of young people and adults what is meant by, for example, a few of the individual articles of the Latin Creed, which is, after all, intended to be a confession of faith, e.g., "*Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et vivificantem, qui ex Patre Filoque procedit, qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur, qui locutus est per prophetas.*" Why should it be a matter of complete indifference, in the Catholic's profession of his faith and his normal conversation with God in adoration, thanksgiving, and petition, whether what is said is either precisely understood or else only more or less vaguely guessed at? What are we to make of the command to "adore God in spirit and in truth?"

- We seem to have completely forgotten the enormous instructional and missionary signifi-

cance of the Mass in former times. For many centuries, the Mass was practically the only means of popular Christian instruction. Previously, the Mass was used to explain the Faith. Now, however, countless hours have to be devoted to teaching both children and adults the Faith, and these lessons have to be constantly repeated, in order to explain the Mass in its present complicated and no longer immediately intelligible form. Here, too, no one will deny what most liturgical scholars advocate, that the ideal form of public worship is one which requires a minimum of additional explanation and at the same time conveys a maximum of religious instruction and is also fully conducive to prayer. It is certainly not possible to regard as ideal a form of worship which, in order to be fully intelligible, requires the worshiper to learn a foreign, dead language. The suggestion, which is frequently made, of instructing the people in Latin—some idealists have even proposed that Latin lessons should be given on the Vatican radio!—is no less naïve-sounding. Surely our pastors have enough to do, trying to bring the Gospel home to present-day Christians, without having to put the additional burden of Latin on the shoulders of their flock?

• Serious though the difficulties with regard to Latin may be in Europe, the position is even worse in those countries outside Europe, where there is absolutely no tradition of Latin at all and where the native languages are not Indo-Germanic and are thus basically different from Latin in every respect. I was once told by a man who had made a special survey for Rome in Japan that he had come across many priests there who told him that they found saying the Breviary in Latin worse than any kind of lowly, menial work. "Yes," this man told me, "what if Peter and Paul had gone to Tokyo first? What should we have done, if we had been obliged to conduct our official conversations with God in a language that was spoken round about two thousand years ago in Japan, but is dead now? It would be most desirable if all our European fellow-Christians who are so keen on Latin were compelled to pray and conduct the liturgy for at least a year in Japanese—in fact, in the earliest form of Japanese and using the Japanese characters."

The enormous impetus of the early Christian mission, which had only the most primitive tools at its disposal, was essentially due to the use of a liturgy which was intelligible and open to adaptation. Our present-day missions are carried out with great dedication of purpose, and every

modern aid and method is used, but, taken as a whole, the results are minimal. In India, only 1.4 per cent of the population is Catholic. In China 0.5 per cent, in Japan 0.23 per cent. Between 1880 and 1958, the total Catholic population of the world increased by only 0.14 per cent. Many people who are competent to judge attribute the collapse of the Church's mission in Asia, if not entirely, then certainly in a very great measure, to the fault of a liturgy which is not adapted to the needs of those countries. No less a person than Cardinal Celso Constantini, who was for many years the secretary of the Propaganda Fide, coined the phrase that the evangelization of China was not checked by the Chinese Wall but by the Latin wall. It is true that the missions are the very place where there are particular difficulties in introducing the vernacular because universal national languages are not (for the moment!) available. Here, too, the same rule could serve; let the Gospel be proclaimed (or the liturgy celebrated) in whatever language is used for announcements about collections and other matters which are really meant to be *understood*.

• Even in our extensively dechristianized Europe, the liturgy could be given a completely new missionary impetus. It would, of course, not be true to say that people do or do not attend public worship simply because the vernacular is or is not used. Whether they attend or do not attend depends more upon whether their faith is alive or not, and upon the general state of the Church. But this depends essentially upon whether the liturgy which we celebrate is *intelligible* and intimately related to the people's needs. Such a liturgy can undoubtedly strengthen and put new life into a weak and ailing faith. How frequently one hears people say that they do not like going to Low Mass or High Mass, and how much they like going to a community Mass, during which the whole congregation sings and prays together. Many priests can testify to an increased church attendance and an increased number of communicants when this form of Mass is celebrated. It must also surely be counted as a positive advance that people should often be heard to say, after a Mass of this kind, that they thought it was *beautiful*. The most far-reaching effect is, however, the way in which the *experience* of this kind of Mass celebration knits the people firmly together as a single community—this experience is also powerful enough to move even those who would otherwise just stand around or kneel inattentively in church. A large proportion of the



congregation goes without missals from the very first.

It should, of course, be possible to conduct an international celebration of Mass in Latin, and to achieve the necessary degree of "intelligent understanding," in so far as circumstances permitted, by means of translations and additional explanation. But would a celebration of this kind ever become an *experience*? It is a well-known fact that it is often very difficult indeed to translate Latin accurately and intelligibly because of its special syntax and its participial constructions. Finally, it must also be obvious that, even if the circumstances made it possible for a *reader* to translate for each language group, he would be a disturbing intermediary, coming between the people and the priest at the altar.

• We should not allow ourselves to be swayed in our choice of a liturgical language in a given linguistic zone by the fact that tourists or foreign workers constitute an exception to the general rule. There should be no question of withholding an intelligible liturgy from the fixed population of a Christian community merely because of the presence of a few exceptional individuals, especially as these probably understand as little of the liturgy in their own country as they do in the country they are visiting or living in. The much repeated saying that the Catholic "feels at home anywhere" in the Catholic Church means basically that he really understands as little of what is going on in church everywhere as he does at home. In order to make up for this lack, however, active pastors in very many towns are already providing facilities for worship in various languages. It is certainly not in order for a Catholic to be given a translation in his own parish, though this can be perfectly appropriate in the case of a tourist who happens to be present in the church.

Latin is not a matter of faith

Is it not possible, however, that an extensive use of the vernacular may lead to liturgical confusion? It stands to reason that no intelligent pastor wants chaos in the liturgy. But is there really any grave danger of this, in view of the post-tridentine rubrication* of the Mass? Let us rather consider the possible danger which threatens from the other side. J. A. Jungmann, perhaps our greatest liturgical scholar, has pointed out in his book on the Mass that the reorganization of 1570 not only refined and clari-

fied the liturgical life of the Church; it also at the same time introduced a certain rigidity into the Roman Mass by promulgating the new missal as the standard form and by forbidding any kind of local initiative. For this reason, he says, "that period of liturgical history initiated by Pius V has been termed the 'epoch of rubrication' or the 'epoch of stagnation in the liturgy.'"

It is most undesirable that all subjective values and all the variety of individual experience, which were once inherent in the Mass, should find refuge in a host of devotions outside the Mass. What we must try to find here is a middle course between chaotic arbitrariness and a rigid uniformity which is alien to human life and experience—in a word, a unity in multiplicity, but a genuinely Catholic multiplicity. Or, as J. Hofinger says: "Within the Catholic Church there can, of course, be only one Catholic faith, which is one and the same for the German as for the Chinese Catholic. But the Chinese Catholic does not have to shed his Chinese nature before accepting the Catholic faith in order fully to become a Catholic. He believes as a Chinese, he matures in the faith as a Chinese and he reacts to the Christian revelation as a Chinese. If it is his duty to proclaim the Christian revelation, he is bound to do this as a Chinese. Surely this applies too to his worship as a Christian?"

Latin as a liturgical language is not a matter of faith but a question of practical and pastoral expediency. Although Latin did satisfy this need during an earlier period of the Church's history, it cannot be said that it does so now.

But it has perhaps already become superfluous to comment at such length on this topic. During the present Vatican Council, Mass has been celebrated so often in a different rite and in a different language that it has provided the Council Fathers with visible proof of the manifestation of the unity of the one Faith and the one Eucharist in a multiplicity of different rites, forms, and languages. This repeated experience of catholicity in the liturgy has undoubtedly played a decisive part in encouraging and inspiring among the Fathers an open-minded approach toward liturgical renewal, including the question of liturgical language.

When it is remembered that the Council has the task of breaking the habits of more than a thousand years, then it is not difficult to grasp why it proceeds only step by step and makes general regulations, while leaving particular decisions within this general framework to the episcopates of the various countries.

*The systemizing of ritual, in effect since the Council of Trent.

On the Road in Brazil

by Merle Miller



Penedo

We were careening over a rutted, one-lane, unpaved road in the state of Alagoas in north-east Brazil. The road obviously hadn't been maintained in years, and the Volkswagen was axle-deep in mud. It was the dry season, but, to be sure, there had been heavy rainfall for three straight days. Everybody said, "... very unusual weather for this time of year."

After one especially painful bump I turned to Carlos Roberto Moreira de Souza, the volatile twenty-year-old who was interpreter, jeep driver, tape-recorder operator, and friend.

"Why in God's name don't they ever repair the roads?" I asked.

"A very simple reason," said Carlos Roberto, whose attitudes are typically Brazilian, thus cynical, "the *deputados* need the money to go to Europe."

A *deputado's* need for an occasional trip to Europe is said to have been intensified since the capital was moved in 1960 from Rio de Janeiro to Brasilia, a city that still has the look of an incomplete world's fair and in which night life is almost nonexistent. There are some impressive buildings, particularly the bowl-like structure in which the legislature meets, but I found the beauty cold and had a feeling of great isolation plus a sense that at any moment the jungle might devour the whole place, including me.

Brasilia is an expensive personal monument—the cost up to now is more than \$600 million—to former President Juscelino Kubitschek, a corrupt, ruthless, and extremely ambitious man whose term ended in 1960 and who may come back and succeed João Goulart as President.

Kubitschek is a great orator; I heard him speak when I understood very little Portuguese, but I was, nevertheless, moved by his words. A student in the state of Baía said that Kubitschek could pick up a glass of water, tell you it was champagne, and in two minutes, you'd believe him.

"What are his politics?" I asked.

"To enrich Juscelino," said the Baiano.

The most beautiful parts of Rio, the hillsides, are covered with *favelas*, the slums in which hundreds of thousands of people live in poverty as great as that of Sicily or India. The slum dwellers cannot be dispossessed, and the *favelas* are a depressing sight if you are on your way to Copacabana Beach in your new Chevrolet, the most popular car among the rich and mighty. But it must be *this* year's model.

What about the Cadillac? "The Cadillac," said my friend Luis Sergio, who is studying to be an architect, "is for Negroes who have just made a

great deal of money in a disreputable fashion."

But to get back to the *favelas*, a couple of years ago it was suggested that since they cannot be torn down, the shacks might be painted in cheerful colors, perhaps pink and blue. That was about the time a group of students decided to run a hippopotamus from the zoo for the state legislature. The *favelas* never got painted, but the hippo was elected.

Brazilians, particularly Cariocas, the ebullient natives of Rio, are not a moralistic people; they are not burdened with feelings of original sin; and religion is not taken seriously. Women and small children go to church, but you seldom see a boy over fifteen or a man under sixty-five there.

John Calvin hasn't many disciples in Rio de Janeiro; neither has Sigmund Freud. I asked Luis Sergio how many people he knew who were being analyzed. He didn't know any.

"Why," he asked, "would anybody want to lie on a moldy old couch in some office when you could be lying on a beach?"

I never found a suitable answer to that one.

Carlos Roberto is an excellent driver, though uncomfortable if the speed gets down to less than a hundred or so kilometers per hour. Most Brazilians are—let us be kind; remember the Good Neighbor policy—imaginative drivers. They are careless of life and limb, yours and theirs, in that order. Cariocas insist that bus drivers are paid by the trip, a statement I see no reason to doubt. In São Paulo they say of a driver, "He's seen us; start running."

In a town of 40,000 in the state of Sergipe there were only two motorized vehicles, both jeeps. It seems impossible, but one summer twilight this year the two jeeps collided, thus wiping out the town's entire automotive transportation.

"You must remember," said Hans Mann, a German refugee who has lived in and studied South America since 1935, "that Brazil in one generation has gone from horseback to the internal combustion engine, not an easy transition to make so quickly." On the other hand, studies made in the factories of the south show that the peasants, particularly those of the northeast, have high mechanical aptitudes, often higher

than Europeans. Brazilians are, however, considered less persistent.

I taped several conversations in the northeast with a fourteen-year-old boy named José Gonçalves de France, the son of a settler in an agricultural cooperative called Pindorama. The first day we picked up José he had never before ridden in a car of any kind. By the second day, he was steering, and on the fourth he was driving around the colony. He was also operating my tape recorder and typewriter.

José is fortunate. He will get three years of school, maybe four at Pindorama. After that, he will be able to work in the cooperative's motor pool. Thanks to Pindorama, he is one of, say, a hundred thousand boys in the entire northeast who will be able to develop his talents.

His brother Fernando, who is thirteen, is less fortunate; he has a more academic mind. Fernando gets high nineties in all of his subjects, and his teacher is convinced he has the IQ of a near-genius, but after four years of schooling, he will probably go to work in the fields.

"Brazil is a nation that is straddling four centuries," said Hans Mann, "the sixteenth to the twentieth. It isn't that she has made no progress. It is that in many areas she has made too much progress in too short a time. She has to pause now and again to catch up with herself."

Propelled by the Bribe

I began to understand what Hans Mann meant during an unforgettable journey from Recife to Rio made shortly before Christmas last year. Recife in the northeast is the capital of Pernambuco, and the country's third-largest city.

Several days before starting the trip I bought a new Volkswagen sedan, which I paid for with a \$2,000 personal check on a Brewster, New York, bank. I'd never met the dealer before, and neither had Carlos Roberto. The dealer was, however, a casual friend of one of his aunts; no more needed be said.

"How does he know it won't bounce?" I asked.

"But no one would give an ungood check to a friend," said Carlos Roberto.

"What about the license?" I asked the dealer.

He told me where to go and the price, then said, "And there will be the bribes." I'm afraid I said I didn't believe in bribes; John Calvin got to me early and hard.

"But most officials have to be bribed," said the dealer. "Otherwise, how would they live?"

Two days after I bought the Volkswagen, Car-

Merle Miller, whose new novel, "A Day in Late September," will be published this month, has also written "A Gay and Melancholy Sound" and other novels. He went to Brazil originally on assignment to do a television play at Pindorama. Born in Iowa, Mr. Miller went through World War II with "Yank," and wrote one of the most popular postwar novels, "That Winter." He was an editor of "Harper's" in 1948-50.

ios Roberto, a boy appropriately named Ulissis, Ulissis' girl, and I were driving to the beach. As we passed a garage, a middle-aged woman in a Chevrolet shot out of the open door and straight into the side of our car, breaking the glass in both windows on the driver's side of the Volkswagen as well as the windshield, and making a great dent in the body. Nobody was injured, physically, that is.

Ulissis was driving, and while the rest of us were getting out of the car, the woman roared off and went around a corner on two wheels. Ulissis went after her, and the rest of us walked in the direction they had gone. About ten minutes later we found the two cars parked side by side. Ulissis and the woman were chatting away like friends of a lifetime. The woman was beautifully dressed, clearly of the upper class, and looked as if she might just have come from the beauty parlor. Nevertheless, I began shouting epithets at her, though in deference to her station in life, I phrased the less refined ones in English.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked Ulissis, clearly offended with *me*.

"What's the *matter*? Look, she not only ran into my new car, but she *ran away*."

"Anybody would do that," said Ulissis.

"Would you?"

"Why, of course," said Ulissis. . . . Next question.

Eventually, after a nightmare that lasted a week and involved the payment of bribes to about half the population of Recife, the car was repaired, the insurance straightened out, and Carlos Roberto and I started to Rio for the Christmas holidays.

It was the beginning of summer, and hot. We expected that the journey—which is about the same distance as that between New York and Chicago—would take four days, five at the most. It took eight days, and would have taken longer if Carlos Roberto hadn't bribed policemen to put us at the head of waiting lines, truck drivers to tow us, and highway officials to allow us to pass at places where, officially, the road was closed because of washouts. There is only one highway, and even that isn't paved a good part of the way. The idea of road signs never seems to have occurred to anybody.

The second morning we arrived at the bank of the São Francisco River at shortly before five. It was lined with canvas-covered trucks filled with peasants on their way from the drought area to—they hoped—jobs in São Paulo or Rio. In one truck were eighty people, in another sixty.

The trip would take maybe a week, one of the drivers told me, maybe two, maybe longer.

In addition, there were several passenger cars and seven ten-ton produce trucks waiting to board the ferry. One of the trucks had been waiting for five days, another for six. There is no national system of railroads in Brazil, and because of the lack of good roads and refrigerated trucks, as much as 30 per cent of the food produced spoils before it gets to market. ("The story of Brazil is the story of waste, human and material," René Bertholet, director of Pindorama, said later.)

Carlos Roberto bribed two policemen, and we made our way to the head of the line. Were there complaints? Not one. "Why would anybody complain?" asked Carlos Roberto. "If they could afford it, they would do the same thing."

I remembered the words of a Polish Communist who after a trip through Brazil said, "I wonder if Karl Marx took into account the Latin temperament."

While we waited for the ferry, I talked with one of the peasants on his way south. His name was Antonio Pereira da Silva; he was sixty-seven and was going to São Paulo.

He said, "I want to live where there is rain and food. Food. I have fourteen children, all of them dying by slow hunger."

He planned to send for his children, and I hope that is what happened, but I doubt it. The usual pattern is that the peasant arrives, is dumped on the streets of São Paulo or Rio, looks for work but doesn't find any, moves into a *favela*, and after a few months on relief, hears that the rains have begun again in the drought area, and returns, poorer, older, and without illusions.

Let the Rich American Wait

In every town between Recife and Rio it was always possible to walk into a bar and ask whoever looked interesting, "Have you been served?" Meaning, "May I buy you a drink?" The answer was invariably *yes*—where isn't it?—and after that, there would often be hours of conversation, joyous, sharp, and uninhibited.

Brazilians are not an austere people. They are in many ways like us, gregarious, hospitable, open, and curious. Above all, they are talkers, and they have that other necessary attribute of the good companion; they are willing to listen. They have an acute sense of the ridiculous, and nowhere in the world are people more courteous.

I had been warned that there would be anti-



American incidents, and even advised to be armed, but the only unfriendly incident that occurred was at another river crossing. This time bribes, cajolery, and charm didn't work; neither did threats. The Volkswagen was the last car put on the ferry for its final trip across the river at about midnight.

"Let the rich American wait until the poor Brazilians have been taken care of," said the master of the ferry.

I had to agree. When I paid him, however, he thanked me and said, "May God go with you."

We stopped at sugar plantations where when the cane is being cut the workers, including boys and girls of nine or ten, often work as many as nineteen hours a day, six days a week. They live in conditions that would have been considered primitive in feudal times.

"But in those days there was a certain responsibility to one's serfs," said René Bertholet. "Nowadays, the number of available hands is limitless. The men who own the plantations have no sense of social responsibility; they never have had, but now for the first time when I ask the sugarcane workers why they have come to Pindorama, they say, 'I'm tired of being exploited.'"

In many villages of the backlands where sugarcane is grown the feeling of hopelessness and gloom was so great that *futebol* (soccer football, Brazil's favorite sport) games are often played in total silence.

"Here even the children do not make a noise," Carlos Roberto said of one such town. "There is a big sadness inside these people, as if there was no possibility of happiness for anybody." He stopped the car, turned off the motor, and said, "Listen to the silence."

But there are towns like Penedo that have an air of tempered optimism and electricity, the latter arranged for by an enlightened industrialist. Lenin said, "Socialism is electricity," but in Penedo the opposite has happened. The voters have moved steadily to the Right.

On a hill in Penedo there is a new pink and blue hotel that has a first-class restaurant and is as good as many of those on Copacabana

During the harvest (top picture), work on a sugar plantation goes on for eighteen hours a day, six days a week. Pay is often as high as a dollar a day. Middle picture: *matutos*, landless peasants of the northeast, on their way from drought area to São Paulo where they hope to find jobs. Bottom picture: typical straw house of the northeast. Tenant displays his only shirt. (Photos by the author and Carlos Roberto Moreira de Souza.)

Beach; it is better than most hotels in large towns in the United States.

Last January there was an art festival to which writers, musicians, actors, and painters came from all over Brazil. During a *feira* day last spring a banner hung across the main street, "Penedo has a past—and also a future."

Between Heaven and Hell

One of the most encouraging signs for Brazil's future is the Pindorama agricultural cooperative. René Bertholet, its director, is a Swiss in his mid-fifties who has spent many years in the cooperative movement. After the second world war, Bertholet brought five hundred German refugees from Yugoslavia to the state of Paraná in southern Brazil and started a cooperative there. It is now an enormous success with more than five thousand members.

As soon as it became what Bertholet calls "no longer a challenge" he came to the northeast. He felt that the *matutos*, the landless proletariat of the northeast, could become successful members of a cooperative in which, eventually, they would own land. The land, about 85,000 acres, was originally uncleared jungle; much of it still is, but there are now four hundred families there, and the word of Pindorama has spread throughout the northeast.

Now almost daily, peasants from the sugar plantations arrive to find out if they can become members of the cooperative. Sometimes they come on horse- or muleback, but, more often, on foot. One day while I was there a man and his son arrived after walking more than three hundred miles.

Bertholet and one or two other members of the board of directors—consisting of both Europeans and Brazilians—interview each applicant, and if it is felt that he would be a good member of the cooperative, he is accepted and his name is placed on a waiting list. The wait may be a year or longer.

When a settler and his family finally arrive at the colony, they are given credit and tools, and with the help of their new neighbors they clear their land in the jungle, about forty to sixty acres. They build their own houses, the first often of palm fronds and straw, and plant the first crops, *maracujá* (passion fruit), rice, tobacco, cotton, coconuts, pineapples, and maybe some sugarcane. Ninety to 95 per cent of those accepted as settlers succeed in becoming full members of the cooperative.

I spent many days talking with the colonists and recording our conversations on tape.

"For the first thirty years of my life," said Ernestino Faustino da Silva, "I owned nothing, only my hands, and my children starved. Some died from the lack of food." Now he is buying forty acres of land; he owns his house, made of tiles and mud, a hundred chickens, four pigs, two horses, three cows, and an enormous radio. Four of his six surviving sons and three of his four surviving daughters are in school. "It is my hope that some of them will become doctors."

One day—mindful of the United States information program and of Ernestino's enormous radio—I asked him what he thought of the United States.

"Since I have not walked by that place, I do not have an opinion," said Ernestino.

I inquired into his opinions of communism.

"I have heard of it," he said, "but I do not know the law."

What about Castro?

"I believe that in my youth I knew a boy of that name."

Ernestino had, however, a firm opinion about the difference between life at Pindorama and life on a sugar plantation. "It is the difference between Heaven and Hell."

I visited several university campuses during the nearly five months I was in Brazil. I was often greeted with indifference and suspicion, and, once in a while, hostility, but none of these ever lasted long. We usually stayed up all night arguing politics. Almost all the students and young intellectuals I met said they were Communists—and proud of it, although they invariably added something like, "Not a Russian Communist or a Chinese Communist or a Cuban Communist but a Brazilian Communist."

Brazilian students, like most of those in South America, are an unruly lot. University administrators are helpless against their organized strength. At the University of Recife not long ago an eminent American geologist on the staff made the mistake of insisting that the boys go out and gather their own rocks. The students refused, and when the American was adamant, they went on strike. They won, too; the American came home.

Hard work is not looked upon with favor by Brazilians of the upper classes, particularly work that involves getting your hands dirty, like gathering rocks or being, say, an agronomist. In general, the form of education is more important than the content—not that Brazilians have a monopoly on this attitude—and almost every de-

gree carries with it the title of *doctor*. In the northeast where agrarian reform is an urgent necessity only 4,000 agronomists are graduated every year as against 25,000 lawyers.

As I say, politics is a favorite subject of discussion with students, ranking a little below *futebol* and a little above sex.

"What about President Goulart?" I asked a student in Salvador.

"He has an extremely beautiful wife," said the student. Mrs. Goulart *is* beautiful.

What about Carlos Lacerda, the aggressively pro-American governor of the state of Guanabara in which Rio is located?

"God has not blessed him with intelligence. . . . If President Kennedy were to drop an atom bomb on Rio, Lacerda would send him a note of thanks."

What about Miguel Arrais, who last fall was elected governor of the state of Pernambuco, partly because of Communist support? During his campaign and immediately thereafter, Arrais made many violently anti-American statements and threats. Did the student think he would follow through?

"Now that he is in office he will act much the same as all the others. Arrais will discover that he is personally in need of many baubles that only the money of the sugar plantation owners can provide."

What about Francisco Juliano, the young lawyer who has formed the Peasants' League that has staged several pro-Castro rallies in the northeast?

"He has said, 'I have no program. My purpose is to make agitation, not revolution.'"

There are more of them, and they are, after all, Latins, but the Brazilian radicals on the campuses I visited reminded me of the American students on the Left shortly before the beginning of the second world war. We argued, made speeches, signed petitions, called strikes, and made ourselves generally obnoxious to what I suppose you might call the more stable elements in the community. We talked of revolution, but if we had been called upon to make one or even take part in one, there wouldn't have been a winter soldier among us.

The Peace Corps in Action

When the first Peace Corps personnel arrived, Leonel Brizola, President Goulart's brother-in-law and an anti-American member of the legislature, demanded that they be kept out of the

towns and villages to which they had been assigned.

Harold Walton, a farmer from Central Valley, California, and his wife Bonnie—theirs was the first Peace Corps marriage in Brazil—are stationed in a village called Cores in the state of Goiaz, several hundred miles west of Brasilia and the last frontier of Brazil. It is rather like the American West a hundred years ago. I asked Walton if he and Bonnie had met any organized resistance when they arrived.

"Some suspicion, naturally," he said, "but not a bit of organized resistance."

Any violence?

"It's a violent area," said Harold. "A great many of the people have come for reasons of health, meaning they are wanted by the police somewhere."

I asked if there were any Communists in Cores.

"Sure," Harold said, "but as nearly as I can make out when you say you're a Communist you're just trying to show you're a little smarter than anybody else. It's the *fashionable* thing to be. The guy in town who writes most of the propaganda is about my age [twenty-two]. He attacks Bonnie and me in the stuff he puts out, but it's usually quite mild."

I talked with a great many political "experts" in the American Embassy and elsewhere. None of them made half as much sense as Harold Walton.

That part of the Peace Corps devoted to the 4-S program—*Saber* (to know), *Sentir* (to feel), *Servir* (to serve), and *Saude* (health)—has been a great success in Brazil. It is jointly sponsored by the National 4-H Club Foundation of the United States and the Peace Corps.

There are fifty-four volunteers in the program; their average age is twenty-one. Only one has a college degree, and they all come from farm families and usually have had experience in the Future Farmers of America. They are stationed in small farm communities, one American boy and girl and one Brazilian boy and girl of about the same age. The Brazilians work for the Brazilian Cooperative Extension Service. The girls teach nutrition, sewing, and good health practices. The boys organize 4-S clubs and teach irrigation, crop rotation, scientific feeding of livestock, gardening, poultry raising, and the use of fertilizers.

Steve Gowen and his partner Eunice Siebert are stationed in a village in the northeastern state of Paraiba. Steve, whose father farms a thousand acres near Minot, North Dakota, works



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Richard the Lionhearted thought this was a quaint old church.

For the village of Abu Gosh, though, it's modern. It was built on the ruins of a Byzantine church. And before there was a church, there was a fort. The 10th Roman Legion was stationed there in the first century A.D. (You can see their inscription.) Long before the Romans came, the Ark of the Covenant spent twenty years at Abu Gosh (which was called Kiriath Yearim at the time).

Then, as the Bible tells us, King David took it to Jerusalem, nine miles away. If that's not ancient enough, archaeologists have dug up farm tools at Abu Gosh over 6,000 years old. We have a lot of places like this. Rich in history. Nazareth. Caesarea. Tiberias. Galilee. You should spend a while in Israel. It's a convenient way to travel through time.

eighteen hours a day six days a week. He has enrolled about five hundred young Brazilians in 4-S Clubs. He teaches a class in English to doctors, lawyers, other professional men, and high-school students. He recently organized a 4-S exhibit at which the governor of the state presided, and he has another such project under way. At twenty-three, Steve has learned something that a good many older and more highly placed Americans seem not to know.

"At first, I told people what *I* thought they ought to do; eventually, though, I realized— isn't it odd?—that things worked out better if I listened while people told me what *they* wanted to do. It was a long time before anybody believed what I said. For instance, I said that anywhere in the United States you can pick up the phone and dial a number in California. *Nobody* believed that, and I certainly couldn't prove it. But eventually, people have found out that I keep my word, and that's the name of the game."

The majority of the Peace Corps volunteers have been assigned to a project in the valley of the São Francisco River which has been mismanaged and at the time I was in Brazil was confused and demoralized. The volunteers came to Brazil expecting to take part in some kind of Tennessee Valley Authority. It appears, however, that the Brazilians in charge of the project were more interested in American jeeps, bulldozers, and other equipment than they were in the volunteers. As a result, members of the Peace Corps sat in isolated towns and villages for months on end with nothing to do.

The Americans running the São Francisco Valley project didn't help much. When the volunteers first got off the chartered Pan American plane in Rio, they were not greeted with a welcoming speech. "The first words I remember were *shut up*," said one volunteer. "I suppose we were noisy. We were tired, and we were scared."

In addition, letters of complaint to the Peace Corps office in Rio were often not answered, and when either of the two chief administrators did show up at the places the volunteers were stationed, he would glance at his watch and say, "I can give you an hour." Any attempt to explain what was wrong was brushed aside, "Isn't that peculiar? Yours is the *only* group that has any complaint at all."

A few volunteers returned to the States; many asked for transfers, and some decided to sit tight and wait out the two years they had volunteered to serve.

The volunteers are in general of a high caliber. Some girls came to find husbands; a handful

of boys volunteered because they hoped, thus, to avoid the draft, but the majority are like Harold Walton: "I wanted to try to do some good in the world."

The Communists on the campuses of Brazilian universities told me many times—always in almost the same words, "In America a boy of twenty is learning how to play; in Russia a boy of twenty is learning how to help Russia."

When I would ask, "What about the Peace Corps?" there was never an effective reply.

Ambassador Lincoln Gordon, a Harvard economist and one of the originators of the Alliance for Progress, has been very popular. He is a hard-working, patient man with a rare understanding of the Latin mood.

The percentage of knaves and fools among the personnel in the Embassy and other American installations seemed to me about the same as that of any other segment of our population—for that matter, that of any other population. Once at a dinner party I asked the wife of one high official in the Embassy if she knew many Brazilians.

"One does not," she said, "associate with one's servants."

But she is by no means typical. Most people in the Embassy do their jobs with energy and enthusiasm—but almost never with imagination or daring. The courageous and creative aren't often attracted to bureaucracy, and if they are, they don't last long.

A Failure in the Feed Line

Feeling sorry for people is no good," said René Bertholet. "Loving people is not enough. *Wanting* to help people may do no good at all. What you must try to do is understand them, and that is not easy. The trouble with most American efforts is that the program is launched first, and then a study is made—if a study is ever made. And then too there are people whose only job appears to be to hinder, to block, to impede."

Bertholet is convinced—I think rightly—that the only possible democratic solution to the agricultural problems of the northeast is in cooperatives. He also feels that if Pindorama succeeds, it will serve as a laboratory for other such experiments in the northeast, and he would like to start a school to train cooperative leaders. A great many Americans in Brazil agree with these ideas and plans. Almost every official of the AID in the northeast has visited Pindorama, often for what Bertholet calls "a typical American visit, one of two hours' duration." A few, however,



have stayed overnight. But this kind of interest does not necessarily deliver results.

After my return to the United States, I received a copy of a long document written by Bertholet as president of Pindorama; dated March 5, 1963, it is addressed to "Mr. Director, U.S. AID for the Northeast, Recife, Pernambuco."

In August 1961, Bertholet reported, he went to Rio and talked with Leonard Wolf, director of Food for Peace in Brazil and a conscientious public servant. Bertholet did not want to give Food for Peace to the members of the cooperative. (He had said to me, "I don't believe in charity. It only makes the recipient hate the giver.") He wanted to use the food to set up a credit system for each settler; the resulting profits would then be turned back to the cooperative to make it possible to take in more colonists.

Wolf agreed with Bertholet's plan and sent his recommendation for approval to Washington, where because of what Bertholet calls "the gigantic, killing machinery of bureaucracy," it languished for several months. There was, in addition, some Brazilian resistance to the idea, partly because Luis Couthinho, the *deputado* of the area in which Pindorama is located, once owned the land; and now that a large part of it is built up by the colonists, he wants it back.

But the main delays were caused by Americans. The first Food for Peace shipments destined for Pindorama were not made until September 1962, thirteen months after the application. Moreover, the food was shipped before an import license had been granted. Thus, as Bertholet writes, "... it arrived in the harbors of Recife, Salvador, and Maceio respectively without respecting the legal Brazilian procedures."

Why? I asked an American official in the Embassy.

"Somebody was up late the night before the shipments were approved," he said. "Somebody left the office early; somebody got drunk; somebody forgot; somebody was careless; somebody wasn't thinking. Who knows?"

A man and his wife arrive at Pindorama (top picture) carrying all they own. They were childless then; four children had died before reaching the age of one. Middle picture: market day at Pindorama, the most important event of the week. It is a time to buy, to bargain, and to gossip. The de France family (bottom picture): there are many blond people in the northeast—"souvenirs of the Dutch." The Dutch occupied this area briefly in the seventeenth century.

And the difficulties had only begun.

In January, in the midst of the negotiations among U.S. officials, various Brazilian agencies, and Bertholet, 120 tons of food were brought by the colony from the port of Maceio to Pindorama. On the first day of March of this year the food was still not distributed, and some of the seventy tons of wheat flour and twenty tons of corn flour were beginning to spoil.

Was the cause of the delays primarily Brazilian? I asked in a letter to an official in the Embassy.

"To the contrary," he wrote back, "almost all of the delay has been caused by our bureaucracy. Somehow we had better develop a method of speeding up decision-making in the U.S. government . . . but please don't quote me; I have to eat."

On March 2, Bertholet writes, agreements between all parties had, finally, been worked out. "But all was stopped . . . when Mr. Jim Maher [a Food for Peace official] returned from Rio de Janeiro with the news that Mr. [John] Diefenderfer [AID director in the northeast] had given orders for even more modifications. With this news Sudene [the Brazilian agency in charge of developing the northeast], understandably, left the office of USAID."

So did Bertholet. The document concludes:

Since the month of January, Pindorama has given proof of tremendous patience and discipline, having respected all agreements with all parties. The Cooperative is faced with the food spoiling and is in a period when the associates [colonists] need credits for agriculture work which was promised in the course of this program. This Cooperative is no longer ready to live in this expectation, having only the smell of food. . . .

This Cooperative regrets that . . . in this case the Alliance for Progress has meant nothing to the colony but regression. We hope for your good, our good, and the good of South America that this is not the case throughout your program. We are sure of the good intentions of the USAID, but good intentions are not enough. Good intentions do not feed starving people. What is needed is a . . . realistic will to face the harsh problems of the northeast, which we are facing here at Pindorama in a direct and concrete manner.

Who is to blame? Jim Maher? He was as anxious to get food to Pindorama as Bertholet was to get it. Diefenderfer? I spent only a short time with him, but I had the impression that he is a man of energy and dedication.

Nobody's to blame; there are no villains and—clearly—no heroes. We have made big promises

in Brazil; we have carried out almost none of them.

Is Bertholet on *our* side? Don't be silly. He is on the *side* of whoever can do the most for Pindorama and do it first.

So far our track record is unimpressive.

Americans Would Like to Be Poets

A few contradictory observations about Brazil and the American program there:

René Bertholet said, "I shall never again as long as I live believe a promise made by an American."

Carlos Roberto said, "Americans would like to be poets, but they don't know how. One must, however, respect the wish."

An American stationed in Recife said, "Brizola told us to go home, and, by God, I'm going. Let's spend the money helping the starving miners in West Virginia."

Hans Mann said, "Twenty years ago São Paulo was a provincial city; now it is as industrialized as Pittsburgh. It is the fastest-growing city in South America. . . . About ten years ago there wasn't a car factory in Brazil; now there are many. Brazil is expanding the way the United States did a hundred years ago."

Johnny Bradford, an American Negro entertainer who has lived in Rio for several years, said, "Brazilians tell you their life stories over the first drink. How can a people like that ever become Communists?"

Brazilians are proud of Varig, the national airline, and they have every right to be. The Varig jet flights from New York to Rio and back—I've made the round trip twice now—are the most luxurious, comfortable, and satisfying I've ever made anywhere.

In addition to two chefs, a wine steward, waiters, and stewardesses, there is an Executive Hostess dressed in basic black and invariably beautiful. Her job is to help you relax, which she does with charm and finesse. On the way back to New York the last time I asked the Executive Hostess what *she* thought were the chances of Brazil going Communist.

"Good Heavens," she said, "not the slightest chance. We have never been fanatics. Why, we didn't even fight the Indians the way . . ."

She paused, and I could see she felt she had gone too far. At that point the wine steward came by and suggested that I have a second glass of champagne, which I did.



Governing Buckley by the Numbers

A Fantasy in 2,000 Digits by Lawrence A. Benenson

William F. Buckley, Jr., editor-in-chief of the weekly, *National Review*, says [in *Rumbles Left and Right*] that he would rather be governed by the first 2,000 people in the Boston telephone book than by the Harvard faculty.

—*The New York Times*

The meeting was called to order at 9:10 P.M. by Mrs. Charlotte Adam who made a short welcoming speech and thanked everyone for the fine turnout. She explained that it was she who had sent the requests to the first 2,000 names in the Boston telephone book. We had a number of unusual problems, she continued, and in order to expedite matters, parliamentary procedure would be used. She then asked for a motion that a chairman pro tem be chosen, pending formal elections later.

Mr. Charles Abel said that Mrs. Adam should certainly be chairman pro tem because she called the meeting, and seemed to know what this was all about. Mrs. Adam asked for a second, nominations were closed, and she was elected chairman pro tem unanimously. She then took a gavel out of her coat.

Mrs. Adam asked that a secretary pro tem be elected. No one at the meeting knew anyone else, outside of their own relatives, so there were no nominations. A man representing the A-C Electric Supply Co. said maybe they'd just better get on with it, because he had to stop in at a job later, and would just as soon leave right now.

Mrs. Adam asked if anyone had any experience in shorthand and typing, because no matter what A-C Electric Supply said, we really needed minutes of each meeting or what would Mr. Buckley think? I said I represented the Aberdeen Typing Service and had already been taking notes. I said I had worked on minutes at trade school, but was marked down in spelling. The chairman pro tem then called for a voice vote on the election of Aberdeen Typing Service and I was seconded and elected unanimously.

Mr. Alan Abend then rose to ask how in tartanation business firms were included. He said he didn't object to the election of Aberdeen Typing as secretary pro tem but he'd like to know whether all business firms would be represented. After all, Mr. Buckley distinctly said people. Mr. Adano said it had to be the first 2,000 names in the telephone book because otherwise it wasn't a true cross section. Mrs. Acacia, who had a copy of the telephone book, asked how many votes would the A & P Food Stores have? Fourteen A & P telephone numbers are in the Boston phone book and would there be fourteen representatives or one? A man on the aisle said he was a buyer for the A & P and listed as such in the phone book. He said he hadn't checked with his district office, but he would be happy to send in a memorandum if that was the mood of the meeting. Mr. Abend said Holy Smoke, the A & P—Mr. Buckley wants people!

The chairman pro tem asked for a motion from the people there, as to whether businesses should be included while the latter abstained from voting. Mr. Adano said that before we made such a motion, we'd better check everyone's credentials because some business might sneak into the voting as a person. Mrs. Acacia said the secretary could check everyone from her phone book, which she lent me. The chairman said that was a good idea, and would everyone from now on announce their phone numbers, and would someone *please, please* put the previous plan into the form of a motion.

Mr. John Abramson (KE 3-6779) asked whether we were going by 2,000 telephone numbers or 2,000 people. What about Dr. Abelson (Office EN 9-8300, Home CO 3-5689, If no answer call FI 7-8345, If no answer call BA 5-9023)?

The representative from the Adams Historical Society (LI 5-0279) said he personally didn't represent a company but a nonprofit institution, and would that be considered a business? Mr. Abend (CO 7-8379) said he thought it was all right to take a nonprofit institution, like the Adams Historical, but he certainly didn't want the whole damn A & P. The Addonnizzio Cesspool Company (HI 7-4329) representative said that his business had been nonprofit for the last two years because of some low bids by his wife's brother, who was learning the business, and he was hoping to make a little something governing Mr. Buckley.

Mr. Adelaw (CO 7-4316) then asked yeah, just how much dough was there in this, particularly if we had to spread it 2,000 ways, or maybe 1,200 if we excluded businesses? The chairman said probably no one would get paid, but that the assignment was "noblesse oblige." The secretary asked how "noblesse oblige" was spelled, which was explained. Mr. Adelaw (CO 7-4316) said if there was no pay, he personally didn't care if they put the whole project up the ASpinwall exchange, and he then left, with about thirty or forty others.

Mr. Accor (SI 6-4107) said if we eliminated all the businesses in the first 2,000 we would reach up to Agarad, Wm. Mr. Abend (CO 7-8379) said he would rather get Agarad, Wm. than some of the A.A.A. phonies in the front of the

telephone book. The man from the A.A. Cleaning Service (KE 7-8310) said if they meant him, he resented it because he didn't use the two A's in front of his business just to get up front. They happen to stand for my first wife's initials. I suppose she'll have a vote too said Mr. Abend (CO 7-8379). The man from the A.A. Cleaning Service (KE 7-8310) said just make one more crack like that if you want trouble.

Mrs. Adam then said we could resolve all our problems by giving each person and each business that wanted it one vote, and would that suit everyone? And she must insist on a motion right now because we had a real responsibility to Mr. Buckley, and the whole Harvard faculty must be laughing. Mr. Adano (CO 7-4316) said suppose a member of the Harvard faculty is in the first 2,000 names, and what would happen if he tried to dominate us? Mrs. Acacia (EN 4-1372) said that in addition to phone numbers, shouldn't we also say where we were employed so we could be sure no one was from Harvard?

Mrs. Gloria Abbe (HA 7-1412) asked what they were going to do about the Abbey Hotel of New York? It's listed below her name in the phone book, and sometimes people called her up for a reservation. I'd like a reservation with you myself said an unidentified man, who didn't give his number. The chairman rapped for order and said we'd have to resolve this immediately because we had much more important questions later. Such as how to punish Mr. Buckley if he said or did something wrong. Wash his mouth with soap, said someone else.

A man came onto the platform and said he wanted to announce that everyone who had taken a telephone book from the lobby had better put it back afterwards and if there was more damage, they or Mr. Berkeley or what's his name would pay. Or the cops would hear about it.

Mr. Charles Abbot (IL 7-9863) said that if anyone wanted him, he could be reached at the Ace Bar & Grill (FR 5-7666). He said he'd be drinking Aalvag Beer, eating acorns, and listening to an accordionist. Play adagio? asked the man next to him, and they both got up and left. Mr. Abrams (IN 7-2710) got up on the stage and begged the chairman to please stop weeping, because maybe Buckley could behave himself without us. Mrs. Adam said we'd failed the poor boy, and Mr. Abrams told me to write we adjourned "sine die." I asked how to spell "sine die"—which was explained—and everyone went home.

Respectfully submitted,

Lawrence A. Benenson

Lawrence A. Benenson publishes the trade paper, "Realty," and is author of "Making Money in Real Estate." When he was an MIT undergraduate, he says, he spent hours looking up girls' names in the Boston telephone book—which made him sympathetic to Buckley's numbers problem.



In the Valley

A story by Hugh Nissenson

6th Day

... Nothing. So far we have found nothing to indicate that they are here—but not so much as a gnawed bone, or ashes from a fire, either in what the Fourth Expedition numbered Cave Three, where I am writing this now, or in any other limestone cave in what will eventually come to be known as the Valley of the Vézère.

"Maybe we've come too soon," says Lisel, in a voice that echoes in the elongated axial hall which resembles a rotunda, with a vaulted dome.

Her husband Irwin shakes his head, and I'd stake my reputation on it: somewhere, outside, above us in the valley at this very moment, Europe's, and as far as we know, the world's first Cro-Magnon community has already established itself, and with the coming of the winter is preparing to move into this cave which will serve them as a kind of temple for their hunting magic rites.

"Look. How beautiful," says Lisel, leafing through her portfolio of photographs of the frieze of cattle they will paint on the wall of the lateral gallery to our right. "Marvelous, aren't they? The bulls, particularly. Look at this one done in ochre. A perfect representation of *Bos primigenius*. It'll be extinct by the seventeenth century."

"Brenner, what do you really think? Are we wrong?" her husband asks me. "Maybe we've miscalculated. There are hundreds of Neanderthals in the valley. Where are the Cro-Magnons? It doesn't make sense."

"Never mind. McIver and Williams will be back in a day or so. They'll have found something."

"You really think so? I hope so," he says, clearing his hoarse throat, and spitting into his handkerchief. The damp caves have given him a bad cold. . . .

Later

"What do they look like? Have we any idea?"

Lisel wants to know, stirring restlessly in her sleeping bag. She doesn't feel so well, either, suffering from a queasy stomach, nausea, and some vomiting, for a little less than a week now.

"Who?" I ask. "The Cro-Magnons? Yes, of course. Or at least we can reconstruct them from their skeletons fairly well. . . . They must be rather handsome, as a matter of fact, with high cheekbones, long, narrow noses, and strong chins. You could say that modern man is a bit of a come-down."

"In what way?"

"Well, the Cro-Magnons seem to be taller than we are, for one thing, over six feet, most of them, and much more powerfully built. The muscle insertions of the skeletons indicate they're very strong."

"The women too?"

"No. . . . Well, yes, comparatively speaking. They'd have to be, to survive in an environment like this. I don't know, though. On the whole, you'd be surprised. The skeletons are rather fine-boned, and delicate."

"And the children?"

"Yes, the children too."

"How hard it must be for them."

"Yes, I imagine their mortality rate must be very high. . . . Why do you ask?"

"I was just wondering." She lies back, her hands behind her head. "They're very intelligent, aren't they?"

"Very. You've seen their art. Some of them must have genius."

"Yes. It's hard to believe. . . ."

"What?"

"That they evolved from the Neanderthal. That the Cro-Magnon, I mean, and we come from them, those. . . ."

She grimaces, with a perceptible shudder, in the dim light.

"We're not so sure they did."

"How do you mean?" she asks.

"It may be a case of parallel development. Heberer, for instance, once suggested that modern man, *Homo sapiens*, and our immediate ancestors, the Cro-Magnon, or *Homo sapiens fossilis*, aren't directly related to the Neanderthal

at all, but derive from an entirely separate evolutionary line of development."

"Is that true?"

"It's what he says. The only trouble with that theory is that it means that *Homo sapiens* has to go all the way back, at least to the beginning of the Pleistocene, the First Ice Age."

"But he doesn't," she objects.

"Exactly. The first four Paleolithic Expeditions found no trace of him, anywhere, in all that time."

"Then how do you know we'll find him here and now?"

"Because the oldest artifacts we have of his are found in the Valley of the Vézère and, according to Carbon-14 analysis of carbonized fragments, date from exactly this time, the First Interstadial Era of the Upper Paleolithic. From all the evidence we have, this is where and when he suddenly appears."

"But how?"

"Ah, that's the mystery. Your guess is as good as mine. It's possible he's a mutation from Neanderthal stock. Who knows? In any case, we'll soon find out."

"From the Neanderthals. . . . It's still hard to believe."

"Honey, it's late. Try and get some sleep," her husband whispers. To his right, rolled up in his sleeping bag, Halévy, our philologist, has already dozed off, and snores through his deviated septum, exhaling with a whistle through his pursed lips.

7th Day

"And Adam gave names to all the cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field," says Halévy, quoting the passage first in the original Hebrew, and then in English, with a trace of a French accent. A member of the Fourth Expedition, he has accompanied us in hopes of tracing the influence of Neanderthal speech on the earliest Cro-Magnon languages.

"It's quite wrong, you know," he tells me, ruefully rubbing his broken nose, which, with his thick neck and huge stomach, gives him the air of a prizefighter gone to fat.

"What is?"

"Genesis. The passage about Adam naming all the animals."

"What's the matter with it?"

"It wasn't Adam at all. Look for yourself. It was Eve."

He's perfectly right. I have to smile. Beside us, on a grassy bluff overlooking the stream where all the animals in the valley come to drink,

Hugh Nissenson's first story, "The Blessing," appeared in "Harper's" in 1959. He is a Swarthmore graduate and a New Yorker who covered the Eichmann trial for "Commentary" and was at Stanford as Wallace Stegner Literary Fellow. He has written screenplays and is working on a novel.

Lisel has set up her cameras and tape recorders.

"*Bos primigenius!* There, grazing over there, do you see them?" she cries out. "No, no, right there, where I'm pointing, under those trees. Two . . . three . . . four of them! A bull and three cows."

She gets down on one knee to take her pictures while I focus my binoculars on the herd. The wind abruptly shifts, and the humped red bull raises his muzzle streaming with saliva and strands of chewed grass to low in our direction and then wheel to the left, and lumber off, with the cows following in a bunch.

"I got them. I got them all," says the girl. "It's marvelous. Those cave bears the day before yesterday, and now the bull and those cows. It was a *Bos primigenius*, did you see him, darling?"

Irwin, to whom she has been married for six months, has just climbed the hill, and all flushed and sweaty from the exertion—his high, bald forehead gleams with sweat—gives her a tired smile and sits down. His wife reloads the camera. Twenty-six, or maybe twenty-eight at the most, the daughter of a famous sculptor, and an able art prehistorian in her own right, she met her future husband while going for her Ph.D. in paleontology at NYU, where he heads the department. In the ten or twelve years that I have known him, I've never seen him as happy as he's been in the last few months. When he asked me if she could accompany him on the expedition, I felt it was the least I could do to allow her to come; it was he, after all, who was among the first in the natural sciences who believed in the feasibility of chronological transference, and who did so much to influence Congress to provide the necessary appropriations to develop the technique.

"It's late. We ought to be getting back to camp," he says, rising to his feet.

"Yes . . ."

This, from his wife, with an anxious glance to the hills in the west where, here and there, fires are burning in the gathering twilight—the campsites of the Neanderthals, who are slowly but surely infiltrating the valley with the coming of the cold weather.

Later

"Ten, twelve, fifteen. . . . I make it fifteen."

The girl is counting the Neanderthal campfires in the hills.

"No, sixteen," she continues after a moment; our own fire, on which Halévy heaps an armful of brush, blazes up, exploding in a shower of sparks.

"Is it safe?" Lisel asks me. "Supposing they see it."

And then in a lower voice, as if ashamed: "You'll laugh, I know, but I can't help it. There's something absolutely horrifying about them. If you want to know the truth, they give me bad dreams."

Her husband and Halévy, bedding down for the night, overhear the remark, and glance at each other in the firelight.

They too? Apparently the Neanderthals give us all bad dreams. Night after night now, for almost a week, they have haunted me in my sleep. Some of them are cannibals. A week ago, hidden in some rocks, we filmed a feast in one of their encampments about four miles from here. As we watched, a tribe of about a dozen or so killed and devoured a young female whose legs had been previously broken to prevent her from running away. A grizzled old male with a tufted beard like a billy goat, and a pronounced limp from an old wound, finished her off with his flint hand-axe, one blow to the crown of her skull that cracked open her brainpan.

In my dreams, he—it's always the old male—is unarmed. I dream in color, by the way, something I've never noticed before. He is covered with graying reddish hair, and has pale, yellow eyes, all iris, like a cat's, at night, which gleam under his flat, receding forehead, and thick, shaggy brows—the Neanderthal's characteristic bony supraorbital ridges that jut out over his broad, flattened nose, and thin lips. . . . The dream is always the same. I am alone among the rocks near their encampment, under a vast, desolate sky, filled with masses of gray clouds heavy with snow that cast their moving shadows on the broken ground. It's winter, the glacial winter, freezing cold, so cold that it gives me an agonizing pain in the sinuses below my eyes just to draw a breath.

Like Irwin, it occurs to me. Bad sinuses. What do you know about that?

"Irwin?" I call out. "Lisel? Halévy! Where are you? Answer me, somebody!"

Then I catch sight of the old male for the first time, standing to my left, perhaps a dozen feet away, among the rocks, with his back toward me, and his huge hands at his sides.

"Where are they? Where did everybody go?" I whisper, and he slowly turns around, bent at the knees, unable to stand completely erect, the whole upper part of his naked body bending forward, as if dragged down by the weight of his massive head.

"Where did they go?" I repeat.

Can he understand me? Is he smiling, or what? He grimaces, screwing up his tiny eyes, with bared teeth—but signifying what?

"Tell me. Where are they? What's happened to them? Are they dead? Is that it?"

He shakes his head.

"What do you mean? If they're not dead, then where are they?"

Another shake of the head, very slowly this time, from left to right, accompanied by—how can I describe it? It's as if, without making a sound, he'd been able to communicate his words directly to my brain.

"*They never existed. . . .*"

"What do you mean?"

I don't believe you. What about this?" In my hand, bound in a transparent plastic cover, is Lisel's portfolio of the photographs of the Cro-Magnon paintings that will be found in the cave.

He turns away, dragging his lame leg.

"Wait a minute," I yell after him. "The paintings . . ."

But they're all gone. The photographs have disappeared. The creamy white pages are all blank.

It's not possible, I tell myself, and yet, it's perfectly logical, and I have to admit it. "*They never existed. . . .*" Yes, it makes sense. The pages—or rather, the walls of the cave are blank, and if the Cro-Magnons don't exist, then of course, their direct descendants, Irwin and Lisel, Halévy, McIver and Williams, myself, and all the others, the whole human race, as we know it, can't exist either. . . . It's completely logical, and clear. It's as if I were lecturing to my advanced paleontology seminar at Swarthmore from prepared notes. A blackboard and podium set between the rocks, the smell of chalk dust . . . "So, as you can see for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen, the evidence is incontrovertible. We don't exist."

The classroom is freezing. Where are the walls? It's begun to snow. The air is thick with huge, wet flakes that blot out the rows of desks—and the boulders.



"Wait a minute! Where are you? Where did everybody go? Answer me, somebody," I cry out in a stifled voice, waking up with a start. . . .

9th Day

. . . No sign as yet of McIver or Williams. Lisel is sick again, nauseated and tense from the strain of waiting, with a drawn, puffy face, and dark rings under her eyes. Her husband fusses about her. I scribble away under a tree, and Halévy comes over to talk.

"What do you do about the problem of the" (he says *ze*) "tenses?" he asks.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it seems to me that time travel poses an interesting linguistic problem. That is to say, when you describe the experience, your specification of whether an action takes place in the past, present, or future must be arbitrarily relative. But to what, or rather, to when, is the difficulty, if you see what I mean. It's an interesting problem. We are here now, at a certain point in time, the beginning of the First Interstadial Glacial Era, to be exact. . . . I notice that you're writing about what happens to us in the present tense. *C'est très bon*. Yesterday is yesterday, that is, the eighth day since our arrival here, in the prehistoric past. . . . But by what tense do you specifically indicate the past we have already lived—or *will* live—to be accurate, in the distant future, at the beginning of the twenty-first century, all that time before May 5, 2034, the date of our departure for now? And how will you indicate the future here, that time when the Cro-Magnons will occupy Cave Three. After all . . . But you see what I mean."

I laugh. "I'm not so sure."

"No matter. It's interesting though. The same problem arises in translating the Bible."

"In what respect?"

"Well, Biblical Hebrew has no clear-cut distinction between the past and future, either, but uses the perfect and imperfect tense to indicate completed or continuing action. Linguistic forms

have great influence on human thinking, of course. To the Prophets, for example, time was a very different thing than it is to us. As a matter of fact, in a certain way, the whole, wonderful, prophetic tradition . . ."

But he breaks off, rubbing his prizefighter's nose.

"The whole, wonderful prophetic tradition . . ." He comes from an old French-Jewish family, originally from Algiers, as I recall, which for generations, since the end of the second world war, has alternately produced sons who were either distinguished scientists or rabbis—attributes of both, I have begun to suspect, commingle in that powerful, bulky body, and extraordinary brain.

Later

Wonderful news. An announcement by Irwin after lunch. Lisel is expecting. General rejoicing and hoopla, drinks of brandy all around, even by Irwin, who never touches a drop.

"Yes," he tells us. "She wasn't sure until this morning, so she didn't say anything. The morning sickness clinched it. Of course, if I had known there was even a possibility . . . I mean, if she had said anything before, I never would have allowed her to come."

I agree. It was a mistake. No one knows what effect her chronological transference, exposure to that powerful electromagnetic field, may have had on herself, or her baby, or will have, when we return in a few days. . . . Still, perhaps I'm wrong. She looks strong and healthy, and with her full breasts and wide hips, capable of bearing strong, healthy children.

10th Day

McIver and Williams have finally returned a little after dawn this morning, exhausted and depressed, with a week's growth of beard on their cheeks.

"It's no use," McIver repeats, over and over, with a shake of his head.

"Are you sure?" asks Lisel.

"It's no go, I tell you. I'll swear to it. There's not a *Homo sapiens fossilis* in the whole valley. Just Neanderthals. . . ."

"Well, what now?" Halévy turns to me.

"I don't know. What do you suggest?"

Williams speaks up for the first time, in a hollow, wavering voice.

"What about our supplies?"

"We've got about enough food for two, maybe three days."

"Then I suggest we break up, and have one

more try. We can meet back here in forty-eight hours."

Later

Halévy and I will go north.

"Supposing, just supposing, the Cro-Magnons aren't there," says Lisel. "I mean they are, they have to be, somewhere in the valley, but just supposing they're not. What will we do then?"

"Strive to be a man where there is none," says Halévy, shouldering his knapsack.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"No, really. What did you say?"

"Nothing," he says. "It's a quote from the Talmud."

"How does it go?"

"Strive to be a man where there is none," he repeats, screwing on the top of his canteen.

11th Day. Evening

Maybe the others have had more luck.

12th Day. Night

Nothing. . . . We are all here, back together again, and have found no one, any of us, except for an occasional Neanderthal, as impossible as it is to believe.

It's snowing. We have built a fire from damp wood which smolders rather than burns, flaring up now and then in the darkness to illuminate our shadowy faces, and what is frozen there, in the glassy eyes. Intolerable, the expression in Williams' eyes, particularly, behind his thick glasses which magnify the dilated pupils, and lids that are all swollen and red from lack of sleep. . . . Silence, utter silence, except for the rising wind. McIver fiddles with his electronic equipment, the four black boxes that tomorrow morning will return us all to our own time, in those concentric, vibrating cones of opaque, violet light which brought us here. . . . If Lisel is concerned about the effect the transference will have on her unborn child, she says nothing, but after a little while, when she rises to stretch, calls her husband, and walks with him a little distance away from the rest of us by the fire, to talk with him in an undertone, alone.

13th Day. Morning

. . . They're gone. Irwin and his wife have left us. Halévy woke me a few minutes ago, with a note in Irwin's handwriting, left under a rock where they spread out their bedrolls last night. There are two pairs of tracks in the snow, leading south, says McIver, who now stares uncom-

prehendingly at the note written in the nervous, professorial hand.

"What must be done, we will do."

It is signed with their initials, "L" and "I."

They apparently started to make a recording of what they wanted to say, and then thought better of it; along with the girl's cameras, her tape recorder has been left here, and Halévy plays back the tape.

"We thought . . ." Lisel begins, interrupted by Irwin blowing his nose. "What is it, darling?" she asks. "My sinus," he tells her. "Nothing. Go ahead." He blows again, brings up phlegm and spits, and what occurs to me in the silence that follows is how much pain the dampness of the caves will cost him, because that is obviously where they have gone, and where their child will be born, their children, who will one day paint a *Bus paralytiques* on the wall.

Williams covers his face with his hands and laughs in a high-pitched, quavering voice.

"*Non, nous ne saurons jamais.*" repeats Halévy to himself. "We shall never know what happens to them. . . . But never, don't you see? Oh yes, we know that they will survive, of course, at least long enough to have children, who will survive too and eventually, somehow, replace the Neanderthals, but beyond that . . . No. Even if we came back here, at some future time, to look for them, it would make no difference, because we already know that all that history, that anguish . . . striving, between now and our own time, will have to be lived anyway, endured, the same way, because we knew nothing about our real origins when we first came here, and thought it was the Cro-Magnons we were looking for, when all the time, it was two of us—that pregnant girl, ridiculous—and her husband, a bald professor with sinus trouble. It must have been predestined all along. Yes. How else can you explain it? *Ça va*. It all fits. Absurd . . . The wall paintings, too. It . . . The genius of the Cro-Magnon. Her own aesthetic sensibility, or perhaps her father's talent inherited by his grandchildren, who will live seventy thousand years before he himself is born. It . . . *Le serpent qui dévore sa queue*. Around and around, and no way out. Meaningless . . . the snake swallowing its own tail, unless . . .

"Do you believe there is a God? I don't know. The Talmud . . . It was that quote from the Talmud which must have given her the idea to begin with. What do you think, eh? I mean that one must strive to be human, no matter what," he says, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

McIver scratches his beard. . . .

Love Song

by Anne Sexton

I WAS

the girl of the chain letter,
the girl full of talk of coffins and keyholes,
the one of the telephone bills,
the wrinkled photo and the lost connections,
the one who kept saying—

Listen! Listen!

We must never! We must never!

and all those things . . .

the one

with her eyes half under her coat,
with her large gun-metal blue eyes,
with the thin vein at the bend of her neck
that hummed like a tuning fork,
with her shoulders as bare as a building,
with her thin foot and her thin toes,
with an old red hook in her mouth,
the mouth that kept bleeding
into the terrible fields of her soul . . .

the one

who kept dropping off to sleep,
as old as a stone she was,
each hand like a piece of cement,
for hours and hours
and then she'd wake,
after the small death,
and then she'd be as soft as,
as delicate as . . .

as soft and delicate as

an excess of light,
with nothing dangerous at all,
like a beggar who eats
or a mouse on a rooftop
with no trap doors,
with nothing more honest
than your hand in her hand—
with nobody, nobody but you!
and all those things.

nobody, nobody but you!

Oh! There is no translating
that ocean,
that music,
that theatre,
that field of ponies.

Danger in Our Medical Labs

by Maya Pines

Though doctors and their patients rely increasingly on "scientific" tests, there is a desperate shortage of trained and trustworthy people to perform them.

On vacation in rural New England, the president of an Eastern university woke up one night with sharp abdominal pains. He got to the nearest hospital, where a local technician took a sample of his blood and confirmed the doctor's verdict: appendicitis. Everything was being readied for the operation, when the surgeon learned that the patient, like himself, was a Rotarian. At this news he paused.

"Better do that blood test again," he said thoughtfully, "the lab girl isn't very good." A fresh sample was taken, and this time the white count proved normal. His appendix in fine shape—he had nothing worse than indigestion—the educator left the hospital with his faith in Rotarians unshaken. But he vowed never again to place blind trust in a medical laboratory.

Unfortunately, "the lab girl isn't very good" in far more clinical labs than the majority of patients, doctors, and even public-health officials suspect. The shortage of adequately trained personnel has become so acute around the country that a third of the laboratory jobs are vacant, even though large numbers of unqualified young women are hired as "medical technicians" in hospital and private laboratories. Theoretically, they will be trained on the job; but in fact, qualified supervisors are even scarcer than assistants.

Critical as is the situation in many hospitals, it verges on chaos in the private profit-making labs. Yet it is on these that the average general

physician—particularly if he does not have hospital privileges—depends. In most sections of the United States anyone can open a medical laboratory and anybody can be hired to work in it. There are, of course, some excellent private labs, but whenever a government agency has made a systematic check, it has uncovered incompetence, sloppiness, and sometimes even dishonesty.

The worst offenders are some of the big, cut-rate laboratories which operate on a contract basis. They offer the doctor a suspiciously low flat rate for all his tests (which allows him to charge the patient as he sees fit), employ aggressive sales and promotion techniques, and occasionally trim corners to the point of using "sink tests"—the patient's specimen is simply tossed down a sink, and a falsified report is sent to the doctor.

Until four years ago, New York City served as headquarters for the nation's largest contract labs—flourishing enterprises which ground out as many as 600 urinalyses and 2,500 blood tests a day. Hungry for still more business, 150 of the city's commercial labs banded together to stop the city's Health Department from doing free premarital blood tests and Rh typing tests for local physicians. Dr. Morris Schaeffer, director of the city's Bureau of Laboratories and a veteran of ten years with the U.S. Public Health Service, had grave doubts about the competence of these labs but offered to try them out.

"We had them do some simple blood groupings and typings as a test of their capabilities," he recalls. "Of the 130 laboratories which accepted the challenge, fully 75 per cent filed reports that were in error."

This led the Bureau to start a series of unannounced visits to all labs in the city, in and out

or hospitals. His investigators soon discovered what Dr. Schaeffer calls "a deplorable and shocking situation." Some commercial labs were doing blood sedimentation tests on blood mailed to New York by doctors on the West Coast. Even if the specimen is properly preserved, this test must be performed in twenty-four hours to be of any value.

While one of the Bureau's teams was looking over one small private lab, "a little old lady walked in. She was a cardiac case," recalls the Bureau's chief investigator, a clinical chemist. "Her doctor had been giving her an anti-coagulant drug to prevent her blood from clotting after a heart attack, and he was awaiting the lab's report to regulate the dosage. We watched the owner-director perform the prothrombin time test. This is a test in which the amount of blood measured is critical, yet the man's test tube had no markings. He used anticoagulant from a bottle which had no stopper, so there was no way of knowing how much had evaporated. Finally, although this test is timed in seconds, his stop watch was broken. We had no power to stop him from finishing this test and reporting it to the doctor. But a little later, we did close him down."

Some of the shoddiest labs visited by the teams were in small proprietary (*i.e.*, profit-making) hospitals. "We had them do some performance tests, and the results were absolutely appalling," says the chief investigator. "One of these labs barely had enough room for one person. It was sloppy, badly mismanaged, and had a constant turnover of help—which consisted of technicians from the poorest commercial schools."

To remedy this situation, New York City has taken some drastic steps. But the fundamental problem defies local solution; at its root is a nationwide dearth of qualified personnel and a nationwide lack of effective means for enforcing standards.

The present crisis has been building up for many years. More than a decade ago, Dr. Seward F. Miller (former director of the U. S. Public Health Service's Laboratory Division at the Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta, Georgia) said, "We are tolerating to a disgraceful degree

the widespread persistence of amazingly low standards of accuracy just where scientific precision is needed." Earlier a committee of the College of American Pathologists sent test materials to 644 pathologist lab directors. When 515 replies were analyzed, "an unexpectedly large number of errors, some quite gross, were discovered." Referring to this survey, a recent issue of the *Bulletin* of the College of American Pathologists recalled that the principal difficulty reported by the pathologists was "inadequately trained technical assistants." Next in order of importance came the shortage of technicians.

What Tests Are For

Thanks in part to a program subsequently sponsored by the pathologists, the recruitment and training of medical technicians have been substantially stepped up. But the shortage is more acute than ever. For the clinical laboratory has become the nerve center of modern scientific medicine. A hospital laboratory which averaged 25,000 tests a month in 1957 may now perform as many as 60,000. These, in theory, take the guesswork out of many aspects of medicine: they help in making accurate diagnoses, check on the results of treatment, and play a large part in the decision to operate or not.

It is comforting to know that, in about nine cases out of ten, the results of an individual lab test are not vital to a diagnosis. Doctors usually order several different tests, all of which should point to the same condition; if the results fail to make sense, they demand that the tests be repeated. Furthermore, since the possibility of honest human error lurks in the best-run lab, some physicians always double-check when a particular test may prove critical. (For the same reason, many clinical pathologists insist that every blood-matching be done twice, if possible by different technicians, as a routine procedure before a blood transfusion.) The best doctors take it upon themselves to make periodic checks on their labs by splitting up a specimen into two or more samples and sending them under different names, preferably to different laboratories.

Such precautions work fairly well in large hospitals, where laboratories are generally well supervised. It helps, too, to have enough time for several tests. But at times a technician's error may prove tragic.

For instance, there is the problem of the Rh factor, when a baby is born to a mother whose blood is Rh negative. So much publicity has

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been given to the danger of incompatibilities between the parents' blood, and the possible need for an immediate blood-exchange in the newborn baby, that when the hospital knows a mother to be Rh negative it will usually order three or four laboratory tests to be made on the baby immediately after birth. However, the Rh factor is not always easy to determine: the test depends on reagents and serums which must be kept at maximum potency; its exact timing may be critical; and poorly cleaned or inferior glassware can throw the whole thing off. Anticipating no trouble if it gets a falsely positive report on the mother's blood, the hospital will not order the extra tests on the baby. Yet should the baby need transfusions, any delay would be disastrous. He could be seriously brain-damaged, crippled for life, or even killed. Neglect of this kind is not common, but experienced technicians concede that such tragedies do occur.

Only the best medical labs bother to check on their own results with a dependable system of quality control. This is a technique already used by industry to guarantee the reliability of products. Although time-consuming, it has been recognized as essential by leading pathologists and is being built into many of their lab procedures. As lab tests have increased in popularity, however, becoming a big business, hundreds of new, commercial labs have sprung up around the country and many have sacrificed quality to quantity.

Overwork at the Top

With the best will in the world, even the most conscientious hospital administrator has a hard time today running a good lab. The people he needs are just not to be had. "Research" of all kinds is so fashionable that it has drawn away many of the best-trained professionals who would otherwise go into hospital work. At the same time, new advances in science, such as the application of atomic energy to medicine, keep opening up new fields for medical technicians.

This exploding demand for lab personnel has run head-on into a kind of narrow professionalism which is, to a considerable degree, responsible for the sorry condition of the nation's laboratories.

Pathologists take the position that every lab should be run by a pathologist and that, so long as one is in charge, all will be well. A major flaw in this argument is that there are not enough pathologists to go around—nor are we likely to get enough in the foreseeable future.

Pathologists are M.D.s who, in addition to their four years of medical school and one year of internship, have had four years of specialized training in the effects of disease on the body's cells, tissues, organs, and fluids. To be "Board Certified" they must also pass a rigorous examination given by the American Board of Pathology. But only four hundred physicians complete this training every year, a very small addition to the country's five thousand certified pathologists. Obviously they must spread themselves quite thin to cover the six thousand U. S. hospitals whose labs are headed by pathologists. Although proper control over the operations of lab workers is essential, especially with inexperienced personnel, many hospitals economize by hiring only part-time lab directors, and some pathologists try to run too many labs simultaneously.

Even a full-time pathologist-director may have so many extra duties—staff conferences, teaching, administration, or autopsies—that he actually checks on his lab workers only once or twice a week. If the technicians do not know enough to act as their own policemen, there may be no one else around to lay down the law.

Other specialists who could give supervision and on-the-job training in their areas—such as microbiologists, chemists, and hematologists—are in equally short supply. Only the biggest and best-run hospitals have enough of them—usually the very same first-rate hospitals or medical centers which employ more than one full-time pathologist.

In the absence of adequate supervision, technicians with the weakest training may be left to handle supposedly routine operations by themselves. For instance, they may be placed in a hospital's blood bank. The work seems simple enough, but there are problems—incompatibilities which an inexperienced person cannot explain, or other factors which hamper a proper cross-match. Even if the blood is typed correctly, there may be errors in handling it.

"The most dangerous thing in the lab today is the blood bank—it is a real powder keg," declares a leading pathologist. "If you give a patient a transfusion that doesn't match his own blood, it can cause an immediate reaction: severe chills and shaking while the blood is still going in. In that case, you're lucky! You can stop it in time. But where you're really in trouble is in the operating-room, when the patient is anesthetized and may not show any immediate effects. If that happens, the usual result is death from kidney failure, about one week later."

Another apparently simple procedure is the

standard test for syphilis. Studies have shown that minor differences in the way the reagents are shaken or the test is timed can change results to the extent that active cases of syphilis may go undetected.

How to Raise Standards

There is an elite corps of technicians, however. In 1928, the American Society of Clinical Pathologists set up a Board of Registry to certify them as qualified "Medical Technologists." Ever since then, the initials MT (ASCP) have stood for basic competence in the laboratory. Holders of the certificate have had three years of college science plus a year of training in an AMA-approved school and have passed a national examination. Last year, 2,950 such certificates were issued, bringing the total membership to over 33,000. But this is less than half the total number of workers in the nation's medical labs.

Who are the others? Usually they are young women with no more than a high-school education and minimal if any professional training. At the AMA-approved schools there are no programs for applicants who arrive bearing only a high-school diploma. This exclusiveness has left the field wide open to an extraordinary network of interlocking registries, diploma mills, accrediting commissions, and commercial schools of technology which have been doing a booming business around the country.

In many of these schools, instructors who are not college graduates teach subjects ranging from clinical chemistry, physiology, and anatomy to hematology. Often they are simply alumni of the same schools. Some of these schools have banded together to establish their own "accrediting" body, and they confer upon their graduates a variety of certificates which often have a bewildering resemblance to those given by the AMA-approved schools. As a result, hospital administrators and even pathologists frequently have difficulty figuring out whether job applicants have any meaningful preparation for their work. In the present crisis, they may end up hiring even those who do not.

What can be done to raise the level of technicians' training and improve the performance of the nation's medical labs? There is no simple answer because responsibility for regulating and supervising both training programs and laboratories is split among fifty states and many localities. Nor do experts in the field agree as to the wisest course of action.

Here and there, isolated states and cities have found effective remedies. In Minnesota, for instance, the state High School Counselors Association supported legislation to regulate schools for medical technicians. A bill to that effect was pushed through by the Minnesota Office of Education in 1961. Even without the benefit of new legislation, interested local groups managed to keep an inadequate school from opening in Kansas last year. They did this by invoking two forgotten laws: a health regulation prohibiting the use of X-ray equipment by unqualified persons, and an education law which sets standards for all schools attended by students from other states.

In Massachusetts, a school-licensing law has been on the books for nearly a decade. In January 1957, the Carnegie Institute of Boston, formerly known as the Carnegie Institute of Medical Laboratory Technology, Inc., applied for approval as a medical technology school. After inspecting the school, the approving authority denied this request the following July. The school, however, is still in operation. It has applied for a reversal of this decision, and litigation is still winding its leisurely course in the courts.

Elsewhere, the states lack power to control the commercial schools. Some are licensed as businesses, some as trade schools, and many have won approval from local Veterans Administration and Vocational Rehabilitation agencies for government-subsidized training of veterans and the physically handicapped.

Closing down poor schools could, in fact, merely serve to create another vacuum. Clearly a large-scale training program for high-school graduates is needed. At present only a few schools, such as the University of Minnesota, offer an adequate one-year course for such students, turning them into highly valuable lab assistants for the more routine jobs.

Another approach is to make all lab work more attractive. At present the low scale of pay is hardly compensated for by glamour or professional recognition—most people have only the vaguest notion of how important a lab technician's work may be. Despite the best efforts of the National Committee for Careers in Medical Technology, which has raised enrollments in AMA-approved schools substantially in the past ten years, there will never be enough technicians unless the rewards are made more adequate.

At the same time, practicing lab workers at all levels urgently need refresher courses, which should be made available in all parts of the country. Last year the U. S. Public Health Serv-

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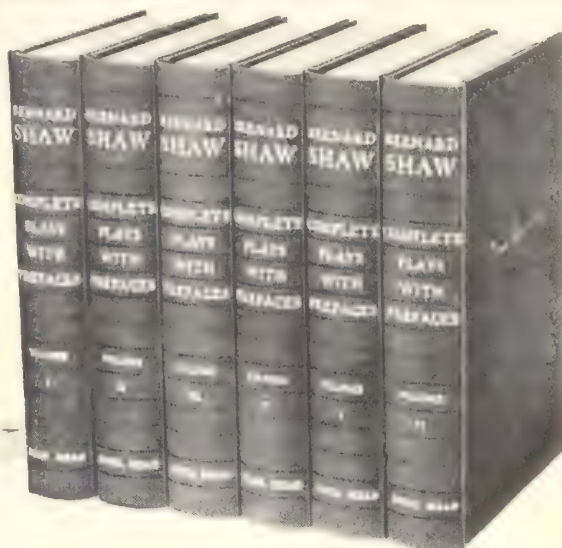
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ice's Communicable Disease Center began sending teams into the states to give field training—primarily to workers in public-health labs, but also to other lab workers—through the state departments of health. This is a step in the right direction.

To improve their own performance, the two largest associations of pathologists—the American Society of Clinical Pathologists and the College of American Pathologists—have developed not only programs of continuing education, but also a service of test samples and standards. The majority of pathologists subscribe to the test-sample service, which sends them unknown samples every few months and checks their reports for accuracy. Equally important are the “standards”—precisely measured blood sugars, for instance, with which the lab director can find out whether his staff's reports are within the bounds of reasonable error. Any pathologist can purchase such “standards,” and in the best labs they are run every day.

While such programs are fine, the limited number of pathologists clearly cannot cope with the present demand for lab services. In New York City alone there are some two hundred commercial laboratories, only a minority of which are run by pathologists. This situation calls for a different answer, and the city's Bureau of Laboratories has made noble efforts at finding one. Under a new code which goes into effect this December, all lab workers at all levels of responsibility will have to have city certificates defining their functions and working limits. New lab directors will have to be clinical pathologists, clinical chemists, microbiologists, or other highly qualified persons trained at the doctoral level; and in case of doubt, they will have to pass a stiff examination. Lab supervisors will have to have at least a master's degree plus four years of experience, or pass an examination. Four ranks below, at the bottom rung, “histological aides” with no educational requirements whatsoever will do no more than prepare and cut sections for the pathologist to examine. Under this system, too, certain labs will be approved for training, and a trainee who is just a high-school graduate will be able to qualify for the “lab technician” examinations within two years. If the Bureau finds the staff to enforce this code, it may prove quite effective.

However, licensing by a city or a state is a two-edged sword. Unless it is unusually well defined and policed, licensing may serve, rather than hamper, the dishonest or incompetent operators whom it is meant to control. No more than

a dozen states now exercise any sort of legal control over clinical laboratories, and most of the state laws have “grandfather clauses” which automatically license almost anyone currently in business. There are standard methods of getting around such laws, too. Doctors can be found to sell the use of their names to a technician and never go near the laboratory they are supposed to head. The going rate for such dummy directorships in New York City was recently reported to be between \$100 and \$600 a month. When the city's investigators visited 283 laboratories in 1961, more than half of the “directors” were absent. In Texas and Florida, according to pathologists who belong to the College of American Pathologists, “many” labs actually run by technicians are “fronted” by M.D.s. A number of similar cases have been reported in Illinois and Virginia.

Even if licensing works in one area, it is all too easy for an unscrupulous lab director to cross the city or state boundary and set up shop elsewhere. The owner of one lab which was closed out in New York City, for example, promptly moved to the Midwest and had salesmen scouring the area, offering doctors all the tests they desired for a flat rate of \$75 a month.

Local officials are powerless, too, to cope with a mail-order lab. For instance in California, where a pioneering effort at effective regulation was made, the state's chief of Laboratory Field Service has reported several avoidable cancer deaths. The patients were not treated in time because out-of-state laboratories failed to give correct reports on simple smear tests.

Policing the Customers

This is a national problem which must be attacked on a national scale. Recently state health departments have asked the U. S. Public Health Service to start a program of test checking for them at the Communicable Disease Center. A similar program is needed to serve all clinical laboratories, not merely state health departments.

But more importantly, a major housecleaning is in order. For the potentialities of the lab are mounting at a dramatic pace. Automation has just begun to show its power. Such machines as the AutoAnalyzer, which can do forty to sixty chemical tests an hour, and the Coulter Counter, which counts and sizes a variety of biological particles, are making it possible to eliminate some kinds of human error. But they require highly skilled people to program them and to

know how to deal with malfunction or breakdown. Meanwhile new tests of various kinds are constantly being developed.

"There is a mountain of new information that must be transmitted to the labs," says Dr. Marion Brooke of the U. S. Public Health Service Laboratory Consultation and Development program. "Great advances have been made in the development of more rapid and specific lab procedures—for instance, rapid identification of streptococcus infections, which is very important in the prevention of rheumatic heart disease. A diagnostic lab which is concerned with a daily work load may not find time to work up all these new procedures."

Laboratory science is progressing so rapidly that it is indeed difficult for the best-staffed and most alert laboratory to keep up with it.

"The truth of the matter is that the practice of scientific medicine is no longer feasible in a doctor's private office, or in small isolated hospitals with limited personnel and facilities," declares a pathologist. "The days of the small independent hospital are numbered. So are those of the small laboratory."

"When I started work in the 'thirties, a lab was

a basement room in a hospital," reminisces another pathologist. "I practiced as well as ran a lab—in fact, I ran six small labs! There were very few full-time people in pathology in those days. The whole thing has grown so rapidly—no one person can be an expert in all areas of lab work anymore.

"I can visualize that a lot of this will be done by computers, in the not-so-distant future. The trend has already started. You're going to have to have a physicist to run your lab! He'll be more important than your biochemist. When that happens, only a few lab tests will still be done locally. Everything else will have to be sent to big regional centers where they can do the more complicated procedures. In those centers, there will be specialists for each section of the laboratory, under the direction of a pathologist."

What to do until such centralization comes? This remains a debatable question, although there is at least one simple and effective means of first aid, if only the medical profession wishes to apply it: to discipline those doctors who patronize incompetent, cut-rate medical labs. For without customers—all of whom are physicians—none of these labs would exist.

The Flat by Laurence Lieberman

CALMLY I step on the brakes,
grip the wheel with a firmness to choke a bear,
and ease to a stop,
my wife hiding her relief
behind a knew-you-could-do-it (but do-be-more-careful)
leer, the girls proud
of big-daddy protector,
complete with sitting-up-straight back
and neck of knowing. . . .

Afterwards, pumping the jack,
the kids chasing grasshoppers in the brush—
my turned-in eyes on a blowout at 95.
the lurch to the soft shoulder, jelly under the wheels,
over and over and over
flames/gas/bravery/failure death

Now! dizzy with dooms promised,
this moment,
set for the worst,
ready to experience all-hell-let-loose,
expecting (in the sense
of pregnant) a horrible stillbirth;
I return to the bland safety of narrow escapes,
luck, and a God
to whom I have not yet become
altogether unnecessary.

Louisiana's Wonderful Invention

by Ed. Kerr

How a private research council has become the state's "chief—and perhaps last—hope of achieving respectable government."

Since 1900 Louisiana has lost the greater part of three million acres of land—about a tenth of the state's dry surface. Though it is in the coastal regions, tides and rain did not erode it away. The entire acreage, much of it rich in oil and minerals, was given gratis to levee districts. These are vestigial local agencies which theoretically guard against floods although, in fact, the job has long since been taken over by the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. One levee board promptly sold its million-acre parcel to some private citizens for \$120,000. This averaged out to thirteen cents an acre—surely the best real-estate bargain since the original Louisiana Purchase.

These strange (though entirely legal) shenanigans were unearthed by the Public Affairs Research Council of Louisiana, a unique fact-finding organization which is today Louisiana's chief—and perhaps last—hope of achieving respectable government. PAR, as it is generally known, was organized in 1950 by a group of educators and businessmen. Its goal is not merely to root out inefficiency and corruption; it is dedicated to *better* rather than *cheaper* government and it has been just as outspoken in pointing up the need

for increased public services as in exposing the waste of tax funds.

Other states afflicted with imperfect governments may well find this remarkably independent outfit worthy of emulation. For when PAR speaks out, the people listen. And increasingly their representatives are moved to action.

The land giveaway to the levee districts, for example, was halted less than twelve months after PAR's report was published. And the levee boards themselves have come under fire. One of them, PAR revealed, had a watcher on the payroll for every half-mile of levee. Some board members collected over \$4,000 a year, in per diem and mileage payments, for the arduous work of making sure that the levees were still there.

This relaxed attitude toward public funds (the levee districts collect their own taxes) is, unfortunately, a Louisiana tradition. It is a state that has long taxed, borrowed, and paid off the politically deserving with a lavish hand. Last summer, for instance, the legislature calmly approved a \$60-million bond issue to meet a deficit of this amount and then went on to reject economy measures which would have saved \$10 million without cutting any services. It topped this performance by authorizing construction of a new million-dollar-plus Governor's Mansion equipped with eighteen bathrooms. One cynic suggested the cost might be cut by eliminating the kitchen. "I'm afraid," he said, "the new Governor won't have anything to eat anyway."

There is, however, no such danger. Louisiana's Governors—taught by the master Huey P. Long—take excellent care of themselves. Ever more ingenious methods of graft became commonplace after Long's assassination in 1935, and four years later Governor Richard Leche went to jail in the wake of the most spectacular scandals in the state's history. The reign of Huey's brother Earl, who took over from Leche and was in and out of office till 1960, was scarcely more edifying, and the current moral climate in Baton Rouge continues foggy.

Not long ago, for example, the wife of a department head was caught running a newspaper delivery route with a state car. Another government auto was being used for a car pool—for which one employee collected twenty-five cents a ride, at no overhead. Just how many bad apples there are among Louisiana's state employees no one knows. Indeed it is impossible to say how many people work for the state; there is no central list of the thousands of non-civil-service employees scattered among more than two hundred state agencies. (Such a list is now being

compiled, thanks to prodding by PAR.) A state list of 15,045 non-civil-service state employees, which was opened to public inspection this summer, showed 3,306 "unclassified" state employees, but did not include those with jobs in quasi-state agencies such as the levee boards.

The state is also casual about its property. There is no central purchasing or inventory system. As a result, rather bulky objects get mislaid—a diesel engine purchased for a state hospital wound up on a private yacht not too long ago.

PAR has not been able—so far—to reverse the state's established pattern of wasteful and inefficient government. But the deeds are no longer done in the dark and, as an increasingly aroused and informed public opinion exerts pressure for reform, there is discernible progress.

"Despite all our current problems," said Dean Paul M. Hebert of the Louisiana State University Law School, "I shudder to think what the situation would be without the benefit of PAR."

The creation of this watchdog body was inspired by Governor Earl Long's arbitrary 50 per cent tax hike back in 1948. No facts were presented to support the proposal. It was rammed through the legislature simply on the Governor's word amid a chorus of charges and countercharges from an angry but uninformed citizenry.

Weary of such "government by shouting," presidents of four of the state's private colleges called a meeting of civic, industrial, and business leaders. Here the plan for a member-financed fact-finding organization was born. Today PAR has an annual operating budget of \$220,000 supplied by members who contribute from \$25 to more than \$3,000 a year. There are no strings to the budget to hamper the independence of the staff. An executive committee approves the broad areas of research each year, and the executive director is free to pursue the facts.

The organization was effectively launched by its first executive director, Dr. Robert French, who is now directing similar research on a national scale as president of the Tax Foundation, Inc. in New York City. He was succeeded by the present director, Edward J. Steimel. Free-spending Louisiana politicians accuse Steimel of being a Yankee. But in fact he was born and raised in Running Lake, Arkansas, has taught school, worked as a welder, and studied journalism at Arkansas State College. Working with him, Steimel has a capable eighteen-man staff.

Publicizing the facts is, of course, as essential to PAR's work as gathering them. Its reports are widely distributed and usually make front-

page news. Steimel and other members of the staff speak frequently before civic groups and forums. As Kenneth Walker, editor of the Natchitoches *Enterprise* put it:

"It was not until the advent of PAR that the average country newspaper editor had the means of getting at the many details and facets of government. PAR's effectiveness is blunted only by the inborn difficulty of getting Mr. Average Citizen interested enough in its stuff to read and to act."

Like most students of Louisiana affairs, the leaders of PAR believe the key to good—or bad—government in the state rests with the legislature, a body with a long and melancholy tradition of venality. When New Hampshire shocked the nation this spring by establishing a state lottery, historians recalled the Louisiana lottery, which flourished from 1864 to 1892 thanks to bribery of state legislators by the gambling syndicate.

In more recent times Louisiana lawmakers have been manipulated by more respectable agents—the state's ingenious Governors.

"My brother used to buy legislators," Governor Earl Long, according to legend, once said. "I find it cheaper to rent them."

By way of "rental," the Governor can judiciously distribute the four thousand appointive jobs under his direct control. More than three-quarters of the state's tax revenues are earmarked for disbursement of the various departments, most of whose chiefs are gubernatorial appointees.

Governors find many other ways to oblige legislators whose votes they need. Within the past two decades, for example, gubernatorial intervention has enabled legislators needing collateral to borrow money from banks favored by state deposits. One Governor arranged to have local sheriffs overlook violations of gambling and prostitution ordinances, juggled levee-board appointments, and saw to it that dubious work by building contractors won state inspectors' approval. Insurance commissions, bank deposits, road and building contracts, leases, deadhead jobs, trips to Paris and Hawaii, engineering and architect fees—are all part of the Governor's arsenal. "The twenty-percenters are splitting with the ten-percenters and they are splitting with the five-percenters," says State Senator B. H. Rogers, a longtime champion of reform.

Ed. Kerr, who now works in advertising and public relations in Baton Rouge, was formerly a newspaperman and press representative of the Louisiana Forestry Commission. He recently collaborated with photographer Elemore Morgan on a study of "The Lower Mississippi Valley."

Small wonder that PAR's revelations have evoked wails of anguish and threats of reprisal. The first major showdown came in 1956 when Governor Long—heading for his third term after an unprecedented landslide in the primary—was feeling his oats. He called for drastic increases in taxes on the natural gas, timber, and sulfur industries. The new taxes, he said, were necessary to pay for vital teachers' salary raises and other important state services.

As they do at every legislative session, PAR researchers studied the proposed budget, then released their analysis to the press and public. The report did not challenge the need for the expenditures. But it questioned whether new taxes were required to pay for them.

With their professional pride at stake, the state's finance officers reacted with cries of "fantastic," "anti-tax group," and "PAR-boiled figures." But PAR stuck to its guns. As a result, not one of the proposed new taxes was enacted into law. And a year later, revenue figures proved that PAR's estimates were correct.

"Louisiana Governors have long made a practice of underestimating future revenues," Ed Steimel says. "This always meant a healthy surplus for the Governor to dole out at the end of the year, with the automatic approval of the legislature at a special session."

One enduring result of the 1956 battle was a constitutional amendment rammed through by Representative Jasper Smith of Shreveport. Consequently, new tax measures in Louisiana now require approval by a two-thirds vote of the legislature rather than a simple majority. Thirty-four members of the legislature—calling themselves the "34 club"—banded together to hold the line against new taxes. With only a few exceptions they have succeeded.

Two years before the tax battle, PAR had firmly established its reputation for independence with a massive study of the thorny welfare problem. The project was undertaken at the request of the legislature but financed by PAR.

When its findings were published, many different pressure groups found cause to complain. (The Governmental Research Association, however, gave the six-volume report an award for its effective presentation of research findings.) The vocal opponents of Aid to Dependent Children were outraged because PAR did not support their claim that welfare payments to unmarried mothers were multiplying illegitimate births. On the contrary, PAR's facts showed no change in the rate of increase after ADC payments began.

On the other hand, PAR wounded some tender-minded citizens when it looked into the financial resources of families whose relatives had been welfare recipients when they died. PAR contended that the estate should reimburse the state for welfare benefits before the family received anything.

"But people want to keep the family homestead intact," was the usual protest.

"If they want to keep the homestead, let them keep the folks," PAR replied, in substance.

The welfare debate, for the present, is unresolved. PAR's findings have, however, succeeded in persuading the legislature to reduce many expenditures which could be cut without injuring anyone deserving of help. Outlays for school lunches, for example, were reduced by \$4 million after PAR pointed out that the state had been subsidizing lunches for some half-million children whose parents were well able to feed them.

Currently PAR is pointing up the need for greatly increased spending on mental institutions where Louisiana now ranks thirty-fifth among the states in per capita expenditures. PAR's exhaustive population studies are dramatizing the importance of increasing public expenditures in the next decade, particularly for medical care for older citizens and for public education at all levels.

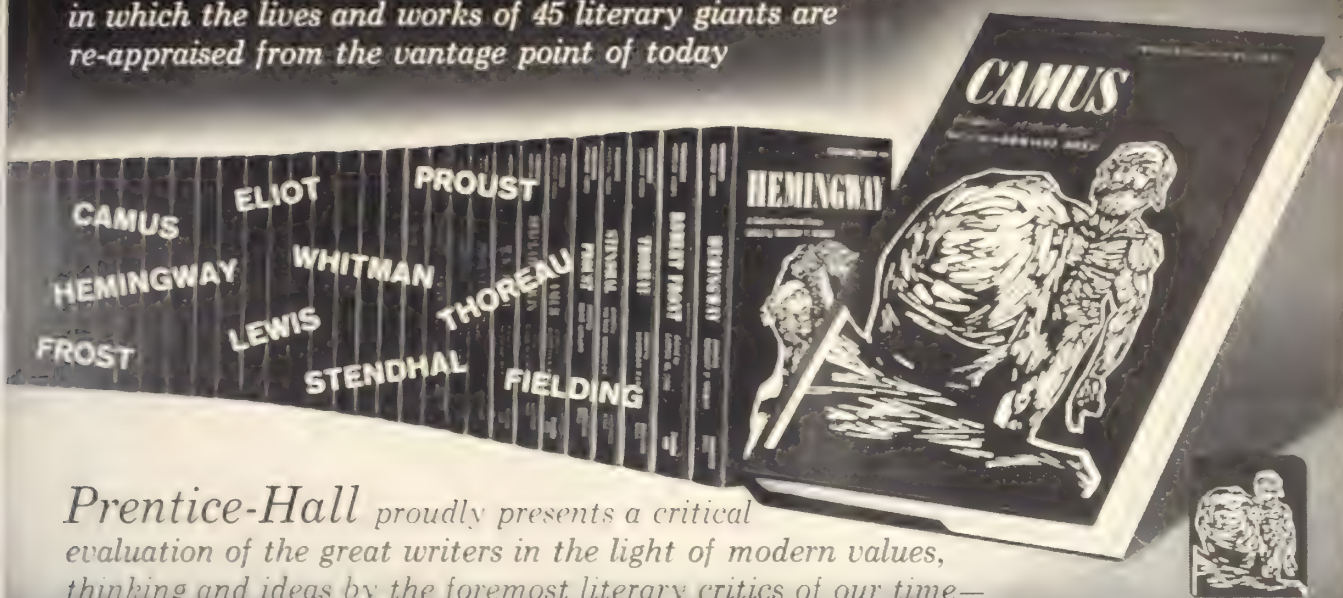
PAR does not lobby and has been granted tax exemption as a strictly nonprofit research and educational organization. Its research is not limited to government; recently, for example, it made a study of alcoholism in the state.

Overall, its main purpose and technique are "to put constructive ideas from an independent source into the main stream of political thinking," as Joe D. Smith, Jr., publisher of the *Alexandria Times-Talk*, puts it. This is a different concept from that of some other organizations—with similar sounding names—which, upon close inspection, turn out to be fronts for business interests seeking to cut taxes and public services. And it has taken a while to convince skeptics that PAR is, in fact, different.

"Frankly, I had my doubts about this organization at first," says Victor Bussie, president of the Louisiana State Labor Council, AFL-CIO. "But within the past few years I have come to appreciate the value of their studies and compilation of impartial facts. PAR has done a great deal toward bringing labor and management together by serving as a source of facts which both sides respect. Louisiana has needed an organization like this for many, many years."

And, one may add, it will be needed for many years to come. Conceivably, too, there are other states which are in the same fix.

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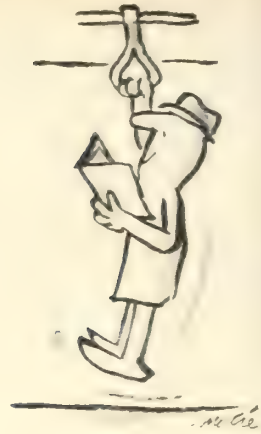
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4



Poets, Presidents, and Preceptors

by Benjamin DeMott

What a way to behave! On their way out when gaiters came in, these words nowadays are never used at all except to pets and vending machines. Expressing surprise at somebody's behavior means suggesting that the behavior affronts normal expectations or breaks a familiar natural or social rule. And if there are no rules . . .

The interest of Mary McCarthy's *The Group* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95) stems in part from the ingenuity of its argument that rules aplenty exist in every age, and that old ways of judging people aren't really outmoded. The news will not astonish this writer's followers; a Puritan in Upper Bohemia, Miss McCarthy has for years approached her characters as a stern objective moralist. Sly Professor Mulcahy in *The Groves of Academe* is a knave; it is wrong to take advantage of innocence, no matter whether the innocent is a college president or a college girl. Clever Martha Sinnott in *A Charmed Life* receives the wages of sin; it is wrong to commit an act of adultery whether in the name of reason or of passion. The elegant European anti-Americans chided in *On The Contrary* are irresponsible; it is wrong to deny the connection between American ugliness and European apathy about the education of its poor. These books, like the author's earliest works, regularly invoke standards of decency and propriety that current fashion finds boring and irrelevant. And this consistency has helped Miss McCarthy win regard as a novelist of manners with a better than even

chance of achieving moral clarity and significance.

Such clarity never comes cheap, as is well known: novelists of manners buy it by narrowing their social range and emotional sympathies. Sitting in judgment upon poor people, for instance, looks inhumane; the focus must be upon privileged, well-brought-up types who "ought to know what's right," and need not be understood from within. Nor can these types survive much exposure to the times they live in; they have to be kept at a remove from historical events of the kind that drain meaning from personal foibles.

Miss McCarthy's method of meeting these demands in *The Group* is to center her attention upon a clique of Vassar girls making its post-graduate way in New York in the mid-1930s. None of the members of the clique can be described as dumb, and each is solvent enough to experience the Depression as an "exciting period," rather than as a disaster. This in itself would provide an old-style Marxist moralist with a text for a sermon on the sin of obliviousness. And Miss McCarthy's reluctance to mention that sin may well disconcert more than a few readers of non-Marxist persuasion. A Vassar girl sits on a bench in Washington Square, newly purchased contraceptive equipment at her side, debating in terror the idea of announcing the purchase to the young artist who recommended it (after deflowering her in his flat). Another Vassar girl is troubled by her playwright-husband's lack of interest in trading up from an apartment in the Village to

a place in the East Fifties. Still another is in agony over her lover's inability to complete his analysis (the fellow has no dreams to report and cannot think of a word to say to his psychiatrist). No doubt a direct comment on the triviality of these agonies compared with the sufferings of non-groupers of the period would be excessively flat—but shouldn't the writer hint that the absurdities of the rich sometimes do spring from feelings of powerlessness and guilt?

Perhaps—but hints of that sort would open this dramatized *Alumnae News* to foreclosures, bankruptcies, unemployment statistics, and a mass of other facts whose moral meaning, if any, remains obscure. And Miss McCarthy is too fond of the moralist's position to run that risk. Keeping a cool distance between herself and her characters, using history largely for color rather than as a force shaping human behavior, she tells the interlinked stories of her girls as though each were free to choose between good and evil, and wholly unjustified in blaming failures of humanity and intelligence upon the age.

The chief failure she locates is that of self-deceit. Almost without exception the characters in *The Group* lie to themselves and others about their real needs and aspirations. Kay Strong, married to a Freethinking Writer, tells herself that she wishes to do battle against crippling superstitions; in fact she wants only to be chic. Her husband presents himself as one liberated from sexual and economic myths and concerned

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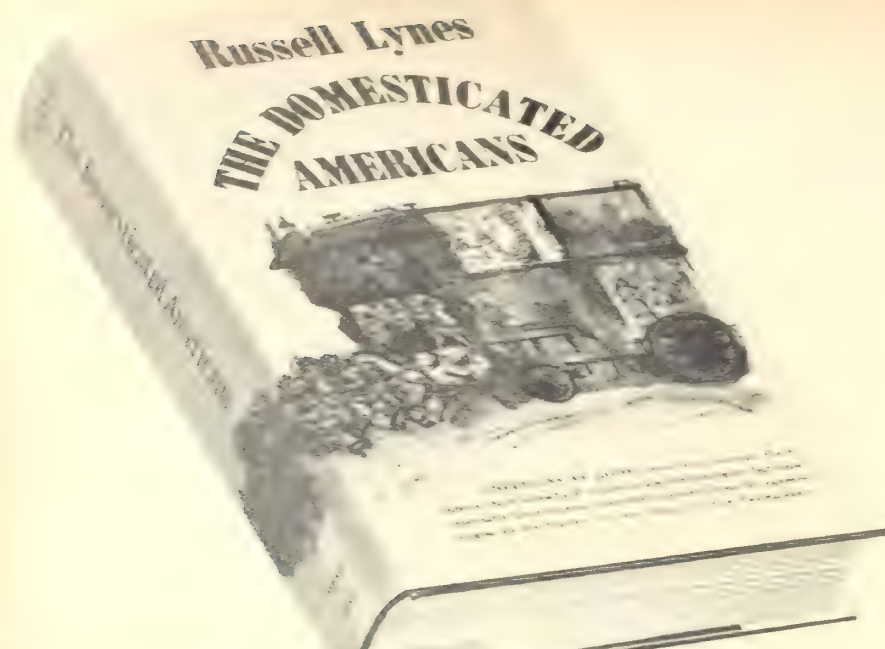
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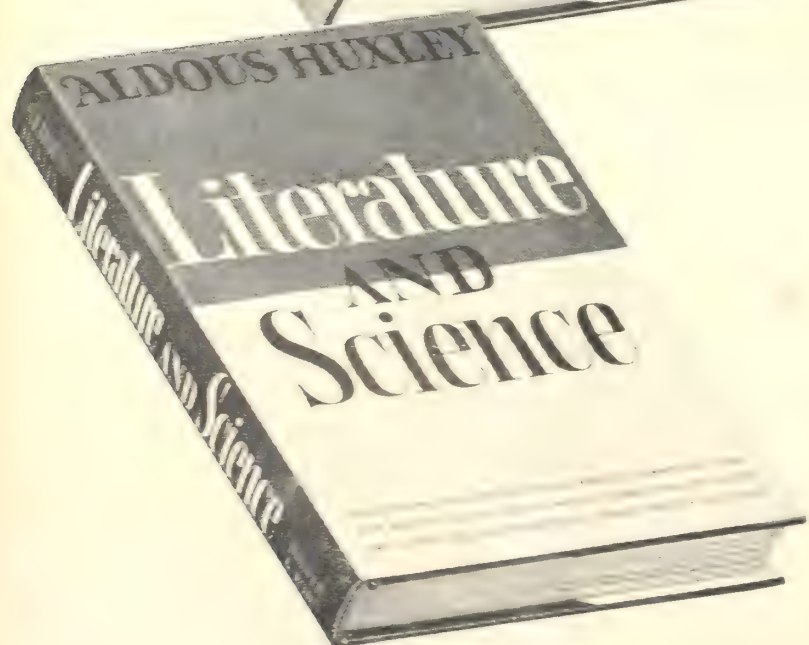
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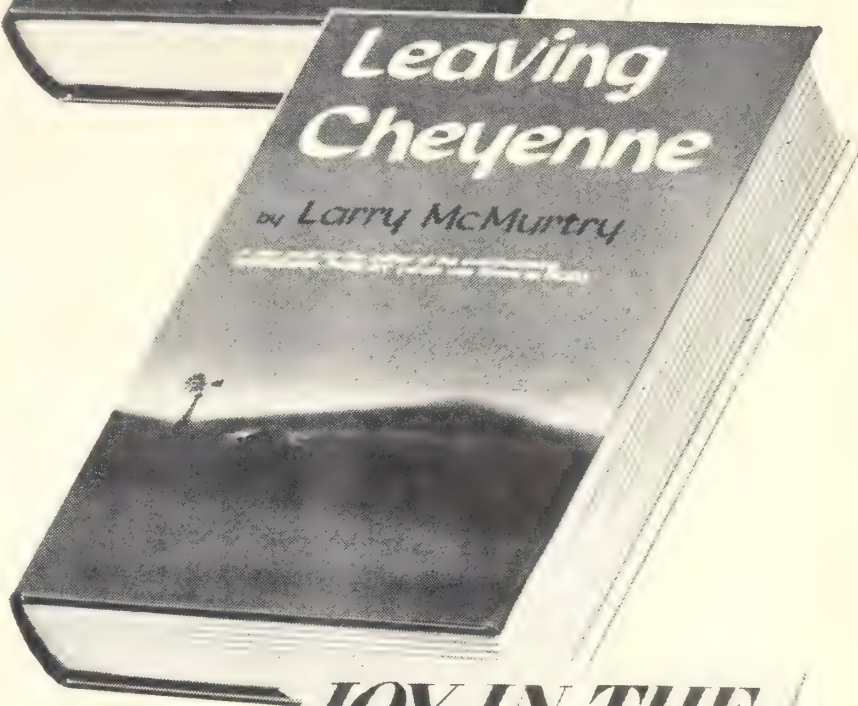
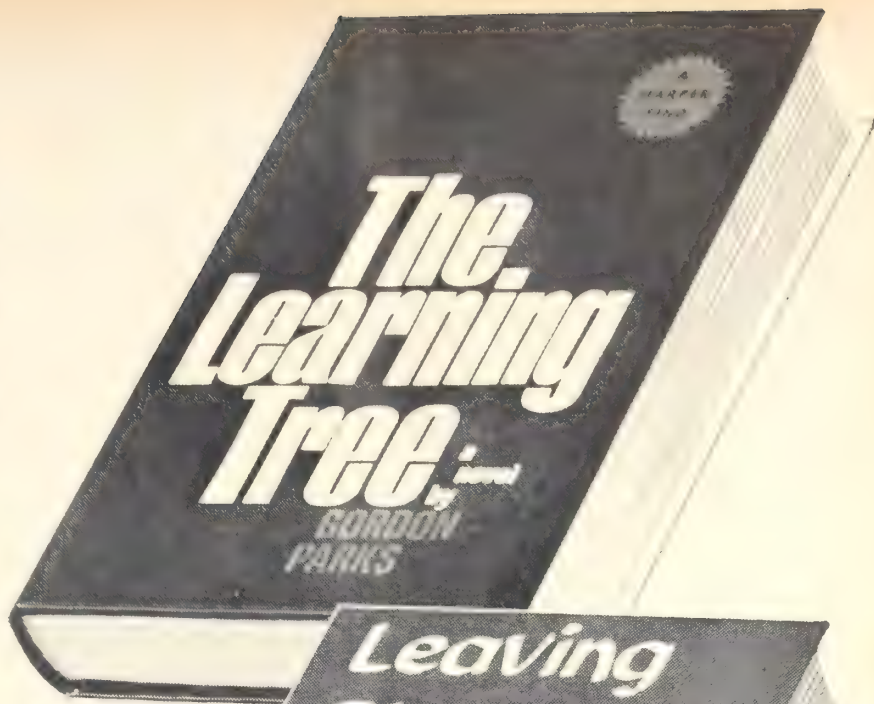
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JOY IN THE MORNING is **Betty Smith's** irresistible new novel — a story which is true to the realities of experience and filled with sunny tenderness. Carl and Annie are very young, very poor and determined to make their marriage a success despite all the odds. You will like them both, perhaps thinking of Annie as the younger sister of Francie Nolan in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. \$4.95



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to liberate others; in fact his aims are money and power, and in the end he is caught out denouncing a self-respecting Lesbian for the "corruptness" of her kind. Norine Schmittlapp, who divides the world into "aesthetes" and "politicals," thinks she has political reasons for wishing to hurt her lover's wife (the latter works contentedly for a department store and is thus a member of the exploiting classes); in fact Norine's reason is personal (her lover's wife, the department store employee, snubbed her in college). And Priss Hartshorn considers her enthusiasm for breast-feeding to be proof of maternal feeling, when in fact it is merely a pallid woman's acquiescence to a whim of her spouse.

As might be guessed from this glance at Miss McCarthy's abuse of her characters, the pleasure afforded by *The Group* resembles that afforded by an eighteenth-century novel. The reader always knows where he is in moral terms. Each of the contemporary objects that crowd the pages—prescription Scotch, Forward House at Macy's, Russel Wright cocktail shakers, Jones Beach, Radio City, the Communist party, Venetian blinds—seems to point a moral. (The moral is that liberation, progress, and folk art from the factory are but dreams of naïveté.) Each of the pathetically Modern seductions, assignments, and sexual experiments thrusts forward an "improving" lesson. (The lesson is that stupidity alone seeks to transform sex or any other ancient area of human experience into a technical problem.) The novelist is, to repeat, marvelously ingenious at contriving devices for avoiding the preacher's manner. Her orations against promiscuity are invariably delivered by promiscuous people—slow learners rather than hypocrites; in *The Group* the person of soundest moral probity is a homosexual. And therefore the reader is never offended by the suggestion that behind the detached confident moralist stands a shivering inexperienced Miss Nice.

Yet for all its ingenuity, *The Group* fails to put every reservation to rest; its moral clarity often seems too mechanical to trust. "What is it," asks one character of another early in the story, "what is it that makes you want to puke at the im-

ponderables?" If the question were directed at the novelist, the answer might be: Because at this moment everybody else has a crush on them. But, for novelists as for others, being different only for difference's sake is expensive. Miss McCarthy is a knowing woman, a shrewd reporter and entertainer, and among the most original—and most readable—Puritans this country has produced for years. She is, however, at once a shade too clear, too unforgiving, and too conscious of fashion for her art's own good.

French Badman

Assumptions unlike those that govern Miss McCarthy's view of her characters appear in Jean-Paul Sartre's *Saint Genet, Actor and Martyr* (Braziller, \$8.50). Partly for this reason, partly because Sartre is matchlessly percipient about the influence of general culture upon individual behavior, his moral analysis has weight as well as wit. First published in Paris eleven years ago, *Saint Genet* is an existential psychoanalysis of its hero, the French poet famous here for his plays and for his contributions to the theory of hipsterism. (Genet is an unashamed chronicler of his career in perversion and crime; his account of the necessities imposed by a repressive civilization has shaped the thinking of many younger writers of reputation, including James Baldwin.) Sartre draws on personal knowledge of Jean Genet the man, and on the results of scrutiny of Genet's works. But he also puts historical and sociological materials to telling use in interpreting the badman's self-transformations—from thief to aesthete to writer. And his motive is less to place on record a definitive opinion about a fellow artist than to demonstrate that conventional categories of moral judgment and psychological diagnosis don't fit the facts of individual human situations.

Grandly conceived and passionately executed, *Saint Genet* is a demanding work. Its key concept, that a man's character equals the action he takes to link his private and public selves, may not trouble American readers as much as it did some Frenchmen (role psychology is, after all, an American invention). But no

writer can apply the concept without introducing burdensome terminologies, and, in this book's quarter of a million words, there is little narrative relief from the burden. What is more, Sartre shares the habits of other French thinkers who attain influence while young—which is to say, he preserves every passage of doodling, humming, and throat-clearing struck off by the typewriter while the writer's mind is out to lunch. And, while the author declares his hostility to literary critics who are fond of "subjective banalities that . . . beg the question," his unrelenting Dostoevskian compulsion to break down distinctions between subject and objects yields some inhuman banalities of its own. ("Whom does one lynch in the American South for raping a white woman? A Negro. No. Again one's self. Evil is a projection.")

But there are great riches in this book. In the course of "understanding" Genet, Sartre illuminates an extraordinary range of subjects—homosexuality, onanism, criminal society, luxury, the nature of genius, the psychology of composition, the meaning of literary success and failure, even the historical concept of "a period of transition." Because his responses are subtler and more reserved than those of the apocalyptic cultists of recent days, his celebration of Genet for bringing to light "that monstrous and wretched being which we are likely to become at any moment" cannot be received as cant. And his critique of "objective" moral judges who deny responsibility for the behavior they have set up to judge is fully convincing. *Saint Genet* may be too self-indulgent a work to qualify as a masterpiece (many intelligent men once spoke of it thus). But it remains, a decade after its first appearance, an enthralling exercise of mind, and its publication in this vigorous and venturesome translation by Bernard Frechtman is a welcome undertaking.

Keats Without Tears

The most effective praise of a writer is that which stresses the uniqueness of the experience he offers. Hence Sartre couples praise of Genet's poetry of solitude with deprecation of nearly every other solitary wh

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Apart from those who have come to the bookstore primarily to buy the latest Louis Auchincloss book, **Powers of Attorney**, there will be those converted by the opening page: *When Clitus Tilney heard Tower, Tilney & Webb criticized as a "law factory" and its opinions described as "assembly line products," it did not bother him in the least. He knew the fashion among lawyers to affect an aversion to administrative detail, to boast that their own firms were totally disorganized, that they practiced law in a bookish, informal atmosphere, suggestive of Victorian lithographs of county solicitors seated at rolltop desks and listening with wise smiles to the problems of youth and beauty.* (\$4.50)

The wary buyer may approach a second book by that rare bird, the successful first novelist, with a reserved judgement. Here are two, however, for the coolest eye: **Black Cloud, White Cloud** by Ellen Douglas, who won the joint Esquire and Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award last year with *A Family's Affairs*. Her new book is a warm, subtle and compassionate exploration of the relationship of two races in a land that has so much to be forgotten and to be learned. *But a strange thing happened recently. I woke up one night from a nightmare about Jesse. I couldn't remember anything about it except that it had been long and confused, with a great many people in it, and Jesse wandering in and out, a child no older than Ralph, but skinny instead of stocky as Ralph is, and having not a child's head on his shoulders, but the long, seamed face and high, domed forehead of his old age. I was hoking with anxiety when I woke up, and two sentences kept repeating themselves over and over in my mind until to exorcise them and sleep again, I turned on the light and wrote them in the margin of a magazine on my night table. When I got up the next morning, I could not remember what I had written or why, in the night, it had seemed so important.*

I picked up the magazine and read, 'There are those of us who are willing to say, I am guilty,' but who is to absolve us? And so we expect by our confession miraculously to relieve the suffering of the innocent?' I had written first, "Do we expect to escape the suffering of the innocent?" but I had scratched

through escape and written relieve. I read the sentences over several times, but they did not dispel the anxiety I still felt. I remembered then the reason I had written them. I had thought in the night that if I could remember those words, I would understand everything. But the words were only questions. It wouldn't have mattered if I had forgotten. (\$4.00)



Reviewers of her second novel, **The Marquis**, compare Joan Sanders to Stendhal, Zoe Oldenbourg, and Mary Renault. This is the age of Louis XIV: *The coach with its galloping outriders burst through the May wood like a fanfare. The matched white horses wore apple-green ribbons braided in their manes and tails and the coach was blazoned with the arms of Monsieur and festooned with billowing swags of green velvet sprinkled all over with silver fleur-de-lys. It might have been Titania's equipage. As it came up the hill towards us, slowing at the steepness of the grade, a girl's arm came out the window, hailing — not us, but summer, maybe — caught a low-hanging bough and stripped a handful of leaves. Just so were all her acts of destruction done, large or small, with an indolent grace.* (\$4.95)

From the non-fiction table, a rousing call to battle. For Jacobite and anti-Jacobite alike, **Henry James and the Jacobites** by the distinguished critic Maxwell Geismar will provide memorably lively reading: *The great writers start first of all from self-knowledge, while James reveled in self-ignorance —*

which he then proclaimed and codified as "universal law." But how can a writer who is not 'great,' or 'major,' or even 'important' in any important sense; or perhaps even relevant in the long workings of time for the majority of the human race — since James's version of life was so singular, his experience so limited, his sensibilities so restrained: how can such a writer, finally, still remain so interesting? I have no intention here of "destroying," or even "debunking" Henry James himself — that would be too easy, in a sense, and too cheap. When the present Jacobite cult has vanished from our literary scene (and no loss) James himself will remain as a remarkable phenomenon. Remarkable just because he is a phenomenon never before glimpsed on literary land or sea; and probably never to appear again. Henry James is indeed the most singular curiosity in the whole wide reach of literary history. (\$7.00)



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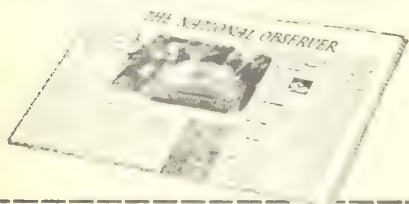
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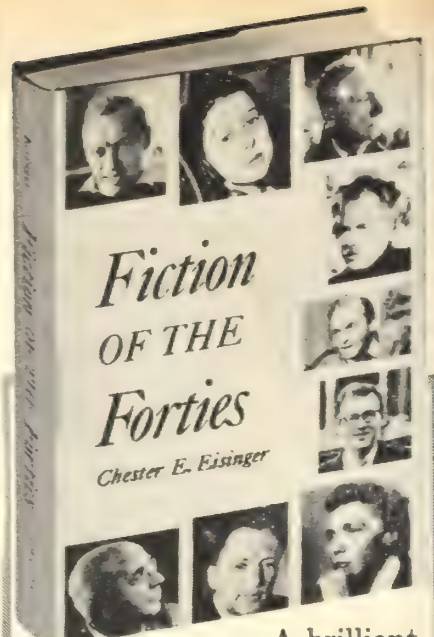
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ever wrote a line. One English poet, however, isn't dismissed out of hand. Quoting the despairing epitaph Keats wrote for himself ("Here lies one whose name was writ in water"), Sartre acknowledges that this poet was far more alone than most writers who hawk loneliness to the public. And, by drawing attention to the unprotected quality of Keats's life, he helps to explain why Keats's story attracted simpleminded moralists from the beginning—people who cried, "Libertine!" "Coward!" or "Hero!" without concern for the realities of the man's inner life.

As its title indicates, Aileen Ward's **John Keats: The Making of a Poet** (Viking, \$7.50) is not the work of a scholar who thinks of character or literary achievement as a static item—a dartboard at which to throw exclamation points. Perhaps the first literary biography to make tactful use of the contributions of Erik Erikson to understanding of the adolescent experience of genius, the book treats the self as a made thing, and defines the stages of its construction. At first glance, the claim that this very subject was absorbing to Keats himself stirs suspicion; the phrase "identity crisis" was certainly unknown to the author of the Nightingale Ode. Keats did have a language of his own, though, for self-making—or "soulmaking," as he called it; no mystery, indeed, drew him more irresistibly than that of the formation of character. And this fact lends special relevance to Miss Ward's approach to the poet's life.

A genius who died young, possessed enormous humor and vivacity, and regarded writing as a sacrament, the author of *Hyperion* couldn't conceivably be the subject of a dull book. But Miss Ward's biography is something more than a pleasing run-through of "the results of recent research." Its interpretations of the poems are straightforward and, in the case of *Endymion*, which in this reading is an allegory about sex, challengingly fresh. Its characterizations of the remarkable and unremarkable men who were Keats's intimates are neither tepid nor lacking in moral generosity. And it rarely allows the search for a villain ("Who killed John Keats?") to distract it from the moment-to-moment actualities of a great young man's



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struggle to create himself as an artist. Lives of English poets that are in unembarrassed touch with life are uncommon; this book is one of them.

To JFK
With Love and Squalor

Ax-grinding is harder to hide in politics than in literary criticism, and for that reason moral judgments about politicians are less persuasive than moral judgments about poets. There is nothing ambiguous about Victor Lasky's judgment in *J. F. K., The Man and the Myth* (Macmillan, \$7.95): the writer is against President Kennedy. In 650 pages he assembles every available snippet of evidence that the President is a Bad Man—arrogant, vulgar, uncourageous, incompetent, and father-ridden. And, in passing, he offers several tributes to the decency and talents of Mr. Richard Nixon. The strength of the book lies in the force of its reminder that worshipers of the Kennedy family have had to swallow a quantity of hateful stuff over the past three decades. The obvious failing is the lack of an imaginative effort at exploring its subject's character. (Mr. Lasky asks an endless series of wrong questions—what was that PT boat *doing* out there in the path of a destroyer?) He seldom faces the interesting ones—as for example, what sort of man is a President who simultaneously plays acts at decision-making for TV and produces public papers whose level of political argument is as high as that of any Chief Executive since Lincoln?) But the failing that counts lies elsewhere: the effect of *J. F. K., The Man and the Myth* is to reduce public affairs to a collection of easy moral problems about which any brisk brave fellow could readily make up his mind.

Mr. Lasky isn't alone in exaggerating the power of the Presidential office and the simplicity of contemporary events. The same tendencies are visible in Hugh Sidey's *John F. Kennedy, President* (Atheneum, 6.95), a *Time* correspondent's story of the Administration's first two years. Mr. Sidey doesn't despise the President (he has particular respect for Mr. Kennedy's eagerness to study subject). He is sharp-eyed about changes in the distribution of au-



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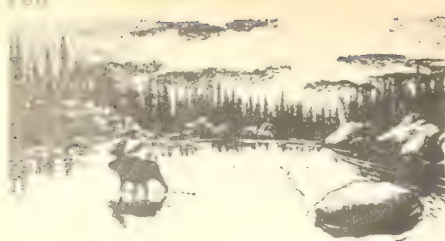
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thority within the White House, and, although the events he reviews were not previously underreported, there is much matter of interest in his narrative. But, like the magazine for which he works, and like Mr. Lasky, he is impatient with complications. Again and again in *John F. Kennedy, President*, the world hangs in melodramatic balance while one good man, possessing infinite sway, pushes through the French doors into the rose garden and Debates Within Himself. Executive virtue and vice, competence and incompetence—these are the only terms offered the reader for understanding the course of great affairs (and of private feelings), and they are unequal to the job.

Two to Trust

The best current corrective to overpersonalized and overmoralized accounts of public affairs is Albert O. Hirschman's *Journeys Toward Progress: Studies of Economic Policymaking in Latin America* (Twentieth Century Fund, \$4). The author, a Columbia professor of international economic relations, aims to tell exactly how progress toward solving economic problems actually occurs in "backward" countries. As he recounts governmental and other action on drought in Northeast Brazil, landlord-peasant strife in Colombia, and inflation in Chile, his point of view shifts constantly; the focus is now on the psychology and sociology of various reform movements, now on their history. But at every moment he appears responsive to the paradoxes and contradictions implicit in his evidence.

The most powerful argument of the book is that some varieties of violence are wholly "compatible with reform." Professor Hirschman proves convincingly that violence in many recent Latin American situations was no mad gesture of irresponsibles bent on producing chaos, but was, instead, "direct problem-solving activity" of the only feasible kind. His personal flexibility enables him to criticize historians and politicians who condemn all forms of revolutionary action, even as he demonstrates the vapidness of those who maintain that "nothing can be done until everything is done." (Not the least attractive feature of the book

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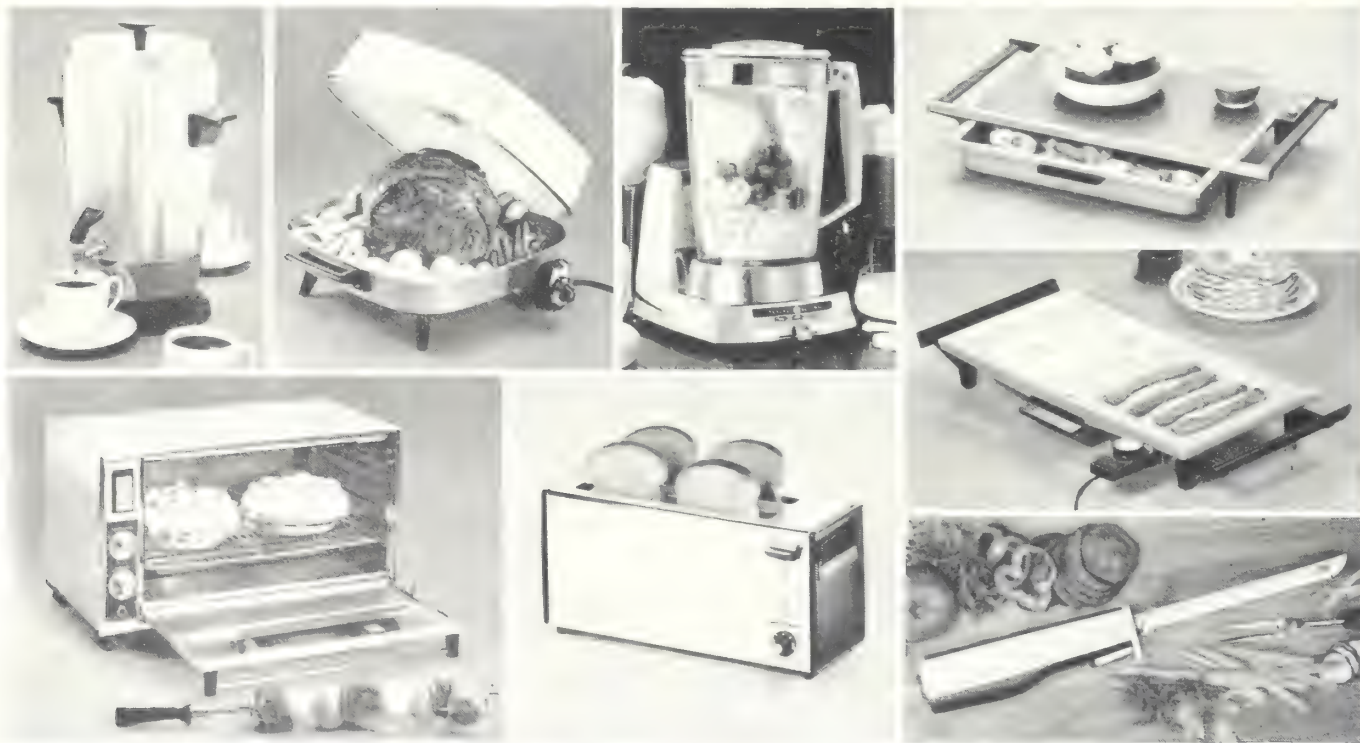
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is its willingness to find political guidance in the writings of novelists—Albert Camus for one—as well as in those of “experts.”) *Journeys Toward Progress* clarifies the tasks of the Alliance for Progress and the nature of the revolutionary impulse in Latin America; it also contributes to the survival of social hope.

Camus was in his twenties when he set down the outlines of projected works and the observations on life that are collected in *Notebooks: 1935-1942* (translated and edited by Philip Thody, Knopf, \$5). His acclaim as a philosophical novelist was still to come, and few thought of him as a writer who would someday be called the conscience of Europe. The *Notebooks*, of which the present volume is the first of three that are promised, include some entries later worked into Camus's novels. And it isn't surprising that commentators have concentrated upon these passages, rather than upon the emergence of a distinctly individual mode of moral thought. The genesis of a work of art may or may not be more fascinating than the beginnings of wisdom. But the progress toward wisdom in the *Notebooks* is unsteady; in many entries Camus sees himself as a recorder of sensations, and in others he is not so much thinking as wondering whether a life of thought could be endured.

Yet the unique quality of his mind—its capacity for intellectualized, sentimental defiance of pessimism—does become visible here. Camus had no illusions about politicians: Every time I hear a political speech or I read those of our leaders, I am horrified at having, for years, heard nothing which sounded human.” He knew that respectability is usually a sham: “It is terrifying to see how easily, in certain people, all dignity collapses. Yet when you think about this, this is quite normal since they only maintain this dignity by constantly striving against their own nature.” He saw the absurdities of objective moral judgment: “It is both impossible and immoral to judge an event from outside. One keeps the right to hold . . . misfortune in contempt only by remaining inside it.” And he was disinclined to chuckle off any imponderable: “How, in fact, can we avoid falling into despair? . . . never before have we been so com-



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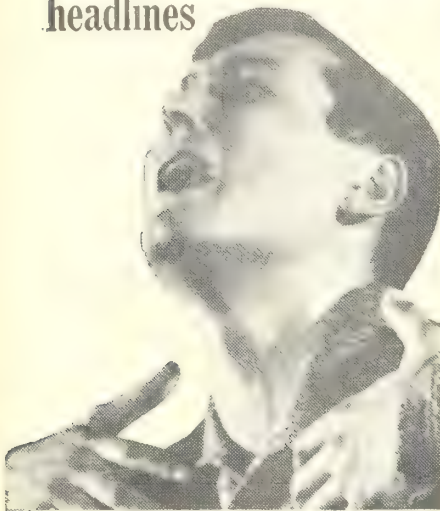
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The confidence of that last phrase will strike some as extravagant, and it can be argued that in one of Camus's novels, *The Plague*, the writer's moral equipoise seems an abstract achievement. But the voice that speaks in the *Notebooks* is at its best superbly conscious of the truth that the labor of becoming an adequate moralist, a lawgiver with a higher purpose than to look clever or to shame inferiors or even to create a unique self, is the most exacting labor a human being can undertake. And it is largely because of this consciousness that Camus continues to rank, on matters public and private, as one of the few substantial moral authorities of the present morally liberated age.

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wife and mother, and she with him. To the consternation and astonishment of family and friends, she goes to live with him in the rented villa at Lake Garda to "honeymoon" until her husband's divorce decree becomes final and they can marry. Her devoted, intense, down-to-earth two youngest children—Hugh, fourteen, and Caddie, an eleven-year-old girl (one of the most endearing characters in fiction)—decide they can't bear it and by devious, ingenious methods, all seeming perfectly plausible, manage to get from England to the villa alone and unannounced, determined to bring their mother back. The tension that balances the story—the intuitive truth of childhood pitted against the facts of adult love—is absolutely taut. One is sympathetic with every character and therefore believes in what is happening. The growth and change in each person, the crises and their reversals, often very funny, belong in the highest tradition of the chronicling of human striving and imperfection. A magnificent tour de force. Book of the Month for October.

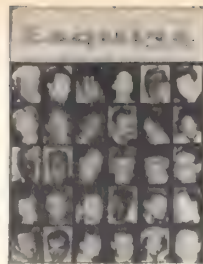
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State of Possession, by Edith de Born.

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some questions revealing her hatred of the boy's father, indeed her loathing of the whole idea of sexual intercourse. And finally, through Elisabeth's visit to a gynecologist the reader becomes aware—though she is not—that she has never had a child; has never been raped; that she is indeed *virgo intacta*. What goes on here? The author demonstrates convincingly that this apparently stable life—and, by indirection, many like it—is based on nothing more stable than a bed of neuroses. Deep desires, fears, and hopes, and a "state of possession" have, for people like this, turned fiction into fact. Should she—and they—be disillusioned? The reader must decide.

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It is no news that the young are serious. Why shouldn't they be, since they still believe that they are to some extent making the shape of the future. The twenty-year-old American girl from Virginia who is the narrator of this story is not poor, nor a rebel; she's nice. She has just left her family in Paris to go to the Riviera alone for two weeks on her own, a time of discovery, "her time." . . . "I don't think I've ever had an adventure before. Not an all-alone, out-on-your-own adventure that belonged to me and nobody else. And I'm glad. I think I'm going to find something. Something big and beautiful and unforgettable and that no one else can ever know about." Well.

What she finds, of course, is a man; what she learns is to be able to give away, however temporarily, that very private self. It all sounds very simple and predictable but it is written with originality and spirit, if occasionally with too much naïve and self-conscious introversion for my taste, as in the passage quoted above. The situation is plausible and treated with respect, economy, and genuine sensitivity. The rather doomsday ending seems anything but necessary to me, but it apparently seems inevitable to the characters.

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This is what I mean about the solemnity of the young. An interesting first novel. Atheneum, \$3.95

The Sea Monks, by Andrew Garve.

Four youthful bandits in escaping from the law take over "Swirlstone" lighthouse and its three keepers, with the relief boat from the English coast not due for a month. As always when Mr. Garve gives his desperate chases a sea background there's beauty and the smell of salt mixed with the suspense, horror, and quick reversals in the tide of events. There are always people real enough to care about; sin always brings punishment; and in this one the effect of the confined life in the lighthouse on a not exactly congenial group of characters adds a special dimension to the story. The modern Cockney spoken by the young thugs and their girl is as salty as the sea.

Harper & Row, \$3.50

Nonfiction

Two views of Old New York


Young in New York: A Memoir of a Victorian Girlhood, by Nathalie Dana. Doubleday, \$4.50

Those Days, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Harper & Row, \$4

Mrs. Dana's memoirs, flaunting no literary pretensions, record in simple language everything that the author (she was born in 1878) remembers of the culture—people, manners, clothes, architecture, sights, sounds, and smells of the New York of her girlhood. And her memory is extraordinary in its scope, informed by wit and wisdom as well as visual accuracy. "I was born," she starts out, "into a society which was sure that it had found the answers."


Mr. Armstrong, an author and editor of *Foreign Affairs*, has written a book that is charming not only in its content but in its literary shape and felicity of expression. Both books reveal the greatest affection for the sidewalks (literally) of New York and take considerable pride in the distances the authors covered on them every day. Mrs. Dana writes:

After school we were expected to entertain ourselves. The afternoons that I enjoyed the most were those on which Constance Burlingame and I walked down Fifth Av-



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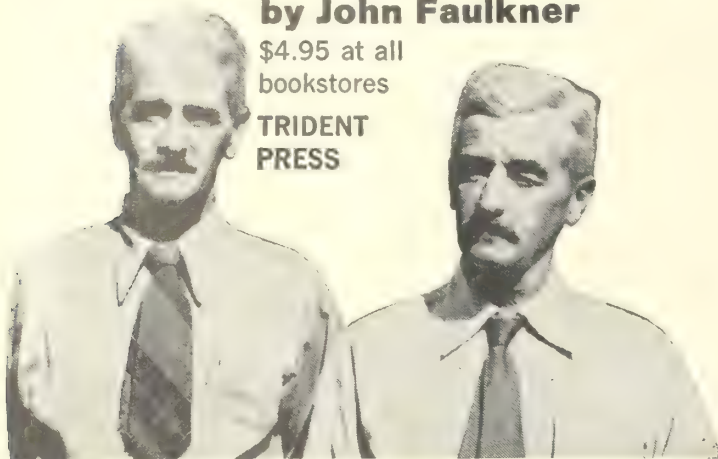
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

enue to Huyler's, at 17th Street, where we consumed ice-cream sodas and then walked back, a jaunt of more than five miles. As we also walked to school and back to save the five-cent carfare, we had covered nearly eight miles during that day.

Mr. Armstrong, who still lives in the house on Tenth Street where he was born in 1893, also did a lot of walking but he was a roller skater by preference, using his skill to escape what he calls "Micks" who waylaid "the figure of fun I made in an Eton suit on roller skates" each Sunday on his way to Sunday School.

During two winters, on two afternoons a week, I went up on my skates to the Seventh Regiment Armory, there to drill in the wavering lines of the Knickerbocker Greys with other unfortunates of assorted sizes. Two miles up in the morning to the Allen Stevenson School, then on Forty-ninth Street, and two back; three miles up to the Armory, and three back; that made ten miles. But the skating part I loved and it never seemed long.

He, too, writes of Huyler's, that famous ice-cream parlor, and of Tiffany's, Wanamaker's, Macy's, and Altman's, all downtown in those days, and though he is fifteen years younger than she, one feels sure from the very geography and climate of their lives that their families must have known each other.

Mrs. Dana writes much of foreign travel and the "unique" and "chaste" (two superlative adjectives of the time) art treasures people were always bringing home. Mr. Armstrong also writes of a family trip abroad. Both recall vividly the theatre and opera of those days and Mrs. Dana, who studied music here and (very daringly) in Europe, writes a whole section on music in New York before the turn of the century. Both describe the Christmas presents they made; both tell of lunches with unexpected friends always dropping in. (Who planned those meals?) Both, with apparently no sense of speaking obscurely, mention words in the sartorial field unknown to me. She speaks of a gentleman's "yellow small clothes" (Webster says knee breeches or small articles of clothing); he of a "blue roundabout" with

brass buttons that his father wore as a child. . . . In one of his concluding paragraphs Mr. Armstrong sums up:

Remembrance is intangible property, what Vladimir Nabokov has called "unreal estate"—the most valuable, as one grows older, of all one's belongings. The manner in which our country lived a generation ago, and the way in which our parents thought, are gone as utterly as Nabokov's have gone. They did not disappear all at once, as his did, in violent revolution. The changes came gradually, each of them, it seemed, for the good; but whether for good or ill, irresistibly and with astounding cumulative effect.

Both books are delightful and valuable records of these changes. Each has several sections of nostalgic photographs.

A Stress Analysis of A Strapless Evening Gown And Other Essays for a Scientific Age. Edited by Robert A. Baker.

Dedicated to the proposition that scientists are human and have a sense of humor, this delightful anthology admirably fulfills its mission. The collection includes several essays that are likely to become classics in this newest genre of comic art—among them Warren Weaver's "Report of the Special Committee," "Parkinson's Laws in Medical Research," Leo Szilard's "Calling All Stars," and two items which originally appeared in this magazine: John Masters' Himalayan spoof, "The Abominable Snowman" and Robert Nathan's "Digging the Weans."

R. W. Payne, who teaches at the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine, contributes a devastating satire on pharmaceutical research, "Peniwisle," which was first published in—of all places—the *AMA Journal*. A hilarious parody "On the Nature of Mathematical Proofs" is by Joel Cohen, a Harvard student.

Though many of the authors wrote for their own—and their colleagues'—amusement, you need not be a member of the club to laugh at their frustrations or wince at their sometimes savage shafts at the inanities of our age. Who, for instance, can doubt the eternal verity of Chisholm's First Law of Human Interaction: "If anything can go wrong it will"? Prentice-Hall, \$3.95



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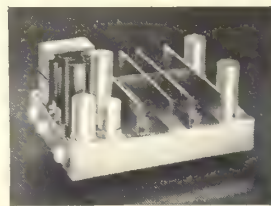
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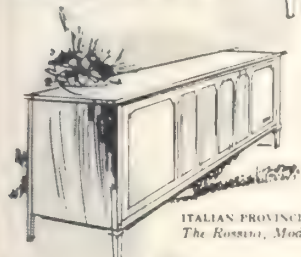
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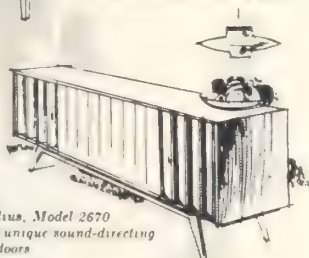
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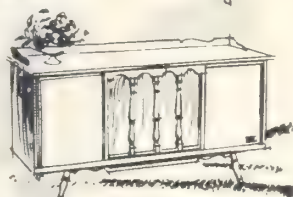
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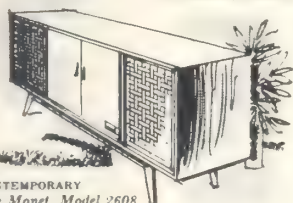
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Pieces for the Brave New World

In England, Benjamin Britten is musical royalty—and above criticism—but the avant-garde is looking elsewhere.

One of the large-scale works that have caused most discussion in recent times has been Benjamin Britten's **War Requiem**, and it has just been recorded (London A 4255, mono; OSA 1255, stereo; both 2 discs). Most critics in England immediately hailed the score as a sublimity, with no reservations. In England, Britten is the object of sheer veneration in musical circles, and he holds the position in his field that Elizabeth II does in hers. One does not criticize.

And, superficially, there is much to admire in the "War Requiem." It was composed last year for the ceremonies attendant on the opening of the new cathedral at Coventry. Britten is a pacifist—he spent the war years in this country—and into his "War Requiem" he poured his loathing of war. The work combines the words of the *Missa Pro Defunctis*—the Requiem Mass—with settings of poems by Wilfred Owen, the British poet killed a week before the ending of World War I. A large orchestra, a chorus, a boys' choir, and a soprano soloist are used for the Requiem proper; a chamber orchestra backs up the tenor and baritone soloists in the Owens settings.

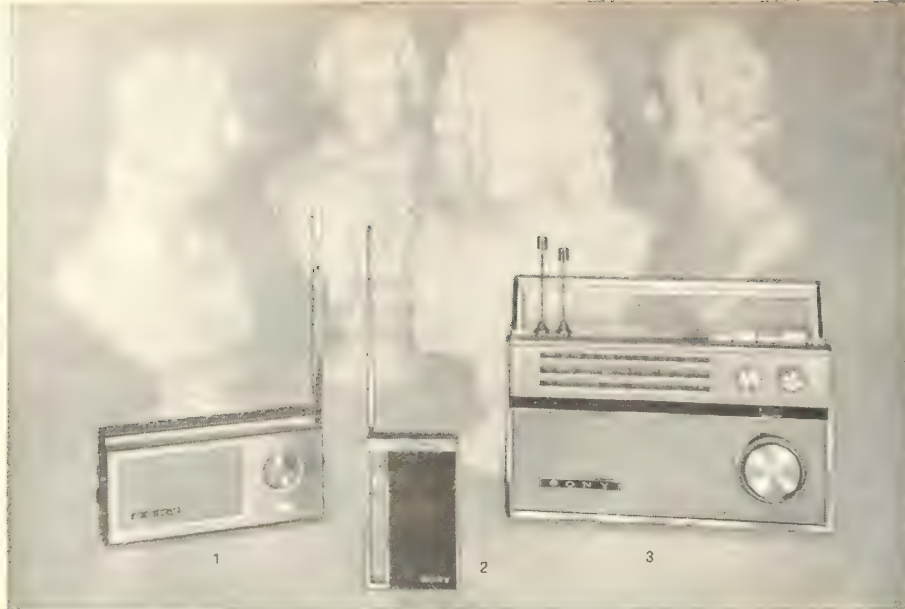
One reason why the "War Requiem" turned out to be the immense success it is concerns the composer's vocabulary. Britten's style is individual, but it is not eccentric. The public, and the critics, can hear it with a sigh of relief. There is no nasty twelve-tone writing, no neo-classicism, no Bartókian piled-up dissonances. Instead there is a language that, despite certain modernisms, is basically romantic. The

modernisms that Britten does use are never shockers, and audiences listen to them with the feeling that they are participating in being modern without having pain about it.

Thus with the music making a direct appeal to the emotions, and being couched in familiar terms, the "War Requiem" was bound to make an impact. It also was bound to arouse the ire of the avant-garde which, by and large, has looked with some suspicion on Britten. There is, they say, an element of slickness in Britten that does not ring true.

And that charge of slickness can be substantiated in the "War Requiem." The writing is fluent but, after several hearings, thin. At the end of the score one may have the uneasy feeling that he has listened to a composer busily counterfeiting emotion. Technique gets in the way of simple statement—or so it appears





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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

here—and the net result is that the score does not hold up. And while the melodic content is strongly pronounced, the ideas themselves become boring after a while. They did not have enough strength to begin with, and not all of the flashy orchestration of which Britten is capable—and he is capable of flashy orchestration indeed—can make them what they are not.

In this recorded performance, Britten himself conducts the London Symphony, and the vocal soloists are Galina Vishnevskaya, Peter Pears, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (a Russian, an Englishman, a German; and had Britten scored for two more soloists, one is confident that there would have been a Frenchman and an American). The performance is brilliant, and the only weak spot is Vishnevskaya, whose uncertain production and unsteady tremolo do scant justice to her part.

Apostle of Electronics

In sharp contrast to Britten's academic-modern approach is the avant-gardism of Karlheinz Stockhausen. Stockhausen, a German, is the apostle of electronic music, of aleatory (in which the composer provides a rough plan and the performer takes over as suits himself), of totally-organized serialism. The electronic side of his work can be heard in his *Gesang der Jünglinge* and *Kontakte*, both recorded by the electronic studios of Cologne Radio (Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18811, mono; SLPM 138811, stereo). Originally these were compositions on multi-track tapes. For this recording the composer has reduced both scores to two-track stereo.

In this kind of music the composer creates, through electronic devices, his own world of sound. He can synthesize whatever is in his inner ear and organize it as his logic dictates. From his point of view, one of the advantages is that once the result is on tape, no performer ever need be used. Thus the interpretation remains (if the playback technicians follow instructions) eternally as he has imagined it. O brave new world. . . .

But electronic music is one of the coming things, like it or not. Stockhausen's *Gesang der Jünglinge* uses



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soloists, a boys' choir, and electronic sounds; and the vocal sounds are subjected to electronic manipulation. *Kontakte* was written for pianos, percussion, and electronic sounds. Whatever the ground plan of both scores, it is not easily apparent to the listener. What is apparent, though, is the sensitive use of sound as sound. Sound alone, granted, is not enough to make a piece of music. And the electronic composers are the first to admit that their work is still in the experimental state. But these two Stockhausen scores do point to a future when electronic sounds will be incorporated into the symphony orchestra and opera house. And in skillful hands, the medium is a remarkably expressive one. Stockhausen hints at this expressivity in sections of both scores, especially when he makes the human voice undergo indescribable changes. The effects are unusually striking.

Stravinsky Still Rex

In a more traditional aspect of modern music, there is a recording of one of the undeniable masterpieces of the century—Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*, with the composer leading the chorus and orchestra of the Opera Society of Washington, and with principal roles sung by George Shirley, Donald Gramm, and Shirley Verrett (Columbia ML 5872, mono; 6472, stereo). This lean, powerful score is ever-fascinating. It is never "Grecian"; the composer has not once attempted any archaisms to match the Sophocles play (in Jean Cocteau's adaptation). But it evokes the Greece of Sophocles and at the same time stretches toward universality. In this disc an English narration that links the sections of the Latin text is supplied by John Westbrook, a man with a big, orotund, English-accented voice. Unfortunately, he handles his voice as though he is making a hard sell on a TV commercial.

Dorati as Composer

Less known will be Antal Dorati's *Symphony* (1957) and his *Nocturne and Capriccio* for oboe and string quartet. In the symphony, Dorati himself conducts the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. The chamber



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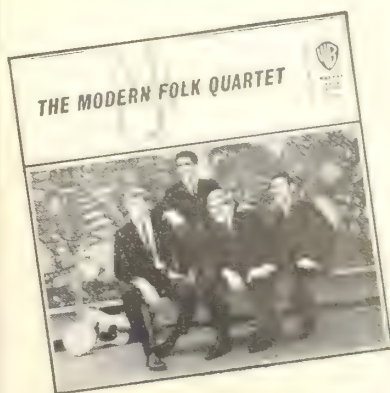
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

piece is played by Roger Lord, oboe, and the Allegri Quartet (Mercury 50248, mono; 90248, stereo).

Dorati is well known as a busy and successful conductor. Few realize that he has composed throughout his career. His *Symphony* (1957) is the work of a thorough musician with a decided creative impulse. The music is rather difficult to describe. It is strong, clear, tonal but dissonant, imaginatively orchestrated, occasionally nationalistic (Hungarian), full of pungent ideas, melodically a little dry, rhythmically forceful. The influence of Bartók comes out strongly in the last movement. Throughout the music, though, one is in contact with a strong mind. Less interesting is the melodious but derivative *Nocturne* and *Capriccio*, a student work.

Public Warned

Ever hear of Gilbert Bécaud? He apparently is a well-known, popular composer of chansons. Not long ago he felt impelled to write an opera, did just that, and staged it at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in 1962. Three librettists put it together and called it *Opéra d'Aran*, Aran being the easternmost part of Ireland. The plot is a conventional triangle. (Three librettists, yet!) Anyway, it has come to records (Angel 3637, mono; S 3637, stereo; both 3 discs), and the public is warned. The *Opera d'Aran* is not even good movie music, and what got into Angel to record it, even if the company were paid to do so, passeth comprehension.

and also . . .

Dvorak: *Symphony No. 4*; Brahms: *Academic Festival Overture*. Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter (Columbia ML 5761, mono; MS 6361, stereo).

A simply beautiful pair of performances; mellow, unaffected, relaxed. And the recorded sound is as colorful and detailed as one could desire.

Beethoven: *Piano Concerto No. 1*. Leonard Bernstein, pianist and conductor of the New York Philharmonic (Columbia ML 5807, mono; MS 6407, stereo).

A lively, romantic, full-blooded performance. In the A minor section of the last movement, Bernstein is predictably jazzy. More Bernstein than Beethoven, perhaps, but no less stirring nevertheless.

JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

Lochinvar

The first time I heard Sandy Bull's record was in an almost classic blind-fold test. A friend turned up one weekend with a pre-release acetate copy, set it on the turntable, and said, "What do you make of this?"

What I heard was a long extemporization on the guitar, taking up a full twelve-inch side, in which elements of the oriental, American folk, and modern jazz seemed to be inextricably tangled together. From time to time there was a useful but unobtrusive percussion background; the guitar player had a strong sense of rhythm and considerable inventiveness, enough to keep his composition going the entire side without monotony. I said I liked it.

Sandy Bull is a young New Yorker, age about twenty-two, who has played at various folk festivals and at the Gaslight café in Greenwich Village. The transition folk-to-jazz-to-the-orient is precisely the progress he has made in his not-so-many years as a performer. He started early on guitar, then hearing Pete Seeger he turned to the five-string banjo, and by the late 1950s he was a part of what Nat Hentoff (in his liner notes) calls "the stimulating Boston-Cambridge folk circuit" which produced Joan Baez. Interest in jazz followed (especially Ornette Coleman), and later he began absorbing Indian and Arabian music through Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan. All of this is present as he plays.

For the world is one. What saves us all is that a new generation can leap over in an instant barriers that held up its elders all their lives. Sandy Bull is simply and unself-consciously a part of all the traditions he has taken over; from them he adopts what he needs, not in snobbery or antiquarianism, but to serve a transcendent musical purpose of his own. Draw from the past to build something new—it is the immemorial prescription.

Oh Lord, it's good to know the West can still produce such people.

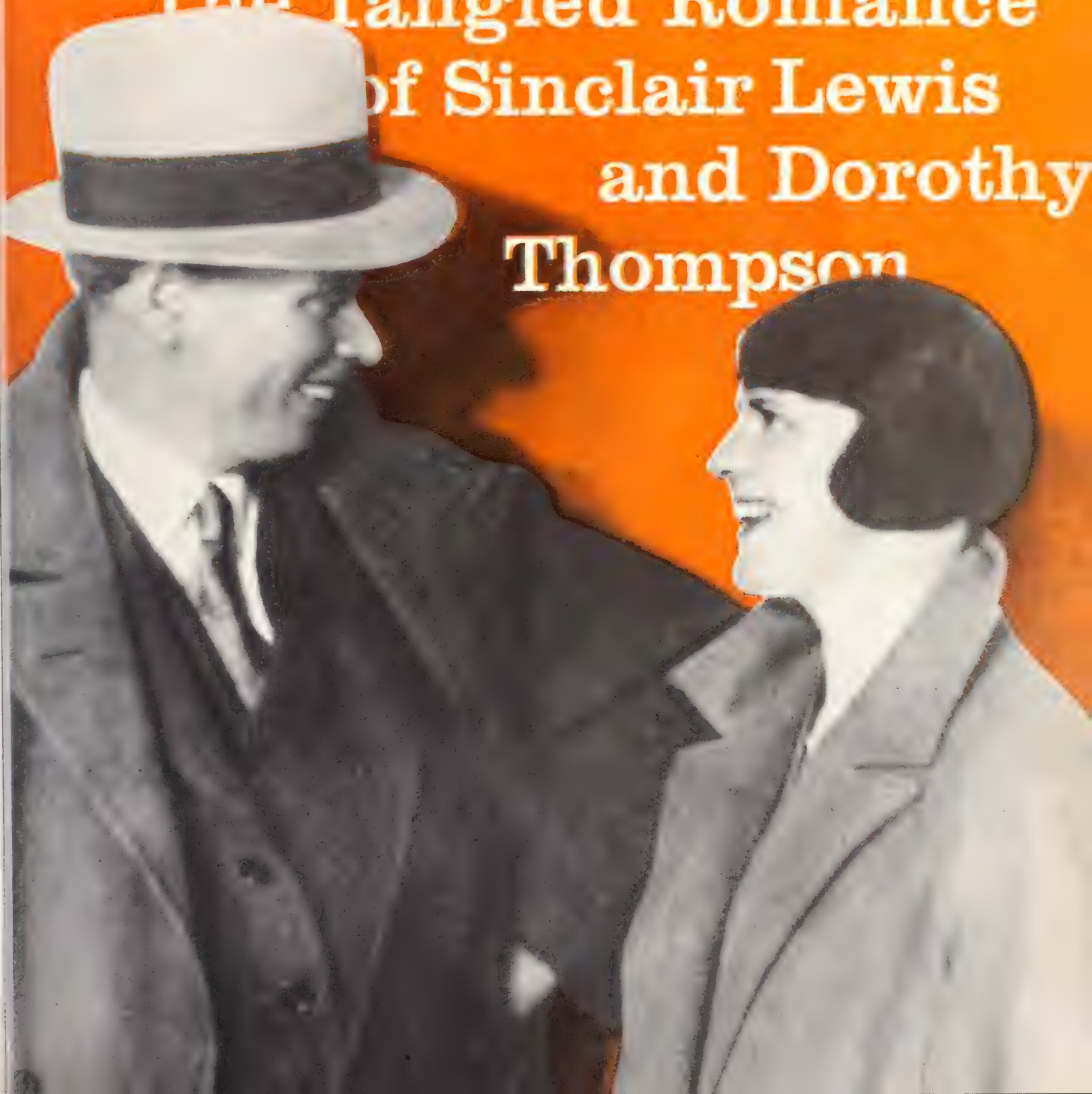
Sandy Bull. *Fantasias for Guitar and Banjo*, with Billy Higgins, drums. Vanguard VRS 9119.

Harper's MAGAZINE : OCTOBER 1960

A Special Supplement

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

The Tangled Romance of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson



I see you with your torn open eyes, your face scarred as though with flames, your long-legged body leaning against the wind, the pain in you, the sweetness in you, the mad anger, in you which constantly rises to defend you against becoming one of the settled and contented of the earth. . . .

I do not want to touch you. I do not want to speak. I only want to see you, to feel you are there, to know you are in the world, somehow breathing into me power without divesting yourself of it, somehow receiving from me strength and thereby increasing mine.

THUS Dorothy Thompson wrote to Sinclair Lewis in one of hundreds of revealing letters before and during their marriage. When she met the author of *Babbitt* and *Main Street*, Dorothy was herself an attractive and brilliant writer. Their wedding was an event of the century, the guests including such celebrities as Hugh Walpole, Rebecca West, Anita Loos, Mrs. Bertrand Russell, and Gilbert Frankau. The names of their friends evoke an era—John Gunther, William Shirer, George Jean Nathan, H. L. Mencken—and the author of this memoir, the distinguished critic and foreign correspondent, Vincent Sheean.

In the tradition of literary personalities before them, Dorothy and "Red" Lewis expressed their love most fully in their letters (many of hers marked "never sent"). Dorothy also kept a diary to which she confided her intimate thoughts. Drawing on these hitherto unpublished papers—now the property of Syracuse University—and on his close friendship with the couple, Vincent Sheean recreates their life together. He traces their journeys across the world—Moscow on the Tenth Anniversary of the Revolution; an exotic villa on the Bay of Naples; the hills above Vienna during a wild winter festival; their town house in Greenwich Village; Twin Farms in Vermont, where they spent their happiest hours.

Of his own relationship with them, Mr. Sheean has written to his publisher: "I met Dorothy and Red at about the time when they met each other, and knew them well, together, until they parted. After that I knew them well separately. They were among my closest friends. I loved them both and have mourned over their fate."

The following pages—presenting the web of their life together over the years 1927 to 1942—are taken from Vincent Sheean's forthcoming book, *Dorothy and Red*, to be published in November by Houghton Mifflin Company. The photographs are from the Dorothy Thompson papers at Syracuse University, from various private sources, and from news photographs. Proper credit is given wherever possible.

ONE

The Meeting

On Thursday evening, July 9, 1927, Miss Dorothy Thompson gave a dinner party at her Berlin flat, Händelstrasse 8, facing the bosky glades of the Tiergarten. Miss Thompson was thirty-three years old on that day and felt inclined to celebrate the event. It was the first time in at least two or even three years that she had felt inclined to celebrate anything: after a marriage which had caused her great turmoil, humiliation, and suffering, she was beginning, as she says, "to live again." Her final divorce decree from the courts in Budapest had arrived that very week and her first husband, Josef Bard, poet and philosopher in her mind—journalist in the minds of others—was at last beginning to recede a little (not much but a little) from the dominant position he had long occupied in the foreground of her universe.

Dorothy Thompson was at that moment the Berlin correspondent for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and the New York *Evening Post*, both of which belonged to Mr. Cyrus H. Curtis of the Curtis Publishing Company and were completely different from the newspapers which later carried the same names. Miss Thompson had in a very few years, no more than seven, made a name for herself as a foreign correspondent in Central Europe, and the Curtis newspapers had now appointed her the head of their whole service for that part of the world, with Budapest, Prague, and Vienna as well as Berlin within her bailiwick. The fact was that in 1927 there were few women correspondents of recognized attainment in Europe, and Dorothy stood out in a

world of men. She was beautiful, intelligent, and highly (perhaps too highly) informed, with a confident manner becoming to her fresh and original personality. She was also remarkably fluent in German, could put on (for at least some phrases) the accents of Berlin or Vienna, so notably diverse, and was thoroughly at home in the special lingo of the theatre world, the pompous language of diplomacy, or straightforward upper-class German. No phrase escaped her ear. (She was also in perfect possession of her hearing, her actual auditory faculty, which drifted away so gradually thereafter that she did not know for many years that she was deaf.)

She was fresh, smiling, pink-and-white, bright-eyed, an American very well pleased with her general situation in the world and perfectly equipped to go on with it, conscious that there were few rivals on the horizon and many rewards in view. So far as I know, Dorothy never at any time (until the end of her life, perhaps) questioned herself or her future.

At this point in time, she seems to have had, if we judge by letters and diaries, some fatalistic feeling that Josef's departure from her life might be the prelude to some more satisfactory relationship. At least we know that she had her own ideas of the man who must exist, somewhere on earth, with whom the perfect "creative" marriage (her favorite word) would be possible for her. Her work and her life were inextricably one: she wanted to work, and in her misery it was a form of salvation to be able to do it at all, and to do it well; but she did not think, as she says in a

letter to Josef, that it was possible to "feed my soul on daily newspapers." Thus she wanted in him or in his work a completion of her own ("to bring the wheel full circle," she says), so that, in a way, we see that the "creative marriage" was possible only with a "creative artist." These ideas haunt her imagination for years, as we shall see in many documents. At the root of them is the feeling that her own work, whatever its merit, is not "creative," and that only through the artist-husband could this necessity, real or imagined, be realized.

Dorothy's thirty-third birthday dinner, which was to be momentous in her life, was small but choice. The guest of honor was Count Karolyi, that liberal Prime Minister of Hungary who had been extruded from his post and his country by the opposition of the wartime allies. The momentous American guest was Sinclair Lewis.

Lewis was, at the age of forty-two, the most famous and by far the most successful American writer in the world. His career on the great scale began with the publication of *Main Street* in October 1920, and mammoth, poster-like novels had succeeded each other every two years, each with its trail of endless discussion, enormous sales, and quick translation into almost every language. They were (up to now): *Babbitt* (September 1922), *Arrowsmith* (March 1925), and *Elmer Gantry* (March 1927). During the first decade of his worldwide success Lewis was "good copy," not only because of his sudden and astonishing fame but because the man himself had a knack of commanding attention by his impetuous words and deeds, his instinctive exhibitionism, his flair for the drama of the front page.

2

Sinclair Lewis grew up in Minnesota and went to Yale as Harry S. Lewis. To some of his friends he was known as Hal, which, in due course, became the name under which all of his women friends (including his wives) and some of his oldest men friends knew him. To most of his acquaintances, however, he was known as Red, from his undergraduate days at Yale to his death in Rome. Red somehow suited him, not only because of his carrot-top and his general appearance, but because of something else we might call an aura: that is, he burned. In thirty years of acquaintance with him, sometimes at close quarters and for appreciable lengths of time, I never thought of him as anything but Red, and it would be false to try calling him otherwise.

In this book I shall refer to him as Red (as did almost everybody else), although Dorothy herself, in her letters and diaries, constantly called him Hal. In conversation she also called him Red, merely because others did; but to him and to herself he was Hal.

Red Lewis at forty-two was fully aware of his worldly good fortune, but underneath that swagger and would-be debonair manner, composed in part by the aid of London tailors and the twirl of a walking stick, Red was fundamentally insecure about his own value in life (even about his work, at times) and above all about his person. He had suffered agonies from being what is called "ugly," that is, without physical attractions, and this was made even worse by the skin disease which, beginning as the ordinary acne of puberty, had grown steadily more acute and eventually marked his face like a battlefield. His childhood had been lonely; he was never strong or ordinary enough to compete with other boys; he had known no popularity or even real friendships at Yale; he had found it difficult to get into any relationship with girls although he dreamed of them constantly. In his heart of hearts, he had a conviction that he was unfit for, and perhaps even unworthy of, love in its fullness. Sexual inadequacy and maladjustment tortured him beyond measure; there are documents in this respect which leave no room for doubt. Alcohol as a refuge stilled the pain but only increased the condition which was its source.

And yet he was, in the 1920s and for a long time afterwards, wondrous good company, the most inventive and salacious of wits, a true refreshment in his irreverence for the accepted persons and ideas, but generally kindness itself to his friends. The combination of such qualities made everybody forget, within a very few minutes, that Red was "ugly," yet Red could never conquer his own disgust for the body that had played him so false.

Red's first marriage, to pretty, clever, and ambitious Grace Hegger, which had taken place in 1914, was now definitely on the rocks. A divorce was inevitable, and their letters saying so (just at this period) crossed in transit; they were thus in perfect agreement except for the arrangements of time and place. This was certainly what, by now, Red wanted to the full, but it is also beyond doubt that he was made restless and uncertain by the loss of a relationship which, whatever its joys or sorrows, had been the only one in his life.

He had gone on July 8 to the Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse to attend one of



Dorothy in her Berlin flat, "facing the bosky glades of the Tiergarten."

Gustav Stresemann's regular press conferences. H. R. Knickerbocker, Dorothy's assistant and eventual successor at the *Public Ledger* bureau, took him. Stresemann was late; Red, with his usual clownishness, told the press representatives that he would be glad to take the Minister's place if questions could be held down to relations between France and Germany. At some time, before or after Stresemann's arrival, Knick seems to have introduced Red to Dorothy. It could have been hardly more than a bow and a smile, but it was enough. She had read and greatly admired his books: his interest in her was immediate. She asked him (probably through Knick) to come to her birthday dinner on the following night and he accepted.

3

Thus, as we see, some kind of weird suitability had already linked the situations of Dorothy and Red. It was as if fate were dropping them a good strong hint. Both were at the unhappy stage of marriage broken, not really by unfettered

choice; both had been, as Dorothy said of herself in so many letters, "rejected." ("You have cast me off again and again," she repeats in her letters to Josef.) Red had not been precisely rejected, but Grace had preferred another over him, which is much the same.

Dorothy was a very normal American girl (she says "abnormally normal") in 1921, when she and Josef Bard married in Budapest. She was twenty-seven then, pretty with a touch of elegance and more than a touch of high-mindedness. The daughter of a Methodist parson in upstate New York, she had received a hard, spare upbringing with, at the end of her schooling, four years in Syracuse University, a Methodist institution of the "conference" (territorial unit, like a diocese) to which her father belonged. She had much to learn about life in Central Europe, as well as life in general, and Josef was her tutor, her lover and friend, as well as her husband. Her knowledge of Budapest and Vienna, not only in politics but in the theatre, music, the arts, and even to some extent in philosophy, came originally through Josef and his friends. She became convinced that Josef's true work lay in poetry

and philosophy rather than in the occasional journalism he had been doing (some of it for the *Daily Mail* in London) before she came along. She then evolved a system of life by which Josef would do this "creative" work (his own work, it was called), while she became the wage earner of the household by more and better journalism.

Discoveries in later years were numerous and unpleasant. "I have been faithful to you in my way, but I never could be faithful in your way," Josef says only shortly before their divorce. (One wonders what he meant, aside from the oldest and hollowest paradox.) She found that her money had been spent on others; the others included friends and acquaintances, since his pasture was her own immediate circle; she discovered that he discussed her very freely during these dalliances; she found that all Budapest and Vienna had been aware of this since the time of their marriage. The explanation given was that he could not control himself: he was Don Juan! His heavily underlined copy of *Don Juan*, which she found after his departure from the Berlin flat, was at the same time justificatory to himself and insulting to her.

Dorothy's letters of January 1926 are exceedingly bitter, as are the others in that year, leading up to the one on December 16 from Vienna (where she had taken refuge with her friend Genia Schwarzwald) asking for a divorce. In this decisive letter she says:

"I have in me the capacity to be deeply faithful to one man whom I love and who loves me; what I want is to find that person and build a life with him which shall have breadth, depth, creative quality, dignity, beauty and inner loyalty. If I do not find him I shall go it alone."

4

The dinner party for Dorothy's thirty-third birthday was a great success, and the celebrated Mr. Sinclair Lewis was much appreciated by the Central European guests. When dinner and coffee were over, Red maneuvered Dorothy into a corner and asked her to marry him. She was astonished into quick laughter and could hardly believe he meant anything, least of all marriage. "I don't even know you, Mr. Lewis," she said.

Just the same, it was a flattering proposal to any woman who had spent the past two years in an effort to patch up her broken heart. Red was a *parti*, the most successful writer of the time. Dorothy was extremely susceptible to the

"creative man," and her letters indicate that Red's curious, peaked face and knobbly head had some attraction for her, evidently from the start. All these things made her ready to listen as he paid his court.

It was a peculiar sort of court, just the same. The electrical phenomenon she had experienced when she first saw Josef was not in this at all. (One of her best friends tells me he thinks this is what disappointed her most.) Red engaged in a long story about a house in Vermont. It was not Twin Farms, where they afterwards lived (as did I, also). Red had not yet seen Twin Farms. But, as Dorothy told the story, it bore a remarkable resemblance to Twin Farms. In this idyllic spot, far from the madding crowd, Red would like to live and work and be happy, but only with Dorothy. Fate had thrown her in his path; he would never give up; he would propose marriage publicly and privately henceforth, every time they met, until at last she must consent.

As indeed he did. Only a few days later, when he was asked to speak at a public luncheon, he got up and said: "Dorothy, will you marry me?" and sat down again without another word. I have heard stories of his proposals in the park or the streets, in other people's houses, at the theatre, and elsewhere. All Berlin must have known this within a very few days. It was too good a joke to keep—and Red was too famous.

Yet, at this moment, nothing had been decided about his divorce, whether it should be obtained in Paris or Reno, by him or by Grace, and what the terms. Dorothy found to her amusement, two or three days after her impetuous swain had first proposed, that he was in fact very legally and solidly married. It was very like him (always so far ahead of himself) not to mention this little detail. But he was constantly pressing his court and Dorothy was discovering that she took delight in his company. They had a similar taste for tomfoolery, at which Red was always more inventive and funnier than anybody else. He was winning, touching, appealing as a child is appealing (women always said so) and tremendously taken with her. They were constantly together. She was "beginning to live again." He changed all his plans, cabling his publisher, Harcourt, and others that he would not return to America as intended; he pushed on the inquiries about his divorce; he looked for, and found, a flat of his own in Berlin. In July 1927, and during the magic vacation month of August, the sun was shining for both of them. It seemed a promise of happiness.

TWO

The Time of Decision

Dorothy had to go to Vienna on July 18 to write about the flare-up of workers' rioting (the one in which that good Socialist Dollfuss machine-gunned the workmen in the *Werkstadt*). Red heard of this at the last moment, pursued her to Tempelhof airport, and got into the plane with her, although he had never flown in his life and was nervous of the experiment. She said she would let him come with her, and begin to take him seriously, if he would write three articles for the *Public Ledger* on the Vienna riots. He agreed at once. Frances Gunther (John's first wife), who had gone to Tempelhof to see Dorothy off, was also thrust into the plane as a chaperone, and all three of them took off for Austria.

Red did indeed write three cablegrams for Dorothy (appearing July 19, 20, and 21 in America), to which she afterwards referred as "not much good—all about me," and the American press immediately took the Vienna episode to be a declaration of love. From then on, his plans for, with, and about Dorothy were Punchinello's secret, so far as the newspapers were concerned. They did not persecute him—they were always pretty considerate of both Red and Dorothy—but they accumulated facts and photographs against the wedding that must, sooner or later, result.

Perhaps Dorothy saw that the Vienna episode rendered further caution unnecessary. At all events, she agreed to take her vacation with him. Since Red had talked so much about his walking trips, and she was herself at that time (as the letters to Josef show) taking off weight as rapidly as she could, she may have said something in favor of an active holiday rather than an inert one. The choice was his, and he chose a walking trip: this time in England, in Shropshire and Cornwall, heavenly in August. They left Berlin on August 7.

We do not know (from documents, that is) anything about this holiday. It was (in view of the uncertainties still beclouding Red's divorce) a strictly private journey. I have heard both Dorothy and Red refer to it in later years and I gather that they loved it, but I do not remember any details at all. Red was still, at this time, in the full tide of his adoration of England; it was mirrored in *Dodsworth* (1929), his next big book. Also—curiously enough, those who write about Red do not say this—he was not only fond of

walking but he was an exceedingly good walker. And he was never so well, physically, as when he was walking; he never looked so well; his mind was never so active; he was never gentler or more understanding of everybody along the way. I believe that the walking tour in England, followed by one in the Rhineland (to which Red's friends, the Ramon Guthries, were summoned as company), had precisely this importance in the life of our two friends: it made Dorothy love him, as she had not quite before, and gave her the feeling that since she did love him and he needed her desperately, and was anyhow such a joy to be with, any scruples about character or will power or future behavior were unworthy—might be classified as sheer cowardice. Her willingness to take the risk, the very great risk, of tying her own life to Red's, which must have become explicit in early September, seems to me connected with (possibly even caused by) the walking tours, which provided the very conditions under which he was at his best. It could never be (as she probably knew by now) Romeo and Juliet, but it was something that touched and moved her very deeply even in the midst of her fears.

The events of September in Berlin are so revealing, as shown in Dorothy's diaries, that it seems best to quote them as she narrates them. In these private papers she does not distinguish between the most intimate circumstances of her life and things which were the property of the whole world. She was examining all these papers in the last year and a half of her life, and at times making penciled notes in the margins—identifications and the like, a clear indication that she wanted them all published.¹

¹ For magazine publication, the editors of *Harper's* have chosen to reduce the literary and political passages more heavily than the personal matter. Cuts within the letters and diaries are indicated by asterisks within the lines. Asterisks centered between lines of text are Miss Thompson's or Mr. Lewis's, as are erratic dots in twos, threes, and fours. Peculiarities in spelling and punctuation in the original letters and diaries are retained here, and we should like to point out that some of these may be due to the fact that many of the original papers were typewritten.

Mr. Sheean has made a few deletions "in order to protect the susceptibilities of persons still living."

—The Editors

Many may wonder why she wanted such intimacies to be published (at first I also wondered). Friends of long ago (John Gunther, for instance) have told me that the analysts in Vienna always thought Dorothy had a very strong "sense of mission," that is, historically speaking, and thus would regard every paper as worth preserving; she also certainly believed (and I have often heard her say so) that Red was one of the most important writers in American history, sociology, *and* literature, all three. And, finally, she must have known that some part of the story would be told and retold, and she preferred, even thirty-five years later, surveying it all in retrospect, to let the papers speak for themselves—tell it all and let the future decide.

September 9.

[She has penciled in, decades later, "1927"]

* * * H. occupies my mind continually. For the first time since I met him . . . now, since my return from England, he and he alone intervenes in my dreams at night and is the sole object of my daydreams. I read again Arrowsmith, feeling him very near, conscious of what an immense amount of himself he has put into this book: far more than in any other. His inner self, his real longings. Leora, more than any character whom I can remember in fiction, represents the sexual ideal of the truly dynamic and creative male. But I doubt if even her creator realizes how truly her life fulfills the longing of the real woman. * * * [She] said it magnificently when her baby was born dead and she knew she could not have another. "You then must be my child and must do something great." This fertilizing and refertilizing of the others personality is the real creative end of marriage; where it occurs women do not much care whether they have children or not. Indeed, it is the only marriage individually creative, because the physical child is just as likely to be the product of grandmothers and grandfathers as of ones own seed or womb. The real woman looks for the man whom she feels to be her male self. (Hal hits this—probably unconsciously—in Joyce: "You look enough like me to be my twin.") She looks for the man to whom she can be life, rest, energy, strength, whom she can fertilize with her own spirit. The relative passivity of woman in the actual physical fusion is more than compensated by her activity in the spiritual fusion. For his race the man is the life-giver. In the individual relation the woman is.

The reason why modern women are so unhappy

and why they unconsciously hate men, is because they have gotten better and men have gotten worse. They will not let men swallow them up, because the swallows aren't good enough. I will give my body soul and spirit to a man who can use it up to make a Damascene blade, but not to someone who will hammer out of it a lead paper-weight. * * *

J. never took me wholly . . . he knew he couldn't digest me. That was both wise and magnanimous. It is true that I was never married to him. It was an enchantment of the senses and a rare intellectual companionship; no inner fusion. We learned a great deal from each other, but we never, for an instant, became each other.

Yet I am not sure that this, that I have written, is not the rationlizing of a blind urge . . . I am not sure it is true. Perhaps what we need is not to find the man who completes ourselves—perhaps, indeed, that is impossible—and what we need is to create a man *in* ourselves (or a woman if we be male). Der Mensch is neither male nor female, but like a tree, carrying all the elements of life within himself. * * *

Anyway I love Hal and belong to him. * * *

September 10.

* * * Letter from J.

I held it in my hand, turning it over a few minutes before I opened it . . . always, all my life, that small, twisted, spidery writing has filled me with excitement and apprehension. Why, in God's name! Even today. * * * Well, the letter asked me to pack up his books and send them to him, making a list of any I chose to keep so that he could replace them (in other words: if you keep any, you will, of course, reduce my library by that much). In six years all the books we bought were for him because he needed them for the work which, since I so completely tried to share his life, was also, to me, in some not very clear sense, my work. Now I should send him "his" library. I will be damned if I do. Every rapprochement with Josef is a chance for him to begin asking new favors. * * *

The next entry is quite characteristic of the turn Berlin life took for Dorothy after she was linked with Red.

Sept. 11

A very alcoholic party: Hal, Ramon, Tilla Durieux, Margaret, Pamela W., Linc Eyre and Lillian; afterward Diana Manners, Castleross [the name has an E on it, systematically omitted here], Arnold Bennett, Lord Beaverbrook and

Kummer [the name is spelled Kommer]. Bennett, standing melancholy and bored against the big wardrobe looked at D.M. who was entertaining Beaverbrook, R. and H. with a most lewd ballad and said: "Tomorrow my friends will wonder why they made such fools of themselves." I: "Mine won't. They will only say, 'Dearie, was I *very* lit?'" Ramon was so far gone that he encouraged H. to sing the verse about the rolling pin. . I headed him off. The catastrophe didn't occur! Bennett looks rather weasley, with his common English teeth that stick out like the mad hatter's. George Seldes said "His moustache is that droopy kind that makes you think he's concealing a harelip." * * *

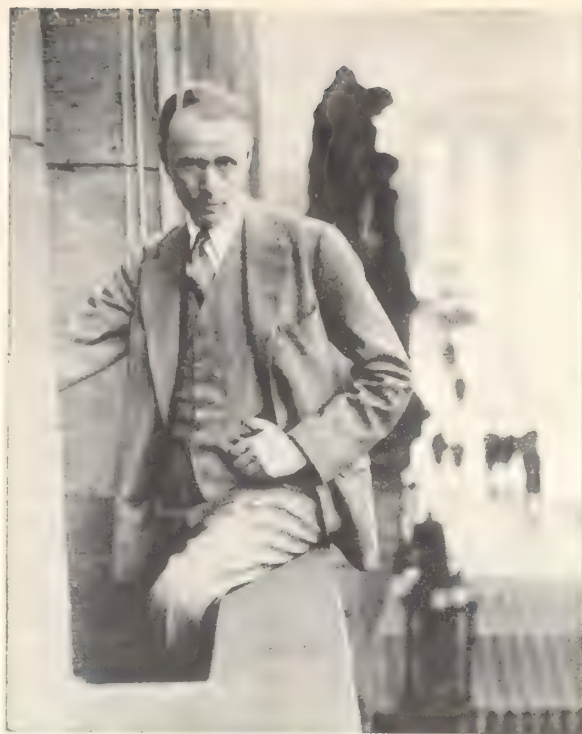
I thought they would all *never* go home. * * *

In a later entry (after dining at Turke's with Red) she is moved to the following reflections. The date is September 23.

There is something uncanny and terribly depressing about the relative stability of external things in contrast to the mutability of what has seemed at one time or another the most profoundly unchangeable relation in the world. That J. and I are lost to each other forever: that he no longer exists for me as he was but is really a stranger, while the waiter at Turke's is the same, while the green coat I wore in the Semmering is the same, while even the shoes I wear are, despite run-over heels, and a little shabbiness, the same or more so, than those in which I walked to him—these things which I accept intellectually outrage me innerly. Just as I accept, rationally, the incidentalness of sex, and the fallacy of the idea of union of any two individuals, yet *know* with all the peripheral intelligence of my emotions that such a break as this is a rupture in personality. (How badly said!)

This mood may have been superinduced by a night of horror on the 21st of September:

A dreadful night. We were to go to Mrs Israel's for a dance; I was invited and wangled an invitation for Hal. Hal said "We will have a fine party. . dinner somewhere grand, dress clothes. ." I wore the little Lanvin taffeta and spent the afternoon having my hair done, and nails. * * * At 8:30 he 'phoned. His voice was thick. "I'm shot. . come here, darling." I didn't intend to go. I intended to go directly to Mrs Israel's. Yet, when I got into the taxi I gave his address to the chauffeur. At the Apartment House the porter leered at me when I asked for



Red in his hotel at the time of the courtship, the Brandenburg Gate in the background.

Mr Lewis' room. I was wearing the Lanvin frock and my most scrumptious evening cloak. All the lights were on in H's apartment and he was on the bed in his underclothes and a dressing gown. Dead to the world. * * * I thought, "I will get drunk, too," but when I went into his sitting room there was only one cognac bottle and it was empty. He is on cognac now. He said, "Take off your dress. . . You will spoil your dress"—I was lying on his bed—he thinks of the queerest things. I said, "No, I am going home." I knew I had to go home. I couldn't, I thought, stay all night in a man's apartment. . a drunken man's apartment. When I said that, he held my wrists tightly and recovered enough to say, "No, no. . Stay here. . I shall die if you go." I took off my dress, and my pretty silver shoes and the shiny rosy stockings. Suddenly he sat up, winked the sleep out of his eyes, and said "I will get you some pyjamas." He laughed when I put them on—white silk ones. I was sobbing all the time. He lifted me into his bed, clasped his arms around me, and went fast to sleep again on my breast. All the time I was sobbing. I saw how everything is going: our house in the frosty New England country, the gay wanderings about the world, the baby I want from Hal; I who never wanted J's child. I saw that everything has been a dream. . like the dream of a child who says, "When I grow up. ." I saw that this thing will

always dash the reality away—I saw all this, and thought, “I will get up and go. Somehow I will reconstruct my life. There is still work.” And I knew that there was not even that. I saw that being a woman has got me, at last, too. I saw that if Hal goes now, I am finished. * * * All the time Hal was making love to me. Feebly, but tenderly. I kissed his breast, and he yearned toward me. I wished I could lift him up and carry him to a high hill, where wind would be blowing. At one thirty or two he suddenly got up. “I want food,” he said. * * * He stuffed his pyjama legs into trousers. . . When he went out he was swaying. “I shall bring you nice little sausage,” he said, smiling and giving me a grave wave of the hand.

I was terrified after he was gone. . . in that state. . . he might be run over. . . he might fight with a policeman. They would bring him home and find me there. How unspeakably sordid it all was! My eyes burned like fires, and my heart was palpitating. He was gone over an hour. He brought back potato salad, sausages and a bottle of cognac. He had had a drink, too. He smelled dreadfully of brandy. His body like rank weeds. He tried to pull out the cork. It stuck because he had not properly cut away the tinfoil. I watched it, fascinated. It seemed as though my life hung on the tinfoil, on the tinfoil’s holding. * * * Suddenly he looked at me. His eyes were like red moons. He started to whimper. “I cannot ruin your life. . . you are wholly good. . . wholly good. Get up—you mustn’t stay here—I will take you home.” * * *

I saw he could not take me home. Nor could I face the porter in my evening clothes, alone, at three in the morning, going out of his house like a street walker who has done her duty, gotten her pay, and been thrown out.

And so I went back to bed, and he held me close to his heart, and slept softly. I lay awake, thinking of him. . . thinking of us. . . That long figure, leaning a little to the wind, the narrow face with its wound of a mouth, its jutting nose, its furrows like red earth disturbed by an inner volcano, its shining eyes, blue as colorless water, with their always changing pupils; the gestures of his tender, long-fingered hands, his passionate, quixotic quarrelsomeness; his ardent, mocking, obscene love of truthfulness; that sudden, swift smile, like a woman’s; that way of dealing blows—with words, of mockery, of vituperation, of scorn, against himself as Babbitt, himself as Gantry. The sudden swift gusts of pity. The feeling I have with him that he knows everything and understands everything so that I become inarticulate.

In the morning, sitting up, the hand holding the eternal cigarette up before his face as though to ward something off, his thin, pale, fine hair all on end, his whole body quivering, he said—“Sweet, sweet. . . I know it’s giving up spirits or giving up you. And I can’t give up spirits. A man takes a drink, the drink takes another, and the drink takes the man. And it’s got me. I don’t know how it began. It was my father and Gracie. They both hated me. And you will hate me, too. I am a rotter. . . But I won’t go like Verlaine—like Oscar Wilde. . . I’ll take care not to get that far. When I get that far. . .”

All my heart dissolved in me. I hid my face on his knee. “Hal,” I said, “I know it is true— If you don’t give up spirits, of course I can’t marry you. Of course we must separate. But that’s no solution for me either. You’re my man. I’m thirty-three years old, and I’ve been married once, and I’ve had lovers, but it was all a search for you. I won’t get over this.” He held me so closely. So dearly. I said “Oh, Hal, you’ll get over this! It *will* be all right.”

At breakfast he was quite himself. “I won’t take another drink for two weeks,” he said, “or just beer. Tell me, can I drink beer?”

I said I thought so. “Damn it, I want a whisky now,” he said, “And I don’t need it at all.” His hands were shaking. All the time he talked of the future. Of our house in New England. “I will learn to lay bricks and we will build our own wall,” he said. “If I work with my hands, that will help me.”

After breakfast he said, “Now you must go. . . I must work.”

But I had the feeling he wanted me to go because then he could take another drink.

Hedwig in the meanwhile had brought me clothes.

2

Such a night as this might well have induced in Dorothy those “misgivings” and “premonitions” of which her friends have spoken. But a more tranquil period supervened in October, when the die was in some ways cast (the arrangements for the Lewis divorce were made) and a sudden stretch of angelic behavior on Red’s part veiled the essential difficulties for a while.

The diary for September continues:

I have been ordered to Russia.²

² A line alone at the top of the page.

Sept. 28. H. has kept his word since that day.
God, how I adore him for it! * * *

Charles Recht presented Ludwig Lewisohn's card and told me I was a biological monstrosity, that no man would stick to me because I'd give them all an inferiority complex, and a lot of other very hard, nasty, and, I think, unjustified things. After all he doesn't know me at all. He's writing a book called "Whither Woman?" Doesn't the idiot see that it's "Whither the human race?" The whole "emancipation" of woman is the result of industrial civilization. In attacking the "careerist" he is barking up the wrong tree. The "new" woman is the gold-digger. The careerist is passing. There will always be genuinely distinguished women. . . there always were. . . they are as rare as genuinely distinguished men and can't be categorized.

Incidentally I am more intelligent and better educated and quite as smart as G. and I don't give H. an inferiority complex and she did. Any woman * * * can make any man (Napoleon or Goethe) feel inferior: it's not her wits that do it. Recht made me sick, too, with the statement that all men experienced physical revulsion after intercourse with women. Said it was biological law! As though the erotic nature of a civilized, educated and highly sensitized modern man were analyzable by jungle law. "Love" as we know it is one of the most complex of emotions. Besides—I *know* what he says isn't true.

The damned man got under my skin, though. * * *

A propos my conversation with Recht: Ida Roland said at lunch "I felt all America was an outrage to my womanhood." She is precisely right. Never in the world was there a civilization so fundamentally hostile to women as the American. It's all tommyrot calling it a woman's country. The "rights" which have been given us are a shameless (if unconscious) price paid for robbing us of our whole life. To be sure, to a less degree, men are robbed of life, by the same civilization, but they are less jealous of it, being more abstract and romantic. (No, that's not it. But women are, somehow, closer to biological verities.)

America is a sterile country, say what you will—I think of the lush life of the Rhineland, and the amazing hardness of a "geist" which continues to put out green leaves on the ashpile of Vienna's ruined civilization. I am sometimes depressed, thinking of making a home there (in the U.S.). But I insist we shall have a home. I am too civilized to be wholly vagabond. I can

wander forever if I've a roof waiting somewhere.

H. was too enchanting last night! He did a description of the Nov. 7 revolution celebration in Moscow (as it *will* be) after the manner of Vachel Lindsay, Swinburne, Tennyson, Browning and Wordsworth. He really is phenomenal. * * * After they had gone (the guests) we sat and talked for two hours, and Hal said, "I'm going to stop doing my foolish little tricks. I bring them out, always, like a vain, spoiled child. You'll get so bored, sweet." I adore these recurrent flashes of humility.

Vincent Sheean was there, a very nice boy, with a wet lower lip, and a little too much prettiness, and he was, alas, *drunk*. It was rather poignant to see Hal's disaste—I could fairly hear his mind working drawing a moral for himself. * * *

We went to sleep, coiled up together as purely as two brother-puppies. The *darling!* * * *

In this long entry, Dorothy seems more reconciled to her future than in any other extensive passage of writing during that period. Red was behaving well—that is, he drank nothing but beer, was attentive and devoted, and in his appearances before Dorothy's Central European friends he made an effort to observe the proprieties. For the fact is that he valued the manners of polite society almost as extravagantly when sober as he flouted them when drunk. He took a lot of trouble about buying the best possible clothing of all sorts and for all occasions, and so long as he cohered in other ways (which was so long as he was sober) he wore them well.

I remember very well the dinner party Dorothy has just described, in which he did the fabulous parodies. He was at the very peak of his powers just then. I had known Dorothy at this time for about a year, Red for something less than that, but both very slightly. Some of Dorothy's curious description of me (the "wet lower lip," for instance) might have been due to nervousness. I was by far the youngest member of that company, and the least distinguished.

On October third Dorothy writes again in her diary:

Hal left Saturday night for Paris to see about his divorce. I do not know what is wrong with me. I am excessively nervous, restless, almost ill. Consumed with fears, which are indistinct—nameless. Got a beastly letter from Josef, revealing himself in his worst light, and full of resentment toward me. In all my life I only did

him good and he hates me. It is this knowledge, I suppose, which is at the basis of all my fears. It is curious I do not believe, emotionally, that I am going to be happy. Something will happen. (Or is this feeling only a defense against disappointment?)

The next entry (or at any rate the next which has been kept) is dated October 7th:

Hal is coming back tomoro Hooray! I am a little idiot.

The period of indecision ends with Red's—

Hal's—return from Paris on October 8. He was evidently in the highest spirits, full of schemes and plans and expedients of all sorts, as delightful as they were absurd. Red could think of a dozen fascinating projects and make them all as vivid as reality while he was getting through an ordinary and not very copious breakfast. There was no standing against him—and of course, fundamentally, Dorothy did not want to stand against him. Her decision was now firm, happily and rather excitedly firm, although there was still much time to live through and a certain amount of discretion to be observed before their wedding day.

THREE

A Time of Waiting

Dorothy was under orders for a journey to Moscow for the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. She left at the end of October, but Red had cooled on the idea of following her there. He was by this time well advanced on the novel he called *Exile*, which was, eventually, to become *Dodsworth*, and in addition he had persuaded himself that his skit or spoof, *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*, could be blown up into book-length. It was perhaps just as well for Dorothy's journalistic purposes that he stayed in Berlin, because very little serious work could be done with Red in tow. She had a month in Russia on her own.

And then, of course, as November wore on and their correspondence grew more incessant, his whim changed and he, too, wanted to see the new Red world. He went to Russia on November 29 and returned to Berlin December 10, thus affording himself at least a glimpse (his only one) of the Bolshevik experiment.

I have always thought that Red's attitude about the Russian journey was more complex than appeared on the surface. He put his entire journey upon the head of Dorothy: he had gone to Russia "to see Dorothy," everything he did there was "because of Dorothy," etc., etc. As a novelist more widely read in Russia than any living Russian, he was expected to comment, in some manner not merely puckish or joking. He would not. He shied off. I do not think this was merely self-consciousness about Dorothy, or the result of a desire to put her forward as the great

observer. I think Red shied off the whole subject because he distrusted his own instincts.

Not so Dorothy. She flourished exceedingly, worked all day every day, was fascinated by everything she saw, took copious notes and wrote at length about the whole spectacle for her newspapers in the United States. I saw her fairly often in Moscow after the seventh of November. It was in Moscow that there was formed the basis of that friendship which endured between us (through many vicissitudes and disagreements) until her death thirty-four years later.

Her letters to Red Lewis, although not organized and not journalistic—personal throughout, to a degree rare in her correspondence—give best of all the freshness of her responses, undoctored and unembellished, to the experience of an unknown society.

[Moscow]
Tues. Eve.
(nov. 1)
1927

Sweet:

We've just passed the Russian border—marked by a huge, glowing red star over the railroad track—my companions say "Now thank God we are *safe* in our own country," and all are singing the Internationale at the top of their lungs as I write this note—which I'm giving to the sleeping-car conductor to take back to you—I am distinctly conscious of coming to a different country—furrin parts. * * *

I have tried to learn the Russian alphabet & only found it a good sleeping draught. Govch's Germany though is first rate & kept me awake at least an hour.

Darling darling *darling*. I love you. I live in you. I kiss you.

D.

Moscow

Nov. 8. 1927

I've moved into the Grand, into a very comfortable and clean room, looking over the Archway and shrine of the Iberian Virgin into the Red Square, and I've got a nice secretary to read the papers for me, and although my trunk hasn't come, I still have hopes that the delay is only due to festivities which have held up everything, including the mail, for two days, so that I read the one letter I have had from you, over and over again.

I am getting tired of being educated by Scott [Professor Scott Nearing], being bored by Harry Dana and being facetiously nudged by old Dreiser, who has turned quite a gay dog in Moscow, constantly making rather lumbering jokes. Still, I find him sympathetic, because he has a sort of healing common sense about life. And, curiously enough, he has a genuine—if rather elephantine—sense of humor. Last night (yesterday was the great day here, one event after another) both he and I were almost in hysterics with the accumulated laughter of the day, and irritated our earnest friends highly thereby. * * *

Hal, I miss you so. There is more company good and bad here than one needs, and more to see than ever I did find, and more to think about and talk about than in most places—why do I have these wistful moments, when I feel like taking the next train home?

This experience is so unique for me, I wish you were sharing it, as I wish for your sharing everything which is beautiful or stimulating. . .

Oh, Hal,

D.

Moscow

Nov. 9. 1927

You say "I can't believe you can go on liking me among surroundings so stirring. I say: Perhaps I am a little glad to have come away like this, to know, without any touch of your hands, or sound or sight of you, how you live in me, and *are* me. This comfort and this quietness.

Russia *is* stirring: I am working awfully hard, eating, thinking, breathing Russia—and more confused, more questioning, more doubtful of the



"I am eating, thinking, breathing Russia."

verity of any impression, any sound. I find myself caring very much that this work should be good; and I'm desperately afraid it won't be. Terribly as I want to see you, too, I think two weeks' stay is much too little to be worth the journey. . . . But I will try to shorten my stay by a week. * * *

Moscow

Nov. 18. 1927

Darling—I was desolated to get your telegram this evening and learn that you haven't been getting my letters. Yours have been drifting in day by day, making life so gay, so comforted, and I have thought it would be the same with you. And today is 19 whole days we've been apart—longer than ever in the long, long, *long* time we've been together. Oh, *damn* the mails. * * *

Your waffle.

Nov. 22. 1927

* * * I think all the time—back in my mind, while I am visiting schools and talking to concessionaires all the time about us. Hal, I feel very humble. If I can ever be to you just a fraction of what I want to be, you will have a good wife. But I wish I were more beautiful, I wish I were more amusing, and more wise, I wish I were more good, and I wish I never had funny

small moods. . . . and then I perversely wish that you should like me just exactly as I am even when I wish myself to be different. Which ain't logical!

It's amazing how you are with me, every moment, almost physically. I see every line under your eyes, and the almost dimple in your cheek, and the way your eyelashes turn back, and your funny knees, and the length and color of your hands; and I hear your voice, when you are suddenly your inmost self and it is very clear and singing and when you are your other self, created, for purposes, and it makes fun of what you say; and I see you as you are when you make my heart catch and a little tear come into it, and as you are when you make me laugh waffly. You see, I happen to love you.

You DArlinG.

You.

Think of how Miss M— would grace the lit'r'y salons of Europe AND America. Dont you think you'd better reconsider?

The correct answer is: You had better NOT
D

Nov. 26. 1927

an' we sat in a little tiny sleigh 'bout as big sa babysled, an' we rode n rode, 'n the driver he wore a tall fur hat an' he had a sheepskin coat on, with a belt tight around his waist, an' we passed little white churches with five gold domes on a top of 'em, an' the domes were for the father God and the four best disciples. An' there were little wood houses with lights in 'em, an' the snow was thick an' soft an it kep' falling an falling, an' bymby we came to a house an' in it was a "workers club" an there was a stage and on the stage were people just like in the Chauve

souris. An' I thought, funny place this; awful' funny. Looks jus' like Russia.

This is the Russianest lookin' place I ever saw.

An' I went out "investigatin", an' I investigated a Caucasian shop and there I bought a Christmas present for a father to give to his little boy. I dont know the little boy but if he takes after his father *atall*, then he'll like to dress up an' pretend he's somebody else nhe is, and he'll like something furrin. It's a festival dress for Caucasian little boys an' it's all white wool * * * an' it has a blue satin vest an' its all trimmed with silver braid an' it has a belt with a knife in it, an' a tall big fur hat * * * Oh, Gee, its a nice suit.

Now I guess I must close.

Your loving friend,

Dorothy

Nov. 26. 1927

I've been trying for days (I almost wrote *since* days, and remembered in time my purist lover) to send a note to you by hand. But the carrier pigeons didn't leave. Now Vincent Sheehan swears he *is* leaving tonight: enviable creature! He will see *you*. I haven't any news in the world, for surely you are not interested in what the Lena Gold fields representative thinks about the Gossplan. I even doubt whether you know what the Gossplan is. * * *

But are you perhaps, still, after a million repetitions pleased to know that I—well, like you very much.

You *darling*

Be nice to Vincent Sheehan. He's had the devil of a time here * * *

D

FOUR

Callooh! Callay!

Dorothy's zest for everything she saw and heard in Moscow was not shared by Red, and by December 10 he was back in Berlin. She followed him soon. Her series of articles about Russia had been very successful in America and there already were suggestions that it be made into a book. The whole situation, both for Dorothy and for Red, was clearing up now: Mrs. Lewis (Gracie) had made up her mind to go to Reno as soon as her son Wells had gone back to

school after the Christmas holidays. Red would be free to remarry by, perhaps, April. As her successor in the *Public Ledger* bureau Dorothy was able to enlist H. R. Knickerbocker, who made a great reputation there during the next few years. Through Knick, in a way, Dorothy's Central European career was continued, and although he did not command as much attention as she did, he was also a part (along with John Gunther and Bill Shirer and others) of a gen-

eration in journalism which did most desperately try to awaken its employers and readers to the dangers at their feet.

Dorothy and Red decided to go to Naples for the few weeks of waiting while Gracie obtained her divorce. There was some spurious romanticism in this, I have always thought. Dorothy did not really like Italy and never understood a word of the language; Red was still in the stage of believing that any real liking for poetry or music outside the *Oxford Book of English Verse* was an affectation. To Dorothy if a play had not been produced in Vienna or Budapest, if a novel or poem had not appeared in German, it was of no interest. So far as I know of these years in Dorothy's life, the only Italian writer with whom she had any acquaintance was the ultrafashionable Pirandello.

The moon, however—ah, the moon!—is a certainty in the southern regions of Italy. If you were in a dream of love and you had anybody with whom you might share it, you would find the Bay of Naples the place for it. There were no rude reminders of ordinary life for those who had plenty (as Red had said to an interviewer just then, "I don't have a million, I have six hundred thousand").

Neither Dorothy nor Red was of the intellectual level to be bewitched by postcards, and yet this was very much what happened to them. Up to now they have been worried, indeed, trying to conceal from each other their desperate misgivings, hoping that love may still be possible. Now they are frankly pretending as they go along, yielding to the landscape and the brown eyes of the boatmen who are waiting for a very small tip. *Viva l'Italia!*

The Villa Galotti in Naples, where Dorothy and Red stayed, on the upper road called Posillipo, is one of the famous points of vantage on the incomparable bay. Dorothy found the villa, engaged servants, and made all the arrangements. Two of her letters have been kept, both from Bertolini's Palace Hotel in Naples. They are adult letters in their effort to understand, to analyze, and perhaps to make irrefutable the strength of their emotion.

Friday March 9.

* * * I want to write to you a love letter. I know that a gesture or a glance tell more of love. I have seen your eyes shine when you looked at me, and you are an artist with words but cannot make them say so much. And I who can love greatly, write badly. All love-words are spoiled; we are too effusive, and use them for too many

things. Simply to say "I miss you" would convey so much if one did not miss George Washington coffee and Lucky strike cigarettes, as I have heard my fellow countrymen loudly doing in this very hotel. * * *

Yet loving you is not a simple thing, for thinking: He loves me! I am immeasurably raised in my self-esteem, yet thinking: I love him! I am enraged at myself for being so round-faced and ever so faintly—please agree faintly—sear. I am enraged, and sometimes shake a fist at myself in the glass. . that is why I would like to have a daughter for you; I feel, somehow, that I would make you a girl more worthy of being loved, for you see, in her case, I would know from the beginning that you were to love her, and in mine—I was already finished when you came along.

And this laughter. . this fact that I started to write this note in a half-melancholy mood, and now am full of amusement at myself— this is also part of loving you. . * * *

D.

March 12 1/2

You have already started to come to me in Naples—my friend, my dear, dear friend. * * * In the end, Hal, it is as my friend that I think of you clearest, love you best. My comrade. Not that I belong to you or you to me but that we two together belong to something bigger than either of us, and thus, being together, serve it. Dear Hal, I wonder if you feel with me, the eternal *sense* of our having found each other. As though the gods had directed it, and were satisfied.

Dear Hal—I will marry you so gladly with the old marriage service; for better for worse in sickness in health, and forsaking all others—until death us do part. Hal—Hal!

Because in swearing this to you I swear it to something else. To a life-ideal. To the belief in loyalty * * * not to a man who can stir me to excitement with his kisses, or comfort me to rest by his caresses; not to an active puissance—to another embodiment of what I myself deem worthy to be loved and fought for in life. Ah, my friend! I see you with your torn open eyes, your face scarred as though with flames, your long legged body leaning against the wind, the pain in you, the sweetness in you, the mad anger in you which constantly rises to defend you against becoming one of the settled and contented of the earth * * *

Hal—I do not want to touch you. . Hal, I do not want to speak. . I only want to see you. . to feel you are there. . to know you are in the world,

somehow breathing into me power without divesting yourself of it, somehow receiving from me strength and thereby increasing mine. Hal! Hal!

The first Mrs. Lewis obtained her divorce decree on April 16; on April 23 Red, passing through Rome on his way to London, announced his engagement to Dorothy.

They had fixed upon England for their wedding and honeymoon because of that momentous walking trip the preceding August—the one which, I think, made up Dorothy's mind for her. This was, of course, not the sole reason. Red thought England the only "real" country in Europe; its kings, as readers of *Dodsworth* may remember, were the only "real" kings; it was the country where he could feel most at home and had most friends. To Dorothy it was ancestral: her adored father, her mother whom she had known so little, were English, and she still had relatives somewhere in the north. Both of them must have been well aware that Red's work counted for more in England than in any continental country where it was at the mercy of translation. For all these and other reasons, including the relative simplicity of legal forms, the wedding was to be in London in the midst of all those friends (Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, and so many more) whom Red had acquired since *Main Street* and *Babbitt*.

Dorothy stayed on in Italy, to which he duly forwarded his observations, discoveries, and instructions, in nonsensical style as always. Once his own residence was proved (a short and simple matter), Dorothy was to make her first appearance at the registry office by May 10. In the meantime he was writing invitations, making arrangements, buying the caravan in which they had elected to spend their honeymoon, and, when not otherwise engaged, finishing the first draft of *Dodsworth*.

SAVOY HOTEL LONDON

Saturday afternoon—April 28

I have just telegraphed to you, LAMB, that (poor darling innocent, so happy in your willa in Napoli, Lamb playing with Lion Feuchtwanger), you get coaxed to the slaughter on Monday, May fourteenth. * * * [The ceremony has] to be at the Savoy Chapel, because that's the only place in the diocese of London where marriage of divorced persons is permitted (except "innocent party in case of adultery")—that and registry office. What we have to do is to be married at

registrar's office, a very brief service with just two witnesses present, and then be married churchishly again, right after, at Savoy Chapel, which proves to be a charming old place, tiny and tranquil, tucked under the blatant walls of the Hotel Savoy.

I'll probably stay right at the Savoy—seems as good as any place and not much more expensive, and I don't see why you shouldn't, too. You must be here not later than Thursday, May 10, as on Friday we have to go to registrar's office. I've been there once and left your copy of divorce decree, together with mine, which arrived today. I've talked to the verger and one of the clergy at the Savoy Chapel, and Monday I'll see 'em again, and try to fix hour for marriage, then begin to invite any kings and queens who are in town. * * * So. Thassa business. Now the important part of letter—on serious and solitary consideration, I consider you the darlingest person in the world. My little love!

h

* * *

American Express Co.

Naples. May 3rd 1928

You darling—I just have your letters—both—written Saturday & Sunday. My God what a post! It was a genuine relief—I felt you awfully far away—not hearing and there's been Sirocco with consequent effects on the temperament to say nothing of pep and spinach! I am *much* thinner but you don't notice it except when I take my clothes off.

To bring you nearer I read your novel—what there is of it here—Hal, it is *stunning*—one of the most moving love stories I've ever read. That scene with Nida! I bawled over it. You've done something which is fearfully difficult—created in Fran a perfect bitch and yet made her charming. It is perfectly easy to understand why Sam Dodsworth loves her. Everything is finished up here & I'm leaving tomorrow morning—I even have my wedding dress which is *lovely*.

I'm so glad I'm coming straight away through Paris, to you.

I kiss your eyebrows and temples & heart.

D.

The frabjous day arrived: May 14, 1928. Dorothy had come to London promptly for the civil formalities, which were completed that morning by the ceremony at the registry office—St. Martin's in Henrietta Street, surrounded by book publishers. Jonathan Cape and his wife were the witnesses; Jonathan was then Red's

London publisher. A church ceremony (with all the vows, as both Red and Dorothy had wished) took place immediately afterwards in the Savoy Chapel in the presence of a score or more guests, friends new and old, who repaired to the Savoy Hotel for a wedding luncheon afterwards.

There is something rather touching in Red's desire to have a thoroughly conventional wedding with all the "old" vows. It made the whole thing more "real," just as being married in England did. His first marriage, at the Ethical Culture Society's Lecture Room in New York, had been nothing like this. It is not too much to suppose that by doing things in the prescribed manner he hoped (consciously or unconsciously) to make his marriage more certain to endure. Neither then nor at any other time did he show signs of religious feeling—indeed, his ferocious *Elmer Gantry* had been published only the year before. It was the proprieties, rather than the religious ritual, that seemed valuable to him in solemnizing the event.

Neither Dorothy nor Red ever spoke to me, so far as I can remember, about their own feelings on that day, their hopes or fears. Red was probably so elated, so proud of Dorothy, so anxious to show off the prize he had won, that he had no moment of relaxation, much less of anxiety. We know that he could not resist the chance to deliver one of his monologues when it came time for the toasts after lunch at the Savoy. This one was (or so I have heard) quite funny, but many in London were wearying of Red's incessant performances: only two weeks before Arnold Bennett, after a dinner party, had written in his journal, "Sinclair did too many imitations."

The guests at the Savoy Chapel and at the luncheon afterwards included Mrs. Bertrand Russell (Dora), Hugh Walpole, Rebecca West, Anita Loos, Gilbert Frankau, and a good many others. With this marriage Dorothy was entering upon the phase known as celebrity, in its fullest sense, with the American press (and on this occasion also the English press) out in force to observe. Its advantages might be dubious—and of course in time must pall upon anybody of intelligence—but at that moment it was fresh, and



The wedding in London. "I'll invite any kings and queens who are in town," Red wrote.

every flashbulb must have been in some respect like a notification of things to come. To Dorothy it was a transference of role, as if she had suddenly stepped up from the audience into the lime-light; and if Red ever did grow weary of his public personage (which he possibly did toward the end), there was no hint of it in the zest with which he played himself in those days.

It was a golden spring, really, for America and for the West in general: prosperity was abundant to excess, the thunderous crash and the succeeding depression were well over a year off, and in a month's time the Republican party would nominate Herbert Hoover for the Presidency.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Lewis had every right to expect a rosy future.

The Honeymoon Diary

Red had bought the caravan—automobile with trailer attached—in which they were to embark on their summer's honeymoon in England. He had also signed a contract to write about it for the *Herald Tribune* in New York, frugally considering that a honeymoon might as well pay for itself when bride and groom are writers. In a short time—one week precisely—they were ready to leave London and all its cosmopolitan delights for the open road. Dorothy's diary for the summer³ bears an inscription "to us," and thereupon broaches the subject in a mood of happy pride:

Gatton Towers, Merstham,
Surrey, May 29.

And why, people asked us, a caravan?

* * * If you are old and envious; if you do not like sitting on a stoop with the work all done: if small roads do not seem exciting and secretive; if you are convinced that only people whom you meet in large companies in studio flats or small and well-dressed companies in discreet houses are interesting, then it is no use for me to answer that question. Caravans are for people who have not kept house so long that they've forgotten how to play house. Caravans are for those who know what beauty and change can be packed into fifty miles of English countryside. Caravans are for people like us.

And what can you carry in a caravan? Bacon and butter, beer and wine, oranges and bread, cakes and beans, olives and jam, honey and eggs, jugs and plates, cups and forks, books and paper and pencils and ink; frocks to camp in and frocks for dancing, shoes and boots, mackintoshes and evening wraps, ginger cookies and a tin bath; jugs for water, jugs for milk, and a fat big jug for beer; ice and soap; blankets and sheets, cushions and comforters, oil and alcohol, a stove and a dishmop, basins and pans; a fire to warm by; a lamp to read by; beds and tables, typewriters and cigarettes. In short everything which a civilized human being wants, if his wife knows how to cook, to make a bed, and to wash

dishes without afterwards smelling of them. And is that possible?

But of course! Out of that little top-drawer, in that little oaken chest of drawers, she takes a white pot of cream; of cold-cream, with a French mark. She rubs it thick on her hands and pulls on rubber gloves over them. That is all. And back goes the pot and shut goes the drawer. Everything is possible if you only keep ship-shape. * * *

Caravans are for the unhurried, for those who wish to use a motor for hour-by-hour enjoyment, and not for merely getting somewhere. Cheap motors in America, motors for the middle classes, resulted in the motor camp, the communal wash-up; the super service-station, with parking privileges, and hot dog stands, in dusty banners announcing a trail across a continent. Massachusetts to California! Alabama to Washington! Cheap motors in England resulted in the caravan; the "my home is my castle"—on wheels; in private camping on a public common!

The motor caravan is probably not for America. It is not for our ideals of speed. Our little Chrysler can pull the 3000 pounds of our motor caravan at forty miles an hour on a good road, but with what rattling of dishes, banging of locker doors, and with what perilous swaying. Twenty miles an hour is steady and comfortable.

Long Barth-Weal-Sevenoaks-Kent * * *

The Oxford
Undergrads

Two Oxford undergrads staying at the hotel sent cards up to Hal, so we received them in the sitting room at the fire. We

talked of sports and Hal dared to say that he hated all competitive sports to which one undergrad replied that he had no doubt golf developed the brain. One really did have to concentrate! Besides a fellow always had a pride in doing whatever he did well.

Hal: Yes, but after all life's a matter of choice; one can't do everything well. Undergrad: Well, anyhow, our ideal is certainly the all-round man. Look at Masters! He's crew and Lacrosse, a crack golf player, and took a first in history. Hal: What do you think of Sir Ernest Sherrington?

Undergrad: Who's he? Hal: Well, he's one of the men at Oxford who really is influencing the

³The diary is a digressive travel journal, concerned with observations on the towns and countryside and the people encountered. The excerpts given here are those which give the tenor of Dorothy's moods and thoughts.

future of the world . . . and probably he's no good at all at games. Now, when I was at Yale—"

And then he proceeded to tell about a great chemist who was at Yale when he was there, and about whom he never heard until years later when he was writing—"Arrowsmith." But all this made no impression on the Oxford student whose outlook on life was precisely that of the American university student, who, as Hal said, even thought it a good thing to "shoot a prayer" in the Y.M.C.A. because thereby he "developed another side of his nature."

Under Charing Hill (Still)

June 8.

It's pouring today; we should have changed our pitch but we are caught here now for at least another twenty-four hours. I'm staying luxuriously in bed. With both tables down it's a fine place to work. The caravan is absolutely watertight and cosy although gales are blowing. I lie in bed writing & H is typing at the other end of the caravan

H. said yesterday: You . . . you are . . . a . . . a padding . . . a bread pudding . . . made of the divine host.

He was well pleased with this & after driving a bit farther said, "That's a compliment no one ever made anyone before."

Cad
Boulder

What's the difference between a cad & a boulder! I asked F.R.

"A cad—he said—"Well, Rothermere's a cad & not a boulder & Beaverbrook's a boulder but not a cad."

H.N. also agreed: A cad can be a gentleman, but a boulder can't. It was typically British that he preferred the cad!

The succeeding entry, dated "Sunday, Rye," begins with a digression on the music of Richard Strauss, goes on to a description of Kent, Sussex, and the arty "Ye Old Tearooms" of Rye. It concludes with this line:

It was a nice day. Hal didn't lose his temper with me once.

[June 22]

In Southwick we camped in the middle of the village, on a farm belonging to a taciturn little man with shrewd eyes and a beard growing halfway around his face under his chin, like the picture of Grimes, in the Water Babies. Southwick, as far architecture goes, is an ugly little village, but the sea runs all along the end of it, and the whole village smells of fish * * * [It] is built around a green, in which all day long all the children in the village and especially the little girls try to stand on their heads (and often succeed) and when I talked about it to



"Caravans are for people who have not forgotten how to play house. People like us."

100
S.P.B. Mais⁴ whom we visited here, he said yes indeed, and that there was no village in England where so many children could stand on their heads as Southwick, and I could see he was full of pride. * * *

He lives in a small house of the Georgian style * * * and he sits there all day receiving callers. One was a youth interested in the publication of "The Adelphi" a new Brighton magazine to which young Brighton literati contribute free and impeded verse, and small essays on the universe. Hal spent an hour writing down addresses for the youth—where to send the magazine for favorable comment. H. is too absurd! He combines contemptuousness with naive good-heartedness to an incredible degree. An anaemic magazine with a most anaemic young editor: better left to perish, my own Nietzschean brutality advised. * * *

Brighton

Mr. Harry Preston, whom we met at supper, after the theatre, in Brighton, is a most extraordinary creature. A very little man, with not much flesh, but it amorphous; eyes slightly crossed and a deformed ear. He is effusive—intolerably—and insisted on addressing us all through dinner as "Your lordship" and "Your ladyship." He greeted us by coming very close, holding our right hands (not both of us together) over his heart, and saying, in a voice, husky with emotion, "This honour . . . I had not conceived of this honour." * * *

The Netherlands Farm. & Petworth

And now, from the shore, we started into the heart of West Sussex; trailing the caravan, and trundling along at fifteen miles per hour. We skirted the coast as far as New Shoreham and then penetrated inwards, so that late in the afternoon we were in Petworth, a quaint and sleepy town with one narrow circular street, ill-designed for a caravan, the whole village dominated, overpowered, indeed, by Petworth House, the estate of Lord Leconfield. The next day we returned; the house was closed, so we could not see the galleries with their fine collection, but we did walk through the park, with its magnificent oaks and beeches, its lake, wide pastures, and prolific deer, and saw the House itself, 18th century, looking like a minor Versailles or

Schonbrunn, more continental than English, very dignified and handsome, but cold—without either mystery or graciousness.

It was sunset, and we had been searching for an hour for a place to park, when a wide gateway, directly upon the road, and opening into a sweep of pasture-land invited us to enter. * * * And standing under the oak tree was the farmer, William Perry, an open-faced and kindly man whom I immediately liked. He welcomed us to his pasture, and there we camped for nearly a week. * * *

This entry concludes with a vignette on William Perry. The next entry, undated, follows:

Midhurst

Comment—

Such men are called "backbone" of England but they are not its brains. The trouble with England is she despises brains.

July 26.

Manesty Park

Last night was our last in the caravan! Memorable for a cloud-burst; here, in the mountains the rain falls with a beat like the hammering of drums, and all night it poured upon our roof, soaking through every crevice, running in three little streams down the glass of the mantelpiece, and making our pasture-lawn into a puddle when we awakened we were like lake-dwellers.

To celebrate the last dinner, we opened half a dozen tins; a Cross & Blackwell Hare Soup, clams, which I creamed; a bottle of Chambertin, and for sweet, an omelette with maple sirup. Both Hal and I were in mellow and exalted moods, and talked much about the books he was going to write and about the high estimate we each have of the other. But at ten we were so sleepy, that Hal suggested a nap before we tackled the dishes. He promptly fell into unconsciousness, and I, though sleeping fitfully could not rouse myself until one-thirty when I became aware that the caravan, which was practically sealed against the rain, was stinking horribly of leftover dinner. I tried to rouse Hal to help with the washing up, but it was no good. He merely grunted. I washed the grease into the dishwater . . . horrid is the smell of soup & soap in combination . . . and was tidy by three. When I lay down, in Hal's pyjamas—he was sleeping on my bed & I couldn't get at my own night clothes—and wound myself up in a down quilt, the corners of which were dripping. I

⁴English writer and journalist.

opened the window & rain blew on my face but I let it blow. The reward of virtue was that Hal brought coffee which he had made himself to my bedside, at seven!

It took us some three hours, two horses, & the efforts of the entire neighborhood, to get the caravan out of the lake & on to the road this morning: yet, such is perversity—when it was finally under way toward Oxford, we both looked after it wistfully.

We are comfortable here at Manesty farm. We have a big sitting room to ourselves, overlooking the mountains, a shabby kindly room, full of the atmosphere of warm-hearted, good-tempered people.

Hugh [Walpole] came over directly after lunch & took us for a ride & long walk thru the mountains. They are melancholy & romantic, full of rapid, tumbling streams, and with almost no habitation, even today. In these mountains I miss above everything the wayside crosses of the Austrian mountains, which, in the most remote spots remind one constantly of mankind. Those mountains are more overwhelming; but human life is more aware; they transcend man, but man is there. Hugh says that these passes were completely cut off from the world until the end of 1771, when the poet Gray rode through and recorded what he had found. Elizabeth settled Germans in here to work lead mines. But the great world has still hardly penetrated them. We walked and talked as walkers always do—idly.

The entry continues with their anecdotal conversation, then concludes with this single sentence, set off from the rest by Dorothy's three asterisks:

Just now Hal comes over, "I am put upon!" he says in a very small voice.

July 30.

Today a wonderful drive, in our car, Harold chauffeuring, to Allswater, very dark & romantic. Windermere, the gayest of the lakes, Grasmere, where I stopped at Dove Cottage—Rydal Water, The Manchester Reservoir, & back to Denwent Water & Manesty. The cottage I found infinitely touching, although the tourists & the old woman with her parrot-cry of "plain living & high thinking" was insufferable. The cottage has a tiny sittingroom, with a stone-flagged floor, dark oak walls; Dorothy Wordsworth's room had hardly more than place for bed & washstand. But the framed portraits on the walls—mostly engravings from paintings—showed noble & beautiful faces on almost all the members of that little circle. Wordsworth, Mary, & Dorothy lie in an idyllic spot in Grasmere churchyard, beside a little willow-hung stream (on the opposite bank of which an enterprising tea room has been started) The gravestones are of the simplest. The church is austere but interesting.

* * *

Aug 2. Durham.

Bad temper is the most destructive of human faults. It supplants trust with fear; it poisons love; it breeds aversion or indifference; it sterilizes emotion. Unless he stops taking me on or casting me off as the mood suits him I shall eventually cease to love H. Tonight because I disagreed with him in an argument he got up and left me, sitting alone in a public restaurant.

This is the final entry in the honeymoon diary.

SIX

After the Honeymoon

On August 22 Dorothy and Red sailed for America on the *Hamburg*, arriving in New York on the twenty-eighth. The whole of that autumn and winter of 1928-29, I saw much of them both, at Twin Farms (their Vermont acquisition) and at 37 West Tenth Street. The dolorous passage that follows is the only entry in Dorothy's diary for a long time to come. It may be unfair in some ways (as all cries of the heart must be, to somebody) but to my remem-

bering eyes it seems as true as the truth itself.

February 13—1929.

Such a long time has elapsed—and so much has happened. We have bought the Vermont farm, after nearly a month of motoring, looking for it; then New York, the flat here with my furniture, from the Berlin flat & what we bought in Exeter; Christmas at Virginia Hot Springs (inexpressible boredom sustained only by my

love for Hal) Now, tomorrow, we are to go to Southern Florida. * * * I agree, because [Hal] has been drinking terribly again and only some such trip will make him stop it, but my heart is heavy & rebellious. My God—Florida mud flats, and all next summer in Vermont! Not one enjoyable dinner party the whole winter; not one evening at the opera; not one concert, not a single human relationship—(Can't bear it. I *won't* bear it. I had rather go & work in someone's kitchen than lead this sort of life, chased pursued, harassed by fear's fear

* * * I told him I didn't want to go to Florida because of my lecture date on the 21st. He then got angry & sneered at me—"You with your important little lectures—"You, with your brilliant people . . . *You* want to talk about foreign politics which *I* am too ignorant to understand. When he talks so my heart freezes up. And then, in a minute he is very sweet again. Oh, my God, I really don't know whether I love or hate him—but tonight I was *bored* with him.

I say to myself "You are totally unimportant & you are married to a man of genius—if you give up your life to making him happy it is worth it."

But it isn't! It isn't! I can really do nothing for him. He is like a vampire—he absorbs all my vitality, all my energy, all my beauty—I get incredibly dull. If ever I begin to talk well he interrupts the conversation. It is not above calling me down in front of people because the dinner is bad—he did so when I had been too ill to bother about ordering the dinner, talking to me in a tone I would not use to a servant. He orders me to send flowers to Noel Coward who is ill in the hospital, but not once since our marriage has he ever sent flowers to me, nor did he do so while I was sick. He has insisted on my going to some party or other when I protested I felt ill. He is completely without consideration of me, yet he protests with the greatest tenderness that he loves me, and it is true: he does. He insults people in the house which is mine as well as his—the house where I am hostess. He invites strangers to dinner & goes away and leaves them. All social finesse, all delicacy & gaety of intercourse, all subtlety of contact—all the things I prize in the world, all beautiful civilized manners and forms, he violates. If I cross him in anything; if even I irritate him by weeping, out of sheer nerves & exhaustion, he yells at me that I am driving him crazy, that I have designs to make him feel like a scoundrel, and he never fails to tell me that I am just like Gracie. He thinks then that when he says he is sorry our relationship is

the same. But it is not. It has never been the same since that night in Naples when he denounced me to Josef * * * it has never been the same since the night in Vermont when he told me "Your sister tomorrow can come & fetch you away." * * *

I am distressed by economic cares. I could not remain in America, where I am so ill-adjusted to everything. I am afraid it will be very difficult to get another European correspondence. And I cannot live on Hal. Surely I am not fitted for marriage who have made such a ghastly failure out of two.

It's either give up my work or give up Hal. My work! I can't live & work in a world where I cannot plan from one day to the next. Yet if I give up work he will throw it up at me some day, as he now does at Gracie. Indeed, he has already done so, on several occasions, saying, "the trouble with you is you are lazy—you haven't done any work in a year." It is true. * * *

I know so well what I want of life:

I want to understand all manner of things better. I know I have taste & a good head. My creative gifts are negligible. But I should like to contribute to a clearer and deeper understanding of the things I understand. My gifts are preeminently social.

What I need: More knowledge.

What I prize: Human relationships, of all kinds, passionate, tender, intellectual, understanding.

What I want: A home which will be a center of life & illumination for people who can really contribute to the development of the humanities.

My gifts: Interpretive; power to draw out & record others.

My interests: All the humanities. Politics; literature insofar as it is not precious but deals with living ideas; economics; all the attributes of civilized living—cooking, house-furnishing—manners.

My passion: Creative men.

And this leads me to this relationship where what I prize what I want, what interests me—my gifts—all are stultified and rendered sterile.

2

Twin Farms (near South Pomfret, Vermont) had been called by that name in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries because two brothers had built two houses on the opposite sides of the small valley, working the one farm between them. (So Red Lewis always told me; I cannot prove it.) There were over three



Twin Farms—"the roof leaked, the fireplace smoked, the electricity wavered—but the fun we had!"

hundred acres of mountain pasture, rock and valley and stream, with the two houses—the "Big House" and a smaller, older "farmhouse"—looking at each other through the bare boughs in winter and concealed from each other by the thickets of spring and summer.

This was the first property either Red or Dorothy had ever had. He bought and sold other houses afterwards, but as Professor Schorer⁵ says of the older farmhouse, "it was . . . to prove to be the only real home he would ever have had." It was the same for Dorothy. The old house resembled to a truly astonishing degree that Vermont farmhouse which Red had described to Dorothy the night he proposed marriage to her. To my mind the most significant fact about the property was that it was two houses—not one.

I had returned to New York just at this time from Paris and somehow or other either Dorothy or Red asked me to come up to Twin Farms to

stay for a while. Dorothy found no difficulty arranging for a cook and somebody to clean; as for a gardener, there was one already and he remained for many years. I believe that was the extent of the household. They were not in the very least "servants" in the cosmopolitan sense, and I think, at the very beginning, this caused Dorothy some surprise. She had been accustomed to that "gracious lady" treatment of Vienna, Budapest, and Berlin, and in fact she had not been in the United States for perhaps a decade, except one swift professional journey when she stayed in hotels. She did not fully seize the essence of Vermont just then, although nobody loved it more after a few years.

Anyhow I stayed about ten days or two weeks, and somehow this first stay of mine at Twin Farms dwelt in all our minds forever after.

In the first place not a single thing had been done to the farmhouse, not one. The foundations had not yet been straightened up by steel braces (as Dorothy managed eventually), so every floor was crooked, and so was every wall. The roof

⁵ Sinclair Lewis, *An American Life*, by Mark Schorer. New York, McGraw-Hill, 1961.

leaked and the fireplace smoked. The electricity wavered whimsically in the windy evenings and at times vanished altogether. A shutter was always banging. Obscure cracklings and bitter murmurs came from the stairs and the attic. One might have been in Ireland or Wales, really, so far as the spirits were concerned.

Ah, but the fun we had! The Presidential election was then going on, and every night we sat by the radio and roared with uncontrollable laughter at the unbelievably silly speeches of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith. The radio was not precisely new, but it had never been used up to this time (October 1928) on any great scale in American politics. Red kept shouting at it and denying everything either candidate said. That early model was a small, rectangular box without much power in it. As I remember, it altered its tone and even its pitch in accordance with its physical position, so that Red kept twisting it around all the time from north to south to east to west.

And then we had Wells.

Wells Lewis was Red's son by his first wife and was then eleven years old. Dorothy had insisted that he should be asked to Twin Farms as soon as possible. He came soon after I did and stayed a while—Professor Schorer says one weekend; I could have sworn that it was longer. Wells at this time was one of the most beautiful children I have ever seen. His hair was pale gold, like an aureole, standing out all round his head; his eyes were very blue and his skin pure. There is a portrait of him painted not much later which conveys the incredible candor and innocence of his aspect. He took to Dorothy right away, and she to him, but I thought he was afraid of his father and extremely uncertain of me. Our conversation on the whole bewildered him. This is perhaps in the nature of things. Red was forty-four. Dorothy was thirty-five. I was twenty-eight. None of us had anything much to say to a boy of eleven. And yet the odd thing is that this boy of eleven, also, never forgot those days. Long years later when I found him (in the blustering storm and totally by accident) running an anti-aircraft battery on the cold, wet coast above Casablanca, he recalled them to me warmly.

Red's rages were under very good control at that time. I only remember two of them, actually. One was directed at some unidentified lawyer who had foolishly and heartlessly foreclosed a farm mortgage which Red owned. The other was directed at Wells, who had been sitting amiably and quietly listening, with the three of us, to some speech by either Mr. Hoover or Mr.

Smith. It terminated with a ripsnorting political diapason which made us all laugh heartily. We fell into talk in which—just for that once: it didn't always happen!—we all three thought we'd rather have Smith than Hoover. The boy spoke up and said, in the upper-class accent of his school: "Ah, yes, but you can't imagine Mrs. Smith in the White House, can you?" Red rose to his feet and raged and raved for about half an hour. The boy was terrified; Dorothy had to intervene to quell the tempest.

But these two rages do not count, really, against the tranquil pleasure of the time. I saw between Dorothy and Red a genuine affection which it is good to remember in view of their behavior in later years, and in view of the doubts Dorothy was already beginning to have.

3

The breakfasts at Twin Farms were incredibly funny, partly because Red was at his brightest in these matutinal times, but also because of his mail. Many persons thought that whatever they wished to buy—from a diamond tiara to an island in the Aegean—would be theirs if they could make Red pay for it. And letters of a quite different tenor asked him to make great efforts and sacrifices for the sake of the Eskimo orphans or the spinsters of Bulgaria or other worthy sufferers to whom he had never given a thought. Red's mail was all like that—crediting him, really, with a generosity of spirit and an insouciance of the bank account which never had been his. A more self-centered person never lived (be it said in the tenderest recollection), and the thought of our dear Red yielding to all these entreaties, or even to the tiniest part of them, was richly comic in itself.

Our breakfasts in this vein lasted only for three or four years, but I shall never forget them. Later Dorothy gave up the effort to eat a big meal at dawn and so did I. Red consumed his triple rations by himself, and his hours got earlier and earlier. (At Williamstown, at the end of his life, I think he was eating breakfast at half-past five but I never got up to find out.) To the very end he wanted the mail along with the eggs and viands, no matter when the mail had been delivered. I think letters went with coffee in his mind, or perhaps with his father.

It was at these breakfasts that Red began to call me by his own name, that is, Harry Lewis. Plainly enough, I was he, although I never knew why, and he was his own father, known as "Doc

Lewis." His father must have had a very high, sharp, scolding sort of voice, because that is what Red sounded like.

"Harry Lewis! Harry Lewis! Get your lazy bones out of that chair and see to the wood! You know your mother's got too much to do! Are you going to let that fire go out? You lazy, good-for-nothing young 'un, get in that wood and sweep the snow off the back porch and wipe your shoes before you come back in! How many times do I have to tell you? And it's past eight o'clock, Harry Lewis, do you hear me?"

Dorothy did not care much for this game.

4

Everything was different in New York during that winter of 1928-29. I was much in their house on West Tenth Street. Thus I had numerous opportunities to observe the process which Dorothy describes in the diary entry which begins this chapter—the disillusionment and incipient boredom, the fears and even dreads to which her apprehension of a future with Red had brought her.

The truth is, I think, that Red drank a good deal more alcohol in New York than he ever did in the country, and his way of drinking was hard on the nerves and the equilibrium of the house-

hold. If he wanted a drink he would take it at any hour—starting, that is, when he got up in the morning. If he felt he needed a rest at any time (even in the middle of dinner) he would simply go to bed. When he was drinking, he disliked making engagements in advance. There were not many houses where he liked to be a guest, and yet he would ask almost any number of guests into his own house without regard to the food supplies or the convenience of the servants. Dorothy must have expected that life with the most famous of American writers, in the largest of American cities, on an income which even for the United States was really large, would have some elements of variety, glitter, change, and excitement. Not at all.

In addition, Dorothy's career in journalism and as a lecturer was beginning to give some indication of that astonishing development which, later on, for almost a decade, made her unique in the field. An avenue was opening up whereby Dorothy could have some separate life and work of her own, something by which she could defend her own being against the obsessive intensity of Red's agonies and his anodynes. How were they to know—how could anybody know—that this work was to blaze up into such a conflagration, in just a few years, that instead of saving their marriage it would provide the coup de grace?

SEVEN

Love by Letter

Nobody could escape the observation that Dorothy's diaries and letters reflect points of view which often differ. And although Red Lewis kept no diaries, his own letters are notably more ardent than he seems to have been, on all the evidence, in life. It is natural, perhaps even inevitable, that born writers, as both Red and Dorothy were, should yield to the magic of words, to express themselves fully, and even, at times, to express more than they truly mean! It is doubtful if either of them noticed any discrepancy between their letters and their lives.

And yet this discrepancy grows steadily more visible, year after year, during the decade of the 1930s. We find their written protestations of love, later on, to be rather astonishing, considering how little of the time they spent together. We wonder why they both dwell upon their need

for each other, their painful sense of "missing" each other, when all they had to do was to buy a ticket (either one or both) to assuage this suffering. We have not yet come to that stage, but it is adumbrated even in these early years when their separations were more infrequent and their harmony was more nearly complete.

During the very winter when she wrote the bitter and angry entry in her diary (February 13, 1929), as quoted in the last chapter, Dorothy spent some time in Canada. These absences produced a number of letters from Dorothy to Red which are very much what she calls them so often, "love letters." One may be quoted to give the tone of them all. It is from the Château Frontenac in Quebec, dated April 16.

"I love you because you are the renewer of my life," she says. (This seems to be a return

to the mood of Berlin two years earlier.) "Sometimes, for a little while, I forget it. Sometimes, as when I woke up this morning, I remember it suddenly, overwhelmingly. Perhaps because this place is strange and I alone. I awakened to this strangeness and loneliness and remembered the time before you came when the most familiar things looked strange, and I seemed never to have seen before the most familiar faces. A dreadful time when all reality was dissolved.

"Darling, you are my reality: you are my home. Be good to yourself—preserve yourself for me."

Red's letters are sometimes quite matter-of-fact by comparison, at the same period: "You must spend at least a day out in a village," he tells her, "to see how gov liq control works there in contrast to the cities. Talk to the priest and the Ch of Eng vicar."

More often, his declarations of love are breezy and slapdash, without the reflective quality which characterizes her own at the same period. For example, from a note written in Florida and dated merely "Monday evening" sometime in March 1929:

"It's too absurd—you've been gone only four days, and yet I'm so lonely for you that I could howl. Owwwwwww! I'm coming back in just a few days."

October 1929 was the month of the great crash on Wall Street. Red Lewis had quite accurately predicted the crash, in a newspaper interview on his arrival with Dorothy the year before (August 1928). Hardly anybody foresaw how terrible the results were to be for the working people of the country, but Red had some instinct, just the same; he was more and more intent upon writing his long-projected labor novel, if he could, and in those months before Christmas, he made some journeys (to Marion, North Carolina, and to Pittsburgh) which were partly for contemporary journalism and partly as reconnaissance for the novel.

Red, of course, could hardly get into an atmosphere of labor agitation, journalism, and (roughly speaking) public affairs without taking some part himself. Thus, when he got to Pittsburgh, he took a most active interest in the trial of a miner named Salvatore Accorsi, accused of murdering a state trooper at a meeting of protest on the Sacco-Vanzetti case two years before; the evidence was fabricated and Red was indignant; perhaps his interest had something to do with the outcome of the case, for Accorsi was acquitted.

He wrote from this trip:

[mailed 12/10/29]

Monday 11 PM

Gee I'm tired—I'm going right away now to bed yet * * * Yesterday, we went to an Italian Accarsi protest out in the American Bridge Co. town of Ambridge. Only about 90 protesters in the bare little Croatian Hall—with maybe 20 cops in plain clothes scattered thru & consequent feeling of strain, as everybody expected the speakers to be clubbed & arrested. Today the trial began; all day they were choosing jurors, but it was darn interesting. I chose about half the jurors—No, honest, I did! It's too long a story to write; I'll tell it to you when I come home (horray!) if you remind me. Citizen Buttunsky, b' God. Sevensing, we dined with our three pals, the defense lawyers for Accarsi—old friends—one of them we'd met once before today, & the other two we met long, long ago—quite early this morning.

And so virtuously, to bed, to dream of

Mrs. Ket!

Dear Mrs. Ket!

FORT PITT HOTEL

Pittsburgh

Fri—Dec. 13 1929

Who says Friday the 13th is unlucky? Accarsi was acquitted today! * * * I almost cried—so did Jake Margolis, defense attorney! . . . But as the jury came in I *knew* it'd be an acquittal, because I saw the eyes of Mrs. Schneider, the one woman on the jury, & they were shining . . . And the ass't district attorney benevolently shook hands with Accarsi whom yesterday he was trying to railroad, knowing damn well he was innocent . . . one shouldn't hold a little thing like that against him!

And then, me, I catches me a taxicab & goes out to the U of Pittsburgh to speak lovingly to mebbe 2500 students about their ignorance. (Heh? Me. I'm not ignorant—I was brought up in a Ketolic College.) * * * I'll see you in a week now—you *darling*!

To Washington, D.C., Monday nite; home probably Thur. PM next.

Dorothy was doing well on her lecture tour, getting used to the audiences and learning how to formulate in spoken words what (at first) came so much easier in writing. Her letters from Terre Haute on October 27, 1929—two of them on the same day—show most vividly how different her mind was from Red's. His letters, most of them hasty scrawls, are full of a kind of extemporaneous assurance of love, along with the

merest hit-or-miss account of what he was doing. hers are long, thoughtful, and at times rather elaborate, as if there were some thought (conscious or unconscious) that eyes other than his might some day see them.

Hotel Deming.

Terre Haute, Indiana.

Oct. 27, 1929.

Sunday.

To

Sinclair Lewis.⁶

Mrs Eugene Debs came to my meeting and afterward we had a long talk at my hotel. * * * She looks * * * incredibly middle class. We found it difficult to talk because she is rather deaf, and all of her life is lived in the past before Eugene's death. * * * She herself is material for a novel. * * *

I feel very strange, neither sick nor well, & troubled with the most awful dreams—dreams which would give Freud to think. Last night, for instance, I sweated in terror, because I had poisoned a servant with arsenic & the police were on my trail. * * * I am not ill, but every day I develop a new symptom. All yesterday I had headache: today I throb from my hips down. But I haven't had that beastly indigestion at all.

You seem, darling, so far away. In fact all of my life seems far away.

I want to write you a love letter, but I can't. I don't know why I can't. But it would be like writing to someone imaginary. Do you exist, and are you you, and what *is* you? I have known so many yous. And if I wrote you a love letter would it reach the you to which it was written, or another, a stranger?

But I'd like to write you a love letter. Yes I would.

Whether it's a girl or a boy I *won't* have him or her brought up in this country. I *won't*.

She said with a flash of the old spirit.

D.

Dorothy's second letter from Terre Haute, written on the same day, shows the critical edginess with which she was making acquaintance, as if for the first time, with her own country.

October 27th (again) 1929.

I've just come from a long walk through Terre Haute—and you may tell the world that Zenith

⁶ This superscription, so odd in a letter from wife to husband, appears only in this one letter.

and Main Street haven't changed unless possibly for the worse. * * * It seemed to me that nearly half of all the stores belonged to chain systems which handle especially cheap goods. Five ten and twenty-five cent stores are innumerable. You can furnish a house and almost clothe yourself from them. * * *

Of course there is no theater or any other center for any kind of art life. All the theaters are talkies or movies. But more than that—there is as far as I can see not a single public place in town where you can meet anyone for a quiet talk. This hotel is comfortable, rooms convenient, food fair. But there is no public lounge where you can hear yourself think. The radio is on at full blast from 9 a.m. to midnight. I tried to talk with Mrs Debs and I had a Pilgrim's Chorus and a "humorous" lecture to contend with. You can't get a cup of afternoon tea in this hotel: dining room closed between lunch and dinner. The drug stores are the only other meeting places and they are noisy with traffic and radio.

The houses are atrocious. The town still burns lots of soft coal, evidently, and most of the houses are painted a dingy gray turned almost black with smoke. They usually have small front lawns, ragged and smoke-blackened. All of them have their narrow verandahs on the front, in full view of the public. There is no standardization of architecture whatsoever. The streets are a hodgepodge of ugly frame houses, also flimsily built and cheap. In fact cheapness is the main thing.

And yet everyone seems contented. After my lecture yesterday a lot of women came up to speak to me and almost all of them said, "Well, aren't we lucky to be living in America."

I know I am not telling you anything—but I want to put my own impressions down.

Darling—I am so lonely. This is a lonely country. It is so Goddammed *empty*. I am turning mystic. Surely there is something different in the very air of a city where civilized people have lived, worked, dreamed, loved and enjoyed civilized pleasures for hundreds of years. Living must produce some sort of radio-activity which lingers in the atmosphere. I begin to believe in ghosts. Gentle ghosts which keep one company in ancient towns. Here there are none.

It is significant that Debs came from Terre Haute. He could not be otherwise than sentimental and ineffective.

D.

Where shall I write you next?

EIGHT

Love in Absence

For a woman who had never had a baby "or anything" (Dorothy's own phrase, as well I remember) thirty-six was thought to be rather old for childbearing. As it turned out, she had not the slightest trouble either during the pregnancy or at the birth of her son, but all that winter of 1929-30 it worried her. Consequently, she wanted to stay quietly in Tenth Street, with her own doctors at hand and the Woman's Hospital not too far away.

But quiet hibernation was impossible for Red's tortured and restless nature. Now, for no reason anybody knew, he took it into his head to go to California, to the haunts of his youth (Carmel and Monterey), and find a house for the winter. He did have one excuse—he had to appear in court at Reno, to get his alimony to Gracie reduced—but he could easily have gone to Nevada and back without disturbing Dorothy. Not he: as always, his will prevailed, and they departed, bag and baggage, for a sojourn which Dorothy mistrusted in advance and greatly disliked before it was over.

The concept of a life in common, a life together, seems to have faded rapidly after the birth of their child. That event (June 20, 1930), which is supposed to reconcile parents in an embrace loving if not indissoluble, performed no such miracle for Dorothy and Red. It is very doubtful if Red ever should have married; it is quite certain that he should not have had a child. Dorothy, perhaps—but we must return to the winter of 1930.

To Dorothy the winter in California was disagreeable because Red's condition was not good and he was constantly being interviewed by hordes of newspaper reporters and, according to her ideas, making a fool of himself. Furthermore, she found that everybody, from newspaper reporters to rich and fashionable hostesses, treated her as the little woman. Red was the most famous American writer and one of the most famous living Americans; Dorothy was his pregnant wife. In California she was not only second fiddle but she did not, in fact, exist except as an appendage to Red. This was to her a barbaric and unpleasant novelty. It played a part (I know full well) in her resolution to create a career of her own as soon as she could do so.

Red took a room at the old Hotel Lafayette for working purposes when he got back to New York in April. This was in accordance with a fixed habit of his: he always thought he could concentrate better in a place where there were no interruptions, no telephone calls, and no household cares. It is, in fact, a good system for somebody who is really working, but if a man is merely marking time, as Red was that spring, it is a delusion and a snare. What happened was that Red was in constant communication with his bootlegger. There occurred one of those mishaps which Red was constantly provoking or creating, and I tell it because it illustrates how his sense of humor was sometimes too much for Dorothy.

It suited Red, one afternoon as he nursed his bottle of whiskey at the Lafayette Hotel, to telephone Dorothy in a German accent. He was extremely convincing. He was Professor Doktor Schatzheimer of the faculty of literature in the University of Leipzig and he wanted to talk to Mr. Le-vis or, in default of Mr. Le-vis, to Mrs. Le-vis, about some points of importance which had been found difficult of comprehension in the honored and respected works of Mr. Le-vis. Dorothy talked to him at great length, both in German and in English, until he finally broke down and told her to desist. Two or three days later he did the same thing to her in a Swedish accent, varying the details of the impersonation, and again she believed him (such calls were not infrequent anyhow).

On the very next day a truly most eminent professor from Berlin called her and started the same sort of prolegomenon. Dorothy, who had been trying to write a short story, lost her temper and cut him short. "Come off it, you son of a bitch," she said. "I know you. You can't fool me again." So far as I know, this imbroglio never did get straightened out; it was too embarrassing for everybody; the eminent professor must have carried back to Berlin a peculiar idea of the home life of the American writer.

The gatherings in Tenth Street never ceased. It was Red's custom to encourage callers. Wherever he lived, in whatever country or under whatever conditions, he liked to have people streaming in and out of his quarters, and rather

in than out. There were some occasions when Dorothy, fighting for her life, would deliberately give a party and invite the guests and hope that they, and *only* they, would come.

Such an evening was that of June 19, 1930. The two rooms in Tenth Street which were used for parties, a sitting room at the front and a dining room behind it, were crowded. H. R. Knickerbocker, our old friend, who had succeeded Dorothy as correspondent for the Curtis newspapers in Berlin, was on a visit to America with his first wife, the lovely red-haired Laura, and this party was in their honor. It was distinctly Dorothy's party, in that none of Red's chosen people, such as Philip Goodman or George Jean Nathan or H. L. Mencken, had been invited. Dorothy's concession to her husband's weaknesses consisted in asking several publishers. There was, I suppose, some whiskey somewhere (Red became unconscionably drunk), but the only drink I remember was the inevitable punch bowl, a vast affair in the middle of the dining-room table. I do believe it was about two o'clock when the very last of us, out of deference to Dorothy's condition (she was then prodigiously big with child), consented to go home.

As I learned the next day, she began to have pains an hour or so later and finally woke up Red to tell him so. He declared she had had too much to eat and drink but was willing, after a telephonic consultation with a doctor, to taxi her up to the Woman's Hospital at 110th Street. It was there that their son was born the next morning.

On the following afternoon at four-thirty, according to telephoned instructions from Red, I got into a subway and went up to the Woman's Hospital to see Dorothy. She was blooming—all pink and white and relieved—and she sat up in bed and harangued me.

"Here we are," said she, "in the year 1930, with every possible advancement of science already upon us in every conceivable field, and yet nothing whatsoever has been done to mitigate or diminish the boredom of childbirth. It is not difficult and it is not painful, at least it was neither difficult nor painful for me. That doctor who said that a woman of thirty-six would have trouble with a first child must have been an idiot. But the length of the gestation, nine months, has not changed by so much as a moment since time began. A woman must be gravid, like an animal, until the unseen forces command the delivery. This is barbarous and utterly unworthy of those wise and great men who rule our universe. If they can make invisible waves bring

sounds—and some say, soon, pictures—over great distances, and if they can take the heart out and put it back again, and if they can fly to the moon as they say they intend to do sometime, why in God's name can't they do something about the womb of the human woman? Why must it be subject to the same irretrievable processes as the inner organs of the horse or the cow? What has been the practical use of all this progress through the centuries when a woman is faced with her fundamental and indeed quintessential function in the life of her species, which is to reproduce it? One might as well be a Bulgarian peasant inured to parturition in a furrow. I protest."

If these be not the precise words, they were something of the sort—very near it indeed. I can see Dorothy now in her pink silk nightie, pawing the air.

When she ended up with "I protest" we both laughed and she rang a bell. A nurse came in. Dorothy lifted an imperious eyebrow. She really felt well that day.

"Bring in the child," she said.

2

After the birth of the child she cheered up considerably. She was more placid during the first six or eight months of the baby's life than I had seen her since her marriage. The transfer to Twin Farms was made in peace, but rapidly it became apparent that Red could not endure babies, principally because of the noises they made but also because there was in him some bitter and ineradicable protest against the perpetuation of a life which he did not truly feel worth carrying on. His nerves were by this time completely shattered; he suffered tortures from any accidental plop or bang, any of the quite ordinary noises of a farm or of a city street. Under the circumstances, Dorothy made the reasonable arrangement—she put the baby and his nurse into the old farmhouse and lodged herself and Red in the Big House.

"Yes," she would say to me, then and for some subsequent years, "I know that Red is a genius and suffers far more than we do. I have done everything possible to give him peace and quiet. I have truly tried. But his demands are too great."

Perhaps they were. Still it must be recorded that Dorothy forgot them fifteen minutes after having acknowledged them. This was her characteristic throughout their marriage and also

throughout her final marriage. She would nobly and generously state her obligation and then promptly forget it. So far as the children were concerned, Dorothy knew that they drove Red to the brink of insanity; yet she engaged secretaries, chauffeurs, gardeners, and cooks who had children or grandchildren.

She did this with the utmost good will and in accordance with her highest principles. She believed quite passionately in social and political democracy, and to her it was always important that her son Michael's playmates should be the children of persons employed by her. As a result, when she frequently went gallivanting off to Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest during the next few years she left Red with such a menagerie of infants, nurses, servants, and overseers that the poor man was again and again badgered and bewildered into flight.

This is what he wrote to her on one occasion (probably in 1934) when she was in Germany and he had fled from Twin Farms to New York.

The Berkshire
New York City

Wednesday, August 15

Dearest, if you ever go to Europe again in summer for more than five or six weeks, including steamer, I *shall* go to England and see you now and then when you're free—or else I'll go off to some new and interesting place, like Norway, by myself.

For me, this summer since you left hasn't been a great success, except for most of the Western trip, and for seeing Wells. * * *

I came back from my trip to find the Old House simply lost, not to us alone but to Micky and Pammy [Dorothy's sister Peggy's child], who were become mere excrescences in a house the porch & every room of which simply swarmed with four hearty, cheerful, well-mannered, and most God-awfully inundating Wallers, Mrs. [Dorothy's secretary] and her three healthy young. One had to escape from them, simply run from them, even to talk to Micky. And they four, with Marie's grandson [the cook's grandson Henry] added, of course monopolized playlawn, bathing house, and woods. * *

I've never missed you so. I wouldn't have minded armies of kids, omitting Wallers, if you'd been there to talk to. I didn't want to invite many friends, with you away, because most of them are more fun if you are there too. Phil, Joe, a few like that who would have been agreeable with or without you, couldn't come.

Did I say above that Peggy will stay, more or

less in charge, as long as she can—possibly till you come? I do love Peggy, but as a dinner companion, night after night, she's pretty unexciting—unless we're exploring Italy and daily trapping new topics of talk.

No, if you go again for any great time next summer, things will all have to be arranged differently—quite possibly with a house in England, for Mick and Nurse, as we thought of doing when in Bermuda.

I came down here day before yesterday. Phoned house today, and everything fine, says Peggy. Micky looks grand.

I do love you!

h

Mick, Pam & nurse comfortable at New House. PS. Your letter from Cliveden, when you were alone there, was one of the loveliest things you've ever written. Atmosphere—Lord! I'll let you see it when you return.

3

Numerous letters can be read both at Syracuse University and in the Yale collection in which Red displays concern, anxiety, or simple affection for his own and other children. There is no question that he felt warmly toward children in general, and his own in particular, when he was a safe distance away from them. In actual life he was inclined to pay a child a visit once every other day, as he did the infant Michael in 1930, and waggle a long finger at the baby's nose and go away again. I saw him do that often enough.

Two other recollections are vivid in my memory:

On Michael's second birthday, at teatime, we gathered under that vast old elm tree at the corner of the studio and there was a handsome cake for the child with two candles on it. Everything went well enough until the moment came for the baby to blow out the two candles. Perhaps it was overambitious to expect him to do this—but he was asked to perform the feat and failed. Red went into an uncontrollable tantrum, utterly beyond reason or argument. He was almost (but alas not quite!) bereft of the power of speech. His rage was centered upon the child's inability to blow out the candles, although obviously many other things entered into it. After a painful interval he went stamping off to his room and the child, by this time in an equal extremity of hysterics, was carried away by the nurse.

On the Fourth of July, perhaps two years later, it had been arranged that the cook's grandson Henry, Michael, and Pamela should have their fireworks outside (with perhaps another child or two from the neighborhood) as a display for their elders and an excitement for themselves. They were, indeed, wild with glee over their modest resources, and their yells of nervous pleasure had begun to exhaust Red's patience before the first little bang exploded. As they went on, laboriously and noisily, he grew more and more exacerbated. Finally he got up, in something very near a state of screaming hysterics, and asked Dorothy to put a stop to it all. When she expostulated—the Fourth of July; they had looked forward to it—he vanished in a kind of agonized howl and was not seen again until dinner.

These and many other episodes gave me a vivid notion of how little Red cherished the joys of parenthood, and yet the reader of his letters (many of them) might suppose him to have been a doting father. Possibly he wrote as he did to

reproach Dorothy for her own absences. Through years when he never even beheld their son, he would still write to Dorothy about Mike or Michael or Mickey or Mikey or Mixy or whatever form he chose to use—he was fertile in invention on this as on other themes. His tone was almost always affectionate.

4

This year, 1930, the year of the sojourn in California, the pregnancy, and the birth of the child, was also the year of the Nobel Prize.

On the whole Dorothy and Red seem to have had an enjoyable time, helping each other through the travail, appearing together more constantly and more sympathetically (in the sense of working it out together, feeling it together) than they ever could do again. I have no doubt that Dorothy helped him in preparing for the grand ordeal in Stockholm. It was no doubt she who made up for him those lists of



WILL WORLD PHOTOS

"You live with me in the re-incarnation of yourself in your son."

dish princes and princesses whom he was likely to meet, professors of the University of Upsala, and Swedish writers who had (and who had not) received the prize. She knew much more about the customs of the world in Europe than he did. She also must have been acutely anxious, not to say alarmed, over the possibilities of his ever-uncertain behavior. Some of his friends in America (George Jean Nathan, for instance) had freely predicted that Red would get drunk and disgrace himself at the most solemn moments, as when he stood before the King to receive the prize.

Nothing of the sort took place. Red was resolutely sober and polite from the beginning to the end of the episode. He even went to New York and got all his "hickeys" (this is what he called those dreadful pustules on his face) removed by a painful electric needle and was rehabilitated stem to stern before he and Dorothy sailed for Stockholm on November 29, 1930.

On Sunday, December 21, the Lewises left Stockholm for Berlin after a round of festivities in academic, literary, and royal circles. In Berlin with old friends, the parties began anew, and it was after one of these that Dorothy collapsed in great pain and had to be taken to the hospital. This was on Christmas night. Acute appendicitis was diagnosed; the operation was the next morning; she was in the hospital for ten more days. Red was, of course, a prey to great anxiety—his devotion was unquestionable, however oddly he showed it at times—but all went well and they were reunited in January for a short while in the mountains of Thuringia.

5

Then Red took off for London, although there seems to have been no imperative reason to do so. Again and again, in the story of Dorothy and Red, we encounter these journeys for which no explanation suffices, these absences without motive. My guess is that Dorothy's preoccupation with journalism and journalistic friends was too much for him. Her mind was set upon a career of her own—not really through ambition, as I have indicated before, but through that "sense of historic mission" which has been mentioned as a dominant characteristic. There were things she felt she ought to do which (she would have stated it quite plainly) nobody else could do in the same way. If by performing her duty—or her "mission"—she could also earn a living, she might feel herself released from the perpetual

insecurity of Red's stormy sadness and his ungovernable temperament. Her interest had been vividly aroused by the Nazi movement, then not taken very seriously by most observers, and she wanted above all to talk to its leader. As usual, Red was delighted to see her working or about to work, but at the same time he felt extraneous to it all and wanted to get away—or so I interpret it.

Red wrote from London (February 12, 1931):

* * * So I can't go back on the Europa with you. I've been thinking a lot of doing so. I don't merely miss you; I feel downright lonely without. Perhaps I wouldn't have felt SO lonely if I'd been working hard, but I've been rather loafing—looking at myself to see what I'm like. Moods. But I'm coming out of them now, beginning to work. But I would like to go with you. But I'd better not, with publixes coming. But I will work. But I'll get out of London & see some new place—not too far, so's can return for publixes. But I adore you. * * *

News for you.

Waitll next page.

Oswald Villard wants you to consider being managing editor of the Nation beginning next fall. * * * I take it from what he says he'll pay \$7,500 a year, top-notch. Might be worth considering; certainly it would link you to America if later you wanted to do articles there, & sire, you grand American political dope while, perforce, keeping you in touch with European politics . . . Mick & me could live on Long Island. IS that news?

IS that a husband who adores his wife?

And he wrote again from London on February 16:

* * * No special news, except that I seem to be beginning to work a little—a strange new phenomena. * * *

EXTRA SPECIAL. WIRE ME WHERE I CAN REACH YOU IN PARIS. I AM SORRY AS THE DEVIL ABOUT SOUTHAMPTON. I WAS MAKING PLANS TO GO DOWN. YES, I WAS!

You know all the things I would put in this paragraph if I were not dictating it!



Your Adonis

NINE

A Rather Strange Interlude

Red had made a great deal of money, chiefly from film and serial rights. His income in 1931-32 was lordly by any standards. The reason why I remember this so distinctly is that he never stopped talking about it. He was well aware that it was an exceptional year and infuriated to think that he would have to pay heavy taxes all at once. Even so there was a great deal of money left for the extravaganzas which Dorothy and Red embarked upon, a sort of attempt to recapture—or possibly to purchase?—but that would be too harsh) the vanishing dream.

They left on the *Europa* on August 24, 1932, and this was to be their last crossing together. They had already taken a villa up at the Semmering, in the hills above Vienna (they call them "mountains"). Red spent two weeks in Germany while Dorothy got the house (Villa Sauerbrunn) ready.

When Red arrived on the Semmering he was at first (as usual) enchanted and then quite rapidly disenchanted. The house was "a cuckoo clock in aspect," he wrote to Frere Reeves in London (afterwards A. S. Frere). It was "a Ritz" in comfort. But he wanted to go away. They went to Italy for three weeks. They came back. Then he went away alone, again to Italy.

Italy drew him very strongly even then. It was to become his final passion, or at least obsession, and he spent his last years there, trying to read Dante, trying to understand Italian music and literature. I have survived thus long to state, on a stack of Bibles, that he never was able to say the simplest Italian word correctly, much less a sentence, and that his comprehension of Italian music and literature was as near to nothing as twenty years of struggle would permit. The extraordinary thing is that Red, who was a sublime mimic, could not say—or even understand—a straight phrase of serious import in any of the languages he imitated.

And this was one of the principal reasons why the winter in Vienna and on the Semmering was a failure. Although Red had learned German as a boy, he did not truly understand it. Dorothy's friends all spoke German by preference and most of them had no English at all. The result was that Red found himself tongue-tied and deaf in everyday company. Thus he fled often from the treasurable (and extremely expensive) surround-

ings which had been arranged for their second honeymoon.

For his "work" he took a flat in Vienna, but of course he had no work. He had finished *Ann Vickers* in the spring of 1932, and after a big novel could not work. He got drunk; he mourned and sorrowed.

Dorothy's remedy for this was to contrive a fabulous holiday party on the Semmering for Christmas, full of English and Americans and snow and sleds and skis and music and dancing and beer and wine and conversation. For this she took a whole annex (a *dépendance*) of the hotel, in addition to their own spacious villa. She brought over her sister, Peggy Wilson, and the latter's daughter Pamela (there were five children in all, including Michael, aged two and a half); she invited the poet Robert Nichols and his wife from London; she asked her own old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mowrer and Mr. and Mrs. John Gunther; Virgilia Peterson was there, and also Prince Paul Sapieha from Warsaw, whom Virgilia married soon afterwards; there were Frere Reeves from London and Patricia Wallace (Edgar Wallace's delightful daughter) whom Frere was to marry. Among the guests driving up from Vienna was Baroness Hatvany, the beautiful and talented woman who wrote books under the name of Christa Winsloe; her *Mädchen in Uniform* had most recently been made into a highly successful film. Christa was a guest throughout the ten days of the festival, and her husband also I believe; and it seems to me that Marcia Davenport and her husband were also present. I was working in Paris and could not be there, but it strikes me that every time I hear about this momentous party, some new guest is mentioned.

Only recently Lilian Mowrer told me the party was accursed, at the very outset, by the weather. Dorothy had planned a kind of winter festival in which everybody would be out of doors all day long, all healthy and sportive and not needing lunch. Red was for the greater part of the time in a mood of desperate depression. John Gunther (Dorothy in her letters always calls him "Johnny") was stricken by asthma. The drinking that went on was excessive, not only for Red but for many others. Dorothy had hired an orchestra and installed a bar in the *dépendance*.

One's imagination boggles at the thought of such a party, lasting ten mortal days and nights.

Peggy Wilson has written to me that "Red couldn't stand Dorothy's friends." Whether he could stand them or not, he does not seem to have made much effort. At the end of the ten days he seized upon Peggy and whirled her off for a tour of Italy, while Dorothy and some of the others followed Baroness Hatvany to Budapest. Everybody who was there remembers the party on the Semmering vividly; no two accounts agree, of course; but the net result of the stories has always been to make me glad I was not there.

2

We come now to a section of Dorothy's diary which is best left in her own words. She wrote this in a mood of self-analysis, herself wondering why she had to do so; and yet in the many years that followed, almost three decades of them, she never destroyed the book. She must have been rereading it in the last year of her life because it contains some penciled notes made at that time. She occasionally pencils out the last six letters of the name Christa, leaving the initial C.; yet even this is not uniform. She wished this, as well as all her other surviving papers, to go to the Syracuse University Library, and, as we have said, by innumerable indications we know that she intended these papers to be published. It seems best, therefore, to obey her will: the all-or-nothing principle, when all is said, was an essential part of her greatness.

Dec. 28 [1932]

So it has happened to me again, after all these years. It has only, really, happened to me once before: with [O]. (Then I was twenty and [O] was 37, and I see her still quite vividly. * * *

There's something weak in it and, even, ridiculous. To love a woman is somehow ridiculous. *Mir auch passt es nicht. Ich bin doch heterosexuel.* Even according to the very simple Freudian definition which determines the matter by the location of the orgiastic sensation. Like Marguerite in Faust, the *womb* throbs—not something else, more surface. All this petting is nothing without the deep thrust to the heart of one.

Well, then, how account for this which has happened again. The soft, quite natural kiss on my throat, the quite unconscious (seemingly) even open kiss on my breast, as she stood below me on the stairs—there were a dozen people

around—"Good-bye," she said, "*Liebes.*" * * * I thought she looked much older: much too heavy, and tired. What was the sudden indescribable charm in that too-soft face, and the heavy-lidded eyes. (The upper lid is very arched, the lower straight). Anyhow immediately I felt the strange, soft feeling . . . curious . . . of being at home, and at rest: an enveloping warmth and sweetness, like a drowsy bath. Only to be near her; to touch her when I went by. She has a quite simple, unconscious way of kissing the inside of one's arm—I say "She has a way" and she only did it once. "Don't go away," I wanted to say. "Don't go."

Her name suddenly had a magic quality. C. I wanted to say it. To use it. I talked about her to others, to hear her name. Like holding an amulet in your hand, that was what saying her name is like. I love this woman. There it stands, and makes the word love applied to any other woman in the world ridiculous. * * *

Jan. 2.

I have got to go on writing about this in an attempt to justify it. There's a critic in me these days . . . a creature created by experience, who takes me firmly by the hand, pushes aside the curtain and insists upon my looking forward, down the road. (The critic says, to be sure, Don't write in a diary, particularly with your careless habits. You ought to have a locked book like the Queen of Rumania & wear the key on a bangle: only I would lose the bangle). But I must try at last to understand myself, because if at forty one has no wisdom . . . in two years I'll be forty . . . then what has one?

We went to Budapest and there she was on the platform, in a black fur coat—lamb, with a high collar of sable and a brown tilted hat. She looked exquisite . . . beautiful and worldly, as I remember her. * * *

We rode on the train together to Berlin and she told me she would get a divorce. Laci was going to marry B., who was twenty, young and "unverdorben," flattering to a man going on toward fifty. I thought: Laci is a fool: one doesn't throw away a wife like this woman, so distinguished and so sensitive. But Jews return to Jews, particularly men to Jewish women. * * *

What in God's name does one call this sensibility if it be not love? This extraordinary heightening of all one's impressions; this intensification of sensitiveness; this complete identification of feeling? It was so when I read her book and suddenly felt that I *must* translate it, because in its essence I might have written it

myself. I was Manuela, as she is Manuela, and everything that has happened to her has in essence, and other circumstances, happened to me. This incredible feeling of sisterhood.

In the end I translate all my emotional states into replicas of an earlier, family relation. My love for Josef broke because with him I could not do so. He remained a strange & sweetly assaulting male . . . and no "blood relation of mine." The overwhelming sweetness and understanding in my relation with Hal is that he is close to me as my brother. "My sister, my darling!" Our son is of *our* blood, as near and known to me as my own hands and heart. I was afraid to have Josef's child—afraid that its eyes would be black and its hair thick and curling, and its ways not my ways. A little stranger. Michael has always been there. I played with my son in my own nursery. * * *

At Hatvan, the day was magical. The place suits Christa. I wanted (ungrateful guest) to take it away from the Hatvanys all together and give it to Christa. * * * we went to the vineyard, the stables, and the wine cellar, and Christa went with me in the car. * * *

I told her I should like to translate her book. She looked pleased—or was she? But I would do it very, very well. I know that. And would somewhat (perhaps) satisfy my intense need to do something for Christa. * * *

So then we had supper & left & went home.

We kissed each other & she called me "lieb-ling" and said: "I will write to you & telephone, and you shall not get rid of me." And I felt full of beatitude.

I put all this down to look at it: The result: There is not the *slightest* indication that the extraordinarily intense erotic feeling I have for this woman is in any way reciprocated. I *feel*, of course, that it is—but the wish is so easily father to the thought. And if it isn't, I stand to make a damned bore of myself to a woman from whom, in the last analysis, I want only a warm friendship, and the opportunity to go on loving her no more articulately than heretofore.—

I came home [to Vienna] on the night train. * * * Then motored to the Semmering. * * * Suddenly I was glad, glad, glad to be home with the party over. Hal was in his room. When I came in he was glad. I could see he was awfully glad. I stood a long time in his arms, loving his familiar feel and smell, rubbing my face on his face. What are you going to do? he said, and I said: First of all take a bath. So he said: Stop in on your way down. I stopped in in a dressing gown and nothing else and he said: Come to my

bed. So I did and it was awfully good. Especially good, with me just too tired to expect it to be and suddenly it was there and very wonderful. Afterward—quite a while afterward—he said: Darling, I didn't do anything. Did you? And I hadn't. And I didn't. It would be nice to have a new child as the end-of-the-party. So I slept all afternoon.

I write all this out to be clear. Obviously there are two quite different feelings. I don't love Hal any less. Rather more.

Mikey came into my room at about six. "Mammy wead," he said, and climbed with his books into my bed. I kissed the back of his neck and he smelled delicious, like a kitten. "Mammy's pet," he said and grinned delightfully. I think he will be a terribly attractive male.

I have been very, very happy. And all the time, every moment, I have thought of Christa. * * *

3

This diary of the party on the Semmering and the visit to Schloss Hatvan in Hungary is far more revealing than any other document Dorothy has left to us. We behold, in awe really, and at times in consternation, the search for love (it is no less) on the part of a woman nearing forty and by no means inexperienced, yet desperately innocent at heart and in many ways virginal. How she turns first here and then there—! It is so unlike her own serene and competent exterior that most of her contemporaries (those who were at the famous party, for instance) would be astounded at it. Never again did she put pen to paper, so far as we know, to tell such secrets of the heart. Interiority was not, if one may so express it, her field of investigation, or even her realm of being; for the most part she dwelt outside, resolutely outside herself.

Red had gone to London, ostensibly on business connected with *Ann Vickers*. He wrote lovingly, but sailed from there later in the month (incognito, at least in principle) on the semi-cargo steamer *American Farmer* for New York. Dorothy went first to Munich and then to Portofino to Christa's house. She was concerned chiefly about the treatment of the Jews in Germany and was planning a series of articles for *The Saturday Evening Post* on this subject.

She had, I believe, achieved with Christa precisely what she said in this diary that she wanted: "a warm friendship, and the opportunity to go on loving her no more articulately



*Christmas on the Semmering—"full of sleds, skis, music, dancing, beer, wine, and conversation."
(Baroness Hatvany stands in the background in trenchcoat and hat.)*

than heretofore." They were together in Munich and in Portofino for the spring, and Dorothy brought Christa back to America and Twin Farms in May; Red was absent most of the time, and the two women returned to Europe in midsummer for a while. When Dorothy returned (it was a wild summer of coming and going) Red presented her with a new house in the most purse-proud part of Bronxville, at 17 Wood End Lane. (The house's back garden was coterminous with that of the Joseph Kennedy family.) It was a present to Dorothy, from the beginning: a propitiation? a confession? a lament? She never liked it, and later on rented it to me, which disposed of the matter: on an icy night in February 1941, I succeeded somehow in burning it down, and all dwelling within it (my wife and children, their nurse, the servants, and myself) narrowly escaped incineration. The Bronxville house was, more than anything else, a symptom of Red's restless and ever-growing despair.

The years 1933 and 1934 were a feverish muddle for both Dorothy and Red. Their letters never ceased to express love, longing, and bereavement, but one wonders, one really wonders, what they meant. They meant, I suppose, an aspiration, a sigh for the might-have-been, a wish for the never-was; it was a concerted make-believe which

may, indeed, have been their only real point of agreement at the time. I do not doubt their sincerity. I only see their letters, as now so mercilessly exposed, and contrast them with my own distinct recollection of their half-controlled hostility when I saw them together. For I did see them together, on a very few occasions, and it was not good to do so; earlier or later (much later when they had frankly separated and met as friends) the climate was more propitious.

Mostly, however, I saw them separately. Red had taken it into his head to use a hotel, or the hotel business, as a sort of symbol for the aesthetic impulse in the American character—the desire to create beauty. He was worrying away at this idea even earlier, but in 1932 and 1933 it rose to domination, and resulted in a novel called *Work of Art*, published in January 1934. The novel was, I thought (and have heard no other view), unsuited for publication. It represented the least valid of Red's gifts, or indeed the most glaring of his deficiencies, which was his sense of poetry.

Baroness Hatvany (Christa Winsloe) was instinctively akin to Red, co-conscious with him, as only neurotics can be with each other; no sentence had to be completed really, because each knew what the other intended to say. I think

they liked each other very much. I have this impression, however, chiefly from what he said; I do not remember having seen them together

I did see Christa with Dorothy and others. The one and only thing I ever had against Christa was her habit of dropping into German, or even into Viennese dialect, at the very crux of the matter she was talking about, whether it was a funny story or a deeply serious idea. Dorothy would laboriously explain, and the point would, as usual, get blunted for the rest of us. Otherwise, this charming lady was truly sensitive, almost too sensitive. She could pass without transition from tears to laughter and back again. If anything moved her to pity or terror she would say "Ach, Gott!" under her breath and it was a prayer. She had a liking for generalizations of the most sweeping character but she would abandon them within a few seconds—unlike Dorothy, who would really pursue any generalization to Ultima Thule.

Christa was a charmer, in the truest Budapest-Vienna way, but I think I must say that I never saw her as quite such a dazzling creature as Dorothy did. She was beautiful, yes, but neither young nor slim; her clothing was, I thought, for the most part unobtrusive; her conversation was limited to the subjects which (however great and various they may be) can only be discussed by those who have the habit of doing so. In other words, she had no ordinary conversation that I could see. Put her down alongside a total stranger at a dinner party and unless he had a twinkle in his eye (corresponding to her own) I could guarantee a disaster. Dorothy saw her as a *grande dame*, whereas in fact she was not. She was that goulash-woman produced on the Danube, neither an aristocrat nor an intellectual nor an adventuress, but some sort of vivid combination of them all, with a special writing talent thrown in. But Dorothy always thought that persons from Vienna and Budapest and their environs were more cultivated and perceptive than all others. I suppose Josef Bard first created this misconception, but there is no doubt that it governed her unconscious to the very end.

In 1934 Baroness Hatvany went to the Salzburg Festival and saw Ezio Pinza for the first time, singing *Don Giovanni* under the direction of Bruno Walter. She was moved to write an eloquent essay on the subject, of which the manuscript is in the Syracuse University Library. She also took off, and we never saw her again in these regions, although she wrote to Dorothy at great length from many places where Ezio was singing.

Red and Dorothy wrote to each other constantly during these years. Dorothy's letters are longer and more numerous; they are also, in general, more "composed," more given to narrative, analysis, and description. Husband and wife are alike in complaining about the absence of letters, or their slowness in arriving, just as they are in the constant assertion of "I miss you."

In many of these letters we get no hint of any quarrel or misunderstanding, but in a letter from Christa's house at Portofino, March 25, 1933, there does come a part of the truth:

My dear, my dear:

Your two letter from New York came only today which makes me think that my long one to you must have been greatly delayed. Hal, I couldn't write for two reasons; in the first place, in Germany, I could think of nothing but what I saw, and I was on the move from nine in the morning until twelve at night and then dropped into bed utterly exhausted. The other reason is that I have never never felt so cut off from you emotionally as I have been in all this time. I think for one thing I was ill for a time after you left. I had that miscarriage and after that I was sick every ten days, and prostrated. I had to go to a doctor finally, who gave me some medicine and some treatments and I am all right now. But perhaps it was that which made me so depressed. I felt as though you did not care for me any more; that last fortnight in Vienna weighed upon my memory. I felt as though our marriage were somehow going on the rocks. And I had no emotional strength with which to try to pull it off. Your going back to drinking spirits was part of it. You yourself had said, you know, "If I go back now on my own decision it will be very serious." It seemed to me that our life together was falling into exactly the pattern of your life with Grace; that it would move in the same direction and to the same denouement, and that nothing I could do would help to stop it. Then, your own letters were curiously remote and cold. They did not bring you to me; rather the contrary. These two which came this morning... they are sweet... and you might have written them to anyone. I thought: I must save myself; I must really, now, save myself. I really tried hard not to love you; I confess it. I have been too hurt in my life, Hal, before, to dare even to think of being hurt in the same way again. Only it

...ouldn't be the same way now, but much, much worse.

Only, and this is the truth, and I suppose the only truth, I do love you. I love you too terribly. I know now that it is all a self-deception. my trying to think that I could get along without you. I, too, find in you the only security I have in the world. we've got to go on together, forever, and be kind to each other..

Oh, sweet, be loving with me.

d

We have already seen the rest of the comings-and-goings of that year. Dorothy brought Christa back to New York and later on to Twin Farms. Red, in his unceasing quest for a subject of work, and influenced no doubt by the skill and effectiveness of Sidney Howard's dramatizations, was fired with the wish to write a play. Lloyd Lewis, an expert on the American Civil War as well as a writer for the *Chicago Daily News*, had spoken of a subject which aroused Red's immediate interest: the anti-slavery men known as Jayhawkers in Kansas. Having finished his novel *Work of Art* in September, Red now moved to Chicago for a time to work with Lloyd Lewis on the play.

The letter which follows, written from the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, is very characteristic of Red. It is spoof, quip, and jape, but some sort of suggested or implied meaning could always be found in Red's nonsense, and as often as not without his conscious intent.

November 14, 1933

Mrs. Sinclair Lewis
17 Wood End Lane
Bronxville, New York

Dear Madam:

We apologize for troubling you, but is there any possibility you will come West and take your

husband out of this hotel. He has practically ruined our business. He and his cousin, Mr Lloyd Lewis, who was recently in the hospital, which seems to me much the best place for him—go striding up and down the halls of this hitherto respectable hotel shouting out such foul phrases as "God damn you General, I'm going to kill all the southerners."

We set our hotel dick on them but your husband killed him with what he says is a Civil War sabre. We then ordered these two gentlemen out of their room—which cost too damn much—but they have barricaded themselves and we see no way of getting rid of them except through your helpful auspices.

Will be glad of anything you can do in this matter, and beg to remain, Madam,

Your most humble obedient servant,
Otto Schemmelfpenniger, Mgr.

Among the numerous letters of this period, there is one which might have been written by either Dorothy or Red. They had by now acquired the same dialect of separation. Furthermore, the letter (undated) is signed "Tiny," which is one of the many names Red called Dorothy. There is not really a doubt in my mind that it is from Red, but that is a matter of handwriting only. It follows:

Barnard

June 28

Thursday

Talking to you on the phone yesterday, to Bronxville—lovely—it made me believe in modern inventions. But last evening, the valley so lovely under the full moon, the farther hills gray shadows mysteriously sliding one into another, that I was homesick for you. I've never loved you so much!

Tiny

TEN

The Career

On August 25, 1934, Dorothy Thompson was expelled from Germany by decree of the secret police. Since she had already visited Germany five times since Hitler's advent without trouble, the chances are that such drastic action had been delayed by the uncertainties of the new

regime—that, and the difficulties attending any clear decision in a case so notable.

For Dorothy had already become established particularly in the last year or so, even though she was not yet famous. She was an American a woman, and the wife of a world-renowned

writer, all of which complicated her status as a political journalist. Moreover, no action of the kind taken against her had yet occurred in the year and a half since Hitler's seizure of power. Nowadays the expulsion of a foreign correspondent from almost any country causes no astonishment, but thirty years ago it was an event unknown. Dictatorships themselves were still practically unknown, and their full development in tyranny was still to come. The decision taken was indeed so serious that there is no room for doubt that Hitler himself made it. It involved policy, both internally and externally, and no lesser authority in that regime would have risked taking it without the Führer's order.

The reasons for her expulsion were clear: she had spoken ill of the Dictator in her interview of 1931, widely printed, and in the short book called *I Saw Hitler* (1932). The action made Dorothy a heroine, and the more the details were forgotten, the more the central phenomenon emerged. That she had been politely and indeed ceremoniously deported was forgotten, for example, and that (on request of the American Embassy) an extra twenty-four hours had been allotted her—such softening circumstances did not count; she had defied Hitler and been expelled for it at the imminent risk of her life. That was the general impression given, not only in America but in many other countries, and from that time onward Dorothy was known to most of her contemporaries everywhere. Like Byron, she awoke one morning to find herself famous.

Her career up to this point had been far from negligible. Before her marriage to Red she had been a valued foreign correspondent for the Curtis newspapers, and after her marriage she began to write for magazines. She had published something like eighteen serious articles in *The Saturday Evening Post* alone, as well as others in *Pictorial Review* and *Harper's*. Magazine articles about Dorothy, or Dorothy and Red, were becoming frequent in 1934, and in the *Pictorial Review* for January 1935 she was named high among the "women of the year," sharing honors with Mary Roberts Rinehart.

The story of the decade in which Dorothy helped to prepare America for war is in itself unique and merits the telling in every detail, but it is not altogether our story. Where it concerns us most is in its effect upon Dorothy's marriage to Red Lewis, which, already shaky in every respect, was soon to become a hopeless simulacrum and to dwindle away, leaving hardly a trace.

For the ironic fact is, of course, that Red, who

had been the most enthusiastic supporter of Dorothy's career since they first met, found himself unable to endure it when it came—it was so much more than he had bargained for; it had such grandiose aspects (the President on the telephone and the Senators on the doorstep) and such curious little wounds for his amour propre. He had a horror of being known as "Mr. Dorothy Thompson," and in one way or another this phobia was made known to all of his friends. Speaking of the whole period of 1935 to 1940—that is, from Dorothy's sudden explosion into fame until the beginning of the second world war—there was a distinct difference between Dorothy's public position and his. Red was, of course, known to all readers of books; no other writer of the day was so widely known. But Dorothy was known to the corner druggist, the taxi-driver, the hairdresser, and the headwaiter; people who had probably never read a book in their lives quoted her familiarly from day to day; she was as national (as much a "star") as any baseball player or film actress. The characteristic of "stardom" in American life is that it glitters tremendously while it glitters, but is obliterated totally when its day is done. Only recently I have found (while writing this book) that although practically every American knows, more or less, who Red was, the younger people have no notion of Dorothy.

This whole situation was really painful at the time. It gave rise to innumerable jokes and "funny" stories which were repeated throughout the country (like all the Roosevelt jokes at the same period, or the Kennedy jokes today). And of course Red was always being badgered, during his ceaseless travels, to say something or other about his all-too-famous wife. On one occasion (I think in Kansas City) he was confronted with a newspaper rumor to the effect that Dorothy might be the Republican candidate against Franklin Roosevelt in the next Presidential election.

"Fine, fine," said Red (and I can imagine how sourly). "Then I can settle down and write a column called 'My Day.'"

On another occasion the reporters asked him something about his wife (where she was or when he had last seen her—they really were merciless about it)

"I had a wife once," he said, "but she vanished into the NBC building and has never been heard of since."

The springboard for Dorothy's ascent to fame was the column she wrote for the New York *Herald Tribune* from 1936 to 1941.

The name of the column, chosen after long discussion, was "On the Record." It was supposed to be a personal expression on almost any subject the writer might find conducive to thought.

Dorothy frequently would attack or extol a popular idol in any field (Walt Disney, Toscanini); she would assault popular fallacies or absurd forms of advertising; she would praise a book or a play if she saw fit; she used to make lists of her favorite people or stories or scenes.

However, when all is said, it is through and in politics, both national and international, that Dorothy takes her place in the history of the time. She won her public by a combination of gifts and interests (many nonpolitical), but what she did with this power when she had obtained it was of direct political importance. She was profoundly interested in government itself. Any book which Dorothy had really studied was impossible for anybody else to read afterwards, so copiously did she comment, argue, and expatiate in her marginal notes and interlineations. Her copy of Spengler's *The Decline of the West*, or of *The Federalist Papers*, or of numerous others, always looked to me like two books: one by the author and the other by the reader.

But above and beyond her deep interest in government, she cared about the real and present danger, as she saw it, both to the United States and to the Western World. This was the passion which gave her work an incredible intensity at times, more like a crusader's call to arms than like anything normally known in journalism. She was vowed, with an absolute sincerity for which my observation offers no parallel, to the destruction of Adolf Hitler and of the system of thought and action presented by him to the infinitely deludable German people. Dorothy really loved the German people (to excess, I always thought) and raged against all that would deflect their gifts and ruin them in the end. She also loved the institutions of the United States, England, and France, comprising, among them, the laboriously accumulated and always threatened treasury of human freedom and self-respect. Dorothy is the only person I ever knew who could recite every single word of the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and the Gettysburg Address without faltering. What she did in the 'thirties "can never be overestimated," as Winston Churchill put it, but actually while it was going on there were a great many who thought her overwrought, importunate, and even hysterical. And when the crisis was at last over—as so often happens—

the people themselves needed her no longer, and a long, gradual decline set in from the pinnacle on which she had dwelt for about a decade. I thought then and think now that she would have been perfectly willing to sacrifice her own life at any time if by doing so she could preserve humanity and the humanities from the dark forces, the tyranny of blood and hatred, the domination of the devil.

I agreed with her immeasurably. This is perhaps the principal reason why (in spite of many other disagreements) our friendship was indissoluble.

Now this was all very hard on Red. He had betrayed a dislike for political argument, abstract discussion, journalistic excitement, and table-pounding from the earliest days; now this dislike was asseverated, enforced as a rule. Many is the time I have heard him say "No more *situations* or I will go to bed." Ultimatum. Generally he pronounced it *sityashuns* in order to make it seem more contemptible. *Sityashuns* referred to events on the continent of Europe in general, and in particular to events in Central or Eastern Europe or to anything connected with Adolf Hitler. If Red could get through an evening with Dorothy and me, or Dorothy and Gunther, or Dorothy and Shirer or any of the others, he did so by imposing his own will and forbidding the discussion of that which most dominated our minds. He never wanted the talk to pass from his control, and somehow or other the menace of Hitler was derogatory to his self-esteem. As he used to say, "If I ever divorce Dorothy I'll name Adolf Hitler as correspondent."

Red's strange dichotomy about Dorothy's career and her larger interests can be illustrated by an excerpt from her diary of November 18, 1935. After her expulsion from Germany she was constantly invited to lecture, and her aptitude for public speaking was soon to make her one of the most eloquent speakers of her time. The pertinent part of the entry:

After the talk at the dinner last night Red called me up. His voice was excited. "Listen," he said, "that speech was magnificent." All afternoon he had sat and brooded. "You will have to choose," he said. "I can't stand this. You live and move in another world than mine. I haven't a wife." And I felt horrible. When I got to the dinner, I was on the verge of tears, and the strain was great anyhow. . . nine speakers, and to keep them inside time, to a minute. * * *

But then, afterward, Red, with the excitement in his voice, happy. I couldn't tell him "You old



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

"I had a wife once, but she vanished into the NBC building and has never been heard of since."

idiot, the reason you liked my speech was because it is just you speaking." I couldn't because there were a dozen people in the room, but I wrote him so from Rochester. I love him with my soul. There must be a soul because otherwise, what in the world *do* I love him with? I feel as though we had been born in the same nursery and quarrelled through all our childhood, and studied together, and argued, and talked each other down in school, and fought and made up. He's the only man I have ever known in my life that I really understand. Even why he drinks so. Only it hurts my feelings that he does. makes me feel inferior. one ought to have more charm than a whisky and soda, one thinks. Actually, there's not enough of one sort of tension between us. Too much alike. Not interested in exploring each other, because we know what we will find. With his talent, his voluptuous gifts, I could have written all his books. Alter ego.

This passage evokes two comments: first, that Dorothy is already beginning to call her husband "Red," as others did, and second, that when she says, "I could have written all his books," she means that she could have done so if she had been equally gifted. In other words, there was nothing mysterious to her in his work—nothing she could not imagine doing herself if she had had the necessary skills.

This was, and remained, a kind of definition with Dorothy: if she could imagine doing a thing herself, if it were in her nature to do it, she regarded such work as being comprehensible not only in result but in origin. She said of Rebecca West's work, "I might have done it myself if I had been clever enough."

So, all told, when she refers to Red as Red and says she might have written his books if she had had his "voluptuous gifts," a great milestone has already been passed.

Dorothy's first column in the *Herald Tribune* was published on March 17, 1936, under the name "The Corporations Tax Bill."

The announcement of her engagement was made by the newspaper in a display advertisement on the day before, illustrated with a photograph of such haughty beauty that one has to look twice to be sure it is Dorothy. In this announcement it is mentioned that she is married to Sinclair Lewis. That name does not appear again in connection with her column or other public work.

"The Corporations Tax Bill" was, in a way, Dorothy's extremely astute way of throwing down the gauntlet. By writing on this subject she served notice on the public at large that she did not intend to confine herself to subjects deemed suitable for women. The column is long—very long by the standards of today—and so were many others during that first year or two. They all show thought and careful preparation as well as the characteristic élan of Dorothy's best years. Her columns appeared on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the right-hand corner of the first page of the newspaper's second section—a wonderful place for the prose of opinion rather than news. Walter Lippmann's column, on alternate days, occupied the left-hand corner of the same page.

Within a year her *Herald Tribune* column was being printed in every city or town of any size in the country and her voice began to be heard from coast to coast on the National Broadcasting Company's network. With this she combined as much lecturing as she could fit into her schedule (the demand was inexhaustible) as well as, after 1937, a monthly page in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The amount of work she did, all at concert pitch, was a marvel to her colleagues, and without an extremely sturdy physical constitution and a stern power of will she could not have survived it. She was partly sustained, I have always thought, by a conviction that what she was doing was valuable to her country and to the freedom of humanity—that "sense of mission" which we have seen at work earlier.

Red could have only a part, and not a decisive one, in such a career. Quite aside from his worries about being overshadowed, there was really not much time left for him, or so he felt. He wandered more restlessly than ever, and by 1937 he had ceased to be, in any intelligible sense, Dorothy's husband; he was sometimes a visitor, but seldom even that.

Before he went out of her life he was responsible for a handful of Dorothy's columns, re-

membered under the name of "The Grouse." Clearly they are her own work and yet, here and there, they irresistibly remind me of Red; whether he ever said these precise things or not, he must have said a good many in the same vein. The first of these columns (October 9, 1936) begins:

"Good morning. Have you got the papers? What's in them? How is the campaign going?"

"The Giants are three up."

"Don't be silly. I mean the political campaign, of course."

"The political campaign? I am decreasingly aware of a political campaign. Do you call it a campaign when two large hostile forces are retreating in the same direction?"

"The same direction?"

"Yes. Toward a liberal-conservative position. In other words, toward United States. I am not, young woman, interested in this campaign. Furthermore, I do not wish to discuss situations or conditions. I hope you have noticed that it is an exceptionally beautiful day. Your dahlias froze last night, but the asters did not. Can you explain that? Why do dahlias blossom last and freeze first?"

"Ruffled Grouse" (February 17, 1937) is on the Supreme Court. Its opening sounds quite a bit like the real Red in some of his moods:

"There is one certain remedy for a headache," said the Grouse crankily, "It is cheap, instantaneous, and guaranteed. That remedy is decapitation."

"I fail, as usual, to follow you."

"I refer to the President's way with that bothersome old lady, the Supreme Court. He says the Supreme Court has, and is, a headache. He proposes to cure it. But he is a busy man. It's a long way upstairs to get the aspirin, and the doctors disagree, anyhow, as to just what's wrong with Auntie. So he has jumped into the kitchen for a cleaver, and the sure and lasting cure. Nice fellow, the President. Can't bear the sight of long drawn out pain."

The Grouse appears for the last time on May 30, 1938. The columns sound less and less like Red as they go on; in fact Dorothy saw him less and less.

2

With the Grouse, Red Lewis disappears from Dorothy's public work as he does from her life. Their effective separation, not made public, dates from 1937, and although he visited Twin Farms after that (notably in 1939, when my wife Dinah and I lived in the old house) it was as a friend.

Dorothy's career gathered momentum after 1937, and in the great crises of 1938 (Czechoslovakia, Spain, and the Munich Agreement) she was a molder of opinion, a power in the land. The intensity of her preoccupation with the events in Europe was such that she often forgot every detail of ordinary life, and it required three secretaries to keep her going through the engagements and efforts of the day. She told me often of the great hurricane of September 1938, which coincided with the Munich crisis. She was in New York, incessantly writing and speaking; like all of us, she was filled with horror at the prospect opened up by Hitler's victory over the democracies. In this desperate mood, working many hours every day, she was unaware that the great hurricane had taken place. On the second night, seated in the NBC studio awaiting her turn at the microphone, she heard a news broadcast which spoke of the great damage done to New England by the hurricane, and mentioned Vermont as a state which had been hard hit. Since her son was at Twin Farms, her fears can be imagined. As it turned out, no one was hurt and the houses were undamaged.

From then on it may be said that Dorothy's career *was* her life—there came, in the end, a kind of autumnal happiness in her last marriage (outside the limits of our story), but the career dominated even then, and its necessities were always the ruling consideration.

What is one to say of her career as a whole?

It falls, to my way of thinking, into two categories, that of history and that of journalism. As a journalist she lasted a long time, made a great deal of money, and influenced opinion for some twenty-five years or so, even after her decline had become pronounced. There was never a time when she did not receive a great deal of mail from the public, although after the war it no longer had to be delivered in special trucks. There never was a time when she could not, at will, telephone any president, king, or prime minister on earth to ask a question and receive an answer. She did not abuse these privileges but she had them. Pope Pius XII came somewhere near to consecrating Dorothy's greatness in her profession when he said to her, at the end of the war: "I know you are a Protestant, my daughter." She said: "Why, Your Holiness? Because of my rudeness?" (She had been pounding on his desk and weeping because of the German orphans she had seen.) "No," said the Pope, "because you so greatly overestimate the powers of the Roman Catholic Church. And for your tears, I bless you, my child."

There remains history. What was Dorothy's power, what was her greatness, in the history of the United States and of the world?

It was that she, more than any other private person in the most powerful of all countries, awakened our people from slumber and prepared them for their ordeal. Franklin Roosevelt never dared, until the actual outbreak of war, to say the things Dorothy said. He may have wanted to do so—I think he did—but he was bound by an oath of office and the obligations of the Presidency. He said to me in March 1938, when I asked (after dinner) if I could attend a press conference of his on the following day: "Come if you like, but I warn you I can't say a thing. They'll all ask about the Czechoslovak crisis and I can't say one single word. My lips are sealed by the State Department." Dorothy's lips were never at any moment sealed by the State Department.

In this historical sense Dorothy's career ended at Pearl Harbor, only three weeks before her divorce from Sinclair Lewis. It is the limit of our story. I am not at all surprised that Sinclair Lewis felt bewildered and afraid before the tornado of her destiny. Her effect upon action was, by 1940, absolutely terrifying, and it made Red's hands tremble when he spoke of it. It is a misfortune—nobody is to blame—that the greatest of American journalists should have been married to the greatest of American writers. Such things ought not to happen.

We may conclude this summary of Dorothy's career by giving a letter which is outside the limits of our story. It is from the President after his election for a fourth term.

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

November 27, 1944

Dear Dorothy:

Now that one phase of the fight is over with I cannot delay longer telling you how much I appreciate your valiant support. I know that it took courage and a resolute spirit to oppose the powerful interests which it was necessary for you to oppose in declaring as you did your confidence in the administration's policies and purposes in the field of international relations. There is a great task ahead before we can defeat our enemies and achieve a lasting peace. I shall need your understanding counsel and your continued support through all of the struggle until the goal we seek is reached.

Very sincerely yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt.

ELEVEN

The End of the Story

The "parting" of the Lewises—Dorothy's word—seems to have taken place in the early spring of 1937. There is a letter of April 29 of that year, from Bronxville, which makes it clear—and we have also the diary entry of January 2, 1942 (the day of their divorce), which says they have been apart for four and a half years.

At the time, however clear the situation may have been between them, it was not a matter of public knowledge. They entered upon a period of rather intermittent friendliness for another two years or so; also, as we have already seen, Red was a visitor at Twin Farms in 1939, more than two full years later. In February of that year, when Dorothy drew nationwide attention and admiration by attending a meeting of the German-American Bund (the Nazi organization) in Madison Square Garden and being expelled from it for laughing, Red issued a statement in which he said (among other things), "I am proud of my wife, Dorothy Thompson." Such gestures now, in retrospect, may seem generous or loyal, but cannot alter the obvious fact that they ceased to be husband and wife considerably earlier.

Dorothy's letter of April 29, 1937, illuminates the whole subject as nothing else could. It bears a note at the top, penciled in her handwriting: "On our parting." The year "1937" is also added in her handwriting. I assume these notes to have been made on the carbon copy, which is at Syracuse, long years later (in 1958 or 1959) when she was going over all her papers with a view to using them in her projected autobiography.

Oh, my darling:

I am writing this letter without knowing where to address it, or how to reach you. I shall have to wait to send it, until I hear. It probably won't be very adequate, because I have not slept for two nights, and that makes one dumb. But it has been turning over and over in my mind.

When you stood there yesterday with the collar of your polo coat turned up against the back of the head you looked so like the photograph that Yvonne took of you in London at the time we were married that my heart contracted. There were so many things that I wanted to say to you, but I could not. * * *

Now, tonight, however, I am quieter * * * Horace gave me some dope which he says won't

hurt me or leave a hangover. And before I go to bed I want to say some things to you that are true for me, whether they are true for you or not.

I love you. I love you in just the same way as I did when you first set foot in my apartment in Berlin ten days [years] ago. I will never, never forget how you looked, or how I felt, that first night. I felt terrific indignation. I thought, "My God, how he suffers." I had suffered pretty brutally myself, and I was still suffering pretty brutally, but suddenly I wanted to say: Let's stop suffering. Suddenly I felt oddly gay.

There isn't anything rational about this. I wasn't even "in love" with you in the usual sense of the term. I didn't, anyhow, have an overwhelmingly physical desire to sleep with you. That was nice enough, too. Very nice. But you said to me once, half whimsically, half apologetically, "I exist mostly above the neck." Well, I understood that. So do I. * * * I'm not so set against lust as the Church is, but lust never yet caused me to lose my head. But there is a love of the imagination. And it can be fatal, for women like me. People like you and me build up images, sometimes, and fall in love with them. I once did that with a wavy haired and sentimental boy in Budapest. * * * You did that with Grace. * * *

But this thing with you, was the real thing. I knew it immediately. You used to sing to me about a lady fair and kind was never face so pleased my mind. I did but see her passing by, and now I love her till I die. Well, that was true of me. There was never face so pleased my *mind*. I loved the shape of that face, the tall and narrow skull, the thin, silky red-blond hair, the long, adventurous hands, the narrow feet, the almost absent thighs. I loved the mercurial moods, the darkness and light, the hilarity and the agony. Then I loved them, and I love them now. All sorts of men have crossed my life in the last ten years. Some of them liked me. One or two claimed they loved me. Lots of them I have liked, had real affection for. But you were my man. I know that sounds like Frankie and Johnnie and a Mae West film, but kitch [kitsch], as you have often remarked, is often true. Babies and kittens are kitch. I am, therefore, in a not very classic way, the very picture of Penelope.

When I married you, I didnt do it because I thought I would be happy. . . . Happiness is mostly just the absence of pain. I knew that you would make me a great deal of pain. But always, when I was with you, I felt that I was alive. You were, and are, a constant, living experience.

But everyone must have rest. One must have anodynes. God knows you have one: alcohol. * * * For a while I shared that anodyne with you. . . . I have been very drunk with you, on occasion. No such urge as yours drove me to it, and every intuition of my nature revolted away from it. * * * And work has always been my way out. It is so quiet, so impersonal—my work, my kind of work—and so demanding. Now, when you tell me that my work has ruined our marriage, *that* statement falls on deaf ears. I *know* that it saved our marriage for the past six years. It was, for me, the outlet, the escape, from something too intense to be born [borne]. Too “devouring.”

You don't know what you are like, Hal, when you are drunk. I am not attacking you. Go on and read further. I want you to *see*. This restless, dynamic, overcharged, demanding personality which is you, becomes intensified to the point of madness. * * * We had crazy fights about liquor—don't you *remember*. I saw it destroying something—however temporarily—which I loved with all my heart and all my mind. And it was destroying me. * * * I know all about you, my darling. I know what is eating you and always, periodically, has eaten you. It is the fear that your creative power is waning. You are a creative genius, and you constantly have to reaffirm your power to create. Times come when the “virtue,” to use a biblical phrase, goes out of you. And until it comes back you are—spiritually speaking—like an animal in heat and impotent. * * *

Sometimes the woman who loves you as a man is thoroughly furious with you. “Who in hell,” I say, “does he think he is. He has written a whole shelf of books and four of them, certainly, and probably more, are classics of American literature already, or five, or six. One would be enough for a normal genius, I say. Nice words “normal genius.” “*Some time*,” I think, “the man will be old. *Some time*, he will have to resign himself to sit under the vine and ruminate on the past. He isn't God,” I think, “and even God's part in creating the universe is universally conceded by the pious to have been over in seven days.” * * *

This business that you have built up now in your mind about me and you, about being the husband of Dorothy Thompson, a tail to an ascending comet, and what not, is only because

you are, for the moment, stymied, and you have been many times before. I know that it is an obsession with you, but I also know that it will cease to be an obsession, the moment you have again done a piece of work with which *you* are satisfied. * * * And the lady and gentleman morons who cant find anything better to do than to make comparisons however invidious, like to play up that I, too, in spite of being married to you, can write—and how. But do you think that any man who knows American letters believes any of that nonsense. It embarrasses me and it embarrasses them. Hal Smith, or Raymond Swing, or Raoul de Sales, or Carl Van Doren, or John Gunther—to take some journalists in—do they any more think of comparing me with you than they would compare themselves? * * *

So funny. You go away and you say you will go forever and suddenly I dont see how I can even write my column. If you wont read it, if you wont like it, or dislike it, or criticize its punctuation... then why should I write it at all? For money, because I like work. .but the little pleasure, the proud pleasure of being praised by you. .that was always the fun in it.

Darling, darling, darling, there's only one thing in which I am a really superior person. I have a really superior capacity for love. I love you. And that's the truth and that's the last word. Go



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

“I am proud of my wife,” he said when she was expelled from a Bund meeting in New York.

for six months, or three months, or six years, or three years, I shall sit at home, in *our* home, and be there when you come back to it.

All this I wanted to say to you as you stood there with your collar up around your ears, but you were in a hurry, and I was full of tears.

2

On the whole, the foregoing letter is an outpouring of sincere emotion, even though written on the typewriter. At the last moment it appears to us that Dorothy, who has been watching the shipwreck of her marriage since 1930, tries to save it by a sort of negativism that was not really in her nature—the posture of Penelope, forever waiting for the husband.

Of course, Red never did come back. The letters between them in 1937 to 1939 are increasingly painful, as the climate of “casual friendship” wore thin and disappeared. It was not really possible for Red and Dorothy to meet at occasional parties in a friendly manner when their emotional entanglement was not yet wholly past. Moreover, each had formed other friendships, perhaps even attachments, of one sort or another, unshared and possibly resented. Red was more and more engrossed in the theatre and its people. In 1937 he wrote a play about Dorothy, lamentably entitled *Queenie*, but the leading actresses to whom it was submitted (notably Helen Hayes) did not want to play it on the stage and it was never produced. Dorothy herself wrote an anti-Nazi play in 1938-39, about refugees from Germany, which was eventually produced (1940) without success. Her career in political journalism progressed apace. From 1939 to 1941, next to Franklin Roosevelt himself, she seems to have been accepted by the people as the voice of wisdom and duty. She was called as a sort of national nickname, “Cassandra.” I never thought the name right, since the Trojan princess was a prophetess of doom, and Dorothy never gave us doom without an escape hatch. I always thought a better name for her, if we had to have one, was Boadicea, after the warrior queen of ancient Britain.

In 1937 and 1938, when they occasionally met, she wrote Red some long letters which for the most part were never sent. He wrote to her (briefly) on money matters or, from time to time, to accuse her of self-pity. Several of her letters have some pertinence to the story. One about practical matters (after a long emotional passage much like the letter above) reads:

You suggested sending me \$1,000 a month. I shall need it this next month. After that I shall try very hard to put it aside as a reserve for either or both of us. As you know, I don't get my whole income from the Tribune, except in quarters. The regular income is about \$800 a month. The L.H.J. pays another \$500, so that I have \$1300. * * *

I know you wonder what I do with my money. If you like I will send you an itemized list of expenditures since I returned from Europe. You will see there are, first, a very heavy expenditure of things connected with work; then clothes; more than I need, no doubt. And I have paid more bills than you think—I mean household bills. * * *

I only beg you one thing: Don't do anything rash or hasty about Vermont. You have loved it very much, and you have been very happy there and very productive. (Also unhappy, I know, but happy, too). There is something about places where one has loved and been loved. Michael was conceived there, and there I came with him. I don't want to read my emotions into you, but I love that place. It is the place you promised me the day we met, and it is my home. And the child's. It was the place that brought Wells back to you. * * * I would sacrifice a good many things to keep Vermont, and even as I write about it, I feel how much I love you . . . God knows how . . . but how close I am grown with you. Oh, my dear, I'll never get you out of my heart, or my mind, or my blood.

There are indications that this letter, written from Bronxville, must be from the spring of 1937. It bears a note made over twenty years later in Dorothy's handwriting: “This was not sent.”

It calls for comment in one respect: the money matters. Every sum mentioned seems small in comparison to the recollection I (and many others) retain of Dorothy's life in New York and Vermont. How could she run two big houses (Bronxville and Twin Farms) as well as a New York flat, with two secretaries; pay a child's nurse, two or three house servants and at least one gardener; dress herself and travel, on the sum she names (\$1,300 a month)? Obviously Red had been contributing—paying a good many bills; he may have thought he was paying them all—but if he were to send her \$1,000 a month, as he evidently proposed to do, she still would have had only \$2,300 a month for expenditures which, it seems to me, must have been higher than that.

The answer I get, after contemplation of the letter, is that she had simply forgotten some of the sources of her income. She was lecturing in that year (she did every year for two decades). She was also on the air, although not as constantly as later. That should have provided a considerable sum. The figure \$500 a month from the *Ladies' Home Journal* seems small: it was \$1,000 during most of the subsequent years until it became \$1,500 at the end of the war. The *Herald Tribune* figures show payments of \$40,000 a year to Dorothy at her peak, only shortly after this. Of course, the figures I have obtained, which give her a gross annual income of well above \$100,000 after 1938, are not applicable to the preceding year, from which this letter seems to date; but on the whole it seems likely that her income even then was larger than this letter would indicate.

A letter about Michael dates from 1939 and was also never sent. An excerpt will show the tone: physical detail in every particular.

More importantly—I cannot conceal it from you—I am deeply concerned about Mickey. The child is in wretched condition. His urine still shows albumen. He still walks badly. I called a *great* specialist—Professor Lichtwitz—and he says that Michael suffers from an endocrine disturbance. * * *

I have finally decided to send him to Arizona, to a very small school where he can live in a cottage with his nurse, and associate with other children and be out of doors, which he seriously needs. It will cost \$250 a month—I can't send him alone—and, of course, his being that far away, so young, is a great care to me. I have investigated the school as well as I can—there aren't many where a nurse can stay, or that take such young boys. I feel that I should go with him, but obviously I cannot. He will leave on Tuesday, and I feel as though my heart were being torn out.

Another undated letter which was never sent surveys the whole failure of their marriage and contains this passage:

I deceived myself but never wholly. Underneath I knew. I knew ever since the baby was born, and since my pregnancy. You wanted to love me but you didn't love me; the will to love is not love. So my belief in your love for me was only the reflection of my love for you. * * * I should have known from a previous experience that you cannot love a person into loving you

back. You can only make him (or her) dependent on you; a comfortable thing to have about, with resentment if the comfort is withdrawn. But that's not love.

Red's letters were rare and unsatisfactory, it would appear from some notes Dorothy makes on her own. Here is an example (1939?) written on the typewriter from the Hotel Mayfair in St. Louis on Sunday, February 12:

Dear Dorothy:

I, too, have written you many letters which I have never sent. They have, mostly, been protests against your not only permitting yourself to wander through a great fog of self-pity, but even to enjoy this hysteria.

When, in your last letter, you say "I wish I had never set eyes on you, I wish I had never married you, and I wish with all my heart that I could forget you exist," then—even allowing for exaggeration—you really do make it clear why you never write.

You also finally make it obligatory for me never to write to you again, except for the most formal business letters.

I have been making no money at all, but I enclose a check for \$300 for Micky, and I hope to send you, each month, this much or more.

h.

3

There are a good many letters in 1938 and 1939 about financial arrangements, a trust fund for Michael, etc., etc. In 1939 Dorothy was notified through Red's lawyers that he wanted to make over the Twin Farms property, acres and houses and all, to Dorothy; he had already given her the Bronxville house, from the beginning, as her own. The values assigned to these properties may have been rather high, as I believe they were, but the lawyers accepted them: Twin Farms was said to be worth \$150,000 and the Bronxville house \$50,000. There was no other financial settlement made on Dorothy then or later, but only (in the form of a trust fund and later allowances) on Michael.

During these years verging on 1940, while Dorothy was preoccupied in that great world where she held such a place now, Red was so engrossed in the theatre that he hardly noticed anything else. I remember one party of his, in some temporary habitat during the winter of 1939, where nobody other than my wife Dinah

I spoke ordinary English—they were all talking about theatrical productions of this, that, or the other thing unknown to us. Dorothy no longer appeared at Red's parties, or he at hers. At that moment they were living on opposite sides of the Park, a gulf which, to New Yorkers, can never be bridged.

Red had become fascinated with an extremely young actress, Marcella Powers, whose struggles at the outset of a career furnished him with both a novel (*Bethel Merriday*) and a play (*Angela Is Twenty-two*). The play actually had a production and a long road tour. One of Dorothy's many unsent letters to him refers to this phase of their existence, during which he evidently asked her (for the first time) for a divorce. She has dated it in her own writing as 1938, although on internal evidence it looks more like 1939 to me:

Hal:

If you think it's wicked—go ahead and divorce. I won't oppose it. I also won't get it. For God's sake, let's be honest. You left me, I didn't leave you. You want it. I don't. You get it. On any ground your lawyers can fake up. Say I "deserted" you. Make a case for mental cruelty. You can make a case. Go and get it.

What is "incredible" about my not writing? What is "incredible" is that I don't rush into the divorce court and soak *you* for desertion and "mental cruelty." I don't write because I don't know what to say to you. You have made it clear time on end that you dislike me, that you are bored with me, that you are bored with "situations and conditions. And reactions." You don't like my friends. You don't know my friends. You resent my friends. Shall I write you that I think Hamilton Armstrong has done a brilliant piece of journalism in his last book on the Munich conference? Or that Graham Hutton is in America and has a fascinating tale of Britain? Or that Peter Grimm has ideas on the Housing policy? * * * You are happy. Happier, you write, than you have been in years. I congratulate you. I am glad that you are happy. I happen not to be. I am not happy. I am not happy, because I have no home; because I have an ill and difficult child without a father. Because I have loved a man who didn't exist. * * * I do not admire your present incarnation or respect your present attitude toward anything. I did not like "Angela is 22" because I think it is * * * a cheap concession to a cheap institution—the American Broadway Theater. I do not admire the people with whom you surround yourself. * * * I don't write to you because I can't lie to

you. * * * I think you have thrown down the sink the best things that life has ever offered you: the love of friends; of your wife; the pleasure in your sons. Your home. For what? For whisky and art? Where's the art, at long last? Or the whisky? * * *

I shall certainly not pursue you, I am a woman. If you want my friendship you have got to win it. If you care for anything more, you have got to woo it. If you don't—then you, be honest, as you advise me to be—and break this relationship finally and completely. Forget that I exist. Forget that Mickey exists. Wipe him out as a responsibility. Wipe me out as a memory. Be happy! Be free.

I, however, am not free. I can neither wipe out my memories nor, above all, can I forget you, since you live with me, as the chief, perhaps the only tie I have to life, in the re-incarnation of yourself in your son. * * * And he lives now, today, way off from here, in Arizona, and I go into his room and play with his toys, and ache with loneliness and loss. He is dearer to me than my life, and he makes life almost intolerable, and the bond that binds me to his father is "wicked." And I do not write to his father . . . because if I do, I get a pedantic and old-maidish letter full of my faults. My faults are, as a matter of fact, much greater than you dream. There are things in my heart that you do not dream of, things that are compounded of passion and fury and love and hate and pride and disgust and tenderness and contrition things that are wild and fierce . . . and you ask me to write you conventional letters because you are in "exile." From what? From whom?

Give me Vermont. I want to watch the lilac hedge grow tall and the elm trees form, and the roses on the gray wall thicken, and the yellow apples hang on the young trees, and the sumac redden on the hills, and friends come, and your two children feel at home. Who knows? Maybe some time you might come home yourself. You might go a long way and do worse. As a matter of fact and prophesy—you will.

d.

4

Dorothy's career now entered a phase which deserves the word climacteric, because the world itself had moved in her direction. That is, the events she had prophesied, and against which she had incessantly warned the American people, were now taking place, and the people were more

inclined to listen to Dorothy than ever before. In this period, 1940-41, I doubt if any kind of private life would have been possible for her. Even if she and Red had not been already estranged, her intense involvement in public affairs, both national and international, would have made any other arrangement impossible. Red had other interests and other attachments. When this period of high tension was over Dorothy had lost her place in the *Herald Tribune*, America had entered the war and (only three weeks later) her divorce from Red Lewis was granted. These events, coming within a few months of each other, terminate our story.

Dorothy's historic mission was, principally, the call to arms, if we may so name it—the awakening of America, in which she had many fellow-workers but was in many ways the voice most heeded. Among other things, it involved the third Presidential term (and finally the fourth) for Franklin Roosevelt, although she never expected to find herself supporting any such cause.

My wife Dinah and I dined with Dorothy in Paris on the night of May 9, 1940, at the American Embassy. Afterwards, back in her sitting room at the Meurice Hotel, we sat late with her principal secretary (Madeleine Clark), Air Vice-Marshal Barratt, commanding the RAF in France, and Robert Murphy, then counselor of the American Embassy, talking of the war, which seemed suspended in agonizing uncertainty. On the following morning we all woke up to find that Hitler's armies had invaded the Low Countries in crushing force.

Dorothy's activity in Europe was ending anyhow, and a few days later we saw her off on the train to Genoa, where she sailed on the *Rex*. She was (like everybody else) in a state of alarm and premonition, especially since our own country, averse to war at almost any season, was now about to embark on the paralyzing enterprise of a Presidential election.

Dorothy had made up her mind, sometime after leaving Paris, that only Wendell Willkie could keep the Republican party from a neutralist or isolationist policy in the time now at hand. Others caught on and the idea grew, but until Dorothy started writing columns about him I doubt if he had been seriously considered as a public figure. Mrs. Reid has told me of an evening in Philadelphia, during the 1940 Republican convention, when Dorothy pounded the table so that the glasses and dishware clattered, declaiming with vehemence: "If the politicians won't nominate Wendell, believe me, Helen, we can elect him ourselves! I'll go into the street and

get the people to elect him!" He was nominated and the campaign began.

During this campaign, Dorothy told me, she grew more and more unsure that Wendell could take over quickly enough to make a difference in the unfolding of history. She never had liked the idea of a third term—it was always an unsympathetic notion to Americans—but she came to fear the uneasy, faltering footsteps of a totally new Administration on what had become, essentially, the battlefield of the world.

Along with this there came, during the summer, a rather unwilling admiration for President Roosevelt. Dorothy had never greatly admired the President up to this point and she had often criticized and opposed him in print. Now she felt a calm assurance in him (everybody who knew him felt it) which was in itself a shield against despondency and suggested, at least for the present ominous circumstances, both courage and wisdom.

Thus in October, a month before the elections, I came home from Europe and found her more downright gloomy (and less talkative!) than I had ever known her. In a few days she presented the *Herald Tribune* with two columns in which she declared that in view of the national emergency she wanted to move her support from Willkie to Roosevelt, and gave her reasons.

The *Herald Tribune*, the leading Republican newspaper of the country, was in a most embarrassing quandary and for the moment refused to publish these two columns. Dorothy thereupon invoked her contract, in which her right to untrammelled expression of opinion had been embedded. Rather than make the uproar worse by litigation, the *Herald Tribune* printed these two columns and all the rest that she wrote from then until April 30, 1941, when her contract expired. It was not renewed.

Republicans in general, especially Dorothy's friends, were aghast at what seemed to them an outright betrayal. Dorothy had been so vehement in support of Wendell Willkie that it seemed incomprehensible now to find her on the other side. Willkie himself, although it must have been a shock to him, met her soon after the elections at a *Herald Tribune* gathering and said to her: "Dorothy, even if you don't want me to be President I still want you to be my friend." That was characteristic of him.

The change in Dorothy's political complexion soon became evident in many ways. She entered upon something like a friendship with the President; in the next few years she saw him more often, he telephoned her frequently, and she was

to be a tower of strength to him (in one particular speech above all) in the campaign again four years later.

Among the Roosevelt letters in the papers at Syracuse are a number from the President, the most important of which we quoted at the end of the last chapter; there are several from his wife, asking Dorothy to lunch or dinner, or to stay at the White House; and there is even one from his mother, the redoubtable Mrs. James Roosevelt, who was not given to such expressions of approval. (My guess is that the President asked her to write it.) It does show, more perhaps than any other, what an effect Dorothy's change from Willkie to Roosevelt had on those concerned. It reads:

Hyde Park
On the Hudson, N. Y.

My dear Miss Thompson.

I have always enjoyed reading your letters in the Tribune, so I allow myself the pleasure of telling you how happy I have been over the *brave* spirit you have shown in the last two I have read. I am the Mother of the president so you will perhaps like to know how happy you have made me.

Believe me
Sincerely yours
Sara Delano Roosevelt.

This was written in the large, decisive script of the authoritative old lady who had dominated her entire family for so long.

Things had changed, yes—a great deal since that day, only two years before, when I had had my first private talk with Mr. Roosevelt. At that time (March 1938) he said to me, with good humor but fully meaning it: "Don't quote Dorothy to me. She's the oracle of Wall Street."

5

Pearl Harbor brought us into the war in December 1941, seven months after Dorothy's departure from the *Herald Tribune*. Her column was now appearing in the *New York Post* and in numerous newspapers (not always the same as before) throughout the country. She wrote to the President that she had "taken no financial loss" in her spectacular switch to him. This remained true for a while, but gradually her number of newspapers declined. That, however, was for the future.

At this moment, Dorothy's mind was on the war and not upon her divorce, which was about to be made final. Her diary of 1942 shows how little she thought of the divorce at last, when it came. Only one entry, which I quote, dwells on it, and even it ends on a resigned note. The other pages are filled with public figures, politics, and the war.

Friday 2 January

2nd Day	363 Days to come
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It was on July 8, 1927, and I had been granted a divorce in Hungary the day before, and I thought I had never seen anyone as unhappy as I except he, with a face like one who has gone through war & "flammenwerfer," and a tongue so cynical & brilliant and he said "I have been looking for you for years. Will you marry me?" And I thought "I have been looking for you, too." Then always those years of intense pleasure & blackest pain. Still the crazy conviction that he loved me & it would all add up to something. But it was so quickly over for him, or maybe never began. On that first day he said "I will buy us a house in Vermont, this shape and looking down a valley. And he did. And insofar as we were ever happy we were happy there. Now, to sit in the Woodstock Courthouse, charging desertion . . . and to feel nothing at all, literally nothing except some faint distaste. To have felt too much is to end in feeling nothing. Four years of loneliness & agony & work, all anodynes. The last terrible remembering in London last spring. But now it is the ratification of something that has been over & done with & not even Michael, any more, reminds me of him. "Far & forgotten like a scene in cameo."

Thus ends the story of Dorothy and Red. January 2, the day of the divorce, mattered little to Dorothy. To Red it quite possibly mattered still less, since he was in Beverly Hills and preparing to write a new play, *THE* play he called it.

They had traveled far from that birthday in Berlin. As we followed their journey we must all have wondered, sometimes, how much was life and how much literature—how much illusion the habit of word-spinning had cast upon them. We shall never be sure, and indeed it is the property of such lives to leave us bemused by a plurality of meanings. If they had not been thus they might have been otherwise, but they would not have been Dorothy and Red.

EPILOGUE

After the last events described in this book, Sinclair Lewis lived for nine more years and Dorothy for nineteen. His death took place in Rome on May 10, 1951, and hers in Lisbon on January 30, 1961.

The final years were kinder to her than to him. She attained a tranquil happiness in her marriage to the Czechoslovak painter, Maxim Kopf, of whom she used to say, "He's the man I ought to have married in the first place." His gentle, devoted nature, at variance with his robustious appearance and manner, was accompanied by a genuine plastic talent and a profound sense of form, so that his work both in painting and in sculpture seemed to be edging toward greatness. It did not, in fact, reach that point, but it was at all times his own, the work of a sincere artist. When he died in 1958 Dorothy was inconsolable, gave up journalism and lectures, and went through the series of heart attacks which ended with her death three years later.

Those years at Twin Farms after the war were memorable for work and pleasure, for many guests and much good talk as well as the beauty of the seasons and the sheer joy of the Vermont hills. I moved again into the old house (the smaller of the two) in 1946 and remained there, at least from May to October, for eight years, first as a tenant and then as temporary owner. Later on Dorothy sold the Big House, divided the property at the private road between the two houses, and herself resumed living in the old house where her Twin Farms life had begun long before.

Wells Lewis, whom she always loved as a son, was killed in France during the last year of the war. Michael, growing up, studied acting at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, married, and produced two sons, John-Paul and Gregory, who were the great delight of Dorothy's age. It was to see them that she went to Lisbon for Christmas, 1960, and remained to die.

Red in his last decade moved from one place to another, bought big houses and sold them again, but never, so far as I know, at a loss. In 1947 he wrote me a letter asking me to come up to Thorvale Farm, near Williamstown, Massachusetts, for as long as I chose to stay. In this letter (which, like everything else of the kind I ever had, I have lost) he recalled our earliest days at Twin Farms, with all of us working, taking long walks, and drinking little or no

alcohol. "Let's do it all over again," he said, or words to that effect. I had to reply that I was on my way to Twin Farms for the summer and, of course, he did not renew this invitation. Although I was conscious through those summers that he was not far away, and although we always drove through Williamstown on our way to and from New York, I did not go to see him. The idea of being a liaison officer between Twin Farms and Thorvale never appealed to me in the least, and on the one occasion when I performed that office it was for a concrete purpose.

I saw Red now and then, but always in New York. For some of these years he was drinking no alcohol at all, which was admirable enough, but he had a propensity for asking his friends to share his virtue. This made a dinner at his penthouse on Central Park West rather bleak at times: one could quite equably have done without the alcohol if this abstinence had not been salted down with temperance lectures.

One evening in 1946 Dorothy and Maxim were dining with Dinah and me in New York. We had been asked to go to John Gunther's for an evening party afterwards. It never crossed my mind that Dorothy had not also been invited, but she said she had not been, and that it probably was sheer forgetfulness on John's part. Why didn't I telephone John and inquire? I did so. John replied that he would be delighted to have Dorothy and Maxim, but that Red and Marcella were coming, and he had thought it more tactful, etc., etc. Dorothy said: "Nonsense! I don't mind meeting Red." We went.

So far as I know it was the only meeting they had after their divorce. Dorothy and Red sat rather primly on one sofa and Marcella Powers and Maxim on another some distance away; they made polite conversation. I was so embarrassed that I took refuge in another room.

Michael was to all intents and purposes a stranger to his father. He had paid one rather unsuccessful visit to Duluth when he was a child, and Red had gone to see him act in the theatre school at Peterborough one year. One summer (1949) Dorothy was very worried about Michael's future, his relationship to his father, and Red's refusal to answer letters or make any arrangements for the boy. And Red had just recovered from a really serious bout of pneumonia, as friends told us.

Without consulting Dorothy or Michael, I tele-



Dorothy Thompson and Vincent Sheean—a friendship that endured for thirty-four years.

phoned Red one morning at Thorvale and asked if I could come down there with Mike to see him. Red was cordial indeed: "Any time," he said, "and I'd be delighted. Why don't you drive down today?" I said the next day would be better and he said he would expect us in the late afternoon.

Michael had to drive my car, since my leg (from a broken kneecap) was in a plaster cast. We got to Thorvale before five o'clock and Red was at first nervous, irritable, and offensive to Mike. (He had been drinking.) He warmed up afterwards; various people came to dinner, including a professor of Italian literature who had been reading Dante with Red; and before we went to bed that night Red had hauled out his theatrical scrapbooks and was showing them to his actor son.

"Remember this, Michael," he said. "Your father may not have been much of a writer but he was one hell of a good actor."

This was the beginning of a reconciliation which, however imperfect, was better than nothing. Red made an allowance for Michael and drew a new will in which the boy came in for half of his estate, the rest going to friends. Michael

went from London (where he was still at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art) to see his father in Italy that next winter and again in the last winter of Red's life.

Dinah and I went out to Idlewild to see Dorothy off to Lisbon for Christmas 1960. Michael was there, having driven her out from Pennsylvania Station. She looked harassed, distracted, and the signs of great illness were upon her. At the very last moment, when her flight was called and she dived nervously into the appropriate doorway, I had the sudden feeling that she really did not know one of us from the other, Dinah and Michael and me. There was an irresistible sense of farewell.

In the following May, according to her wishes, her body was taken to Barnard, Vermont, and buried in the village graveyard beside that of Maxim. It was a cold, wet day, not actually raining at the time of the service, but muddy and still. I had gone up to stay the day at Hilda Rothschild's house—Hilda, friend and solace of Dorothy's last years. There were the family, a few other friends, and a good many neighbors. To me, it was like saying good-by to a lifetime.

NOV 2 1963
November 1963 Sixty Cents

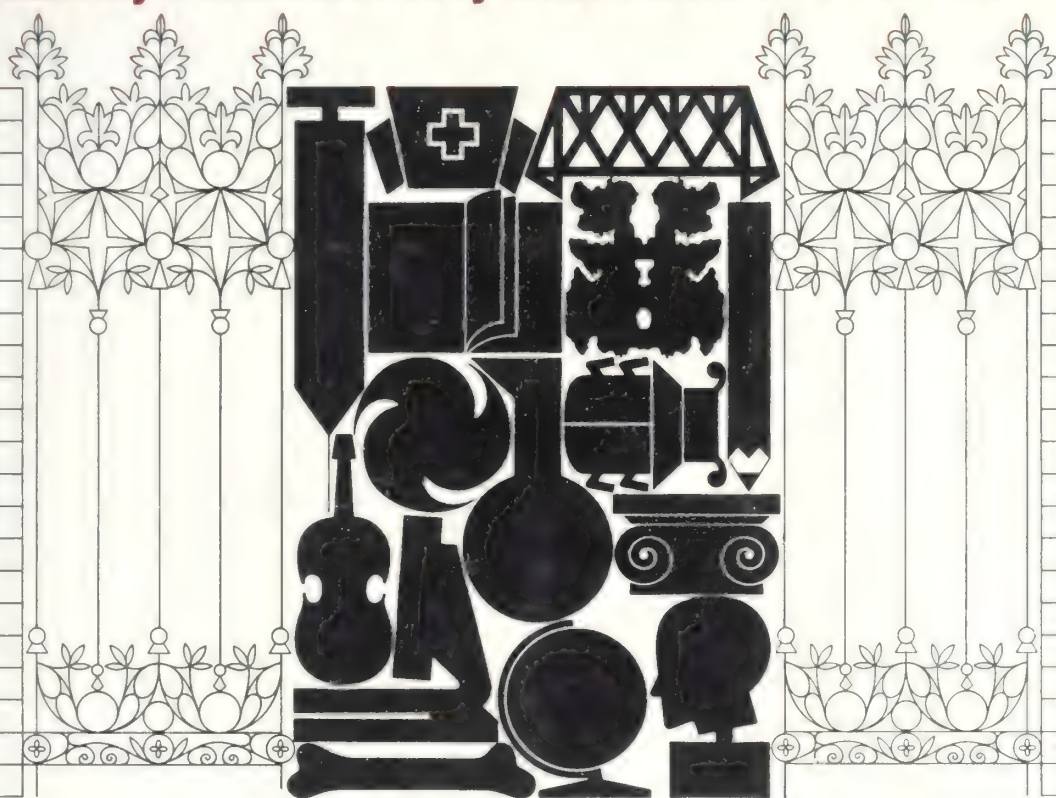
Harper's

magazine



THE MULTIVERSITY

MARK KERR, PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



KINDNESS KILLING THE ARTS? BY RUSSELL LYNES
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Cover by Charles Goslin

8 ways the New York Stock Exchange helps people learn about stock



before investing a



When you invest it's wise to remember there's one thing as important as money—knowledge.

Knowledge of how to buy stock, or sell. What to look for and what to look out for. What stocks and bonds may do for you and what they won't.

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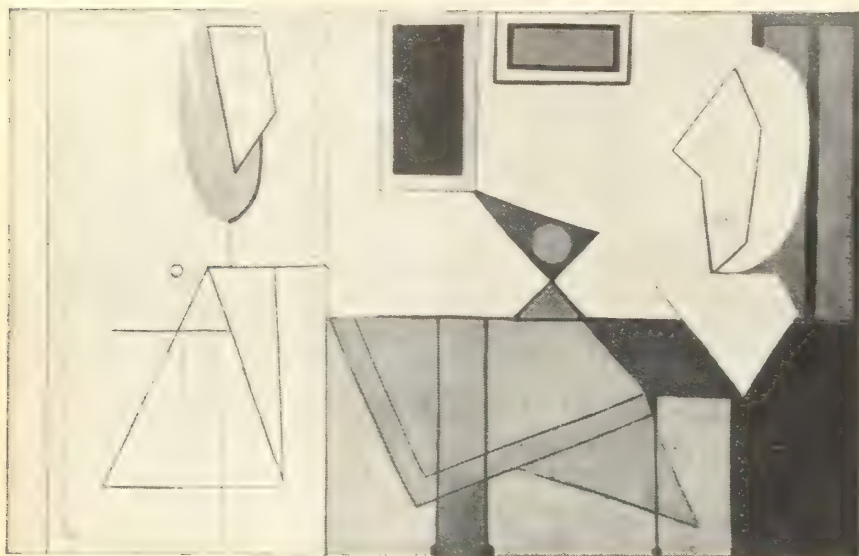
Educational advertising: Exchange advertising serves investors by describing the right and wrong ways to invest, the cautions to observe, what services the Exchange provides and how it functions.

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TO THE UNDISCERNING EYE the paintings—one by Picasso, the other Vermeer—appear to be as unrelated as two works of art could be. To the knowing eye, however, there are striking similarities between them, quite as obvious as their differences. In fact, the Picasso work, to quote from one of the portfolios in the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, "is such a close parallel to the Vermeer that it might almost have been painted to demonstrate how the Vermeer could be translated in abstract terms."

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A BRIEF SYLLABUS . . . indicating

WHAT IS A PAINTING? General principles of art. Why artists choose to paint as they do.

REALISM: The Painter and the World Around Us • Visual, emotional, intellectual elements.

EXPRESSIONISM: The Painter and the World He Creates • The modern "expressionist movement." Why certain painters departed from realism.

ABSTRACTION: The Painter and the World We Never See • How to understand the extremes of modernism.

COMPOSITION: Pictures • Patterns • Functions of composition: decorative, structural.

COMPOSITION: Pictures • Structures • How perspective "opens up" space in three-dimensional relationships.

These two paintings?

measurably to your enjoyment; indeed, to be able to view paintings with understanding can be one of life's most rewarding experiences. Yet it is surprising how many cultivated persons have cut themselves off from this rare form of pleasure. Visiting a museum, they see nothing beyond what the paintings are "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

Anyone who suffers from this sort of bafflement probably has never had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or to attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It is to remedy this situation that The Metropolitan Museum of Art developed its unusual program of assisted self-education in art.

More than 200,000 families throughout the country have now subscribed to this remarkable program. The opportunity suggested hereby is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the course and particularly its unique method of learning by comparison.



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LETTERS

Are Speeders Safer?

Publishing “The Case for Fast Drivers” by Robert L. Schwartz [September] was a mistake. . . . An article which helps to block needed public action on highway accidents may result in thousands of unnecessary deaths and injuries. . . . Some years ago when there appeared to be a risk of federal legislation to stop the “speed and horsepower race,” the auto industry set up a self-policing system. Henceforth, so it was announced, the industry would not sponsor automobile racing and it would de-emphasize speed and horsepower in its ads. However this year the Ford executives (who had hitherto been leaders in industry safety efforts) chose to break the industry-wide agreement. . . . A number of the industry “safety experts” who had been talking for years about the sins of “crazy drivers and speeders” suddenly changed their tune to “Speed—it’s wonderful.” The industry apologists (and Schwartz) have used the so-called “facts” that appear in the Fast Drivers article to argue that things are just fine. . . . To do so they have had to ignore the simple fact that *last year there were more deaths on our highways than ever before in our history.* . . .

My article on “Highway Risks at Extreme Speeds” (which appeared in January 1963 in *Public Health Reports*) . . . demonstrates that speed is a major factor (though not the only factor) in crash injuries, and particularly in fatalities. . . .

DR. IRWIN BROSS
Director of Biostatistics
Roswell Park Memorial Institute
for Cancer Research
Buffalo, N. Y.

In spite of a faultless accident record, I can’t seem to avoid speeding tickets—usually the “40 in a 25-mile zone” variety. From now on, however, I intend to read Mr. Schwartz’s article into every trial record, whenever that trial concerns me and alleged speeding. Twenty-seven cheers for Robert L. Schwartz. That, incidentally, is one cheer per ticket.

PETE KUEHL
Redwood City, Calif.

If publication of “The Case for Fast Drivers” is an example of the way to save lives, may Allah help us. . . . Schwartz makes much of the fact that most traffic deaths in the U.S. occur at speeds below 40 mph. But . . . [he] ignores the fact that perhaps more than half of the total mileage driven in the U.S. is in urban areas, on crowded trafficways . . . where it is impossible to drive more than 30 or 40 mph. . . . Almost half of the deaths occurring in these urban areas involve pedestrians and cannot possibly be considered in any thesis on speed. . . . In these heavy exposure areas the collision rate in ratio to mileage driven is three or four times as high as the collision rate on open highways. Now in spite of this . . . the death rate (not counting pedestrians) is only a small fraction of the death rate on the open highways where the fast driving takes place. . . . The vehicles involved in these urban collisions are traveling at relatively slow speeds and there is not enough impact to kill. Injuries, yes. Deaths, no. . . .

MENNO DUERKSEN, Safety Ed.
Memphis Press-Scimitar
Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Schwartz’s article was welcomed here by those who have been fighting a rearguard action against “safety” forces who would junk Oregon’s Basic Rule speed laws in favor of fixed speed limits. . . . [According to] Oregon’s unique Basic Rule law, highways are posted for speeds, but . . . a driver may successfully defend himself against a charge of exceeding such speeds if he can show that he was driving at a speed no greater “than is reasonable and prudent.”

MALCOLM BAUER, Assoc. Ed.
The Oregonian
Portland, Ore.

D. C. Face-lifting

I do not at all share Wolf Von Eckardt’s enthusiasm [in “Washington’s Chance for Splendor,” September] about a Presidential phone call to National Park Service Director Wirth that resulted in the installation of “elegant new trashcans” at the Washington Monument. What

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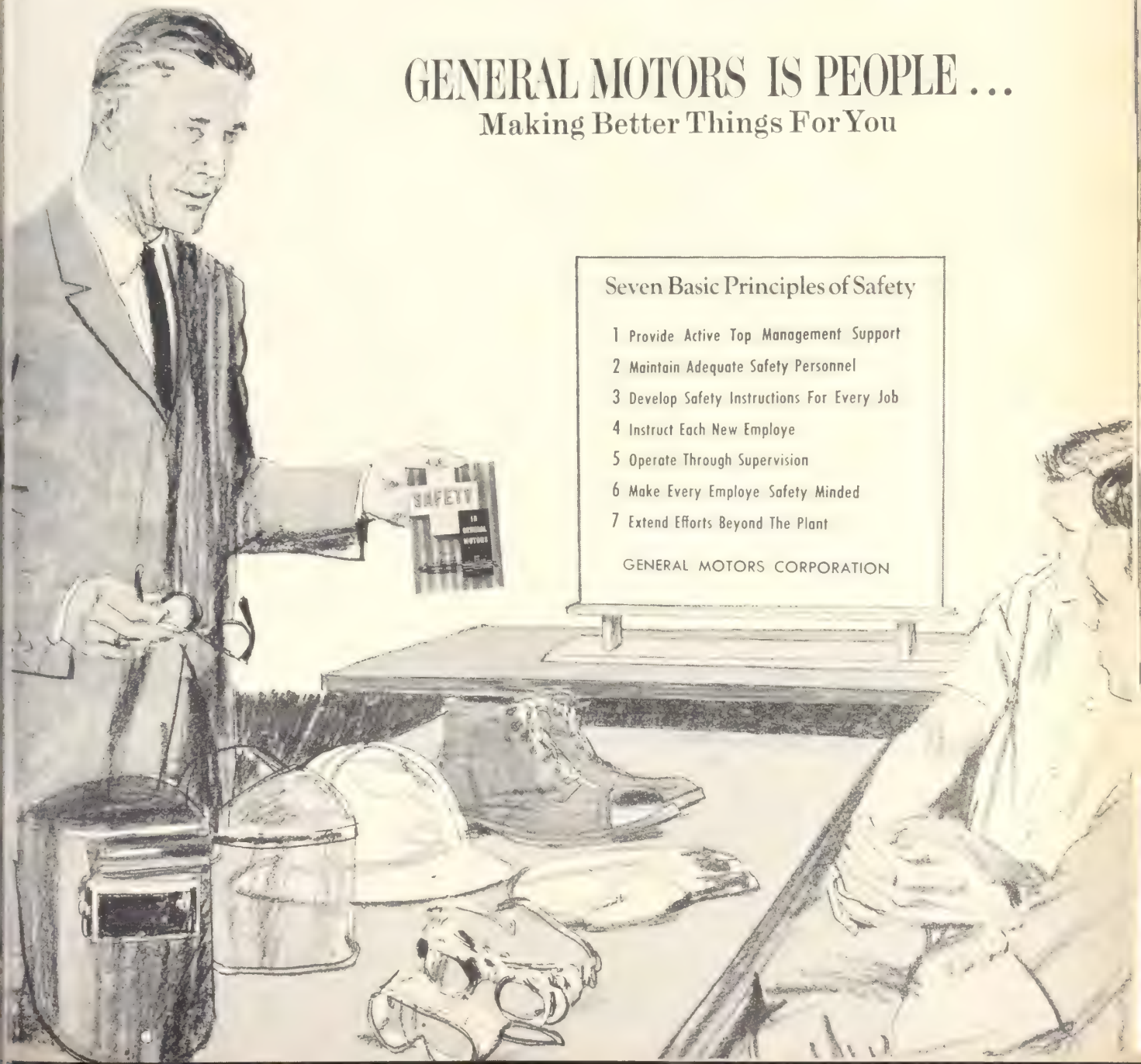
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W. H. R. H. H. H.

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LETTERS

is wrong with wire wastepaper baskets? Why the underbudgeted, underpaid National Park Service? How much did this item set back some urgently needed reforestation program or trail building in Yosemite, Bryce, or Glacier? . . .

H. FRANKEL
Astoria, N. Y.

Inscrutable Americans

Please let me congratulate Donald Lloyd on an interesting and provocative description of "The Quietmouth American" [September]. . . . Talleyrand once observed that man had been given language to conceal his thoughts; but Kierkegaard remarked that man had been given language to conceal the fact that he had no thoughts. . . . A "quietmouth" must obviously have nothing in or on his mind. . . .

JOHN B. NEWMAN
Assoc. Prof., Queens College
Flushing, N. Y.

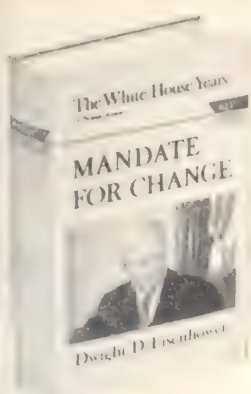
The Corporate Conscience

Bernard D. Nossiter does us a service [in "The Troubled Conscience of American Business," September] by defining a problem of deep concern for the thoughtful businessmen *who manage the top 500 companies in America*. . . . The directors of these large corporations recognized the need for subdividing their vast empires and have proceeded with aggressive programs of decentralization. The large corporation of today is a holding company of many diverse "little" companies. Let's make the little companies truly little companies . . . competing aggressively with each other. . . . Until and unless our big businessmen become philosopher kings we will need an effective system of checks and balances which at present does not exist. A diffusion of power into many competing units provides this check.

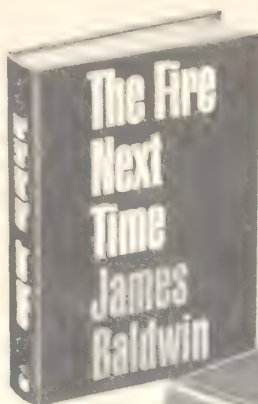
C. GADZINSKI, Pres.
Reliability Dynamics Institute Inc.
West Acton, Mass.

Mr. Nossiter stands almost alone in asking for the scalp of someone higher in the ranks at General Electric. This sturdy enterprise has maintained the respect of its customers through the Philadelphia scandal and its employees continue to

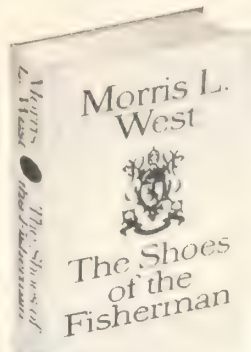
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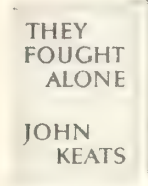
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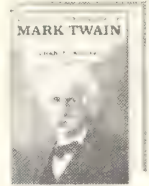
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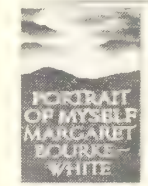
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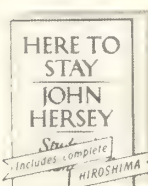
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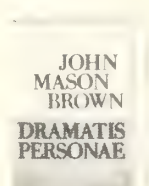
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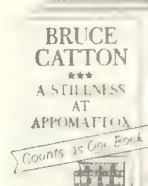
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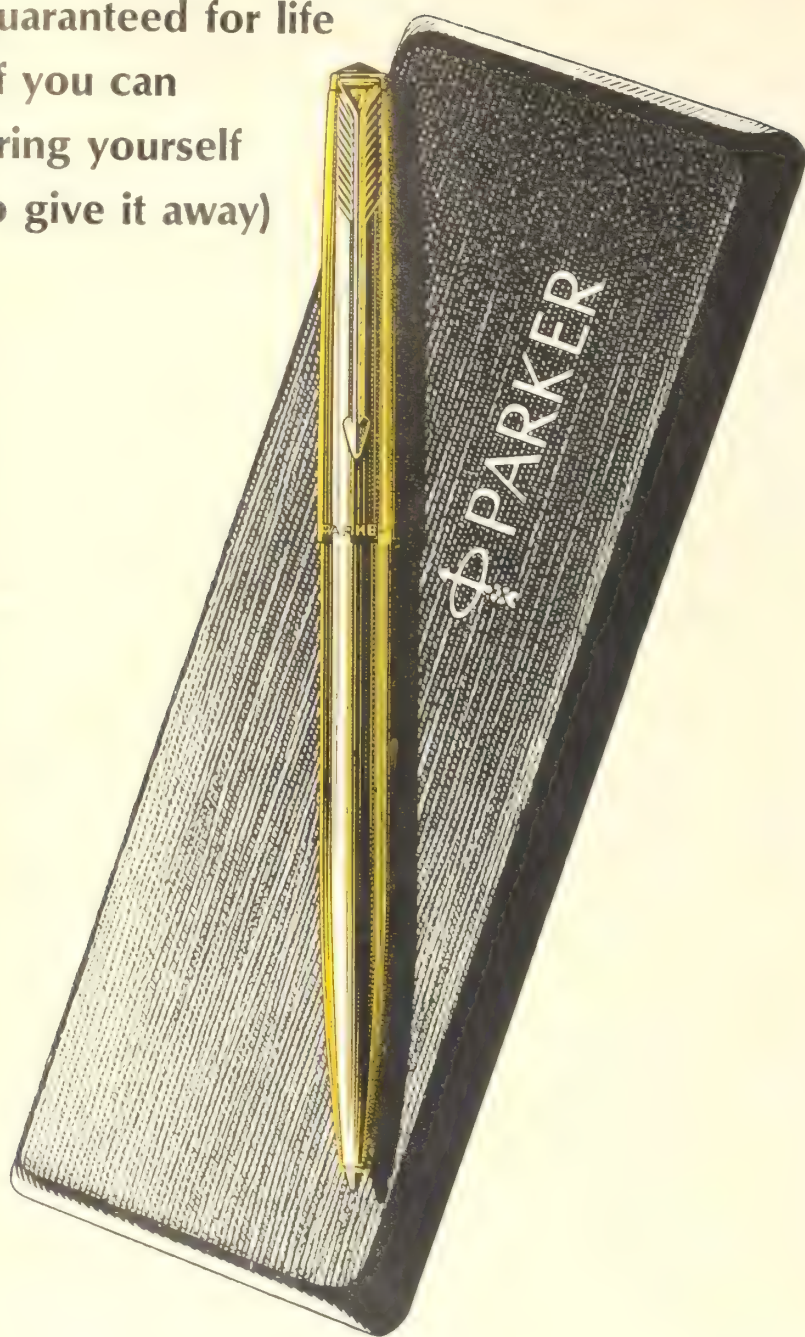
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LETTERS

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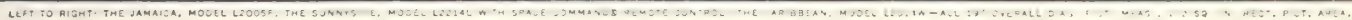
RICHARD M. WALL
Silicon Products Dept.
General Electric Co.
Dallas, Tex.

Authors and Their Income

The statement in the September Editor's Easy Chair ["Helping Hand for a Literary Upstart," by John Fischer] that Shakespeare earned a fortune as a writer exemplifies the prevailing ignorance of the most elementary facts. . . . There is no evidence that Shakespeare ever earned a farthing from his writing; among all the records of payments to playwrights there is not one of a payment to Shakespeare. Apparently he had little interest in an income from his plays. He never sought to publish any and when others found it profitable to do so and pirated them he made no effort to protect his rights in them. . . .

Undoubtedly Shakespeare . . . had a lot of money when he returned to Stratford in 1598. . . . But it did not come from writing plays. Even if he had sold every play he wrote, the proceeds would barely have kept him alive while he was writing them. (The usual price for a new play was £6. . . .) They would by no means have accounted for his heavy investments in Stratford, beginning with the purchase of New Place in 1598. The tithes of three villages he bought in 1604 alone cost him £440, the equivalent of over \$20,000 today. Writers did not begin to make that kind of money in Shakespeare's time. Where did he get so much? Was it true, as his first biographer recorded in 1709, that the Earl of Southampton paid him £1,000 (\$50,000 at today's values), and if so, why? Do not

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LETTERS

the peculiarities of the case appear to warrant rather more thoughtful consideration than they generally receive?

CHARLTON OGBURN, J.
Oakton, Va.

Vital and well-done magazine non-fiction . . . has to me never seemed a poor retarded child in the family of letters. . . . Mr. Fischer's tribute to the "helping hand" [of foundations] now so wisely boosting should do much to hasten a wider recognition of it as an important branch of a noble and creative art.

JOHN H. MARIO
Nashville, Tenn.

If the U. S. is not producing literary masterpieces by the cord, I believe that what may be partly responsible is the continuing trend on the part of magazines to cut back on fiction and to make more pages available to articles. The creative writer may or may not be less hungry these days, but grants notwithstanding, he has been robbed of space. . .

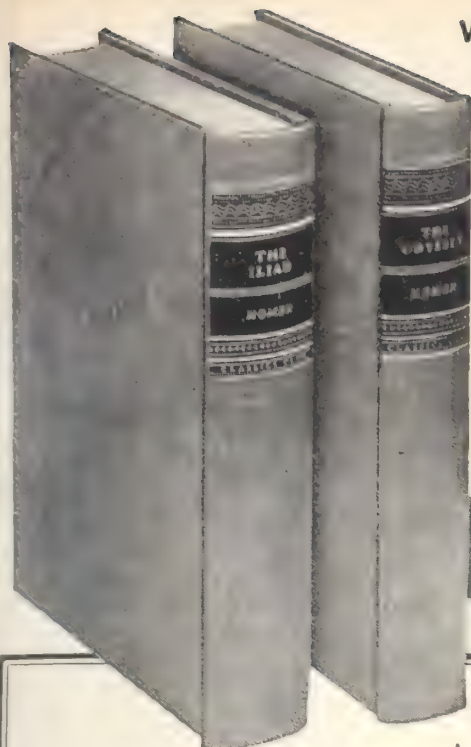
MIRIAM CHAIKIN
New York, N. Y.

Endangered Rights

Representative John V. Lindsay's account [in "A Special Duty for Republicans," September] about his vigilance to protect individual rights in the U. S. deserves hearty congratulations. It omits mention, however, of one new tyranny—urban renewal—which was probably conceived of in the name of liberal reform but which has already blossomed into a brand of fascism that George Orwell envisioned. In Baltimore . . . local law now allows urban-renewal inspectors to enter any private house or other building in a designated renewal area—without search warrants. . . . Such inspectors . . . may, and do, force homeowners to go into debt by FHA loan or otherwise to make whimsically ordered repairs, which may change or accumulate from inspection to inspection. The homeowner is guilty until he proves himself innocent. He may be fined up to \$100 per day per alleged violation—and then go into debt. Or he may sell out (at a loss, since violation lists hang over his house). It is literally a crime to be poor under this scheme. . . .

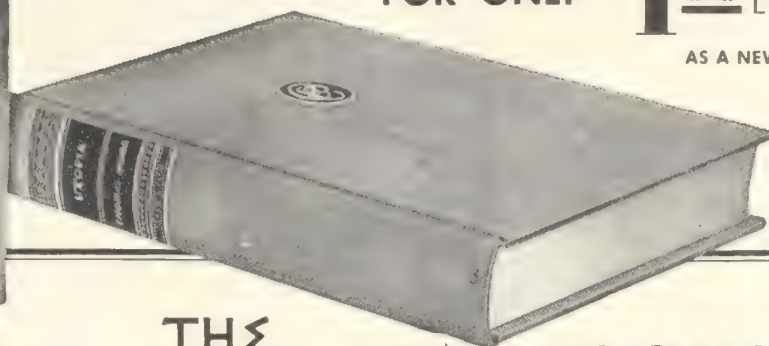
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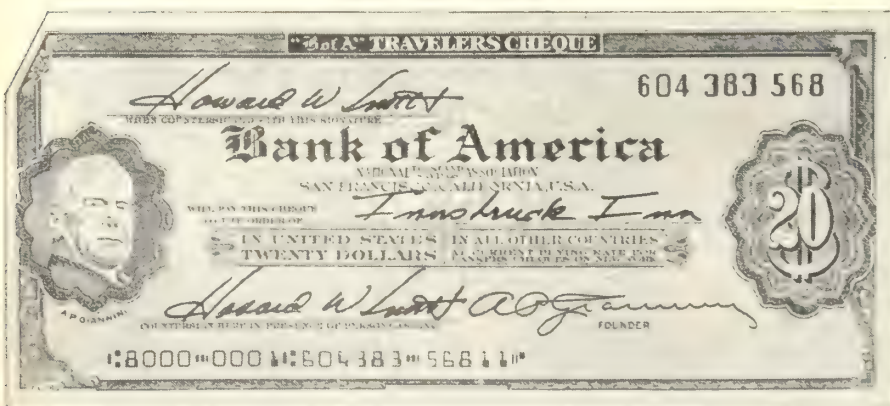
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LETTERS

prevention, and manicured housing in the world is worth allowing the police power now exercised by urban-renewal agencies to continue and expand. . . .

JOHN GOODSPEED
Baltimore, Md.

Explosive Nuclear Program

The article "Whatever Happened to the Peaceful Atom?" [David E. Lilienthal, October] leads to the conclusion that the vastly expensive nuclear power program should be ruthlessly cut back. The article is virtually identical to the lecture which Mr. Lilienthal delivered at Princeton last winter. Subsequently he was invited to testify before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy on the same subject at the Atomic Energy hearings held last April. As a result one is enabled to examine his reasoning on several key points to a much greater depth than is possible from study of his article.

(1) *Necessity for nuclear power.* Lilienthal's "doubt" that there is a national interest that justifies continuing expenditures of government money for civilian atomic development is apparently based upon his disbelief of present estimates of our fossil-fuel resources. Estimates of power consumption and fossil fuel reserves by the National Academy of Sciences and the Department of Interior predict that we would exhaust our readily available low-cost fossil fuels in 75 to 100 years and our total supplies in 150 to 200 years. Without nuclear power we thus anticipate the consumption within a few centuries of all our natural fossil-fuel resources. I am not impressed by Mr. Lilienthal's statement in his Congressional testimony that our resources are "larger than indicate[d]"—I can't prove that, but I think that is true."

(2) *Cost.* The annual expenditure for the development of civilian nuclear power is about \$200 million and has resulted in a growing technology which is now competitive in some areas. The total outlay to date would be approximately equivalent to the annual savings in the nation's power bill if, as is possible, nuclear power were to reduce the cost of electricity by only one mill per kilowatt-hour. Lilienthal also expressed great concern over the technical manpower devoted to this program, which in real-

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Navy firefighter

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LETTERS

ity employs less than 2 per cent of the country's technical force.

(3) *Safety.* "Nuclear power is potentially dangerous." So are automobiles; so is smog; so is mining; and so are conventional power plants. Nuclear power does present different potential hazards to society but the emphasis on safety in nuclear facilities has been so rewarding that we know how to build and operate nuclear power plants in such a manner that even the potential hazards are safely restricted. At no time has Mr. Lilienthal presented any technical basis for his contention that nuclear power production need be a risky business and that conventional power production is not; in fact in his Congressional testimony he disclaimed any detailed knowledge of safety assessment.

(4) *Private industry.* Mr. Lilienthal's faith in private industry as a potential developer of atomic power is well founded. But the power industry is not in a position to undertake vast research and development expenditures at a time when the prospects of profitable return are so speculative; nor is preservation of natural resources the primary responsibility of private industry. The government is indeed acting in the national interest by assuring a supply of relatively inexpensive power at an earlier time than would otherwise occur and by so doing will also curtail the depletion of the irreplaceable fossil fuels.

Mr. Lilienthal testified in April that he was speaking "from the standpoint of the layman," i.e., not from a position of authority. He further testified—contrary to his present position—that he had "no explicit answer" to the question as to where government sponsorship of atomic power should be curtailed, that the government should "not forsake" its program of reactor development, and that he was only raising the question as to "whether one should continue putting federal funds in that area. . . ." Now he says that the nuclear power program should be cut back. However, the recent article introduces no new information to support this change in attitude. . . .

WM. B. COTRELL

Editor, *Nuclear Safety*
Dir., Nuclear Safety Inf. Center
Oak Ridge National Laboratory
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

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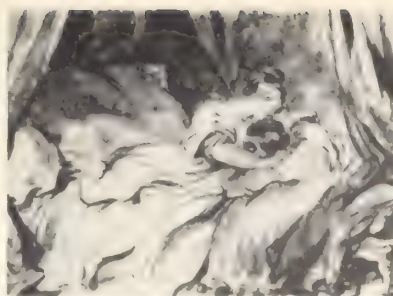
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Left: This 1925 oil-on-canvas by Pablo Picasso is from the collection of Suzanne Maier. It is most notably different from the 1941 Picasso in the Winston collection. In the 1941 canvas belonging to Albert Lasker that one finds it difficult to realize that all three were painted by the same artist. Center: *Le Rêve* by Fragonard. Right: the great artists of the 18th century got into their drawings. From the Davray collection. Right: A group of ancient Greek, Etruscan and Roman bronzes, silver and pottery from the Walter C. Baker collection. The Baker collection also includes a curious self-portrait of the young Edgar Degas which hints at the high style of draftsmanship that the artist later developed. Nearly 100 artists are represented in these 26 private collections.

the great artists of the 18th century got into their drawings. From the Davray collection. Right: A group of ancient Greek, Etruscan and Roman bronzes, silver and pottery from the Walter C. Baker collection. The Baker collection also includes a curious self-portrait of the young Edgar Degas which hints at the high style of draftsmanship that the artist later developed. Nearly 100 artists are represented in these 26 private collections.

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The Atlantic Future: Europe's Choice

by Senator Frank Church

Frank Church, the guest in the Easy Chair this month, has been U. S. Senator from Idaho since 1957 and is a member of the Foreign Relations Committee. He was keynoter of the Democratic National Convention in 1960, and a Military Intelligence officer in World War II.

If the partial test-ban treaty is the first crack in the glacier we call the Cold War, it should serve to remind us of how massive and prolonged a thaw is yet required before the danger of nuclear disaster finally melts away. In the years immediately ahead, the treaty in no sense diminishes the importance of our defensive alliances, chief among which is NATO.

Yet NATO is now drifting into a deepening crisis that our European allies seem either unwilling or unable to counteract. Everyone agrees, on both sides of the Atlantic, as to the fact that a crisis exists. Paradoxically, it is the very success of NATO in accomplishing its original objectives which has led to the present impasse.

NATO was originally established to prevent Western Europe, the heartland of our common civilization, from falling under Russian rule. For over fourteen years, NATO's shield has included large numbers of American troops, whose presence in Europe has been proof of the American commitment to invoke her nuclear power, as NATO's sword, in the event of a communist attack. American arms of both conventional and nuclear character were required to make NATO work, that is, to keep the Russians at bay while the countries of Western Europe, battered

and broken in the aftermath of the war, were regaining their health and strength.

I do not believe that either the American people or the Senate of the United States, which ratified the treaty establishing NATO, regarded our entry as an arrangement for stationing American forces permanently in Europe. Firemen are welcomed into a household threatened by fire, but they are not expected to remain inside indefinitely as residents. So it ought not to be surprising—in view of the remarkable recovery in Western Europe which has since occurred—that some Europeans should begin to ask, "How much longer are the Americans to stay?" or that some Americans should begin to inquire, "How much longer will we be welcome?"

We have come to the end of the era for which NATO was created. The circumstances have changed. We must remold the alliance to fit present conditions, or the crisis within it will grow. NATO cannot remain static and stay relevant; it must be transformed or abandoned; it will adapt to the new era as a useful instrument to serve the objectives we hold in common with our allies, or it will come apart from the stress of mounting internal pressures. So we must clearly identify those changes in circumstances which have rendered NATO, as originally conceived, obsolete.

To begin with, there has been a change in the relative strength, and hence in the credibility, of the American nuclear deterrent. This change has taken place in three phases. In the first phase, only the United States possessed massive strike ca-

pability with nuclear weapons. The Soviet Union could oppose us with conventional land power alone. Our deterrent was believable, and therefore effective, so long as the Soviets in fact understood that it would be used to prevent, or to punish intolerably, a march by them on the West. In the second phase, the Soviets, too, possessed weapons of mass destruction. But the ones which could reach and damage the American continent were few in number, and vulnerable to neutralization by the enormously superior and diversified nuclear weapons system which we had by then developed. While the risks to the United States had been greatly increased, there was room to suppose that we could, if necessary, obliterate Soviet power without suffering mortal damage in return. Now in the third and present phase, this assumption can no longer be made. Each nuclear giant possesses weapons sufficient in number, in diversification, in concealment, or in invulnerability, to ensure that it could withstand a first strike by its adversary and thereafter inflict nearly total destruction upon him.

The consequence of this third phase is that Europeans must ask themselves—for the first time—if it is really believable that the American nation would suffer immolation in their defense. And the question is not whether we, the Americans, believe that we would do this, or whether the Europeans believe we would do it. For it is evident that a deterrent has failed if it has to be used, and it follows from this that it is only the Russian belief about the conditions under which it



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would be used—not our belief or that of our allies, or even the objective fact itself—which is ultimately determinative.

I know of no way to remove, absolutely, the doubts which some Europeans have raised about the answer to this question. The cornerstone of American policy has been, and remains, that the defense of the West is indivisible. Our President has recently reaffirmed, in Germany, that our forces will remain so long as they are wanted and needed; that we will put our cities to the hazard in defense of theirs. He spoke with absolute sincerity and conviction, and with the support of the American people. Still, the proposition itself is without precedent in human history. It cannot be tested or proved in advance. While it may be convincing to the Soviets, it evidently is no longer convincing to all Europeans, for, if it were, there would clearly be no need for France to pursue the effort now in progress to create, at great difficulty and expense, a separate national nuclear capability.

This brings me to the second fundamental change in circumstances which accounts for the crisis in NATO. It is that Europe now has, for the first time, the capacity to create for itself an alternative to reliance upon American power. I make a distinction here between nuclear capability of modest dimensions, useful chiefly as a means of augmenting the prestige or bargaining power of its possessor—perhaps having the potential of invoking, under some conditions, the use of American power—and a genuine nuclear deterrent, capable of massive or controlled response in a variety of strategic situations. It is the latter which free Europe now has: the population, the economic base, the technological resources, and the developing political institutions to create and command, if it chooses. In most of these categories, Western Europe now surpasses the Soviet Union itself. If Europe determines that the effort is necessary or desirable, it can in due course equip itself to match the Soviet Union, bomb for bomb, rocket for rocket. It would then, of course, be free from dependence upon a nuclear de-

terrent provided and controlled by the United States.

The present drift in free Europe points toward the eventual development of separate national nuclear systems, even though this course represents the most unstable, costly, and inefficient method for achieving nuclear self-sufficiency. Perhaps this is inevitable, as long as Western Europe remains a loose association of wholly sovereign states. The possession of nuclear weapons cannot be separated from the sovereign power to command them, for they represent in today's world the instruments of life or death—for the country which has them, for its adversaries, and quite probably for its allies.

What I have thus far said carries the implication that there is an inherent incompatibility in this new state of affairs between sovereignty, if that sovereignty involves possession and control of nuclear weapons, and alliance. I think this is the case, and that this single concept summarizes and explains the reasons for the crisis in NATO.

The continued expansion in Europe of nuclear capability under national control will expose the United States to intolerable risks, so long as our troops are there, and so long as we are committed to regard any attack upon our European allies as an attack upon ourselves. In these circumstances, every additional national finger upon the nuclear trigger means one more country other than the United States with power to decide what Americans will die for. While the risks involved in sharing this fateful power with a single independent European state, or with a suitable command structure representing all of Western Europe, might be acceptable, it is too much to ask that we share it with every European country stocking a nuclear arsenal of its own, each with its own sense of destiny and order of priorities.

In short, the present drift toward proliferation in the control of nuclear weapons, unless it is checked, will eventually force the United States to withdraw from Europe. Time is running out on the NATO alliance. The 1960s will tell the tale.

What then of the future? How are we to reconcile the conflicting

positions on control of nuclear weapons which now plague the alliance? I think we must begin by recognizing that no device or technical arrangement designed to gloss over the differences, without really changing anything, will suffice. As strong as de Gaulle feels that France must have its own deterrent, we feel just as strongly that we must retain control over the risks to which we are exposed—so long as American forces are committed in Europe and we supply the nuclear means for meeting or preventing an attack against it. It is possible to share a master plan for programming and targeting, but the core decisions about the use of American nuclear weapons must be made by Americans.

I think there are, however, alternative solutions to the problem. The first is for Europe—not France or Germany or even Great Britain, but Western Europe—to undertake a unified effort to arm itself with a genuine nuclear-deterrent capability. To do this would require an integrated program, not merely because of the expense, but chiefly because it would be necessary to create a unified command structure with the sovereign power to invoke the use of its nuclear weapons in the defense of Western Europe. It seems to me that it would be in the interest of the United States to encourage and assist Europeans to make this effort. We could then withdraw our forces from the Continent in an orderly fashion, leaving Europe with its own defense and both Europe and America could thus minimize the risks inherent in the proliferation of separate national defenses.

This course need not involve, as might be first supposed, a return to isolationism on the part of the United States. On the contrary, the creation of a European entity capable of assembling and commanding a unified European nuclear deterrent could contribute to a stronger partnership spanning the Atlantic, for the defense and development of our common civilization. I say it could contribute, because partnership is illusory if one partner is in a position to dominate the others. Just as there can be no authentic European entity under the hegemony of France, so there can be no equal partnership

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across the Atlantic until Europe has achieved cohesion to match and balance the unified power of the United States.

In addition to this advantage, there would be others incidental to Europe's assuming full responsibility for its own defense. The American adverse balance-of-payments problem would then lend itself to ready solution. It is entirely possible, also, that the vexing problems resulting from the artificial division of Europe between East and West, which do not seem amenable to negotiations between Washington and the Kremlin, could be approached from new perspectives by Europeans negotiating with Europeans.

If the problem of attaining a sovereign, integrated European Nuclear Defense Command proves to be insuperable, and this further step toward a more perfect union among the countries of Western Europe is not taken, there is the other alternative: Let Europe forgo nuclear armament and continue, so long as the Cold War makes it necessary, to rely upon the United States to furnish the nuclear deterrent against a Soviet attack upon the Continent.

From our national point of view, this alternative is to be preferred; but I think that if we Americans are to be Europe's nuclear sentinels, stationed there for indefinite duty, then we have a right to ask our allies for fairer arrangements.

Let it be understood that we are there as invited guests, not as intruders; that our presence in Europe is no longer a rescue mission, extended by the strong to the weak, but simply a division of responsibility, as between rich equals, for mutual advantage. If we furnish our nuclear deterrent for the defense of Europe, as well as our physical presence to make this deterrent convincing to the Soviets, then Europe must make fair exchange, including at least two elements:

(1) No further diffusion of nuclear arms, for this will involve intolerable risks, both to us and to Europe itself. If we are to have the responsibility for holding at bay the weapons of mass destruction which might otherwise be used to smash or blackmail our NATO allies, we must ask that they rely on us to honor that

trust in our common interest, come what may.

(2) Equitable financial and economic arrangements to assist us in solving our adverse balance-of-payments problem. In this connection, it is notable that our military disbursements abroad contribute five times as much to the drain on our dollar resources as do all of our foreign-aid programs. There is no good reason why the force levels of American troops quartered in Europe should not be reduced, and the difference made up by an added commitment of European troops to the NATO Command. It is essential, too, that European trade barriers against American agricultural and industrial products be reduced or removed as speedily as possible. Finally, we have a right to ask that Europe assume an increased share of the cost of aiding the underdeveloped countries of the world in those needy regions of Africa, Asia, and Latin America where the struggle with communism is yet to be won.

There are heavy burdens and responsibilities, for Europeans as well as for Americans, whichever alternative is chosen. And the choice, after all, is Europe's. Either course would seem acceptable to the United States. What is not acceptable is a continuation of present trends which point toward the disintegration of the Atlantic alliance, leaving a vacuum of policy and power, with diminished security for all.

These thoughts were largely the substance of an address I delivered this June at the Evangelical Academy in Tutzing, Bavaria, before a gathering of lay leaders representing various professional, business, and labor groups. The conference was attended by numerous German political leaders, including Chancellor Adenauer and Berlin Mayor Brandt.

Although I spoke only my personal views at Tutzing, the reaction to my speech caused me to feel that the United States ought to acknowledge openly that Europeans have their choices to make.

If nuclear parity for Western Europe becomes their chosen course, then it can be realized only through the creation of a genuine European deterrent. This would be a great step toward European union, even if it

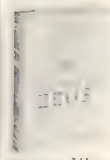


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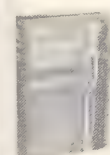
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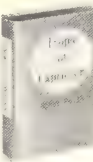
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by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

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"W-e-l-l," Johnny stammered. "There was *this* girl . . ."

"You mean you let a *mere* girl get ahead of you?" the father asked.

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If you are one who looks to the cocktail hour as a time of rest and restoration, we invite you to join an inner circle of moderate men and women who find in fewer but better "OLD FITZGERALDS" a well-deserved reward for the rigors of the day.

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had to be undertaken initially without de Gaulle. An empty chair could always be left for France to occupy eventually.

We must never forget that the most critical test of a deterrent is its credibility. A substantial nuclear retaliatory force, able to survive and strike back lethally at an aggressor—commanded by Europeans—is the most believable deterrent that can be posed against any future threat to attack Europe. Its existence would minimize the risk that the Soviets might someday mistake our intention or our will to defend Europe as our own homeland, and thus reduce the chance of war.

Further, the establishment of such a force in Europe would enable us to restore normalcy to our relationship with the Continent. History has a way of abhorring anomalies. It is as unnatural for American troops and weapons to be stationed indefinitely on European soil, as it would be for French, British, or German soldiers to be permanently billeted here in the United States.

Finally, the deliberate substitution of a European nuclear force would permit the orderly withdrawal of American power from Western Europe, under conditions of our own choosing, without impairment of Europe's security or our own.

I must report, however, that German reaction seemed heavily to favor the second of the alternatives I suggested—a confining reliance on the United States nuclear deterrent. If other European opinion bears out the apparent German belief that Europe is not yet prepared to form a single nuclear command, it seems all the more important to me to confront the Europeans with the fact that they do have such an alternative within their reach and that this choice is theirs.

Our failure to do just this is helping to widen the gulf between the developing attitudes in Washington and the capitals of Western Europe. As James Reston recently observed in his column in the *New York Times*:

The leaders in London and Bonn increasingly talk as if they were spectators rather than participants in the conflict between the giant nations.

Britons see nothing odd in the fact that America should conscript its men to defend Europe while Britain has not only abandoned conscription but is hoping to bring its army back from Germany.

The widely held assumption in West Europe is that Europe can be both protectionist and prosperous, self-sufficient economically and dependent on the United States militarily, and that Washington will go on putting 11 per cent of its gross national product into defense and foreign aid while some of the allies are doing less than half as much proportionately.

How this attitude of mind developed in Europe is clear enough. In the early postwar years of poverty and reconstruction, Western Europe not only came to rely on the United States but gradually accepted the idea that power in the modern world had become proportional to mass, and therefore that only gross material size (population, area, and raw materials) could be effective in world politics. There is now less evidence of poverty and unemployment anywhere in Western Europe than in many parts of the United States but this attitude persists and, what is more disturbing, seems to be growing.

Once the Europeans realize that we are not imposing our presence upon them for purposes of our own defense, and that their continued reliance upon our nuclear power is the result of their own decision, then they will see the justice in assuming an increased burden in conventional arms, as their share of the common effort, and in helping us to solve some of our financial problems which are directly related to the cost of our presence in Europe.

Moreover, for Europeans to make this choice consciously will reduce the appeal of de Gaulle's resistance to American leadership on the Continent, and render more acceptable our insistence that other European nations must forgo separate nuclear armaments of their own.

After I had spoken at Tutzing, one of the Germans in the audience said to me, "Senator, you have made a hard speech, but an honest one. To us, this is the best evidence of real friendship."

Another said, "As I see it, you have told us we will have to pay more. I think you are right."

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 2026.
REMEMBER THIS DATE...IT'S DOOMSDAY

This Doomsday is nothing to scoff at. It is not the work of crackpots. It is a carefully considered estimate published in *Science* magazine by three serious scientists.

These men have been studying the rate at which people have been giving birth to people since 5000 B.C. Then they calculated ahead and concluded that on November 13, 2026 the planet earth will contain 50 billion people (current total: less than three billion). And that, unless our world's production of food is stepped up immeasurably, these people will almost certainly starve.

If our heaping dinner tables make Doomsday seem absurd; if our highly publicized crop surpluses make the Starvation Age seem remote, ponder this:

If those 50 billion future citizens were invited to share our plenty, they could eat their way through America's gigantic stored surpluses *in less than one day.*

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Cyanamid has heard about it, too. That's one reason why several hundred Cyanamid scientists and technicians are at work in a new Agricultural Research Center—a rolling, 640-acre laboratory-farm

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There, they work, read, talk and sometimes stare out at the countryside. They consider, as the autos roll by, that New Jersey now has 800 persons per square mile (and so, incidentally, has Japan). And that in 2026 it will have 10,000 per square mile (and so, incidentally, will Japan). All of which makes them search a little harder for ways to match that population explosion with a food explosion.

These scientists know that agricultural science must hurry. It must replace two ears of corn with four, four chickens with eight, eight hogs with sixteen. Then they must do it again. And again.

The people of Princeton are confident that they can do it. Already they are discovering which nutrients produce the biggest, healthiest livestock. They are growing plants in man-made, man-controlled temperatures ranging from arctic to jungle; in humidities ranging from desert to New York in August.

They're discovering better ways to cope with insects, too. Right now, insects and disease eat or destroy 30% of all the food we plant. With fifty billion mouths to feed,

we really won't be able to afford that kind of free-loading much longer.

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And much progress is being made today. A new insecticide called CYGON® dimethoate is stopping barnyard flies dead in their tracks. Fly-free cattle, science knows, will stay healthier and give more milk.

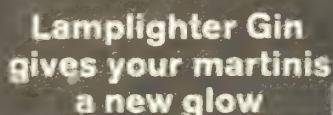
Cyanamid subscribes to the often-ignored axiom: Look after the future in the present. That's one reason for the new multi-million dollar Princeton Agricultural Center.

Another reason is that agricultural research is sound, profitable business. Good ideas that have reached their time usually are.

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After Hours



by Rebecca H. Latimer

Even in the Crusaders' days the fortress-town had not been on a great highway, and nowadays it was more often bypassed than not. It lay in a long valley enclosed on three sides by

Times were different in the 1950s.



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AFTER HOURS

wild mountains cut by precipices and by fierce, narrow rivers—the mountains that the chronicler of the First Crusade had called diabolical and accursed. This isolation may have partially quarantined Marash from the fever for modernization that swept over Turkey with the founding of the Republic.

We were taken aback by Marash. We had been to villages where the women, when they saw us, would pull their thin white veils gracefully across their faces, below the eyes, but we had never before seen women shrouded in black from head to toe. Even the eyes of the women of Marash were hidden behind black veils; they looked out upon a darkened world.

The streets we wandered that morning were austere. We looked for a coffee house, but there were no wooden tables set out in the shade. There were no candy shops, no magazine stalls, no newspaper stands. We had never seen such a town in Turkey. It made us wonder how Turkey could become a true democracy while there still remained such static centers stubbornly resisting change.

Every town has two faces: it was the dark countenance of Marash we saw that day. The shadowed aspect of Marash was evidenced in the closed faces of the men in front of the mosque, regarding us with steady eyes in impassive faces as we walked by. We felt unwelcome and ill at ease. The unfriendliness of the harsh mountains above the town, the merciless sun in the hard blue sky, the suspicious reserve of the people drove us back to the protection of our car. My husband was eager to get on the road; perhaps we could reach the Mediterranean in time for a swim before nightfall. I did not like to leave without seeing the bazaars.

"Oh, let's go," said my husband. "Never mind the undiscovered treasures."

I was ready to agree, but sat a moment, looking at the unfamiliar scene. Just up the street we could see the masonry cone of a Seljuk tomb. Across the road two men were smoothing plaster on an adobe house. A small cart had drawn up and a man was standing on it, handing tiles to another. The men were wearing loose, sagging black pants and hand-

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"Bekir Arslan my name is. Of where are you?"

loomed vests over striped shirts. The shrouded figure of a woman was approaching, and as I looked at the grotesque bundle, it seemed a symbol of the degradation of my sex.

"Let's go," I said. "We should make Mersin by teatime."

Fred leaned forward to start the car, but he paused. He had just noticed a young boy who was strolling cheerfully down the street, as if early for a party. If he had been an American boy, he would have been whistling. Although the usual narrow string drew his full black trousers in folds around his waist, instead of the traditional homespun blouse of the Anatolian villager, he wore a faded plaid shirt. His handsome open face was lit with admiration of the fine bunch of grapes he was holding up in front of him as he sauntered along.

It was a classic bunch of grapes that he held, big blue grapes with the bloom still on them, thickly clinging to the stem, tapering to a perfect point. We had seen just such a beautiful cluster of grapes on an earlier trip in Anatolia; it had been chiselled on a rock face above a mountain stream where a Hittite sculptor had pictured his king presenting the

fruits of the harvest to their god.

The boy had just put out his hand to pluck the first delicious grape when he caught sight of us sitting in our car—the only car in sight, a cai with an Ankara license. He turned at once and came directly toward us.

Neither my husband nor I had any confidence in Marash by this time. The thought came to both of us that in a place such as this boys might beg alms of strangers. All beggars are humiliating, but the implications behind the begging of children are unsupportable. We sat waiting with blank faces as the boy approached.

He came up to the side of the car, he smiled, he sketched a bow—and he handed Fred the bunch of grapes as he spoke the Turkish form of welcome: "It is pleasant that you have come!"

Fred was so startled that he received the grapes as if they were alive.

The required answer to the boy's greeting—"We find it pleasant here"—we had never thought to use in Marash, but we said it in unison.

"Bekir Arslan my name is," he said. "Of where are you?"

"We are Americans, from Ankara. We are just now leaving for Mersin."

AFTER HOURS

"Americans!" he repeated, and a tremendous smile spread over his face. "I have never seen Americans before!" He looked at us so warmly that we lost the last trace of our reserve. "Americans are the friends of Turkey," he said, completing his conquest. "Must you go at once? Isn't there something at Marash that I might show you?"

I looked at my husband. "We haven't seen the bazaar," I said tentatively.

Bekir Arslan brightened further. "I can take you to the bazaar. I have many friends there. They will give you fair prices. We have a fine bazaar here."

Bekir Arslan—*arslan* means lion—showed us the bazaar. It covered much less ground than the Great Bazaar in Istanbul, but it did not offer any of the shoddy manufactured goods found there. It was a country bazaar, patronized by shepherds and farmers. The narrow streets were crisscrossed by festoons of grapevines, printing a patterned shadow on the cobblestones. Through the winding streets flowed a changing, vivid stream of men and women. These men wore rough goatshair sleeveless coats, black, red, and white, woven in unexpectedly Nahuatl-like designs. The mountain women neither covered their faces nor wore black. They had put bright yellow shawls over their heads, tying them under their chins. They wore gay flowered blouses and over their full ankle-length pantaloons they wore striped aprons. Bright-eyed, they crowded into the narrow cave-like shops where they examined the rolls of brilliant yard goods (satin-finished striped cottons and flowered prints, rich red velveteen and sturdy flannel), and they looked up at the ceiling to admire the black velvet gowns hanging there, gowns richly embroidered in red and gold flowers and garlands, waiting for a village bride.

With Bekir for our companion, we were welcomed everywhere, and where earlier we might have seen suspicion and unfriendliness, we saw now only curiosity and naïveté, for we were as interesting to these people as they were to us. They watched us as we stopped to speak to one of Bekir's special friends, an old gentle-

man sitting on a stool as he covered with gold thread the crown of a red felt pillbox cap. They smiled at me when I exclaimed over jewels glowing through dusty glass showcases and admired the glitter of the sun on long golden earrings, shimmering with each tiny trembling disc. But the mountain people took the most interest in Fred's purchase of a whole set of men's clothing. This was a complicated purchase that gathered quite a group around us; the jacket had to be tried on for size and the trousers estimated, and a good deal of advice and repartee was tossed back and forth. In the midst of this cheerful confusion, Bekir asked Fred the time. Hearing that it was almost eleven, he rushed off to his job as an apprentice barber, with only a hasty farewell. "We will meet again, God willing." It was an abbreviated and unsatisfactory leave-taking.

It was also time for us to go, and we began gathering up our things. We had so many packages that we had left some with a friend of Bekir's, the bellows-maker, where we had bought a small leather bellows decorated with the word MARASH neatly picked out in shiny brass tacks. We now made our way slowly to this shop, stopping now and again to look once more at the rugs, the handloomed woolens, and the embroidered cottons, all of which had a fresh, vivid quality that seemed drawn directly from the untamed, sunburned landscape. When we reached the bellows-maker, he was bent over his work and as he looked up, his sensitive, intelligent face looked faintly surprised.

"We've come for our packages," we said.

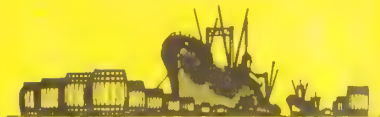
"The boy, Bekir, came by; he took all the packages," he said. His face had no expression.

"But we aren't going to see him again," I said. "He said good-by to us."

Like a sudden illness, our first impression of Marash overwhelmed me. I said nothing more, but it seemed a larger issue than that a young boy had disappointed us.

Perhaps it is significant that the Turks, a brave, tough people, have one short simple word for what it takes us three words to say in English: "Have no fear!" The bellows-maker said very gently, "*Korkma!*"

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continued from left-hand column, preceding page

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WRITE FOR FOLDER H

AFTER HOURS

His eyes held mine for a moment. There was pity in his, confusion in mine. We understood each other without further words. He had reproached me for my lack of trust, for my too-quick assumption that I had been betrayed, and he regretted for me the experiences that had implanted in me this distrust.

“*Korkma*, Madame!” he said again.

“Thank you,” I said.

My husband and I walked out of the bazaar into the strong sunlight. We did not look at one another, nor did we speak.

We had locked the car when we left it and now, opening it, a blast of suffocating hot air met us. We were stowing our things in the back when there was a small noise behind us.

We turned. There was Bekir Arslan, his arms full of our packages. He took no notice of our hastily concealed surprise and relief. He was hurriedly saying to Fred, “You took my picture, you remember? Do you have time to do one more?”

I took the bundles as Fred opened his camera. We had all the time in the world!

Bekir dashed across the sidewalk, darted into a shop and emerged dragging a huge wooden armchair. He pushed a boy his own age into it, whipped out and put on a dazzlingly white coat, and leaned over his grinning customer, clippers at the ready. The apprentice barber was ready for his portrait.

Bright sunlight filled the entire street. The workmen crowded around, laughing and joking, three veiled women hovered on the edge of the group, and everyone concentrated on the picture. We drove off a few minutes later to a chorus of “Go with God!” and remembering Bekir’s confident farewell, “We shall meet again, God willing.”

We remember Marash with what we consider its true face—the warm, friendly town of Bekir Arslan. Moreover, Bekir’s confidence in strangers and his good will toward them, together with the bellows-maker’s “*korkma*,” have made it clearer to us how a town like Marash may accept, slowly, the drastic Westernization inaugurated by Ataturk. Bekir, the young lion, will not give his wife a black veil through which to view the world.



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The Multiversity

Are Its Several Souls Worth Saving?

By Clark Kerr

America's own giant invention in the world of higher education "is an imperative rather than a reasoned choice among elegant alternatives"—an evaluation by the head of one of our best and most complex universities.

The university started as a single community—a community of masters and students. It may even be said to have had a soul in the sense of a central animating principle. Today the large American university is, rather, a whole series of communities and activities held together by a common name, a common governing board, and related purposes. This great transformation is regretted by some, accepted by many, gloried in, as yet, by few. But it should be understood by all.

The modern American university is not Oxford, though it derives much from the academic cloister model of the great English institutions. Nor is it Berlin, though it has been deeply influenced by the model of the nineteenth-century German re-

search institutions. It is a new type of institution in the world. Neither the ancient classics and medieval theology nor the German philosophers and scientists could set the tone for the really modern university—the multiversity.

The multiversity has no bard to sing its praises; no prophet to proclaim its vision; no guardian to protect its sanctity. It has its critics, its detractors, its transgressors. It also has its barkers selling its wares to all who will listen—and many do. But it also has its reality rooted in the logic of history. It is an imperative rather than a reasoned choice among elegant alternatives.

President Nathan Pusey of Harvard has commented that the shape of contemporary Harvard has made "the university we knew as students now seem a strangely underdeveloped, indeed a very simple and an almost unconcerned kind of institution. And the pace of change continues."

Not only at Harvard. The University of California—as a statewide public entity—had operating expenditures last year of nearly half a billion dollars, with almost another \$100 million for construction; a total employment of over 40,000

people, more than IBM and in a far greater variety of endeavors; operations in more than a hundred locations, counting campuses, experiment stations, agricultural and urban extension centers, and projects abroad involving more than fifty countries; nearly 10,000 courses in the catalogues; some form of contact with nearly every industry, nearly every level of government, nearly every person in its region. Vast amounts of expensive equipment were serviced and maintained. More than 4,000 babies were born in its hospitals. It is the world's largest purveyor of white mice. It will soon have the world's largest primate colony.

Soon it will also have 100,000 students—30,000 of them at the graduate level; yet much less than one-third of its expenditure is directly related to teaching. It already has nearly 200,000 students in extension courses—including one out of every three lawyers and one out of every six doctors in the state.

Harvard and the University of California are illustrative of many more such enterprises throughout the United States today. They epitomize the complexity of the modern American multiversity.

The multiversity is an inconsistent institution. It is not one community but several—the community of the undergraduate and the graduate; of the humanist, the social scientist, and the scientist; the communities of the professional schools, of all the nonacademic personnel, of the administrators. Its edges are fuzzy—it reaches out to alumni, legislators, farmers, businessmen, who are all related to one or more of these internal communities. As an institution, it looks far into the past and far into the future, and is often at odds with the present. It serves—almost slavishly—a society which it also criticizes, sometimes unmercifully. Devoted to equality of opportunity, it is itself a class society. A community, like the medieval communities of masters and students, should have common interests; in the multiversity, these interests are quite varied, even conflicting. A community should have a soul, a single animating principle; the multiversity has several—some of them quite good, although there is much debate on which souls really deserve salvation.

The multiversity is a name. This means a great deal more than it sounds as though it might. The name of the institution stands for a certain standard of performance, a certain degree of respect, a certain historical legacy, a characteristic quality of spirit. This is of the utmost importance to faculty and students, to

the government agencies and the industries with which the institution deals. How good is its reputation, what John J. Corson calls its "institutional character"?

Abraham Flexner, author of the distinguished volume, *Universities: American, English, German*, thought of a university as an "organism." In an organism, the parts and the whole are inextricably bound together. Not so the multiversity—many parts can be added and subtracted with little effect on the whole or even little notice taken or any blood spilled. It is more a mechanism—a series of processes producing a series of results—held together by administrative rules and powered by money.

Robert Hutchins once described the modern university as a series of separate schools and departments held together by a central heating system. In an area where heating is less important and the automobile more, I have sometimes thought of it as a series of individual faculty entrepreneurs held together by a common grievance over parking.

It is, also, a system of government like a city, or a city state, the city state of the multiversity. However inconsistent, the multiversity must be governed, not as the guild it once was, but as a complex entity with greatly fractionalized power. Among the competitors for this power have been the students, the faculty, the administration, and the public both directly through lay boards and indirectly through the wielding of informal influence and the exertion of pressures.

As the multiversity becomes larger, its administration becomes more formalized and separate as a function; as it becomes more complex, the administration becomes more central; as it becomes more related to the once-external world, the administration assumes the burdens of these relationships. The managerial revolution has come also on the campus. Many of the diverse aspects of the multiversity find their focus in the administration. The role of the president is particularly indicative of the nature of the enterprise.

The President as Giant

It is sometimes said that the American multiversity president is a two-faced character. This is not so. If he were, he could not survive. He is a many-faced character, in the sense that he must face in many directions while contriving to turn his back on no important group.

He is expected to be a friend of the students,

a colleague of the faculty, a good fellow with the alumni, a sound administrator with the trustees, a good speaker with the public, an astute bargainer with the foundations and the federal agencies, a politician with the state legislatures, a friend of industry, labor, and agriculture, a persuasive diplomat with donors, a champion of education generally, a supporter of the professions (particularly law and medicine), a spokesman to the press, a scholar in his own right, a public servant at the state and national levels, a devotee of opera and football equally, a decent human being, a good husband and father, an active member of a church. Above all he must enjoy traveling in airplanes, eating his meals in public, and attending public ceremonies. No one can be all of these things. Some succeed at being none.

He should be firm, yet gentle; sensitive to others, insensitive to himself; look to the past and the future, yet be firmly planted in the present; both visionary and sound; affable, yet reflective; know the value of a dollar and realize that ideas cannot be bought; inspiring in his visions yet cautious in what he does; a man of principle yet able to make a deal; a man with broad perspective who will follow the details conscientiously; a good American but ready to criticize the status quo fearlessly; a seeker of truth where the truth may not hurt too much; a source of public pronouncements when they do not reflect on his own institution. He should sound like a mouse at home and look like a lion abroad. He is one of the marginal men in a democratic society—of whom there are many others—on the margin of many groups, ideas, endeavors. But he is at the very center of the total process in the multiversity.

Who is he really?

To Flexner, he was a hero-figure, a daring pioneer who filled an impossible post, yet some of his accomplishments were "little short of miraculous"; thus the "forceful president"—the Gilman of California and Johns Hopkins, the Eliot of Harvard. The necessary revolutions

came from on high. There should be Giants in the Groves.

To Thorstein Veblen, he was a captain of erudition, and Veblen did not think too well of captains. To Upton Sinclair, the university president was "the most universal faker and most variegated prevaricator that has yet appeared in the civilized world." The issue is whether the president should be leader or officeholder (as Hutchins phrased it); educator or caretaker (Harold W. Dodds); creator or inheritor (Frederick Rudolph); initiator (James L. Morrill) or consensus-seeker (John D. Millett) or persuader (Henry M. Wriston); pump or bottleneck (Eric Ashby).

The case for leadership has been strongly put by Hutchins. A university needs a purpose, "a vision of the end," which the president must identify; without vision, there is the "vast chaos of the American university." The administrator must be a "troublemaker, for every change in education is a change in the habits of some members of the faculty." For all this he needs the great moral virtues of courage, fortitude, justice, and prudence. Lowell of Harvard, also, believed a president should have a "plan" and that, although the faculty was entitled to propose changes, the plan should not basically be subject to interference. He also had the rather quaint idea that the president should "never feel hurried" or "work . . . under pressure."

There were such leaders in higher education. Hutchins was one. Abbott Lawrence Lowell was another; and so was Charles W. Eliot. When Eliot was asked by a professor in the Medical School how it could be that after eighty years of managing its own affairs the faculty had to accommodate to so many changes, he could answer "There is a new president." Even in Oxford of all places, Benjamin Jowett as Master of Balliol could set as his rule: "Never retract, never explain. Get it done and let them howl."

But the day of monarchs is over; the day when Benjamin Ide Wheeler could ride his white horse across the Berkeley campus or Nicholas Murray Butler rule from Morningside Heights. Hutchins was the last of the giants in the sense that he was the last of the university presidents who really tried to change his institution and higher education in any fundamental way. Instead of the not always so agreeable autocracy, there is now the usually benevolent bureaucracy—as in so much of the rest of the world.

The role of the giant was never a happy one. The experience of Henry P. Tappan at Michigan was typical of many, as Angell later saw it: "Tappan was the largest figure of a man that

Dr. Clark Kerr, who has been president of the University of California for five years and was chancellor of the Berkeley campus 1952-58, also had extensive experience as a labor arbitrator and as a teacher of economics. He is the co-author of "Unions, Management, and the Public." This article is made up of selections from the first of the Godkin Lectures, "The Idea of the Multiversity." The whole series—called "The Uses of the University"—is being published by the Harvard University Press this month.

ever appeared on the Michigan campus. And he was stung to death by gnats." Seldom popular with the faculty, the president was often bitterly opposed as in the "revolution" against Wheeler at California. Hutchins observed that the faculty really "prefer anarchy to any form of government"—particularly the presidential form. And faculty government gained strength as faculties gained distinction. Moreover, as the university has become bigger and more complex, it has become more tensed with checks and balances. There are more elements to conciliate; fewer in a position to be led. The university has become the multiversity and the nature of the presidency has followed this change.

Also, the times have changed. The giants were innovators during a wave of innovation, to use the terms of Joseph Schumpeter drawn from another context. The American university required vast renovation to meet the needs of the changing and growing nation. Eliot said that the university must "accommodate itself promptly to significant changes in the character of the people for whom it exists"; and the title of Woodrow Wilson's inaugural address in 1902 was "Princeton for the Nation's Service." Eliot and Wilson and others helped take what had been denominational colleges and turn them into modern national universities. They were not inventors—the Germans did the inventing—but they came along at a stage in history when massive innovation was the order of the day. The giants today, when found at all, are more likely to be in a few of the old Latin American universities undergoing modernization or the new British universities in the midst of an intense discussion of educational policy.

The President As Mediator-Initiator

In the past, academic government has taken the form of the Guild, as in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge until recent times, or of the Manor, as in Columbia under Butler. In the modern multiversity it is like the United Nations. There are several "nations"—of students, of faculty, of alumni, of trustees, of public groups. Each has its territory, its jurisdiction, its form of government. Each can declare war on the others; some have the power of veto. It is a pluralistic society with multiple cultures. Co-existence is more likely than unity. Peace is one priority item; progress another.

The president in the multiversity is still all

things the giant had to be: leader, educator, creator, initiator, wielder of power, pump; he is *also* officeholder, caretaker, inheritor, consensus-seeker, persuader, bottleneck. But he is mostly a mediator.

The first task of the mediator is peace—how he may "the Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute."* Peace within the student body, the faculty, the trustees; and peace between and among them. Peace between the "Two Cultures" and the "Three Cultures"† and their subcultures; among all the ideas competing for support. Peace between the academic community and the society outside that surrounds and sometimes almost engulfs it. But beyond the workable compromise that resolves the daily problem lies the solution that will enhance the long-run distinction of the institution. In seeking it, there are some things that should not be compromised, like freedom and quality—then the mediator needs to become the gladiator. The dividing lines between these two rules may not be as clear as crystal, but they are at least as fragile.

The second task is progress; mere survival—institutional and personal—is not enough. A multiversity is inherently a conservative institution but with radical functions. There are so many groups with a legitimate interest in the status quo, so many veto groups; yet the university must serve simultaneously both the contemporary knowledge explosion and the population explosion. The president becomes the mediator among groups and institutions moving at different rates of speed and sometimes in different directions; a carrier of change—as infectious and sometimes as feared as a Typhoid Mary. He is not an innovator for the sake of innovation, but he must be sensitive to the fruitful change. He is driven more by necessity than by voices in the air. In the sight of history, innovation may be the measure of the successful giant; but in the modern instance, innovations sometimes succeed best when they have no obvious author. Lowell once observed that a president "cannot both do things and get credit for them," that he should not "cackle like a hen that laid an egg."

The president today has no new and bold "vision of the end." The ends are already given—the preservation of the eternal truths, the

* Omar Khayyám suggested the "logic absolute" of the grape as the best means to accomplish this end.

† The Two, as C. P. Snow distinguished them, are, of course, the natural scientists and "literary intellectuals"; the Third Culture was added by Lloyd A. Fallers: "the body of thought which forms the intellectual ancestry of modern social science. . . ." See *Context* (Fall 1961 issue).

creation of new knowledge, better service of the needs of man. It is his job to improve the means.

The quality of the president's mediation is subject to judgment on two grounds: how well he keeps the peace and how effectively he furthers progress. How good is he at preventing interpersonal and intergroup warfare? And how well does he maneuver between the tug of the anchor to the past and the pull of the Holy Grail of the future? Since, in the long run, progress is more important than peace to a university, the ultimate test is whether the mediator permits progress to be made fast enough and in the right direction; whether the needed innovations take precedence over the conservatism of the institution.

In this role of mediator, the multiversity presidents are less dramatic than the old giants, but they are not a homogenized group; they only look that way. They also appear to some people to be doing very little of consequence. Yet their role is absolutely essential if carried out constructively. They have something of the function of the clerk of the meeting for the Quakers—the person who keeps the business moving, draws forth ideas, seeks the “sense of the meeting.” David Riesman has suggested the term “evocator.” The techniques must be those of the mediator, but to the techniques may be added the goals of the innovator. The essence of the role, when adequately performed, is perhaps best conveyed by the term “mediator-initiator.”

Power is not necessary to the task; though the president must be aware of where power exists and must police its use by the constituent groups, so that none will have too much or too little or use it too unwisely. To make the multiversity work effectively, the moderates should be in control of each power center, and there should be tolerance among the power centers and few territorial ambitions. When the extremists get in control of the students, the faculty, or the trustees, then the “delicate balance of interests” becomes an actual war.

Not Power, But Access

The usual axiom is that power should be commensurate with responsibility, but for the president, *the opportunity to persuade* should be commensurate with the responsibility. He must have ready access to each center of power, a fair chance in each forum of opinion, a chance to paint reality in place of illusion and to argue the cause of reason as he sees it.

Not all presidents seek to be constructive mediators amid their complexities. One famous president of a New York university succeeded in being at home only five months in five years. Some find it more pleasant to attend meetings, visit projects abroad, even give lectures at other universities; and at home they attend ceremonial functions and go to the local clubs—and allow the winds of controversy to swirl past them. Others look for “visions.” But most presidents are in the control tower helping the real pilots make their landings without crashes, even in the fog.

Hutchins wrote of the four moral virtues for a university president. I should like to suggest a slightly different three—judgment, courage, and fortitude—but the greatest of these is fortitude, since the people he encounters have so little charity. The mediator, whether in government, industry, labor relations, or domestic quarrels, is always subject to some abuse. He wins few clear-cut victories; he must settle for avoiding the worst rather than achieving the best; he must find satisfaction in being *equally* distasteful to each of his constituents; he must reconcile himself to the harsh reality that successes are shrouded in silence while failures are spotlighted in notoriety. The president of the multiversity must be content to hold its constituent elements loosely together and to move the whole enterprise another foot ahead in what often seems an unequal race with history.

Life in the City of Intellect

The early academic cloister was a village with its priests. The university was a town—a one-industry town—with its intellectual oligarchy. The multiversity is a city of infinite variety. Some get lost in it; some rise to the top; most fashion their lives within one of its many subcultures. There is less sense of community than in the village but also less sense of confinement. There is less sense of purpose than within the town but there are more ways to excel. There are also more refuges of anonymity—for both the creative person and the drifter. As against the village and the town, the city of the multiversity is more like our whole civilization as it has evolved and more an integral part of it; and nowadays its citizens move more readily to and from the surrounding society. As in a city, there are many separate endeavors under a single rule of law.

The students in this city are older, more

likely to be married, more vocationally oriented, more drawn from all classes and races than the students in the village; and they find themselves in an intensely competitive atmosphere. They identify less with the total community and more with its subgroups. Burton R. Clark and Martin Trow have a particularly interesting typology of these subcultures: the "collegiate" subculture of fraternities and sororities, of athletics and activities; the "academic" of the serious students; the "vocational" of the students seeking training for specific jobs; and the "nonconformist" of the political activists, the aggressive intellectuals, and the bohemians.

The multiversity is a confusing place for the student. He has problems of establishing his identity and sense of security within it. But it offers him a vast range of choices—the many opportunities and dilemmas of freedom—enough to stagger the mind. The casualty rate is high. The walking wounded are many. *Lernfreiheit*—the principle of the freedom of the student to pick and choose, to stay or move on—is triumphant, often at the expense of the individual.

Life has changed also for the faculty member. The multiversity is in the mainstream of human events. To the teacher and the researcher have been added the consultant and the administrator. Teaching is less central than it once was, research has become more important. This has given rise to what has been called the "non-teacher"—"the higher a man's standing, the less he has to do with students"—and to a threefold class structure of what used to be "the faculty": those who only do research, those who only teach (and they are largely in an auxiliary role), and those who still do some of both. In one university I know, the proportions at the Ph.D. level or its equivalent are roughly one researcher to two teachers to four who do both.

Consulting work and other sources of additional income have given rise to what is called the "affluent professor," a category that does include some but by no means all of the faculty. Additionally, many faculty members, with their research assistants and teaching assistants, their departments and institutes, have become administrators. A professor's life has become, it is said, "a rat race of business and activity, managing contracts and projects, guiding teams and assistants, bossing crews of technicians, making numerous trips, sitting on committees for government agencies, and engaging in other distractions necessary to keep the whole frenetic business from collapse."

The intellectual world has been fractionalized

as interests have become much more diverse; there are fewer common topics of conversation at the faculty clubs. Faculty government is more cumbersome, more the avocation of active minorities; and there are real questions whether it can work effectively on a large scale, whether it can agree on more than preservation of the status quo. Faculty members are less members of the particular university than colleagues of national groups interested in the same discipline or subject.

Can It Be Justified?

But there are many compensations. "The American professoriat" is no longer, as Flexner once called it, "a proletariat." Salaries and status have risen considerably. The faculty member is more a fully participating member of society, rather than a creature on the periphery; some are at the very center of national and world events. Research opportunities have multiplied. The faculty member in the big "city" with all its opportunities has a new sense of independence from the administration or his colleagues; much administrative authority has been effectively decentralized into his own hands. In particular, he has a choice and mixture of roles to suit his taste as never before. He need not leave the Groves for the Acropolis unless he wishes; but he can, if he wishes. He may even become, as some have, essentially a professional man with his home office and basic "retainer" on the campus of the multiversity but with his clients scattered from coast to coast. He can also even remain the professor of old, as many do. There are several patterns of life from which to choose. The professor too has greater freedom. *Lehrfreiheit*—in the old German sense of freedom of the professor to do as he pleases—also is triumphant.

What is the justification of the modern American multiversity? History is one answer. Consistency with the surrounding society is another. Beyond that, it has few peers in preserving, disseminating, and examining the eternal truths; no living peers in the search for new knowledge; and no peers in all history among institutions of higher learning in serving so many of the segments of an advancing civilization. Inconsistent internally as an institution, it is consistently productive. Torn by change, it has the stability of freedom. Though it has not a single soul to call its own, its members pay their devotions to truth.



Be My Host

by Lon Anders

It may be easier for a rich man to get through the eye of a needle than through the mazes of a tax return, but have you tried the hospitality gimmick?

For a number of years now (ever since I came of age, to be precise) I have been regarded as a signal failure by all and sundry. I do not care for work of any kind, and this fact has proved quite disconcerting to my senior relatives who long ago went out and found their respective niches in the economic structure. Disconcerting to all except one, I should say: a singularly avaricious uncle who, while I was still a child, worked himself to death and left me a comfortable spendthrift trust.

But it now turns out that I am destined to have a career after all—a career more compatible with my talents and tastes than work would ever be. And a higher calling, too. I am, it appears,

the perfect *Guest* where business entertainment is permitted under the federal Income Tax laws.

Consider my qualifications for the role so custom-tailored for me in the Internal Revenue Code, as interpreted with monotonous frequency for nearly a year now by Mr. Mortimer Caplan, Director of the Internal Revenue Service. For one thing, I can admit with seemly modesty that I do bring a cheery disposition, winsome ways, and the eager interest of a good listener to every gathering to which I am invited. Depending upon the company and the occasion, I can be debonair and witty or I can be coarse and jolly. Though I have scaled no real heights of affability on an empty stomach, my potential for fellowship begins to disclose itself during the cocktail hour. Here my ready laugh—though never a boisterous one—presages the full dimension of my interest in just about anything my companions might plan to bring up during lunch or dinner. And after a hearty meal—in the home, at a club or hunting lodge, in a fishing camp, or on a private

A restaurant frequented by actresses, diplomats, gangsters, and other celebrities presents a real hazard, and unless such spots can be avoided they may become an absolute ambush for the unwary diner.

I come now to the narrow, narrow path which a big spender must travel if he hopes to get any consideration from the Revenuers over money spent on *The Little Woman*. *She must be shown to have contributed something to the sale made or undertaken by the host.*

This is definitely not a troublesome requirement when I am being entertained. Anybody who wishes to sell me anything can strengthen his hand by bringing along a nice clean smiling wife to help us put away the victuals. I will swear to this weakness of mine on a stack of Bibles as high as Mr. Caplan's annotated regulations. Women just fascinate me, that's all, and I do not like to say No around them. And when I am the one to be sold on something, I certainly ought to be able to write my own ticket on how it is to be done.

Easily my busiest season as a professional prospect comes during the concluding weeks each year, with the result that I can hardly call my Christmases my own anymore. This is because my clients with yachts, hunting lodges, and similar luxury facilities, must learn to live with the 50 Per Cent Rule. In short, this rule provides that, unless such luxury facilities are used *more than half the time* in any year for business entertainment, *no part* of their cost is deductible. Mr. Caplan is more than clear on this.

Last winter, when the outlines of the foregoing rule were beginning to suggest themselves to the *cognoscenti* around Washington, I received an emergency message from J. Chauncey Van Heller, the Chicago slaughterhouse magnate and international playboy. He was calling from his palatial yacht, *Even the Squeal III*, anchored in Nassau Harbor. It was a serious case. The date was December the first and his ship's log disclosed her use had been twenty-seven days more for pleasure than for business during the calendar year. Unless he could entertain a bona fide business prospect for more than twenty-seven days before the end of the year, he would become the victim of the 50 Per Cent Rule at the cost to him of millions of dollars. His efforts to turn up business guests in the Bahamas had been unavailing; they all appeared to be booked for the remainder of the year.

My difficulty when I received the call was that I was in Alaska, where a New York client of mine maintained a luxurious hunting lodge. Fortunately my host's calendar there was in beautiful

condition, taxwise—his guest book disclosed only one visitor at the lodge for the entire year and I was the one. So I gave Van Heller the good news that I could come to his aid immediately.

The purpose of this paper is not to picture me as a hairbreadth hero. Still—let's face it—my response to J. Chauncey's call was little short of heroic. By packhorse at night, through ice floes in a canoe, by portage, and finally by an intrepid flight through a howling blizzard with the most wonderful little bush pilot in the world, I reached Vancouver. Exhausted, I slept through the rest of the journey on commercial airlines—and, only sixty-seven hours after receiving the summons, I boarded the yacht anchored in the aquamarine waters of Nassau.

I was entertained royally for the remaining days in the year and I never left the boat until after the most glorious New Year's Eve celebration you could imagine. The final count on the full year's use of the *Even the Squeal III* was 50.0021 per cent for business entertainment, and Chauncey secured from me the only endorsement of a retail product I have ever given to any host: a photograph of myself, for magazine use. In it I am standing by a fireplace with one hand on the mantel. With the other hand I am serving myself a portion of Van Heller Stockyard's crunchy hogshhead cheese.

From my close study of the Revenuers' recent bulletins, I have discerned that real trouble lies ahead for those who do "good will" entertaining. The conditions which must be met, to make such expenditures deductible, are so onerous that one must assume that our government is determined to stamp out the whole concept of cordiality between traders. While the converse, ill will between businessmen, is not yet actually encouraged, it is clear that the Bureau prefers people who have



been dickering to feel slightly annoyed with each other. Each should feel that the other is out to cheat him.

As a sophisticated guest, I naturally adopt the government's view—at least that of the clerks who populate the bureaus and dream up the regulations. If their envy of the entrepreneur in all the good things he enjoys embitters the bureaucrats toward business and its ways of attracting customers, a well-qualified guest should become pretty bitter himself. Recently, to give an example, I was thrust bodily out of a deluxe fishing camp on the Matapédia River. For fourteen days I had been lavishly entertained by hosts, husband and wife—I had been plied with drinks and fine food; I had been given the finest guide on the Gaspé Peninsula; and I had seen my tastes in literature pampered by prime selections from the camp library at my bedside night after night. On the fifteenth day, I could bear it no longer. "Surely," I said to my hosts, "you are not engaged in merely good-will entertainment."

"Heavens, no!" they declared in startled unison.

"What then, exactly," I hissed, "are you guys trying to sell me?"

That was the day I left and, as I trudged away into the setting sun, I could not help feeling that somewhere down in our nation's capital, among the crowded acres of air-conditioned bureau people, someone felt glad.

The "Handy Guest Kit"

There are hundreds of little tips and pointers I could give to those who would choose the career of guest, but perhaps the most helpful is in reference to the "Handy Guest Kit" and its contents. I should confess here that I have formed a small corporation which manufactures the "Handy Guest Kit"—retailing for \$29.95 in many of the nation's leading department stores. Or if one should wish to buy one direct from me, the transaction can be preceded by a business luncheon which I will gladly pay for at the midtown Automat of the prospect's own selection.

The contents of the "Handy Guest Kit" include, of course, the sanitary earplugs described above. An even more important item is the small folding abacus which I use in helping my hosts to observe the \$25 Rule. Under that regulation, any payment for drinks, dinners, domino parlors, shooting galleries, or other forms of treats must be supported by an itemized receipt if the total account comes to more than \$25. Lesser amounts can simply be reported and claimed as deductions.

With my handy abacus I can keep abreast of the rate at which a check grows, and as it approaches \$25 I blow a little silver whistle—the third item in the kit. This is the signal that the time has come to move on to another spot. And I must say that in the late hours in New York City, I usually find myself, my host, and party whistling and moving around a great deal. But like Perry Mason, I have never lost a case.

The fourth item in the kit is a compact silver-plated decibel meter (made in Japan). It is indispensable for conducting the "quiet business meal." When the noise level, either in the group being entertained or in the surrounding area, approaches a forbidden decibel count, a tiny alarm goes off.

My "Handy Guest Kit" also includes a factory-guaranteed stopwatch. This is a useful item if one is to be sure of compliance with a relatively recent ruling from Mr. Caplan's office published in the *Wall Street Journal* (the subscription price for which I now treat as a deductible item). The ruling in question provides that the cost of business entertainment can be deducted only where it "occurred directly before or after a substantial business discussion or is covered by one of several exceptions to the new rules."

After careful study of the so-called "exceptions" I have concluded they are no more than booby traps for my clients; hence my adherence to the time factor and the use of the stopwatch. Here, again, I have taken a very strict attitude. Where business is concluded *before* the drinks of the meal, I simply press the little key which starts the stopwatch. Unless the order is brought by the waiter before three minutes have elapsed, I quietly advise my client that the "before" phase has been missed, the Internal Revenue people have one strike on him, and we must thus be prepared to start all over after the dessert plates have been taken away. But even at this precarious stage in the affair, let us suppose it might be discourteous for the guest to interrupt animated talk about baseball scores, the Russians, the British, women, or other such engaging topics until too much time had passed. On such occasions I do not break into the conversation. But several times I have saved the day by suggesting a round of after-dinner drinks or liqueurs. I was thus able to start the stopwatch all over and catch the fleeting "after" phase before it was too late.

I believe this completes the list of items in my "Handy Guest Kit"—all except such an obvious one that I almost forgot it—my roll of stamps. As all my hosts know, I give Green Stamps.

Balanchine's Return to Russia

by Bernard Taper

He refused the role of Prodigal Son, stuck by his American frontier clothes—and proved that Art for Art's Sake can be good diplomacy.

G. M. Balanchivadze had left Russia at the age of twenty, a little-known youth. As George Balanchine, he returned in 1962 at the age of fifty-eight, world-famous, at the head of a brilliant American company, which was as much his creation as were the Balanchine ballets it performed.

On the basis of what was known of Russian taste in ballet, and of various advance indications and prior encounters with leading figures in the Russian ballet world, no great success was expected for Balanchine or his company. There had been, for instance, the interesting occasion in 1959, when the Bolshoi had made its first trip to the United States and was enjoying a spectacular triumph. Since the Bolshoi's schedule did not permit its members to attend a regular performance of the New York City Ballet, Balanchine arranged to put on a special rehearsal for the visitors while they were in New York. The occasion turned out to be rather a fiasco. For one thing, the American dancers were nervous, and danced as uncertainly as they ever have in their lives. One ballerina was reduced to tears by the performance she gave that day. In the middle of one ballet, when the dancers began making obvious mistakes, Balanchine had to go on stage to straighten out matters. Balanchine is noted for his aplomb. He can remain calm and assured in

the midst of chaos, and he seldom shows his feelings. If he was mortified by the demonstration his dancers put on that day, it was not apparent. He made his corrections as calmly and quietly as if this were a routine rehearsal, being carried on in the privacy of his company's studios.

But even if the company had performed with the kind of brilliance and assurance of which it was capable, the event would not have been a success, for the Russians manifestly did not comprehend the Balanchine ballets they saw, and they acted as if they were sure they would not like them even if they did understand them. They looked—underneath a surface of stiff politeness—bored, pained, baffled, patronizing, and rather self-righteous.

The three ballets presented for them were *Agon*, *Serenade*, and *Symphony in C*. The Russians were used to story ballets, preferably with a story that contains a clear-cut moral, and they liked to have their ballets as spectacular in costume, scenery, and milling supernumeraries as a Cecil B. De Mille Biblical extravaganza. But the Balanchine ballets they saw were pure dance works, with little or no story element and with the element of spectacle starkly minimized. The most disconcerting of the ballets for the Russians was the one that Balanchine tossed at them first—*Agon*, which is danced in black-and-white practice clothes on a bare stage by a cast of only a dozen dancers, to a twelve-tone score by Stravinsky. It was then one of Balanchine's most recent works—the latest production in the memorable partnership between Balanchine and Stravinsky, the most important choreographer-composer collaboration in the history of ballet. It has choreography of fiendish intricacy, which the New York City Ballet dancers, when they are in top form, carry off with a kind of pert, witty insouciance; and in fact, the whole work is enlivened by a very modern play of wit. It has been hailed as a landmark ballet, one of those rare works which affect the course of choreography, suddenly manifesting new possibilities in an old art. But the Russians, that day in 1959, were not prepared for it any more than they might have been prepared to view an exhibit of late Picassos.

It is possible that Balanchine might have helped them orient themselves toward it if he had talked a little bit to them in advance about his conceptions of ballet and what he was trying to do in this work; but he is a man who does not trust words very much: ballet, he thinks, is something one should look at, not talk about. So all he told the visitors was the title of the ballet and the composer. The Russians have a word which

is similar in sound to *Agon* and means "fire." Throughout the ballet some of the Bolshoi members, who had misheard Balanchine's announcement, sat conscientiously trying to make some sort of fire dance out of the choreography. The title—*Agon*—is actually the Greek word for "contest"; but that knowledge would not have been of much help, either, to a spectator expecting to see a recognizable representation of "life." *Agon*, like any true work of art, is a self-contained world, which must be taken on its own terms.

Formalism vs. Storytelling

After the performance a reception was given at which the dancers chatted together, and Balanchine met with the Bolshoi's chief choreographer, Leonid Lavrovsky. The two had been schoolmates at the Imperial School of Theatre and Ballet in St. Petersburg, and had once been close friends. Cameras clicked and flash bulbs popped as they embraced, kissing each other heartily on the cheek. It looked, from a distance, like a tableau symbolizing the end of the Cold War and the kind of mutual understanding that cultural exchanges can bring. But what the two men were actually saying to each other at this moment, as those bystanders who understood Russian could hear, was that they had no use for each other's conception of art. Lavrovsky was telling Balanchine that in the Soviet Union, work such as his would be condemned as inhuman, as "mere formalism." And Balanchine was replying pointedly that, for his part, he was certainly not interested in using beautiful dance movement merely as a caption for some silly story. Whereupon, for the benefit of the cameras, they embraced heartily once more. It was a scene such as Chekhov would have enjoyed.

After that visit, there was little reason to expect that the New York City Ballet would be invited to perform in the Soviet Union, or that Balanchine would go if he were invited—or, unlikely of all, if these eventualities should come about, that the company would enjoy a great triumph there.

Then, two years later, in the fall of 1961, another Russian troupe came to the United States. This was the Kirov Ballet Company, from Leningrad—the troupe that had been the company into which, as a youth, Balanchine had graduated at the end of his school training. The members of the Kirov company attended numerous performances of the New York City Ballet and several class demonstrations.

Though these dancers did not like everything equally, they were much more receptive than the Bolshoi to the Balanchine ballets they saw. It was noticeable that they seemed more sophisticated in their tastes than the Bolshoi and expressed themselves more freely; they mingled more readily with the Americans and did not appear to be quite so compulsive about echoing the Party line in their aesthetic judgments. This difference reflected to some extent, in Balanchine's opinion, the greater cosmopolitanism of Leningrad, in comparison to which Moscow has always been more rigid and provincial in outlook; but it was also a reflection of the fact that, during the two years that had elapsed between the two visits, the thaw had been continuing in Russia's intellectual and cultural life. It was ceasing to be treason to be interested in Western art forms, and it was conceivable even to like some.

Following this, increased speculation was heard about the possibility of a Russian tour by the New York City Ballet. It began to seem vaguely possible, then expedient, and then, in the way many projects have of gaining momentum, an absolute must—a solution, somehow, to all the State Department's unsolved problems. The State Department was in favor of it; the impresario Hurok favored it, so he could have a *quid pro quo* to offer Russia in connection with his bargaining to bring the Bolshoi back to the United States for a second time; the press wanted it because it seemed like a great story. Everybody assumed that Balanchine would naturally be eager to go and that he must feel that his life was not really complete until he had revealed to his Russian compatriots what he had achieved, and gained their approval for it. Well, possibly. But if Balanchine did feel that way, under his guarded exterior, he certainly did not show it. Profoundly and strenuously anti-communist in his politics and in his entire orientation, he kept saying that he would never go to Russia. At first, he asserted that the company also would not go. Later, as all the various intangible pressures increased, he could be heard to declare that the company might go, if the State Department wanted it to, but that it could go without him. By the spring of 1962;

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he was becoming less firm. By then it had begun to seem, as the Marxists might put it, an absolute historical necessity that the New York City Ballet be transported five thousand miles to the land of Lenin and dialectical materialism, to show that Americans were just as capable as Russians in the production of fantasy and enchantment. Once this assumption was granted, and the corollary assumption that all this was somehow relevant to the cementing of peace and amity between the two countries, then it was unthinkable that the New York company should go without Balanchine. That would have been a mortal insult. Balanchine was made to see that his duty as an American citizen was to go back to Russia, and he acquiesced.

An eight weeks' tour was planned. Preceding the Russian tour there would be a five weeks' tour of Europe. In negotiations with the State Department the company's administrators had insisted that this be part of the arrangement, in order to provide the company with as many weeks of work as possible. This is an abiding factor every year in the company's considerations: how to put together enough weeks of work every year to keep the dancers alive. The European tour went exceedingly well, though its beginning, which was at Hamburg, was disastrous. There, the singers, who had been picked up in Germany to perform *Liebeslieder Walzer* with the company, turned out to be incompetent. Hardly had the performance commenced, when the audience began to laugh and to applaud sarcastically. The dancers, appalled, could not at first understand what was happening; then it became clear that it was the singing, not the ballet or the dancing, which was being ridiculed. Needless to say, though, *Liebeslieder*, one of the loveliest romantic ballets ever made, never got a chance to cast its hypnotic spell. After that, *Liebeslieder* was dropped from the repertory for the rest of the tour, which was a pity.

In Hamburg also there occurred, the next day, a grave accident. Jacques d'Amboise and Victoria Simon were struck by a streetcar in front of the theatre. Both were seriously injured. D'Amboise was not able to dance again until the middle of the Russian engagement, about eight weeks later, and even then had not recovered his full strength.

Despite these setbacks the company, as a whole, looked magnificent during the European preliminaries to the Russian tour that was to be, whether Balanchine saw it that way or not, the main event. The London *Times* printed in September two reports on it from Zurich. A theme of the *Times* reports, as well as those of other British reviewers who made the trip to the Continent to see the New York City Ballet in action, was what

a shame it was, verging on the scandalous, that so many years had gone by without London's powers-that-be in the realm of ballet making the effort necessary to arrange for an appearance of the New York company there. Meanwhile the New York City Ballet was now off to Russia.

"The Russian ballet world will certainly be startled," wrote the *Times*. "One hopes it will also be enchanted, for America, and perhaps the Western World, is sending what is probably its strongest cultural ambassador."

A Boiled-shirt Affair

On the evening of October 6 the plane carrying Balanchine and the ninety other members of the New York City Ballet organization landed at Sheremetyevo Airport in Moscow. A host of dignitaries and officials were waiting to greet the party. There were speeches and an interview for Radio Moscow. "Welcome to Moscow, home of the classic ballet!" the interviewer said to Balanchine.

"I beg your pardon," replied Balanchine. "Russia is the home of romantic ballet. The home of classic ballet is now America."

Among the crowd present at the airport was Balanchine's brother, Andrei, who was now the leading Georgian composer and of high repute throughout the Soviet Union. It was their first meeting in forty-three years. The two embraced warmly. Balanchine was quite surprised to find that he was several inches taller than his brother. "He's short," Balanchine subsequently remarked, when asked by an acquaintance to describe what his brother was like. "He's a very short brother." The two men had not much chance to talk at the airport, but they spent much time together in succeeding days. They had never corresponded during their long separation, but each had been aware of the main facts of the other's life. Andrei was the only one of the immediate family left alive in Russia. Their father had died in 1937 at the age of seventy-six, their mother, also at an advanced age, just a few years ago. Balanchine had been informed of these deaths, at the time they had happened. He had kept in touch with his mother, and for years after his departure from Russia had sent her food parcels from time to time, until the authorities put an end to all private exchanges between Russia and the outside world. Their sister, Tamara, was also dead. She was the one whom Balanchine, then a boy of ten, had accompanied on the day she tried out for the Imperial Ballet School in St. Petersburg—

that day when, to his surprise and dismay, they had accepted him instead. Turned down by the school then, she had tried again the following year and had been admitted but was dropped at the end of her probationary year. After going to the Caucasus with her parents, she had become an architect and returned to Leningrad. She was killed during a German air raid in World War II. From his brother, Balanchine also learned the details of how his father—the well-known Georgian composer, Meliton Balanchivadze—had died, which he had not known. His father, it seemed, had developed gangrene in one leg and was told that an amputation was required in order to save his life. "What?" he answered, "I, Meliton Balanchivadze, stump about on one leg? Never!"

"But it's absolutely necessary. If you don't have an operation, you'll be dead within two days."

"So be it then," his father said lightly, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Death is a beautiful girl, who is going to come and take me in her arms. I look forward to the experience." Two days later he died. This account, as Balanchine heard it from his brother, made a deep impression on him, for it seemed so in keeping with his memories of his father's character.

The company was to open at the Bolshoi three days after their arrival in Moscow—the first American ballet company ever to appear on that stage. Then, for the bulk of their three weeks' Moscow engagement, they would shift over to the Palace of Congresses in the Kremlin, an immense theatre seating six thousand people, which is well over twice as many as the Bolshoi holds, and with a far larger stage. A new glass and concrete building, rather like the hall recently constructed in New York's Lincoln Center, it is one of the few pieces of modern architecture to be seen in Moscow, and makes a curious contrast with the dominant Slavic medieval style of the Kremlin buildings around it. During this time the company would have an interlude of one more performance at the Bolshoi in order to free the Palace of Congresses for the scheduled celebration of the 150th anniversary of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and the company's final performance of the engagement would also be given in the more glamorous Bolshoi. All seats for all the performances had been sold out in advance.

The repertory brought to Russia consisted of eighteen ballets, out of which five different programs were made up. The program for the opening night, October 9, was *Serenade*, Jerome Robbins' *Interplay*, *Agon*, and *Western Symphony*.

In the audience that night were the Foreign Minister, the Minister of Culture, the American Ambassador, and numerous other dignitaries and functionaries. It was a boiled-shirt, bureaucratic audience, and it responded bureaucratically—with politeness, tinged with puzzlement and suspicion. They might not know much about art, the bureaucrats in that opening night audience, but they knew, down to the least tittle, what they were supposed to like, and in ballet it was not this—not these stark or wispy bits of nothing, with no story and no scenery and, except for the last ballet, the simplest of costumes.

The critics next day expounded officially the response the audience had made manifest. To be sure, the company was recognized immediately as an extraordinarily brilliant ensemble, who had mastered to a point of virtuosity the classic technique. In *Izvestia* Aram Khatchaturian wrote of "the impeccable classic technique of which the artists are in brilliant possession." And the Soviet choreographer, Rostislav Zakharov, wrote: "Their strict discipline, precision, and deep sense of the musical rhythm, which is often very intricate, combined with a fine classic dance technique, produce a highly gratifying impression. George Balanchine, the company's artistic director, has managed to instill in the young dancers an exacting attitude toward their art." Also recognized from the first were Balanchine's remarkable choreographic abilities and ingenuity, but his conception of art was deplored. What a sad waste of talent and effort! "G. Balanchine in his creative practice adheres to the principle of plotlessness," wrote Khatchaturian. "This principle is foreign to Soviet artists and spectators. Without an idea, without a subject, there cannot be true emotional art." One critic went so far as to call Balanchine a fanatic who had frivolously sacrificed ballet's great tradition to his own vision of the dance.

When the Tide Turned

All this was just about what one might have predicted. What no one had expected, though, was what happened subsequently. In the huge Palace of Congresses, one began to be aware quite early in the engagement of a sense of growing interest on the part of the audience, a sort of deepened hush of concentration. Then spontaneous murmurs of appreciation began to be heard here and there which grew, one evening, into an outburst of enthusiasm. The breakthrough came quite suddenly. John Martin, who had accom-



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panied the New York City Ballet's party to Russia, wrote back to the *New York Times* that the point where the tide of understanding turned was with the first presentation of the Bizet *Symphony in C*. "Though the program had opened with the *Raymonda Variations*, received in all but stony silence," he wrote, "the Bizet work brought forth not only applause throughout and repeated curtain calls at the end but also rhythmic cries of 'Bal-an-chine' until the choreographer was forced to come forward and bow his acknowledgment." Martin thought that a possible explanation for the audience reaction might have been that the frank titling of this ballet as a symphony eliminated all possibility of confusion as to whether or not it had a plot or subject to be puzzled over. Be that as it may, nearly all Russian critics who saw it were to agree that *Symphony in C* was sheer joy—"a life-affirming" ballet, as Golovashenko hailed it, "a true festival of dancing . . . agile and light, diversified and wonderfully harmonious." Even Petipa, wrote one, could not have invented such a breathtaking display of classical choreography as Balanchine had done in this work.

After that night, regardless of whatever the critics might write, whether in praise or blame—and the critics would always have their doubts and reservations and dutiful scruples—the spectators were unequivocal in their enthusiasm. Night after night excitement was sustained at a high pitch. Now nearly every ballet in the repertory went over well, including those which were supposed to be the most difficult and alien. *Agon* made a great impression whenever given. Undoubtedly the biggest surprise of all was the tumultuous favor which *Episodes* won from the time of its first presentation. In New York, as Martin recalled, this ballet, "perhaps the most puzzling avant-garde work in the repertory," had not always fared too well; many Balanchine fans in America found the style of dance, with its distortions and strange, impersonal manipulations, and Webern's twelve-tone music disconcerting and unpalatable. But here in Moscow there were storms of applause between each of the individual sections. Balanchine was particularly pleased that the Muscovites did not laugh during the brief "Five Pieces" section; in New York during that part, with its curious dramas compressed into just a few seconds of time, there are often nervous titters to be heard.

In discussing the New York City Ballet, the Russians noted, generally with approval, that the company had succeeded in abolishing the star system—the cult of personality—and honored this

achievement as an important moral reform. In practice, spectators soon developed their own favorites among the dancers. Probably the most admired were Allegra Kent, who, one critic said, had something of the flavor of Ulanova, and Edward Villella. The Russians did not see two of the leading dancers at their best: d'Amboise, because of his injuries; Diana Adams, because of a leg ailment. Arthur Mitchell won everybody's favor. As the one Negro in the company, he was naturally the subject of special interest to the Russians but, beyond that, they much admired the way he moved and carried himself. Among the lesser soloists there was praise for Mimi Paul and Suki Schorer. The latter reminded the Russians of the Bolshoi's Ekaterina Maximova.

The greatest ovations nightly were always for the choreographer. They called for him until he appeared. Then they would often shout their thanks and gratitude: "*Spa-si-bo! Spa-si-bo!*" Balanchine seemed at first delighted, even euphoric, at the reception. Some of the members of the company remarked that they had never before seen him so ready to take a curtain call. But even then he was, one may gather, in a complicated state of emotions, a more complicated state than, perhaps, he himself realized. There was one evening when Balanchine stood in the wings at the end of the performance, making no move to go forward, while the applause for him went on and on. One of the dancers, Francisco Moncion, who was nearby, said, "Mr. Balanchine, they're calling for you. Aren't you going to take a bow?"

Balanchine turned a haggard look on him and said, "Well, what if I were dead!" And he did not appear.

During his stay in Moscow, Balanchine did not go about the city much for pleasure. What he saw of Moscow, under the bleak October skies, he did not like; this was hardly surprising—nobody who has been brought up in Leningrad finds Moscow appealing. He felt that he was not there for his own amusement or edification, but to fulfill a duty; so he put it, anyway. Whatever the American Embassy asked of him, he did. He gave interviews to the press and made whatever appearances were required, no matter how much time they took. Daily he conducted a company class, which many dancers and teachers from the Bolshoi attended. The Russians recorded some of these sessions on 16-millimeter film for future study. There was considerable amazement expressed by some of the Russian teachers, as they watched his com-

pany's classes, as to how he got human bodies to move in such complicated yet harmonious patterns. In the detailed technical analyses and appreciations made by the Russians, the American dancers always rated the highest commendation for their clean-cut footwork; if they had any outstanding common fault, the Russians felt, it was that they did not work enough on developing the lyrical and expressive use of their arms and shoulders. In return for Balanchine's efforts, the Bolshoi school put on a demonstration class for him and the company. It was conducted by Elizaveta Gerdt, now a woman of over seventy, who had been Balanchine's favorite ballerina when he was a boy, and the wife of his revered teacher, Andreyanov.

One evening, while in Moscow, Balanchine was excited to discover that a new ballet by the man who had been his first choreographic inspiration—Kasyan Goleizovsky—was being performed. Goleizovsky, after languishing in obscurity for a long time, had in post-Stalinist years been reinstated. Balanchine went to see a rehearsal of the ballet—*Scriabiniana*, it was called—but was disappointed. It seemed to contain nothing new—just stereotyped repetitions of ideas which forty years ago had seemed daring. He had intended to call on Goleizovsky, but after seeing this ballet could not bring himself to do so. If he met Goleizovsky he would have to say he had seen his work, and he knew that he would not be able to bring himself to praise it, because he is incapable by nature of feigning an enthusiasm he does not feel. In addition, he found himself most reluctant to spoil his cherished memories of the magnificent young Goleizovsky by seeing him as he would look now. He left Moscow without calling on him.

Near the end of the company's engagement in Moscow, the Cuban crisis erupted; the United States and the Soviet Union were suddenly at the brink of war over the Soviet missile emplacements in Cuba. On October 29, when the company was scheduled to give its closing performance in Moscow, the crisis was at its peak. The American Embassy issued a warning to the company that demonstrations could be expected, and it was rehearsed in the procedures that were to be taken if trouble broke out in the theatre. There were, in fact, demonstrations at the Bolshoi that night, but not of the sort that dancers would wish to fend off. That night the audience gave the New York City Ballet the greatest ovation, according to Bolshoi personnel, ever given at that theatre. It only ceased after Balanchine came forward and made a short speech,

inviting those who wished to see more to follow the company to Leningrad. Outside the stage door a large crowd were gathered. Many of them had attended every one of the twenty-four performances given in Moscow. "Come back," they cried, as the company's bus started off for the hotel. "Come back, come back, come back."

"The Public Has Grown Up"

Early the first morning in Leningrad, Balanchine said eagerly to Nathalie Molostwoff, a Russian expatriate like himself, who is on the staff of the School of American Ballet and is one of his good friends, "Let's go see my old house!" Now he was in his hometown, and for the first time seemed to find zest in looking about him. They went out to his old neighborhood and stood for a long time before the house. "It all looks much as I remember it," Balanchine said. Putting his finger to his forehead, he said, "But I didn't need to come here to be reminded of it. I've always had a picture of it right here." They went around the corner in search of the neighborhood church, where he had been taken every Sunday when he was small. That was changed. The building still stood, but its cross had been taken down, and it was now a factory. As for the great Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan, for which his father had written chorales and where he had seen his uncle—the Bishop of Gori—consecrated, that had been converted into Leningrad's Anti-God Museum. Balanchine did not have the heart to go in and see what it was like. He did manage to find that morning a small church that was still in use, and he went in, made his devotions and lit a candle to his patron saint. In each city in Russia where the company stayed, Balanchine managed to find a church where he could practice his faith.

In Leningrad, the New York City Ballet had no initial coolness to overcome. Here all was triumph, from the rise of the first curtain in the lovely Kirov Theatre—the old Maryinsky, where Balanchine, as a boy of eleven, had made his first appearance on any stage. This was the place, this gold and royal blue jewel of a house, that always haunted his memory as *the* ideal theatre. Many of his former classmates were in the audience that first night to cheer for Balanchine and his company. "But," as Martin wrote, "there was more involved in the evening's success than nostalgia and sentiment." The ballets made their own impression on a sensitive and aware audience. In Leningrad, even the critics paid only

a brief lip service to the official line about plotless ballets being of necessity cold and inferior. The intellectuals were by now very well aware of what Balanchine was driving at and, coming as this did just at a time when an aesthetic revolution was stirring against socialist realism in all the arts, they were hit very hard by it. One of the most important events of the whole Soviet tour was a meeting with Balanchine which the choreographers of Leningrad requested. They gathered around a table in a room next to the Ballet School's museum, a room in which Balanchine had once taken classes, and listened intently as he talked to them about the principles of his art—his belief in the primacy of the dance element in ballet, his conviction that such other elements as plot and decor should be subordinated. "Why should we do Shakespeare?" he said. "Shakespeare's already done Shakespeare." And he went on, "The public has grown up now. No one will be satisfied anymore with just a sumptuous spectacle in which a hundred luxuriously dressed supernumeraries walk around on the stage. The movies can do all that better than ballet, and on wide screen. The ballet is such a rich art form that it should not be an illustrator of even the most interesting and meaningful literary subject. The ballet will speak for itself and about itself. The human body, and in particular the female body—for I consider that the queen of the dance is the woman—carries in itself true beauty. And one really does not want to know whom this or that ballerina represents but only to see the pure beauty of her body, her movements, the perfection of her grace." Some of the older choreographers seemed to be left in despair by Balanchine's words, but the younger ones listened eagerly and they requested another



George Balanchine

GEORGE PLATT LYNES

meeting with him, which was held two days later.

Another high point of the trip was a matinee to which the New York City Ballet had invited the artists of the city—dancers, theatrical people, painters, writers, students. At the end of that program, Konstantin Sergeyev, the Kirov's artistic director, led ten young ballerinas of the Kirov Ballet onto the stage, where they presented bouquets to each of the New York company's leading dancers and to Balanchine. Sergeyev made a gracious speech, proudly claiming Balanchine as a native of this city. Balanchine accepted the honors being bestowed, on behalf not of himself, he said, but of America and the city of New York.

By this time, the Russians—the Russian authorities, at any rate—seeing Balanchine's success in their country, were picturing him as a sort of Prodigal Son. Not that penitence was expected

from him, but perhaps there might be tears of joy and kinship and reconciliation, ending with Balanchine being picked up and tenderly wrapped in Father Russia's cloak. Politely but adamantly Balanchine rejected the role of the Prodigal Son. In the frontier-style clothes—with string ties and pearl-button vests—which are his characteristic garb and which he wears with an elegance all his own, he looked more like someone out of *Western Symphony*. Every time he was hailed as a great fellow Russian, whose achievements were part of the great Russian culture, he would always interrupt the speaker to demur and, in the old-fashioned Russian he had learned as a boy in St. Petersburg, would insist that he was not a Russian, he was an American. In a certain fundamental way, perhaps, he showed himself never more Russian than those times when, resisting the flattery of his admiring hosts, he proclaimed himself an American through and through. To resist proffered affection is not an American trait. Describing Balanchine's response to the admiration of the Russians, Lincoln Kirstein, the company's general manager and the man responsible for bringing Balanchine to America thirty years ago, afterward recalled the coronation scene in Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible*. "Do you remember that scene?" he said to the friend with whom he was talking. "Ivan is on his throne. The nobles bow down before him; they heap gold upon him. And he sits there, implacable—he is absolutely implacable." Lincoln Kirstein's reports are often as much descriptions of his own interior state of mind as of the outside, but in either case they are of interest.

Here Balanchine was having what most observers would call the greatest triumph of his life, but he insisted that it meant nothing to him, and that it was of no great moment to him to be back in the country of his birth from which he had fled nearly forty years before. By now he had become so accustomed to concealing his feelings that perhaps he convinced himself that he was really feeling as little as he said. Yet those around him could see that he was visibly affected by what was happening, and seemed to be suffering from an increasing strain, of which the physical demands on his energy were only a part. He began to lose weight and look gaunt. And he began to have nightmares again, such as he had not had for years—nightmares that he had lost his passport, that he had been thrown into prison, that he was suffocating. At last, he felt he could stand the strain no more. So when the company ended its two weeks'

stay in Leningrad, instead of going on to Kiev with it, he flew back to the United States for a week's respite.

Resisting Politely

Balanchine rejoined the company in time to go on with it to Georgia, where it would scarcely have dared show up without him. As the son of Georgia's honored composer, he was treated as a Georgian national hero. Crowds mobbed him wherever he went. There were endless toasts to be drunk, all—as is the Georgian custom—from a brimming full glass, and there were endless flowery speeches. The only moments that Balanchine was allowed to spend by himself were at his father's grave at Kutais. What the Georgians would have loved best, as they kept letting him know, would be to see him, as the son of Georgia's beloved composer, now do a ballet to Georgian music—to the music, for instance, of his own brother. Resisting this politely was something of a problem. He could hardly come out and say that he did not care for his brother's music, but it was not possible for him to praise it.

There was one harrowing evening Mrs. Molostwoff remembers when they had dinner at Andrei Balanchivadze's home in Tbilisi. All evening she had been enjoying seeing the warm family feeling and comradeship between the two reunited brothers. Then Andrei suggested that he would like to play some of his recent compositions for his brother, and put a record on the phonograph. During the next two hours Andrei played one record after another. Balanchine sat, with his head in his hands, looking down at the floor. Mrs. Molostwoff found the situation unbearable, and she found herself praying that Balanchine would say just one kind word to his brother about his music. But he said nothing, and at last Andrei, passing the awkwardness off with a jest, stopped the phonograph. Afterward, Mrs. Molostwoff berated Balanchine for his silence.

"Would it have hurt you so much to make some small compliment about his music?" she said.

"I couldn't," Balanchine replied, looking remorseful and unhappy. "I just couldn't."

So, crowned with laurels, Balanchine and the New York City Ballet returned early in December to New York. He rested and convalesced, recovering his strength and health, while the company prepared its annual pre-Christmas performance of *The Nutcracker*; and then Balanchine settled down to choreograph two new works for the forthcoming spring season.

How Not to Integrate the Schools

A Personal Testament *by* Inge Lederer Gibel

Their increasingly orthodox slogans are blinding some civil-rights leaders to the real needs of most Negro—and white—children.

I am one of those creatures equally repulsive to Governor Ross Barnett of Mississippi, the Black Muslims' Malcolm X, and to many other Americans—the white wife of a black man and the mother of two Negro children. Even worse, I am out of step with the civil-rights leaders at whose side I have fought for many years.

At a recent CORE workshop, held in Harlem's Hotel Theresa, I reached a disturbing conclusion that has been forced on me many times in the past months: something ugly is happening in the struggle to achieve full equality for all our citizens, something that can destroy the very goals we seek.

I had suggested that in the schools of New York, Chicago, and Detroit we are dealing with problems quite different from those of Birmingham and Biloxi, where segregation is based on the assumption that all Negro children are inferior to all white children. In our Northern cities, I pointed out, there is a large mass of Negro children whose cultural and economic background is so deprived, that merely placing them in "integrated" schools will accomplish nothing.

These are dirty words in civil-rights circles

today. If you're white they brand you as a bigot; if you're black you're an Uncle Tom.

Nonetheless, I believe that, in the North at least, what we think of as the race struggle has become much more a problem of class and economics than of color. Unless we recognize this, the "Negro Revolution" will fizzle out into a mere statistical adjustment. At the top of our social and power structure, the black man will be represented in proportion to his numbers; but the majority of black people—along with the ex-miners of West Virginia, the migrant workers, and the South's own "poor white trash"—will remain at the bottom.

If this should happen, the Negro people will be bereft even of the comforting belief espoused by their current leaders that *only* race prejudice is holding them back.

Like James Baldwin I sense the growing hatred stirring in the black community. I, who am black only by association, am choked by a murderous hatred when I confront an open bigot. And I think I feel what any mother of black children would feel when I am subtly patronized by white liberals. Sometimes I am simply shocked and repelled by the irrelevance of their ideas despite the nobility of their motives.

There was, for instance, the sweet-faced white matron who passionately urged New York's new Superintendent of Schools, Calvin Gross, at a meeting last summer, to integrate all the city's schools immediately. A hostile black audience

gave her a standing ovation as she demanded that small white children be bussed to Harlem schools (and vice versa), no matter how their parents felt about it and without regard to their socioeconomic and cultural levels. "The white families of New York have no right to save their children at the expense of the black children of our city," she wound up.

In a way, her words crystallized for me what has gone wrong in the civil-rights struggle in the North. Twenty-five years ago, when I was a refugee from Nazi Austria, I too saw the world in such simple terms: defend the underdog, fight for the oppressed, right old wrongs, and build a brave new world. This conviction, indeed, led me to spend most of my adult life working for civil-rights groups, in settlement houses, and in whatever causes seemed to further those ends.

I do not now repudiate my youthful "idealism." What I deplore is the fact that the very people who bewail conformity in our society are introducing a strict orthodoxy into the civil-rights movement. It is a crippling error, particularly when you are dealing with a problem as complex and vast as the schools of New York and other Northern cities.

Integration Northern Style

My eleven-year-old daughter Kathie attends an integrated public school. Out of a student body of approximately two thousand, 17 per cent are white and the rest are Negro and Puerto Rican, with a small sprinkling of Orientals. Public-school enrollment in Manhattan is around 76.5 per cent non-white. So this might be called a reasonable "racial balance." How does it work?

Our schools are run on a "track" system, which separates children, sometimes as early as kindergarten, into more or less intellectually homogeneous classes. In the process the concept of integration bogs down, for the middle-class white five-year-old and a child of the same age from a lower-class non-white home will seldom be assigned to the same group. The middle-class Negro or Puerto Rican child will fare better than the lower-class white child. But since most of the city's poor happen to be non-whites, the burden falls on their children, even though no race prejudice is involved. Kindergarten placement is determined by age and nursery-school experience. The many working mothers in our community cannot afford the tuition at our two best nursery schools (which care for the children only a few hours a day) plus the additional cost of a house-

keeper. Yet it is the children from these two nursery schools who are usually put into the "best" kindergarten class.

The next step is to get into a "good" first grade. This requires, above all, "reading readiness." How can the child from a home where the main medium of communication is a television set running all day compete here with the one who has had books read to him since he was a toddler, who has already joined the library, who sees his parents immersed in a world of books and newspapers? By the time they reach third grade, the children have been exposed to very different types and levels of schooling. Now they are tested for the IGC classes (for the so-called Intellectually Gifted Children), which are scattered in schools throughout the city. My daughter has been in the IGC program since fourth grade, and—except for the fact that she changed schools at the beginning of her third year—she would still have the same classmates (with very few exceptions) as when she started school.

One day last year Kathie came to me rather disturbed. "Mommy," she said, "why do all the dumb classes have mostly Negro children and all the smart classes have most of the white children?"

Kathie has always been aware of differences, of course. A favorite family joke dates from the time she first learned colors in nursery school. At dinner that night she announced in three-year-old solemnity, "Mommy is vanilla pudding, and Daddy is chocolate pudding, and I'm butter-scotch."

Kathie has accepted the differences, even been proud of herself and of us. She has learned the history of her people—the black and the Hebrew—and is well up to date on the struggle against discrimination, North and South. What troubled her now was that the children seemed to *belong* in the classrooms where they were placed.

I told her that "smart" and "dumb" really didn't have much to do with it, that children whose mommies and daddies had to work long hours for low pay, and had many other troubles, did not have the same opportunities to enlarge their knowledge as children from a home like hers. When Kathie wanted to know what was being done about all this, I had no ready answer.

Inge Lederer Gibel studied writing at New York University and worked with slum children as a volunteer at a neighborhood center. She and her husband have two children, one recently adopted, and Mrs. Gibel works for a national educational organization. They live in a pioneer middle-income cooperative housing development in New York.

The racial breakdown in Kathie's class is around fifty-fifty, although the school has only a 20 per cent white enrollment. In other IGC classes in the same school there is a smaller proportion of whites. But throughout the city in our public elementary schools attended by *middle-class* white children and *lower-class* non-white children, the IGC classes and the "good" lower grades, have the most white children, the "slow" *classes* have the least.

One sad result is that you can actually see the children of first-generation liberals becoming second-generation snobs. This is their reaction to an environment which implies that the non-white children cannot compete with them intellectually or socially. In our own school and housing area, for example, there are many white parents who pride themselves on their progressive outlook, support all sorts of integration and freedom drives, and assiduously court Negro and Puerto Rican friends. But their children despise their Negro classmates and play only among themselves. Some of the Negro children retaliate, of course, by becoming withdrawn or aggressive.

What Negro Parents Want

I discussed this situation recently with a friend I will call Jean Brighton. She is the mother of three bright, charming children and lives on the edge of Harlem, in a large, low-income public housing project. Her husband is a fiercely ambitious father who works days in the post office and evenings as foreman of a maintenance crew. He is determined that his children shall have a better life than his. The Brightons are Negroes, just like over 90 per cent of their neighbors.

I asked Jean to conduct an informal survey for me in her building. Within a few days she reported her chief finding: What these parents want for their children is education, lots of it and the very best possible. The question of segregation is not uppermost in their thoughts. The parents she interviewed (in most cases it was the mother who spoke for the family) covered a wide income span. They ranged from a family with two children, whose father earns over a hundred dollars a week as a policeman, to the five children of a hospital orderly paid less than sixty dollars a week. With one exception, none of these people knows Jean well.

She began the interview by asking, "Have you heard about the school integration campaign? Do you know that they're thinking of bussing Negro children out of Harlem and bringing white

children in so that all schools in New York will have white and colored kids together?" Most people had heard of this much-publicized plan. "What do you think of it?" she then asked.

Invariably, the answer, with slight variation, was, "What, before they improve the schools?"

When she said Yes, they were astonished. Jean explained that civil-rights organizations were putting complete school integration at the top of their list of demands, backed up by the threat of a boycott of the schools. Everyone she talked to was certain that such a boycott would not be supported by the mass of Harlem parents, even though they all believed in integration. But without hesitation they felt that forced integration of the kind proposed would only continue to drive middle-class white children out of the schools. What these Negro parents wanted from the schools—and what, unfortunately, they *were* not getting—was a longer day; more and better textbooks that would be more representative of the minority and urban groups in our culture; dedicated teachers (of any color); smaller *classes*; and special programs which really serve the low-income child and are not aimed just at the middle-class child the schools are trying desperately to retain. None of these parents, incidentally, consider themselves at the bottom of the heap. They all expressed worry about the "others" who *live* next door. Their views, I believe, are representative of many Northern Negro parents'.

Ironically, in New York at least, many white middle-class "liberal" families agonize about whether to send their children to overcrowded, often understaffed schools with a high percentage of children from "deprived backgrounds," or to a nice, safe private school. Most middle-class *Negro* families, on the other hand, do not spend much time agonizing (except, like their white counterparts, over the tuition), but make the latter choice. An outstanding Negro civil-rights attorney whom I will call Mike Dawson is typical. I worked closely with him for several years when we were both volunteers with the New York Branch of the NAACP. In his courtroom presentations he often tried to prove that it *is* *rank* hypocrisy for the white community to use "cultural" reasons as an excuse for prolonging *de facto* segregation. (And sometimes he *is* *absolutely* right.) But Mike enrolled his own son in an exclusive, largely white private school.

The Dawsons live in central Harlem in a middle-income segregated housing development. It was built by a leading insurance company which has recently decided to integrate a similar downtown development and future projects. Very

likely, before long in New York, black lawyers, doctors, social workers, teachers, engineers, and their like will have a whole new world of about-to-be-integrated housing to choose from. Meanwhile very, very few of them send their children to the public school. They do not feel they are 'in this'—how can they be, they ask, when they are black? They are merely protecting the interest of their own children. In other words, they too are worried about the cultural, social, and educational level of the mass of slum children. Some of them are very unhappy about it and some couldn't care less; they just don't want their own children dragged down. Mrs. Dawson, for one, did volunteer work in the nearby public school—while she sent her Jackie to private school. She taught art twice a week to some youngsters who had never owned a box of crayons. After she caught ringworm from one child, Mike made her quit because he didn't want her bringing slum diseases home to little Jackie.

Teacher's Double Standard

Of course the Dawsons know—as I know from firsthand experience—that there can be no equality of opportunity for children in any school so long as two built-in barriers remain. One is the track system which, in effect, creates its own ghettoes. I believe it can and should be abolished, although it will take some imaginative planning—including perhaps the use of team teaching—to see that the "best" and the "worst" students all progress at their maximum capacity.

A more formidable obstacle is the attitude of the teachers. I recall, for example, Miss Jeffers (that is not her real name). Her mouth dropped open when we met for the first time. Negroes too—I must confess—often react that way when they discover that pretty, brown little Kathie is the honest-to-goodness child of big pale me. Kathie liked Miss Jeffers. But then she started coming home with complaints. So did other Negro children. For instance, one day Johnny—offspring of white, middle-class professionals—got down on the floor of the classroom and attempted to peek up skirts. One of them was my daughter's. When she was upset, Miss Jeffers told her, "Don't worry about it, dear, he's just being nine years old." Miss Jeffers' relaxed attitude about the pranks of white children did not extend to the vagaries of her dark students.

A few days later, my doorbell rang. I opened the door and faced a tall, dark, and angry woman. I will call her Mrs. Drummond, mother of one of

Kathie's Negro schoolmates. Yesterday her Tommy had quarreled with several girls, including Kathie. In the scuffle, according to Miss Jeffers, Tommy had tried to rip Kathie's dress. The teacher sent for Mrs. Drummond and told her Tommy would not be allowed back in the classroom until she took him to my house and apologized to me. Kathie was home with a cold. When I questioned her she said, yes, there had been an argument, and Tommy tried to hit her, but he didn't tear her dress. She wasn't in the least angry with him anymore. I tried to assure Mrs. Drummond that I did not feel this visit necessary, but her resentment and humiliation remained.

I asked Miss Jeffers why she had sent Mrs. Drummond to my home for almost nothing, when she had made light of Johnny's really questionable behavior. I accused her of setting different standards for the white and the Negro children in her class. Tearfully she admitted I might be right. Then she added a telling commentary on the track system. "I'm just so sick of some of these little geniuses that I don't know what I'm doing anymore," she said. "Their mothers breathe down my neck, threatening to send their children to private school if the curriculum doesn't prove advanced enough. . . . I just made up my mind to let their children do whatever they wanted. Next year I'm going to be teaching average children. No more IGC classes for me."

Mr. Burnstein (his name is invented too) had another bias. He preferred IGC classes and, I am certain, had no race prejudice. If a Negro professor, say, were refused an apartment in his building, I don't doubt he would join a picket line

Down-nose from London

In ordinary times the President exercises little or no influence on legislation, and there are few political issues which require his interference. Having no formidable neighbors, and therefore no international complications, the Government of the United States has little reason to trouble itself with foreign affairs, and domestic politics are equally unobtrusive. The felicity of a nation which has for the moment no history may well be envied, though it cannot be emulated at pleasure.

—*The Saturday Review* (London),
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BREAKTHROUGH



Lavoisier



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to protest. But Mr. Burnstein did not feel guilty about ignoring the needs of the dark-skinned majority of children in his class. He doted on the bright, verbal, alert children, the ones who went places and did things with intelligent parents. Most of these children just happened to be white. On the other hand, he was annoyed by the children who never went anywhere except to school and home again to their low-income housing development or tenement, where the parents were not well-read, aggressive college graduates. (In many home-assigned "projects," it is the parents who compete, and not the children.) Most of these children just happened to be colored.

Mr. Burnstein, it is true, liked "bright" Negro children better than "stupid" white children. But the former were too rare to make this nuance apparent to his students and their parents. They were convinced that Mr. Burnstein played favorites, and that they were usually white.

What Volunteers Could Do

If simply mixing Negro children from the slums with middle-class white children doesn't work in the schools of our Northern cities, what then do I believe—as the mother of Negro children, as an American and an integrationist—should be done to speed integration?

Some of my ideas are already being carried out in a few school systems. Some have been tried, on a very small scale, and abandoned as "too expensive." Some may be difficult to implement; and some, such as more teachers and smaller classes, have been repeated so often that I shall only mention them here in agreement.

The crucial factor, I think, is the teacher. Good salaries are important, of course, but salary and prestige can't buy dedication. A dedicated teacher can turn a rathole into a palace, she can turn slum children into empire builders.

I say this out of deep personal conviction. When I came to America in 1938, I was the sheltered, spoiled darling of an indulgent family, complete with governess. Overnight I became the non-English-speaking child of a harassed working mother. I went to four different schools between second grade and junior high school. In each I found warm, dedicated teachers (not all, of course, but enough) who really cared about me, despite my shabby clothes and poor English. They talked to me at lunchtime, during and after school. They helped me with the words to "America the Beautiful" before I really knew their meaning. And sometimes they even came

on their summer vacation to take me, for a day, out of whatever steamy city block I was living in then. And they did this for many, many children.

There are still such teachers in some of our classrooms, and we must find ways to encourage them and add to their numbers. At the same time we must weed out the security seekers interested mainly in salary, vacations, free time, and pensions.

All our teachers—including the best—should be required to attend a seminar dealing with Negro and Puerto Rican history and culture, and to learn how to emphasize the positive elements in them to their students. The white and the Negro child must learn that Africa was not a place full of ignorant savages; that its people were not cattle who were saved from sub-humanity only by exposure to white society; but that the slave system deliberately broke down family and group ties, language, and religion, so that the African would be easier to use as chattel. The middle-class Negro child can learn all this at home, but the child of the slum is usually doomed to remain ignorant of his own history.

I am not simply suggesting some more material for Brotherhood or Negro History Week. This knowledge should be used throughout the school year, in discussing literature, geography, and especially history.

Another aspect of the teacher's attitude which has stirred up a current tempest is the matter of so-called middle-class values. Obviously, an insecure middle-class teacher who resents her lower-class students will not teach them well. But what of those progressive-minded teachers who feel "we mustn't impose our values on these children"? The assumption is that all middle-class values are bad. But are they? What's wrong with being clean, honest, and hardworking? The average middle-class teacher is simply shocked when a slum child asks to go to the bathroom in a four-letter word. But the child is harmed just as much by the "enlightened" teacher who—in order not to make the child feel "inferior"—fails to teach him a more acceptable word. The child is not inferior, but his vocabulary is.

To extol slum culture is no service to our deprived Negro youth. Negro children have a glorious cultural heritage, but it does not lie in the winos, the dope addicts, the Cadillac-wealthy "numbers" overlords, bred by the crawling, stinking slums where these children must live.

A child who comes to school from an overcrowded home without a good night's rest or breakfast is in no state to receive an education. These children need an all-day neighborhood

school which would open its doors around eight o'clock. A breakfast of, say, an orange, a bun, and hot cocoa (if schools can serve lunch, why not breakfast?) would be distributed by an early shift of volunteers. New York is brimming with good and dependable people who love the city and its children, and want to keep it from going any further downhill. Why not organize a local corps to use the talents and spare hours of thousands of potential volunteers—the society housewife, the local mother (even one on relief) who loves children. It should be simple to screen and train such people for emergency service, as has been done on a very small scale by existing school volunteer plans. It is too late for more pilot programs. We need an army of volunteers to take over the nonteaching jobs in our schools, leaving our teachers time to teach. And some of these same teachers and volunteers could carry on into the late afternoon (with extra pay for the teachers, naturally, and perhaps a small stipend for the volunteers), with remedial classes and ballet, art, cooking, sewing, and athletics.

The school would offer a late-afternoon snack of fruit, cookies, and milk for those who wished it, and a study hall for the children who want to read quietly, do their homework, or, indeed, just rest. In this way the innocent will be kept off the poisonous streets and working mothers will be freed of tormenting fear for their children's safety. With a start like this, many more children would go on to junior and senior high schools, which would no longer be battlegrounds where teachers are hostile and frightened guards and students are surly prisoners.

Such a plan would work only if we get rid of the most serious form of discrimination against the slum child. His schools today have a different, inferior curriculum compared to other schools in the city, poorer libraries, and fewer and older textbooks. The most glaring contrast is with New York's fabulous public elementary school, PS 6. It is located on the elegant upper East Side at 81st Street and Madison Avenue. Such schools should exist throughout the city.

Restitution or Rabble-rousing

There is an old Brazilian saying, "A rich Negro is a white man and a poor white man is a Negro." Our private schools have proved that there is no great trick to integrating middle-class Negro children into middle- and upper-class white classrooms. The problem is to integrate large numbers of lower-class Negro and Puerto Rican children

into a shrinking white middle-class student body.

A step in the right direction would be to abolish the track system and to group the children in different ways throughout the day. The child who excels in math will very likely be poorest in art. Let every child have a chance to be at some time in the "best group" and in the "worst group," and it will still be possible to let each advance at his own pace. But children must learn that almost everyone excels at one thing and does poorly at something else. If we mix our student body racially, we must do the same with faculty and volunteers. And we must find something better than those awful textbooks (illustrated in the early grades) which show blue-eyed, blond Mary Beth and Dick going to the market with Mommy, while their dog, Buster, stays at home, guarding the little white-picket-fenced cottage to which Daddy will come home after a hard day at the office. Let's have texts with which our urban low-income non-white youngsters can identify.

It is obvious that new schools, wherever possible, should be built in fringe areas rather than in the heart of racial ghettos. They should be located as near as possible to the more expensive districts to discourage wholesale emigration of middle-class white families from the schools.

And let us by all means intensify our attack on the housing barriers which create the Harlems of this nation and the slum schools in their midst. Bussing children around the city is no more than a feeble—and foredoomed—palliative for this underlying evil.

Meanwhile, what I am advocating is in effect a massive crash program for all schools in low-income areas. It will be expensive, but not nearly as expensive as the present costs of maintaining the much-studied "hard-core multi-problem family," of sending a boy through reform school and on to graduate study in the penitentiary, of more and more policemen, an ever-growing rate of illegitimate births and of addict-induced crime.

Continuation of the status quo is not the answer. Nor is the immediate, across-the-board integration that the civil-rights "leadership" is pushing for in such slum areas as Harlem in Manhattan and Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn.

White society deliberately raped the Negro of his culture, stripped him of his manhood, and weakened his family structure. Many Negroes have risen above these handicaps. But large numbers of poor urban Negroes (and many equally poor whites) cannot give their children either love or education. The society which robbed the parents must now restore to the children their lost birthright.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUGLAS JOHNSON, 1911

The Lost World of Cape Canaveral, 1911

We had our first glimpse of the Cape Canaveral Lighthouse from the Chester Shoal House of Refuge, on the coast fourteen miles to the north. Its brilliant flash blazed out over the uninhabited, dark, and treeless lowlands, like an enormous firefly.

All the next day, as we worked our way down the long, hot beach, we could see the tower. . . . The sun was already sinking low and the tide was washing around the horses' feet, when finally we turned in from the beach, over a road that led across the desolate wilderness of palmetto scrub, back to the light station, a mile from the shore. In the evening we climbed the tower, went out on the balcony, and watched the eight long bars of light following each other in an endless procession around the tower. Slowly they swept across the dark savannahs, the pale beaches, and the sea, streaked to the horizon with breakers and glistening in the moonlight. Nestled up against the base of the tower at a frightening depth below us, were the three houses and the orchard, like a little oasis in a vast, open desert of grass and palmetto scrub.

The keeper, Captain Honeywell, told us tales of burning vessels which had passed, of shipwrecks on the shoals, of mirages, and of his life

on that strange, low coast. This is the only light station which never reports any absences to the central lighthouse bureau at Washington. It is the one place in the world where everybody is contented with his lot and wants nothing changed. We asked Captain Honeywell when he had last been to Titusville, the nearest town. He reckoned up that it was about three years ago. He had never seen an automobile.

The fact that the record for the last six years hardly covers a page and a half in the station visitors' book is excellent evidence that strangers are rarely seen on the Cape. Nevertheless, the three keepers are vigorous, up-to-date men. It is the constant watchfulness which their light requires—the feeling of their responsibility—that keeps these men awake and prevents them from falling into the mental sleep into which most other people on this huge, lonely peninsula have sunk.

—JOHN K. WRIGHT

(This account of a field trip to the Florida East Coast is from a student theme by a sophomore at Harvard in 1911. Mr. Wright later became a geographer and, for a while, Director of the American Geographical Society. He lives in Lyme, N.H.)

Is Kindness Killing the Arts?

by
Russell Lynes

Never have the American arts (and artists) been more pampered or better supported than today. Why do they flee from the hands that feed them?

Something is obviously wrong with the audience for the arts in America, but the trouble is not, as a great many people devoted to the arts think, that it is not serious enough. Never have so many people been so solemn about the serious arts or so serious about the frivolous arts. A joke about the arts today is in almost as bad taste as a joke about a minority group, and there is no surer way to lose cultural caste (which is very much the same thing today as social caste) than to utter a frivolous word at Art's expense.

This new solemnity which has affected so many Americans is the reflection of a carefully nurtured bad conscience about culture. The shepherds of the public taste have gone to great pains to impress on everyone his duty toward the arts, with the result that even those who are not interested bear a weight of aesthetic guilt. The disinterested are quick to admit that they ought to care, and a great many hardened Philistines try to buy aesthetic salvation by contributing to artistic institutions that mean nothing to them. Our cultural bishops are in the business of selling aesthetic indulgences. And yet, paradoxically, while the audience for the arts grows in size and solemnity, the artists today are in full flight

from those who profess to revere them most.

By no means the entire audience for the arts is solemn about them, and solemnity is not the only thing that keeps the artist and the audience at loggerheads. The audience is sharply divided into nearly exclusive segments, each with its own kind of proprietary attitude toward the arts or, in the case of those who are neither involved nor guilty, its own way of shrugging its shoulders at them.

There are four principal segments in what can loosely be called "the audience," each of which brings pressure to bear on the arts of our time, each in a distinct manner. For the sake of convenience (rather than accuracy—individuals are not generalities, after all) I shall give each of the segments a name: the Hard Core audience, the Genteel audience, the "Who, me?" audience, and the Tastemakers, or Missionary, audience.

Let me explain in more detail who they are, how they think, and what effect they have on the artist.

The Hard Core

The Hard Core audience is a relatively small group to whom the arts are meat and drink and who give their whole hearts to them—a handful of scholars and critics, a coterie of hard-working dilettantes (I use the word in its real, not in its pejorative, sense), the professional artists themselves, and the aspiring young. To them the arts

are a way of life. They eat them, drink them, quarrel about them, accuse each other of compromises with integrity, and talk of little else. There is often a worshipful quality in the young among them, but it changes from solemnity to productive seriousness if they remain part of this group of professionals and do not slip off into the larger congregation on the fringe of the arts.

A few of the regular members of this part of the audience maintain some sort of missionary zeal, especially those who reside in what they consider the wastelands of academe, and spread their gospel among the undergraduate heathen. Most of them, however, are concerned with the practical problems of being able to perform, to talk the language of the arts with their peers, to create or interpret, to refine their skills, and to concentrate their vision. But the fact that they perform on their individual stages does not mean that they are not also part of the audience for the arts. They are, indeed, the most critical, often dogmatic, and intensely concerned audience for which the arts perform. They are the first to perceive the slightest shifts in the winds of style, and as Leo Steinberg explained in his article, "Contemporary Art and the Plight of Its Public," in the March 1962 number of *Harper's*, the first to lambaste what they disapprove of or suspect of being incompatible with their hard-bought ideals. But, if they are likely to be the most critical audience, they are often the most avid one, not only for the arts they primarily practice or preach but for other arts as well. Their respect for artists working in other media from their own is based not on any distant vision of the artist and his problems and aspirations but on the itch in their own fingers. The painter who is struggling to evolve new forms on canvas may not understand the twelve-tone scale, but he understands the composer's need to wrestle with it and to turn it to his own ends. If on the other hand he is a traditionalist, intent on preserving accepted values as he understands them, he does not consider the artist who has thrown over those values

as a fool or a sport, but as a knave and a betrayer. He cannot stand aside, for his most passionate beliefs are involved.

This segment of the audience for the arts has expanded considerably in the last decade, and it will grow still more. Part of this growth is the result of disenchantment with the values of materialism, though I do not think it is a very significant part. Far more important is the amount of money that has been flowing into the arts—more scholarships and fellowships are available to young artists; colleges and universities have been busy establishing elaborate theatres. (The directors of college drama departments at the University of Kansas, at Harvard, and at Williams, for example, work with equipment that makes the lot of the professional theatre people seem sorry indeed.) Many communities have recently built art centers, organized concert series, turned over galleries and stages to give local talent the chance to be seen and heard. The Hard Core of the audience, in other words, has been receiving, if not every encouragement, at least kinds of encouragement which twenty-five years ago were almost unheard of. The result is, not surprisingly, that the thirst of the artist has been whetted, and not slaked. As opportunities are spread before him, his appetites grow and his demands become more insistent. As his status rises, so does his ambition for more status and more opportunities, a situation equally true of steam fitters, physicians, and marine biologists.

The Genteel

The Genteel audience approaches the arts in a very different frame of mind from the doers and interpreters, of course; there is a chasm of mystery that separates the arts from the Genteel audience and keeps it at arm's length. The most solemn part of the Genteel audience attaches itself loosely to the Hard Core and the institutions that display the arts, and they often become part of the volunteer machinery of art and music and theatre. They are the joiners of the art world, and they are engaged in a flirtation with the arts without ever quite daring to come to grips with them. They keep the arts without demanding much of anything in return except the privilege of being in their company. They are respectful, indulgent, patient, and often puzzled. They are generous, forbearing, and eager to learn. They go through the rituals; they learn their catechisms; they wrestle with the dogma, and they

Russell Lynes's newest book of social observation is "The Domesticated Americans," which (as Wayne Andrews has said) "will remind everyone of the laughter inherent in the history of the American home." Mr. Lynes is "Harper's" managing editor and the author of many articles and books (including "A Surfeit of Honey" and "The Tastemakers") exploring the arts in American life. One of his recent activities as a member of the "dilettante audience" was his TV appearance last spring during the revival of the famous Armory Show of 1913.

do their utmost to keep up. More of them are women than men, and I like to think of these women as the Culturettes, who, like the farmerettes of the first world war, tilled the soil so that the seed might grow. They sell books as volunteers in museum bookstores on their Thursday mornings; they organize parties for young people to "get them interested" in the civic theatre; they sit on boards or they run errands for those who do; they sell tickets and they take tickets; they meet visiting lecturers at airports, and they paste labels on the backs of paintings at "promote your local artists" exhibitions. They serve tea.

They are repaid for their servitude by dining with visiting celebrities, by being on a first-name basis with orchestra conductors and museum directors, and by being identified with "culture" in a way that makes it "work." Because of their intimate association with the arts they often wear jewelry (copies of ancient pieces) sold at the museum reception desk and they sit on the floor and drink wine with the cast of the local theatre group after opening nights. Sometimes one wonders why they give so much of their time to the arts, but there is no one intimately connected with any local cultural activity who isn't delighted that they do. They are handmaidens keeping the house of art wholesome in the eyes of those members of the community who think there is something a little disreputable about the arts, a little immoral, a little suspect.

These handmaidens (and their male counterparts, the hand-misters)—a modest and for the most part unassuming group—constitute only a small portion of the Genteel audience in our expanding and expansive society. The largest part of the Genteel audience is an aesthetically floating population. Their heads are not in the clouds and their feet are not firmly planted on the path to the promised land where their lives will be enriched by an appreciation of what an earlier, and

presumably less sophisticated, generation used to call "the finer things." They are the conscientious parents who traipse their footsore children through museums on Sunday afternoons, and who deposit them with a get-culture-or-else attitude at children's concerts on Saturday mornings, in much the same spirit and for the same reasons that they deposit them at dancing school. An acquaintance with Art—all the arts—is a part of social accomplishment, though it is not necessary to know them well. The process of being exposed to them, however, is important.

It is widely believed today that it is a solemn part of one's duty as a responsible member of a democratic society (and the Kennedys have obviously given this belief a new chic) to evince some concern for those things which used to be more or less the province of the aristocracy. But for the most part it is sufficient to be able to drop a few names less well-known than Rembrandt or van Gogh, possibly to be on an opus-number basis with a few composers, and to know how to avoid the most obvious artistic gaffes. There are those, of course, who go a good deal further than this, who travel abroad in order, as Siegfried Kra-cauer has said, to be able to capture cathedrals and temples with their Leicas, who visit the homes of long-dead poets in order to send postcards to their friends but who, of course, haven't necessarily read the work of the poet whose house, among other things, they have gone three thousand miles to look at. But these people make the turnstiles in museums spin, the statistics of culture become heady, and the flirtation seem like a genuine affair of the heart. They seem to make the efforts of the trustees, treasurers, and public-relations people of our cultural institutions worth the trouble.

It is in this segment of the Genteel audience that one finds the group whom artists, Culturettes, and the Missionaries consider the "enemies of art," the true-blue Philistines. They do not, of course, think of themselves as enemies, but as the defenders of "traditional values." They have poked around just enough in museums and art books and have seen enough reproductions in *Life* and *Horizon* and listened to just enough concerts to know that Raphael and Brahms were right and that "these modern fellows" are "trying to pull the public's leg." (There is the other side of this coin—those whose near-sightedness takes the form of contending that there was no art or music before Picasso and Stravinsky.) They hold their opinions strongly out of a conviction that a democratic society requires of everyone that he have an opinion on cultural matters. In

To a Poet

by Richard Moore

SIR, you're immortal, have no fears.
The empty pedantry is real
that haunts your lines, and you'll appeal
to stuffed shirts for a thousand years.

this sense Philistinism is the creation of those who demand that every aesthetic soul be saved. The Philistines have listened to these demands (or at least are conscious of them); and, to the dismay of those who try to purvey the arts, some of their breed not infrequently turn up on the governing boards of cultural institutions. They are zealous in their conviction that our cultural heritage should be preserved, and believe that the way to preserve it is to protect it from live artists.

“Who, me?”

By all odds the largest audience for the arts (and it is actual rather than potential) is the “Who, me?” audience. It does not think of itself as concerned with the arts at all; it can take them or leave them strictly alone, not on the basis of whether they are art but on the basis of whether it finds them interesting. To those who believe in an elite culture, they are the culturally unwashed and unwashable and might just as well be left in their state of indifference. But to those who look upon mass culture as the hope of a new kind of leisure-blessed civilization they are at one and the same time the promised land and the desert desperately in need of irrigation. It is this audience whose intelligence Mr. Minow, late of the Federal Communications Commission, and a great many others believe is vastly underestimated by those who control mass communication. Pabulum and treacle, mayhem and masochism are their daily fare, and they deserve better, it is said. But in any event, no one says that this vast audience is engaged in a flirtation with culture, much less an affair with it.

For this very reason it commands a respect from the artist that the self-seeking and flirtatious do not command. It is not seduced by aesthetic blandishments; it is not interested in artistic snobberies; it cannot be considered Philistine because it is not in the least interested in attacking the arts or in talking back to its intellectual betters, and it makes no pretense at being interested in what it is not interested in. It is a frightful problem for the conscientious Missionaries, especially in our time, because it can well afford better taste than all the evidence seems to indicate that it has. It is easily seduced by the garish and the gaudy, by shiny surfaces that conceal shoddy workmanship, and is subject to whims and fads. But then, let it be said, so are all but a very few of those who feel it incumbent upon them to tell the biggest of audiences

what it should like. The most dangerous kind of shoddiness is often the most sophisticated and the most “artistic.”

The Tastemakers

In some respects the fourth segment of the audience, the Tastemakers, is its most self-indulgent and influential part, more influential than the Hard Core, more self-indulgent than the Genteel. The numbers of people directly influenced by the opinions of the Hard Core would be negligible were it not for the missionaries and merchants who spread the word. They are beholden to the artists for their function, and their affair with the arts is often a genuine and dedicated one. They draw their nourishment and their solace (and frequently their livelihood) from daily involvement in the arts, and they feel impelled to share their private satisfactions and pleasures with others and to encourage others to enter into their bower and breathe the same sweet and tangy air. But they also know that the way of the arts is not without its thorny paths and its oublettes, that the arts are tough, often uncompromising, and usually demanding. It is easy for the historian of taste to laugh at their mistakes and misjudgments, at the false trails that they have followed with such vigor and conviction, at the traps they have laid for the unwary and then fallen into themselves. Today's hindsight is likely to be extremely condescending to yesterday's foresight, but instead of making today's Tastemakers modest it is likely to do just the opposite; it makes them arrogant. But then every generation of Tastemakers must have the egocentricity of its convictions or taste would stand still, and so, perhaps, would the arts.

The Tastemakers think of themselves not as part of the audience for the arts but as watchdogs and entrepreneurs, as the public conscience and the purveyors of the word. They are the product of industrial democracy, a relatively new breed, a new kind of participating audience that appeared along with the revolutionary idea of universal literacy as an essential prerequisite for an informed electorate. The idea that it should be anyone's problem to worry about everybody's taste was certainly no concern of the Middle Ages or of the Renaissance or of the age of the Baroque or the Rococo. Worry about everyone's soul, however humble, was indeed a concern, but it was not until the nineteenth century that anyone began to fret about the notion that it was necessary to save Everyman from the sin of bad



Where to watch Shakespeare
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Once every 100 years, Britain pays special homage to her greatest poet and playwright. His *four hundredth* birthday comes next year. Read about some of the dazzling celebrations and festivals you can enjoy. Then send for your free Shakespeare's Year Travel Kit.

BRITAIN is humming with preparations for the most spectacular birthday party in a hundred years. Shakespeare was born 400 years ago—on April 23, St. George's Day.

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In London, Sir Laurence Olivier will play *Othello* with the new National Theatre Company. From May through July, you can see *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* on an Elizabethan stage in the Mermaid Theatre by the River Thames.

And on summer evenings, the glades of Regent's Park will ring with alarms and excursions from *Henry V*.

Even London's music will have a Shakespearean lilt. The Covent Garden Opera Company is presenting Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Verdi's *Macbeth*, *Otello* and *Falstaff*.

Outside of London, you can enjoy *Richard II* at the Shakespeare Festival in Lincoln. See *Richard III* or *Antony and Cleopatra* in Bristol. And watch folk dancers "foot it fealty" in Elizabethan villages.

Seven-month season at Stratford

But the heart of the celebrations will be Shakespeare's own Stratford. The Season of Plays will run for *seven months*. There will also be a poetry festival at Hall's Croft, home of Shakespeare's daughter; and a Shakespeare Exhibition on the banks of the Avon. This will review the poet's life against a backdrop of Elizabethan art treasures, relics and curios.

Look at the opposite page for more dates and facts on what you can see and do in Shakespeare's Year. Then write to one of the addresses below for a free Shakespeare's Year Travel Kit.

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It includes this 16-page illustrated booklet about the celebrations, also gives tips on car rental, sightseeing and prices.

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In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.



STRATFORD From April 23 through September 23, the Royal Shakespeare Theatre (above) will resound to *Henry 8* (Parts 1 and 2) and *Richard III*. Seat prices start at 36 cents.



EDINBURGH The Scots are putting on Europe's grandest festival at Edinburgh (Aug. 16-Sept. 5). It's a heady blend of Shakespeare, concerts, ballet—even a floodlit military tattoo.



ALL AROUND BRITAIN You can see Shakespeare productions at Lincoln, Cheltenham, Salisbury and Pitlochry. London's Aldwych Theatre will be host to six international companies.



WHERE HE COURTED This is Anne Hathaway's cottage, a mile from Stratford. For 84 cents, you can buy a ticket that takes you to the cottage and six other places linked with Shakespeare.



WHERE HE POACHED Legend says that young Shakespeare was arrested for poaching Sir Thomas Lucy's deer in Charlecote Park (above). Admission to house and park is 35 cents.



WHERE HE ACTED Shakespeare and his players performed for Queen Elizabeth at Windsor Castle (above). You can also visit London's Middle Temple, where he acted in *Twelfth Night*.



RENT A CAR It's the fancy-free way to explore Britain's wiggly lanes and Elizabethan villages. You can rent a car-seater for about \$56 a week, insurance, gas and mileage included.



STAY AT INNS This is the Falstaff at Canterbury—haven for pilgrims since 1403. Many inns offer bed and breakfast for \$3.75. Lunch of English cheese and ale costs about 40 cents.



GO IN SPRING You'll be welcomed by flowers and pageantry (above, London in April). And you can catch the opening of Shakespeare's Year while roads and inns are still uncrowded.



*"...leave the bottle on the chimney-piece, and don't ask me to take none,
but let me put it to my lips when I am so disposed."*

—CHARLES DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, Chapter 10

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taste, set his feet upon the paths of good taste, and thus rescue him—and the society of which he was a part—from eternal aesthetic damnation. This religion of taste, this conviction that in our kind of society everyone should be raised from indifference to appreciation has spread like wildfire until it has become one of the major industries of democratic societies. Taste is very big business indeed, and I would like to suggest that it is the Tastemakers who have caused the segmentation of the audience that I have described, who have split it into handmaidens and hand-misters, into a Hard Core of artists at loggerheads with those whose pursuit of the arts is the pursuit of social acceptability. They have done this by making art mysterious, by making it chic, and by making it class-conscious.

How did this come to pass?

A Chasm Deeper Than Class

The consumption of art in America has long been associated with the genteel tradition, which is a by-product of democracy and the antithesis of aristocratic tradition. Gentility does not know what it will think next and never holds strong opinions about anything except what it considers "vulgar." The cult of gentility in America began as a reaction against the so-called First Age of the Common Man in the 1830s when Andrew Jackson brought "the ruffians" into the White House. Ideas of egalitarianism (then called the republican spirit) ran strong and, as so often happens, those who could afford to put on airs and graces did so in order to make themselves as unequal as possible in a society that paid more than just lip service to equality. Part of the pose of gentility was a nodding acquaintance with the arts, and taste became a facet of gentility and a badge of class.

If the tame arts were socially acceptable, artists were not, though some of them became so as the century moved on and it became evident that an artist, like a businessman or a lawyer, could command high prices for his talents. But the artist was not in the least happy about the way in which society treated the arts, and if he was unacceptable to society, society was equally unacceptable to him. He deplored the way that Everyman considered himself a connoisseur whether he knew anything or not, and he scorned what was considered to be genteel taste. The split between the artist and the world that prided itself on its gentility was a chasm that there seemed to be no way to bridge, though the Missionaries

have been trying ever since. They sought to build a span between the artist and the consumer, and they did it by appealing to the moneyed classes to recognize their responsibility for promoting culture on this new continent. They had an idea that if the leisure classes could be made to have taste, it would filter down to the poorer and busier classes. The rich, it turned out, had no better taste than the poor, but they did have the money to enable them to take the advice of the missionaries of taste: they filled their houses, copied from European palaces, with bonded European masterpieces. Genteel taste became a taste for the works of long-dead artists.

There were obviously many forces besides the efforts of the art missionaries that segmented the audience for the arts in the last century, and keep them segmented today. Thomas Cole was right when he said in the 1830s that the "tide of utility sets against the fine arts." He might also have said that the tide of priggishness set against them, as did the excitements of opening a new continent, of evolving new ways to distribute the riches of the soil, of creating literate rather than illiterate masses. Utility was not the only, or even the first, enemy of the arts; other intellectual preoccupations, equally valid, were also their enemies, as they are their enemies today.

There is, however, one vast change in the audience for the arts which has thrown the whole structure of the arts in our society into a new perspective and which has started spirited, indeed sometimes bloodletting, arguments among those who are most involved in the arts. It is simply that there is no leisure class anymore, or, to put it another way, nearly everybody belongs to the leisure class. Now that the work week has dropped from sixty hours to forty and for most white-collar workers to thirty-five and promises in another decade to be twenty hours for almost everyone not in the professions, the jobholder works scarcely any longer today than it used to take the mistress of a household to order her meals, plan the work of her servants, and drop cards on her friends. Suddenly (for it seems to be suddenly) that portion of the populace who used to work long hours and who, we believed, had earned an afternoon at the ball park or the racetrack becomes a problem not only in ethics but in aesthetics. Suddenly many conscientious Americans are worried about the citizen's sensibilities instead of his body; worried about all that time he has on his hands (more worried than he is), about how he should improve each shining hour of his time off, or if not each hour at least some hours which have come to be called,

in the vernacular of television, "prime time."

The argument which this benighted creature of automation and reform has set off is the argument of class culture versus mass culture. I do not mean to precipitate myself into the vortex of this argument here; to do so is a little like jumping into a cultural automatic clothes washer in which the froth very quickly obscures the dirty linen at hand. Briefly stated, the class-culture partisans view with alarm the nature of the material with which the mass media provide the mass audience, as well as the attempts to provide what they believe to be a watered-down version of culture. They believe that culture should be preserved from such contamination. They deplore the corruption of "standards." Those who see in mass culture the hope of the future are inclined to believe that there is splendid evidence (most of it statistical) that the masses are taking culture to heart, or at least that all this flirtation may someday come to grips with reality and breed something other than a monster. Both groups believe that the root of our cultural problem is in the audience, and that the solution will be found in how it can be wooed or guided, bullied or cajoled, made to toe the mark or pursue the cultural carrot.

Why the Artist Hides

I wonder. I wonder if we are not too worried about the audience and about leading it by the hand or dragging it by the heels to culture. It has been amply demonstrated that our society can create audiences for the arts by public relations, by display techniques, by snobbery, by civic and even national pride. We have learned hundreds of tricks for making art fashionable; we know all the wiles of beguilement and seduction, and having used them so successfully, we want to entice everybody into the boudoir of art. We talk about making the arts "meaningful" (whatever that means) to everybody, not just as an ornament of leisure but as a force of life. In a prosperous society everyone has time for culture of some sort; everyone should have a chance to have his sights raised, his sensibilities sharpened, and his mind stretched. It would be anti-democratic to quarrel with that. It is a Utopian idea, but then most good ideas usually are, or were in their origins.

But there is a catch in it, and the catch is the artist.

It is a paradox of our society that artists are deeply suspicious of the very methods by which

they are exposed to the public. I do not know a painter or a writer or a composer (I exempt actors and other interpreting artists from this) who is not cynical about the ballyhoo and the publicity that butters his bread, though he enjoys his butter as much as anybody and exploits the opportunities that are offered him to get it. He is suspicious of the popularity he enjoys; he mistrusts the public that pays him extravagant lip service. It is characteristic of our time that no matter how hard he tries to escape from his audience into a world of his own and his peers (whose opinion really matters to him), no matter how abstruse or abstract he becomes, the culturettes and the hand-misters and the Taste-makers come panting after him in a perpetual game of hide and seek. One cannot help wondering if the artist of our time is not being understood to death—overinterpreted, overcriticized, overexploited, and overwhelmed with self-consciousness. He is a man in perpetual flight from a society that insists on discovering corners of his soul that he has not yet discovered for himself.

We seem to be bent on the creation of the audience for the arts at the expense of the arts and the artist. In our determination to nurture the audience we create an enthusiasm less for the arts than for being part of the right audience, and we endow those who qualify with social diplomas that guarantee their rights and privileges to stand up and be counted among the cultured. We are creating our own, twentieth-century forms of genteel appreciation, and by doing so we are keeping the artist at loggerheads with the public. We insist that art is "nice" when art is not nice at all. It is tough; it is explosive; it is often upsetting; and only when it is not art is it dreary. It tries to be honest, and honesty in our public-relations-ridden society is, as everyone knows, the worst policy. We try halfheartedly—by insisting on proper labeling—to overcome the blandishments of those manufacturers who would deceive us with their products. We hope to get the same protection in art by labeling our artists.

It seems to me possible, just barely possible, that if we were to desist from making everybody think that he ought to like art and that art is good for him, the serious artist might have more respect for his audience. He might even think that the audience was a respectable thing to pursue if he were not pursued by an audience he does not and cannot respect. We should, perhaps, call a moratorium on taste entirely and reconsider the concept of pleasure—the pleasure of surprise, the pleasure of understanding, of discovery, of shared experience, of stretching the imagination.

How Businessmen Can Fight "Big Government" —and Win

by David G. Wood

A steel man suggests that it's time for them to stop bellyaching about "Creeping Socialism" and to take some practical, direct steps to fix the weak spots in our society—before Washington has to do it.

I am weary of hearing fellow businessmen attack Big Government. I'm even more bored with platitudes about defending the Free Enterprise System. And the charge that Nobody Understands the Role of Profits is just as tiresome.

The latter was the theme of yet another speech I sat through at a major college campus last June. It was the annual awards banquet of the School of Business Administration. The speaker was the Director of Corporate and Public Affairs, whatever that means, of a major home-appliance manufacturer in the Midwest. He was out to convince his listeners that profits are the cornerstone of our society. Why senior students and faculty members in business administration, and businessmen from the surrounding communities, should need convincing is a point that escaped me. I guess he was really trying to tell the graduating students to go forth and save our system. The "how" was totally missing, an all too common aspect of these polished, inspirational Free Enterprise speeches.

I happen to believe so strongly in our Free Enterprise System and in the importance of

profits to that system that I'm convinced they don't need defending. To do so is to state the obvious. That's why the speeches and the advertisements and the commercials and the house-organ articles are so boring.

Our economic system is, after all, a human institution. And no human institution I know of has ever achieved perfection. Improvement should be a goal of all businessmen truly intent on preserving the Free Enterprise System. But we never seem to talk about improvement when we make speeches. This would involve "how?" It would force us to consider methods and programs and objectives. It would be controversial, and businessmen try never to be controversial. Hence, we are boring.

The Director of Corporate and Public Affairs, in his speech at the banquet, cited a typical statistic from Opinion Research, Inc. Sixty-two per cent, or something like that, of all Americans think profits are too high. Does this mean profits are too high? Emphatically no, said our speaker, profits are dwindling every year. I work for the steel industry and I wholeheartedly endorse that part of his talk. Does it mean that the American people are being misled by educators and journalists into the belief that profits are too high? Despite the fact he was speaking before a considerable number of educators, our speaker implied that this was the case. He managed by a "we know you're with us" gesture to exclude the Business Administration professors from the leftist teachers who some businessmen are convinced dominate our campuses today.

At any rate, we were told, we businessmen must somehow overcome the power of the press and the schools and tell the people the Truth—that profits are not too high. They are too low. I don't believe the Director of Corporate and Public Affairs actually expects us to succeed. Who would invest their money in our corporations if the people did become convinced that profits are too low?

Marxism, High-school Style

But let's use a little common horse sense. It is ridiculous that any businessman should become concerned for our Free Enterprise System just because most Americans think profits are too high. Nearly all Americans are consumers first and investors second, if at all. There would be something wrong with human nature if we didn't believe that anyone trying to sell us something is making too much money.

Businessmen also get excited around graduation time every spring because public-opinion surveyors measure the attitudes of high-school kids and decide that they don't know much about economics, and what they do know is all wrong. How many times have you heard in a speech or read in some company magazine that high-school students somewhere have communist tendencies? A majority had approved of "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." Shocking? Well, the speaker or house-organ editor obviously intends it to be, but I somehow never get very disturbed.

When you stop to think of it, that's a rather practical philosophy for a high-school student. After all, his earning ability is very small and—from what parents of teen-agers tell me—his needs are very great. If he's smart he's been trying to sell his father on the equity of this doctrine for years. Just before the son of our ex-next-door neighbors in Seattle was graduated from Shoreline High School there, we got a letter from his mother. She reported that he and his Senior Prom date were "planning a big time with dinner at Canlis if you please." She added, significantly, "We haven't even been there." Seattleites regard Canlis as their most elegant and expensive restaurant, catering chiefly to the expense-account crowd and, apparently, to high-school boys wishing to impress their girls. Here is a high-school senior willing to spend his father's money in a restaurant his father has always regarded as too expensive to take his mother to. Why should he question a neat idea

like "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs"?

One might argue it is the job of the schools to teach our children that this is a Marxist doctrine and therefore bad. I would answer that we can't teach them to think for themselves by hanging labels on ideas. It's better to let them figure out for themselves that this idea simply won't work in a free society. If a majority of them haven't figured it out by the time they are high-school seniors, it is perhaps because teenagers are what they are—a confusing mixture of selfishness and idealism. I think I like them that way.

Permit me to proceed, then, on the assumption that businessmen are wasting their time and energies, to say nothing of their money, on defending Profits and the Free Enterprise System. This is really not such an original idea. On the same subject more than a dozen years ago, *Fortune* magazine asked "Is Anybody Listening?" and concluded that no one was. *Fortune* went a step further by suggesting that businessmen were making people wonder what was wrong with the system that it constantly required so much defending.

Improvement, as I have already suggested, is the best defense. Instead of talking so much, businessmen ought to do more. If they did enough, they could quit worrying about Big Government. For the past thirty years most of the improvements—if you choose to call them that—in our Free Enterprise System have been made by the federal government. During most of that period government has drawn its leadership from areas other than the business community. Our governmental leaders have been pragmatists. If a problem existed in our society, they wanted to find a way to solve it without regard for labels or doctrines.

What I'm urging upon my fellow businessmen is to out-govern government. Let's identify problems and bring about solutions before government is forced to act. Every citizen of a free society possesses this privilege and responsibility. The leaders of a community are especially obligated to act. And businessmen are leaders—or should be. Lincoln was right. Government should do only what citizens cannot do for themselves.

David G. Wood has been a steel industry public relations man for eleven years, in Seattle first and now in San Francisco. A graduate of the University of Washington school of journalism, he has also worked for the Seattle "Times" and the Associated Press.

One reason government has been doing so much is that businessmen have been doing so little. Perhaps we forgot how, during the tremendous scare of the Great Depression. But that has been over for a long time, and the Roosevelt reforms have not so changed our society that we are incapable of effective action.

What action? That question ought to be answered with a review of all the problems facing our country today and a discussion of what businessmen can do about them. That obviously is impossible here because: (a) I lack the space and (b) I lack the knowledge. I'll just have to satisfy myself that any suggestions made here will be more than the Director of Corporate and Public Affairs gave us in his speech.

Who Ought to Provide Jobs?

One obvious criterion of a successful economic system is its ability to provide enough jobs. Ours is not doing as well as it should. Let's look at my young ex-next-door neighbor once again, the one whose tastes already run to Seattle's most expensive restaurant. As a high-school graduate this year he is joining a growing army of young men who are finding it increasingly hard to get work. California's youth-employment supervisor, Robert Hill, called jobless young people "social dynamite." He said in this decade twenty-six million youths will seek jobs, twice as many as in the 1950s.

Businessmen are going to have to assume more responsibility in getting these young people started on useful careers, especially with on-the-job training. We are demanding too high a skill from beginning workers. The kids complain that no one will hire them because they have no experience and then ask, with undeniable logic: How are we supposed to get experience?

Mr. Hill suggested that some companies might do better to hire fewer engineers, who are in short supply anyway and sometimes become bored with jobs that don't really require their full professional skills. Engineers' aides, who could be trained on the job, might make more sense.

The Peace Corps is a marvelous idea, perhaps the best of the Kennedy Administration so far, but the young people we send overseas must have skills if they are to be of any service. We businessmen ought to promote and favor any programs which will enhance human skills, even government programs. Our businesses will benefit eventually, just as they benefit from public education. Providing all the employment and on-

the-job training we possibly can, consistent with efficient operating practices, should be the Number One goal of our private economy. Then if we still are unable to absorb the twenty-six million young people in this decade that Mr. Hill talks about, we must stop opposing federal and state programs. Serving in a government-sponsored civilian service corps, foreign or domestic, is infinitely preferable to joblessness. Business opposition to a domestic Peace Corps is the type of irresponsible negativism that causes our fellow citizens to dislike us, ignore us, or both.

Employment opportunities are not the only kind denied many Americans. Negroes lack so many opportunities that theirs has been a second-class citizenship in a society based on equal citizenship for all. This is wrong, and at long last two branches of the federal government—the judicial and executive—are taking meaningful action to assure equal rights for everyone.

There appear to be a considerable number of business executives willing to condemn such use of federal power. Many others (or perhaps they are the same ones) join and finance anti-communist crusades. Using comparable energy and most likely less money, these same businessmen—through the power they possess in the American economy—could render government action unnecessary and deliver worldwide communism a staggering blow. Equal status for the American Negro would undermine communist strategy and propaganda everywhere. This one improvement in our own society could well be enough to turn the tide overwhelmingly in our favor throughout the world. I often wonder why the anti-communist crusaders don't change into pro-Negro crusaders. They would achieve their goal far sooner than with their present methods.

I would expect the truly responsible leaders of business and industry, however, to work toward equality for Negroes simply because it is right. I wish there were more evidence that they are so working. Undoubtedly, more is being done than the public generally realizes. Because the problems involved are potentially explosive, and because they are not concerned with winning votes, businessmen generally shun publicity in endeavors of this kind. All but one of the white business leaders of Birmingham who served on the biracial committee seeking a solution to the city's conflict, before the bombings this fall, refused even to be identified. They feared economic reprisals, a universal concern of businessmen. "What will my customers think?" is a question usually considered carefully prior to political or social activity. It's a shame Mr. Welch didn't

ponder it more seriously before he founded the John Birch Society. If he had run true to business form, he might have decided to refrain for fear of offending all the country's communist candy consumers!

Invitations to Government Meddling

Even if we were free to publicize our bosses' actions to our hearts' content, it would be most difficult for industrial publicists like myself to convince anyone that everything possible is being done. The results just aren't there. I would welcome, for example, a steel industry report on what it has done to prepare Birmingham for its inevitable compliance with court rulings granting its Negro citizens equal status. After years of enlightened industrial influence, we might logically expect Birmingham to be more advanced in its social attitudes than it apparently is. It simply *has* to be more enlightened than the surrounding rural areas of Alabama. Yet its recent tragic history (not to mention its international press notices) raises serious doubts.

U. S. Steel is Birmingham's largest employer and therefore a powerful economic force there. It is faint praise to point out that under U. S. Steel's quiet leadership and influence Birmingham is a better city than it would otherwise be. A question that repeatedly has been asked, usually by indignant liberals, is, "Why hasn't John F. Kennedy done more about Birmingham?" Conservatives who truly believe what they preach ought to respond with, "Why hasn't Roger Blough done more about Birmingham?"

Industrial leaders may have an excuse in the Deep South, where long-established customs, to say nothing of statutes, have precluded any dramatic moves by them toward equality for all. But neither law nor custom exists to discourage action in such enlightened cities as San Francisco.

Sunday, May 26, 1963, was proclaimed Human Rights Day by Mayor Christopher of San Francisco. Some 12,000 citizens paraded up Market Street and held a rally at the Civic Center to protest racial oppression and demand universal equality. The newspapers described it as "San Francisco's ringing answer to Birmingham." Significantly enough for the point I have been trying to make, the march was organized by the San Francisco Church-Labor Conference. Advance stories promoting the observance of Human Rights Day quoted ministers and labor leaders. Business leaders remained silent. Sponsorship

did not include the Chamber of Commerce, or any other business organization.

The parade itself was a responsible, dignified demonstration. The chief of police called it "a heartwarming spectacle." In the words of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "They were of all races, but the major races were white and Negro, about 50-50. They were of all faiths—rabbis, Protestant ministers of the Council of Churches, Maryknoll nuns, Christian Brothers, a Jesuit priest. They were of all classes, but predominantly labor."

Are we businessmen too stuffy and self-satisfied to associate ourselves with a gesture of this kind? If we fail to be counted as *for* anything as basic as equal citizenship for fellow Americans, how can we expect anyone to become excited about government's intrusion in business affairs? The freedom to raise steel prices would seem of small consequence compared with the freedom to vote, to work, to live (or even dine) anywhere the price is right, to assemble peaceably, or to enroll in the state university.

Instead of seizing the initiative—which is after all one prerequisite of leadership—businessmen permit the government to lead the way. I work in a major San Francisco office building where the tenant on one floor is a federal agency. The only Negro white-collar workers in the building—stenographers, clerks, and supervisors—are employed on that floor. The few nongovernment Negroes in the building are janitors, cafeteria busboys, and messengers. If government agencies can find qualified Negro workers, so can we. And we can easily get them because we pay more. But we are not doing so, and we are thereby inviting government interference into the conduct of our business in a situation where it is right and we are wrong. This is the worst possible position in which to be to carry on a fight against government regulation, the Welfare State, or Creeping Socialism. Scare phrases help but little if our policies are wrong to begin with.

Why Hide the Cost of Credit?

Also as a matter of right, credit buyers are entitled to fair and honest treatment. Public reports as well as personal experience lead me to the conclusion that they are not getting it. For several years, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois has been trying, in vain, to obtain passage of a truth-in-lending bill. A similar bill at the state level died in committee at Sacramento recently. According to reporter Jack Miller of the *San Francisco News Call Bulletin*, "the cost-of-

credit measure, opposed by a powerful alliance of business interests, was shunted to the oblivion of the Assembly Rules Committee."

What honest reason could there possibly be for not informing buyers exactly, in a percentage figure and in dollars and cents, what buying on time is going to cost them? Maybe the passage of another law is undesirable—but retailers themselves have shown no inclination to police the situation. Their attitude appears to be, as usual, to get whatever the traffic will bear, which is a remarkable amount if the facts can be disguised well enough.

To purchase a few dresses for our daughters at Christmas time, 1961, my wife opened an account at a Seattle store of a well-known national chain. The unitemized statement we received about the first of February was larger than my wife could remember having charged. Investigation showed that \$6.09 had been added to purchases totaling \$31.64—on an account, mind you, to be paid within ninety days! I wrote a stinging letter to the credit manager in Seattle, which was answered within a week by the Credit Controller at the firm's executive offices in New York. In it I said the additional charge amounted to 77 per cent annual interest, although I'll admit I was a little unsure of my ability to compute it accurately. But the Credit Controller didn't question that at all. He objected only to my use of the word "interest." He called it a "service charge to *partially* compensate us for the expense of having a credit office in the store." The emphasis is his, not mine. He would have us believe that his firm is losing money on its credit operation. A "service charge" of 77 per cent is merely partial compensation! He added that he disliked having a dissatisfied customer so would settle for our payment minus the \$6.09 "service charge." In the future, he trusted, we would not want to use his credit facilities. What an understatement!

Legitimate businesses, more interested in selling products than credit, ought to oppose this kind of retailing with all the vigor they can muster. Newspapers and radio stations ought to refuse the sleazy advertising that sustains it. The Better Business Bureau—which incidentally received a copy of my letter and made no response at all—ought to disown firms guilty of outrageous and hidden credit charges. If they cannot solve the situation themselves, honest businessmen should support rather than oppose Senator Douglas' bill. Neither the Senator nor anyone else can prevent gullible persons from squandering money, but they can be given all the facts on which to base their decisions. The cost of

credit is a fact that should be made crystal clear.

By and large, government has stayed out of those areas where private citizens, businessmen mostly, have done the job. Cultural activities of all kinds are generously supported by the business community. Federal aid for the arts has been suggested occasionally, but not taken too seriously. Most people probably regard it as unnecessary if not unwise. Higher education—especially the private colleges and universities—has received massive financial support from industry. I suppose educators will never regard it as sufficient, but the corporation (or its executives) is rare that doesn't maintain a generous program of support for higher education. United Funds—conceived, promoted, and conducted by businessmen throughout the country—have provided the money to keep much welfare and social work in private hands. No tax money is used and contributions remain voluntary, more or less. It seems unlikely that government financing of election campaigns will ever be adopted in this country. Businessmen and others, notably labor unions, have been willing enough to contribute the money for this activity so essential to a democracy. Medical insurance for employees has become a widespread fringe benefit provided by corporations. The only serious talk of government-sponsored medical care is for retired persons. Which brings up Medicare, an extension of Social Security to include a most obvious need of old age. When industry furthers a lie of the American Medical Association by calling Medicare "Socialism," it offers no solution. Let's find a better one than Medicare if we can.

Undoubtedly many business leaders will object to what I have said. Full employment, job training, fair employment practices, equal rights for all our citizens, consumer protection, medical care for retired men and women. I can hear the response of businessmen I know: "None of these things is our concern. Our job is to make a respectable profit for our shareholders."

To them I say, "Then stop raving about Big Government!" If private citizens with power and influence refuse to concern themselves with improving our society beyond offering new and better products, they have only themselves to blame if their power atrophies. Negativism is not leadership. And that is what the business community all too often exerts.

Until we businessmen demonstrate some positive leadership in the solution of social and economic problems, I'm afraid the country is better off in the hands of the politicians and their allies, the labor leaders and the intellectuals.

The Abyss

by Theodore Roethke

I

Is the stair here?
Where's the stair?
"The stair's right there,
But it goes nowhere."

And the abyss? the abyss?
"The abyss you can't miss:
It's right where you are—
A step down the stair."

Each time ever
There always is
Noon of failure,
Part of a house.

In the middle of,
Around a cloud,
On top a thistle
The wind's slowing.

II

I have been spoken to variously
But heard little.
My inward witness is dismayed
By my unguarded mouth.

I have taken, too often, the dangerous path,
The vague, the arid,
Neither in nor out of this life.

Among us, who is holy?
What speech abides?
I heard the noise of the wall.
They have declared themselves,
Those who despise the dove.

Be with me, Whitman, maker of catalogues:
For the world invades me again,
And once more the tongues begin babbling.
And the terrible hunger for objects quails me:
The sill trembles.
And there on the blind
A furred caterpillar crawls down a string.
My symbol!
For I have moved closer to death, lived with death;
Like a nurse he sat with me for weeks, a sly surly
attendant,
Watching my hands, wary.
Who sent him away?
I'm no longer a bird dipping a beak into rippling water
But a mole winding through earth,
A night-fishing otter.

III

Too much reality can be a dazzle, a surfeit;
Too close immediacy an exhaustion:
As when the door swings open in a florist's storeroom—
The rush of smells strikes like a cold fire, the throat
freezes,
And we turn back to the heat of August,
Chastened.

So the abyss—
 The slippery cold heights,
 After the blinding misery,
 The climbing, the endless turning,
 Strike like a fire.
 A terrible violence of creation,
 A flash into the burning heart of the abominable;
 Yet if we wait, unafraid, beyond the fearful instant,
 The burning lake turns into a forest pool,
 The fire subsides into rings of water,
 A sunlit silence.

IV

How can I dream except beyond this life?
 Can I outleap the sea—
 The edge of all the land, the final sea?
 I envy the tendrils, their eyeless seeking,
 The child's hand reaching into the coiled smilax,
 And I obey the wind at my back
 Bringing me home from the twilight fishing.

In this, my half-rest,
 Knowing slows for a moment,
 And not-knowing enters, silent,
 Bearing being itself,
 And the fire dances
 To the stream's
 Flowing.

Do we move toward God, or merely another condition?
 By the salt waves I hear a river's undersong,
 In a place of mottled clouds, a thin mist morning and evening.
 I rock between dark and dark,
 My soul nearly my own,
 My dead selves singing.
 And I embrace this calm—
 Such quiet under the small leaves!—
 Near the stem, whiter at root,
 A luminous stillness.

The shade speaks slowly:
 "Adore and draw near.
 Who knows this—
 Knows all."

V

I thirst by day. I watch by night.
 I receive! I have been received!
 I heard the flowers drinking in their light,
 I have taken counsel of the crab and the sea-urchin,
 I recall the falling of small waters,
 The stream slipping beneath the mossy logs,
 Winding down to the stretch of irregular sand,
 The great logs piled like matchsticks.

I am most immoderately married:
 The Lord God has taken my heaviness away;
 I have merged, like the bird, with the bright air,
 And my thought flies to the place by the bo-tree.

Being, not doing, is my first joy.

Back East

a story by Julia Whedon



Jessica was enrolled in nursery school as early as decency would permit. The idea was to get children out of the home and into the sandbox before any real damage was done. After two arduous years at La Paloma, a bright little bungalow in West Los Angeles, where Jessica sulked in a teepee, barked her shins on the seesaw, and swallowed gallons of room-temperature pineapple juice, she was prepared for the rigors of elementary school—or so it was adjudged by “Bunny,” a sunny graduate from Wellesley, who wore peasant skirts, rayons, and sneakers. Bunny possessed occult powers of observation. She could determine, from watching her unsuspecting brood at play, significant personality configurations and telling evidence of academic potential. Of Jessica Canaan she reported:

“She has a keen imagination, has twice been elected leader of the Sunflowers [the boys’ group was called the Tiger Lilies—Jesse’s father indelicately referred to them as the Pistils and

the Stamens in a parents’ meeting], responds to nature, shows nicely developed powers of abstraction in her crayon work, and can go to the lavatory by herself. In short, we think she is ready for elementary school.”

In the fall of 1942 Jesse entered public school. She loved it. She learned Joyce Kilmer’s “Trees” (every last word including the dirty part about “upon whose snowy breast”), “The Prayer of Thanksgiving” (“Sing praises to His name, He forgets not His own”), and the National Anthem (surely “daunzerli” light was the loveliest light of all).

There she developed motor skills as well, such as window opening (no knight with his lance was surer of his target than Jesse with her transom pole) and eraser clapping (Jesse was perhaps the last of the great blackboard washers). She also distinguished herself at both fire and air-raid drills. It seemed to her, even then, that there was something dramatically

correct about "absolutely no talking" as she rehearsed for annihilation. She was quick to grasp that.

Jesse was not so quick to grasp the mechanics of arithmetic and spelling. The interest was there, but it began to wander rather quickly with apples to add, and oranges to subtract. She was made library monitor once, and thinking she could save the semester by really throwing herself into the job, she lovingly lettered a sign and hung it on the door. Embroidered with waxy daisies, it read: LIBRARY.

"Sound it out," her teacher prompted wearily.

"I did," Jessica confessed sadly.

Swept ahead by a relentless series of promotions, she also failed to grasp the importance of "outside reading." Alas, it appeared that Jessica Canaan was not a speller, or a reader, or a divider. The Canaans were concerned. Her teacher was concerned. Jesse didn't seem to care at all. Then one day the Canaans overheard Jesse's best friend, one Chucky "Chuckles" Hempstead, announce that he was studying to be a tackle for the Packers.

"Well, now look, there's nothing really wrong with wanting to play football," Douglas Canaan soothed, "and it's probably unfair for us to impose our values on the Hempsteads."

"I went through Vassar with Polly Hempstead. We went to the same boarding school. We came 'out' together, for God's sake," Connie replied in a swivet.

"So?" Doug said, looking up over his paper.

"So she knows better. That's all."

"Snob."

"Am I! After listening to all that Boola-Boola nonsense for fifteen years, now I'm supposed to believe you don't care about education anymore? All right then . . ." Connie said, resigning herself openly, mysteriously.

"All right what?"

"All right Jesse can be an airline stewardess then."

"That's ridiculous, Connie. Jesse isn't going to be any airline stewardess."

"No? Ask Jesse. She's going to be an airline stewardess. Pan Am."

"That's ridiculous."

"You said that before."

"Well it *is*. Ridiculous."

"Oh. And she's going to marry Chucky. So when he's not having his face pushed in, and she's not handing out Chiclets over Santiago, or something, maybe they can come and see us."

"Look. I think we're rushing things a little. They're only eight, after all."

"Attitudes, and I quote Bunny, are formed early in life. Parents must help mold—"

"Who the *hell* is Bunny?"

"Bunny was Jesse's teacher in pre-school."

"My God. Jesse's only eight and she's been in school five years. And she wants to be an airline stewardess? Aren't they teaching her *anything* down there?" Doug roared. "Where is this Bunny?"

"I just told you. She doesn't have Bunny anymore."

"And a good thing too! Who does she have now?"

"Elizabeth Trumwell."

"Oh, come on. Where did you get a name like that?"

"That's her name. Honest."

"That's what she wants you to think. But we both know nobody is really named Elizabeth Trumwell."

"Doug, *please*. This is serious. Miss Trumwell says Jesse is behind her age group in practically everything but Recess. I'm going down there to have a talk with her. She says Jesse also distorts spatial relations."

"She does *not*," Douglas said and then paused. "What's spatial relations?" he asked suspiciously.

"I don't know. But she distorts them."

"I *see*. Then we may conclude from all this that our daughter is not only mentally retarded but spatially distorted?"

"What a thing to say."

"And I was so hopeful when they said she could go to the bathroom by herself—"

"Doug, stop this. I'm sure Jesse is as bright as anyone else. Brighter."

"Polly may have the right idea. Maybe we ought to get Jesse to join the Packers. She and Chucky might make a wild passing combination," he mumbled.

"Doug. I'm simply saying that it may mean some tutoring and that's all. Lots of kids get behind."

"Well it seems to me that's the school's business. . . . What are they doing to her anyway? She can read *Time*, sort of, fix a broken toilet, run a lemonade stand. I can't fix the toilet. And they make her out to be some sort of moron. We gotta get her out of there," he said, shaking his head with alarm.

The following morning Mrs. Canaan found herself perched on an undersized cream-yellow chair opposite the celebrated Elizabeth Trumwell. Connie had trouble concentrating on what Miss

Trumwell was saying, despite her concern about Jesse's curious lack of achievement in school, to which Miss Trumwell was addressing herself. It was something about Miss Trumwell's carriage, the way she tilted her stiffened torso a sincere thirty degrees forward, indicating candor and concern. Her inflection, her very grammar, were like conversationally achieved hospital corners. Connie wondered how Miss Trumwell managed to sit so modestly in her tiny chair, sure that she herself was offering an untoward display of garters and lingerie.

"So we feel, that with a little more help in the home, some of the mechanics can be worked out to everyone's satisfaction," Miss Trumwell summarized.

"Yes, of course," Connie agreed vaguely, appraising a stupefying display of hand-lettered signs about the room. One read "My Reading" and listed titles like "Fun with Dick and Jane," "Willy the Wallaby," and "Honest Abe."

"The children make these signs?" Connie asked idly.

"No, no, I do," Miss Trumwell smiled proudly.

"They don't make the signs . . ."

"No—not yet. Perhaps next year. Some of the girls are coming along very nicely."

"Next year," Connie repeated, not yet ready to accept the possibility that Miss Trumwell was reading, all right *re-reading*, "Willy the Wallaby."

"If I may interject here, Mrs. Canaan, I did want to talk to you about Jesse's distortion of spatial relations."

"By all means," Connie assented, feeling a run in her stocking creeping up her calf.

"Jessica has been boasting that she and a friend with whom she plays Commandos—"

"Oh, Chucky Hempstead probably."

"Yes, I believe it was Charles. I was going to ask you, do they *really* play at being Commandos?"

"Oh, yes. Chucky fights the Japs and Jesse fights the Germans. They won't come in for dinner until they've killed them all off!" Connie laughed merrily, alone.

"Fascinating," Miss Trumwell said. "I always say children are more interesting than adults."

Connie nodded her head ambiguously, certain that Miss Trumwell always said just that.

"All this brings us nicely to the point. Jesse says that she and Charles mixed Coca-Cola, Pepsodent, thumbtacks, and library paste, sealed the bottle and sent it to Adolf Hitler, C/O Germany, the Second World War."

"Jess probably put Pepsodent in it because she thinks 'Irium' sounds like something poisonous," Connie giggled.

"Yes, of course. Well, apart from the fact that the parcel would never get to Hitler, as it was improperly wrapped and didn't have enough postage—Hitler wouldn't drink that anyway. I mean to say, Mrs. Canaan, that we are talking about a basically infantile fantasy—and a rather hostile one at that. Since we regard this as more of a family or personality problem, I knew you would want to be advised. We like to work with the whole child here, Mrs. Canaan, but frankly there was some question in this case—"

"I assure you Jessica is a whole child," Connie replied frostily.

"I wasn't inferring that she—"

"Implying," Connie broke in. "I'll do the inferring."

"Implying, then, that Jessica was only part of a child. Goodness no. My point is this: she seems mixed up about the war. This is an instructive point for we educators, I might add. So often we forget how world affairs often make their mark on the lives and perceptions of children."

"What makes you think Jesse is confused about the war?"

"Well, for one thing, she thinks the Japanese are on our side. In any case, she doesn't believe they're the enemy. It's most confusing for the other children."

"Go on," Connie prompted.

"She tells this story—naturally we all know about Jessica's imagination and give her full credit for it, but anyway she says you had a Jap—a Japanese, a nisei I believe is the correct term there—uh, working in your garden. She says he was very nice and so on. Well, then, she says one day, without any warning, or reason, and here's my point, that this nisei was carted away in a truck. Just like that. He was edging a lawn with a miniature lawn mower, and suddenly he was taken away. Naturally, as I say, we recognize much of the detail to be the distortion, or shall I say invention, of a very vivid imagination—the tiny lawn mower and so on. But I did want to tell you the story as it was told to me."

"He had a tiny lawn mower," Connie asserted flatly.

"Tiny? *This* tiny?" Miss Trumwell triumphantly produced a crayon drawing. Jesse's

Julia Whedon made the trip "Back East" three times before she was twelve, her father being a radio and TV writer. She later settled down to attend Sarah Lawrence and Harvard as a Woodrow Wilson Fellow. She is married, and has had stories in "Redbook" and "Seventeen."

name was printed drunkenly in letters as tall as the trunks of the palm trees pictured above. There was a Kelly green lawn, an honor guard of tulips, and a figure of a little yellow man pushing a small, admittedly awfully small, lawn mower.

"Well, maybe not that small . . ." Connie conceded.

"Exactly. Spatial relations, Mrs. Canaan. Then the idea that this poor wretch was dragged off by the authorities for no good reason—"

"He was," Connie interrupted.

"Well, Mrs. Canaan, I'm sure you and I can agree there *was* a reason."

"Miss Trumwell, you're not talking about spatial relations—you're talking about racial relations."

"Mrs. Canaan, I'm not one for quibbling over semantics, and I should have thought that this Hitler incident, this preoccupation with war, her willful distortion of reality, acting out . . . I was simply going to ask you if there wasn't perhaps some trouble in the home."

"The home is just dandy, thank you all the same, and I'm sure I don't understand what you're talking about. First I'm told Jesse distorts spatial relations. I still don't know what it or they are, but evidently it had something to do with drawing tiny lawn mowers. Then I'm told my daughter is some kind of nut because she sends Cokes through the mails. Then I find out we're really talking about concentration camps. The gardener *was* her friend. There *is* a war going on. Jesse knows that. It was stupid and vile and inhumane that her friend was dragged off like that. It seems perfectly clear that Jesse, in her small way, was trying to say something about it all."

"Well, I hardly call sending a Coke through the mails a realistic solution. Had it opened, it might well have defaced some individual's private property. Be realistic. It just wasn't a good idea. I do think your daughter would be well advised to worry more about her numbers and spelling, and be less fanciful. After all, next year they'll be doing decimals."

"Next year," Connie replied, drawing herself up, "my daughter will be enrolled in a private school back East where, I trust, they will be able to appreciate her imagination and teach her the fundamentals you mention without insulting her intelligence. Where, Miss Trumwell, they will



have my permission to teach her tooth by tooth, limb by limb, leaving what is left of my whole child to me."

"I'm very sorry indeed to see you taking this attitude. Generally we find our parents—"

"And I'm *not* your parent!" Connie cut in, and finding herself in the advanced stages of high dudgeon, with nothing more to say, she stalked out of the classroom, down an anti-septic corridor, and into a blast of sunlight. She strode across the playground mumbling to herself. So Jesse wasn't psychotic or brain-damaged—that much was clear. And there was an outside chance Trumwell was one or both. Well, not really of course . . . so Jesse sent Hitler a poison Coke . . .

"A package for you, Mein Führer. I had to give the messenger three pfennings for it. Not enough postage." "Ah so! What have we here? A Coke! Join me, Goebbels?" "No, Mein Führer. I just finished a Doctor Pepper."

Connie giggled to herself, and then her expression changed. Jesse, given half a chance, would catch up in her subjects. If they could only get her into a decent school back East. It would all be different. The Canaans had always told themselves that living in California was a purely temporary arrangement. That one day they would go back East. Not only for their own sake but for Jesse's. Jesse's horizons were alarmingly trim. As far as she was concerned, North was the Sequoias, West was Pearl Harbor, South was Tijuana, and everything beyond the Mohave Desert was "back East."

Despite their resolve to move, the Canaans didn't free themselves until three years later. Douglas Canaan was made a vice-president at the agency and the promotion was simply too attractive to turn down. Jessica and her teachers endured one another for three more photo-finish promotions, when finally the family decided to make the move.

Jesse's parents conducted a lot of good-natured psychological discussion about transitions and adjustments in a subtle effort to ease whatever fears and resentments Jesse might secretly harbor about breaking up old friendships and forming new ones.

"Are you going to miss Mrs. Hempstead?" Jesse asked one day.

"Of course I am, dear. Why?"

"I dunno. You keep talking about how you're going to miss all your old friends and everything. So I figured you were going to miss Mrs. Hempstead."

"Aren't you going to miss Chucky?" Connie hinted wisely, sure that she had tapped the sweet, sad heart of the matter.

"Nope."

"Chucky's your best friend!"

"Chucky's a dope."

"Jess, what a thing to say about your best friend."

"He's not my best friend. He's a dope."

"Why is he a dope?"

"Because I told him we were moving to New York and I gave him my whole playing-card collection—with Pinky and Blue Boy and everything—and he said 'I hope you don't go back there and get stuck up or anything.' Boy, is he a dope."

Connie looked at her daughter a moment, not knowing what to say.

"Mom? You don't go back there and get stuck up or anything, do you?"

"Of course not. Chucky's probably just a little jealous."

"He's not jealous. He's got my whole playing-card collection and he gets to stay here. What's so good about New York, Mom?"

"Well, lots of things. Lots and lots of things."

"Give me a for instance."

"Well, for instance, they have carriages like in olden days, with horses. And there are subways, and double-decker buses so you can sit in the open air and look in store windows. And the Automat. Oh, you'll love the Automat. You put a nickel in a slot and a little window opens and there's a piece of chocolate pie."

"You can see all the food?" Jesse asked.

"All the food. And you can have whatever you want. And best of all—New York has seasons. You'll like having seasons."

"Do they have tuna sandwiches?"

"Hmmm?" Connie said, distracted by thoughts of windy days on Fifth Avenue.

"Behind the little windows?"

"Oh, I'm sure they must."

"Seasons," Connie thought, sighing to herself. All Jesse knew about fall was making cut-out turkeys in school, of orange and purple, to paste on the windows. And when the surrealistic gobblers began to fade and curl, up went the snowflakes, also orange and purple, fashioned with blunt-nosed scissors. And then in spring—Crayola tulips of course.

During the last days before the move, kittens and turtles were placed in foster homes (Jesse's turtle named Turtle was reluctantly placed with Chucky, who also had a turtle named Bob Waterfield). A team of great sweaty moving men arrived on the scene, and with leather wristlets and throbbing temples, stowed the furniture in their van. It seemed odd to Jessica that a whole house could be so tidily compressed in a single truck. It left her with an inexplicable feeling that their possessions weren't worth much after all. Even stranger was the realization that if you turned left at the end of their street, and kept going, you'd get to New York. She'd always imagined that New York was somewhere beyond the gully that ran behind the house. She'd been warned not to wander too far off in the weeds, so it seemed natural that New York should be in that direction. But down Belleview and turn left—that was right on the way to the A & P. Jessica had begun the trip back East a million times and never knew it! She felt deceived.

The Canaans boarded a plane in the winter of 1948 and headed for their new home—an establishment called Castle Village on the Upper West Side.

"Castle Village— isn't that just like in a fairy tale?" Connie said enthusiastically to her daughter. Jesse remained silent, her large brown eyes fastened on the sights below. Geometric night-lighted pools sparkled shamelessly beneath them like semi-precious stones.

"It's high on a cliff overlooking the Hudson— named after the very Henry Hudson you've read about." Jesse remained silent.

"Remember Henry Hudson?"

"Nope," Jesse answered.

"Sure you do. Think."

"He was an explorer."

"Right! See? And what did he discover . . .?"

"The Hudson River," Jesse sighed.

"Right, darling. You see, all you had to do was try."

"But that's stupid, Mom. It's like when Edgar Bergen asks Mortimer Snerd who the George Washington Bridge is named after."

"It's not the same thing at all, and there's no reason to get smart with me," Connie snapped irritably. "And it just so happens our new apartment looks out over the George Washington Bridge," she added truculently, irrelevantly. Connie sank back in her seat and lit a cigarette. She thumbed through a brochure which included cheerful cartoons demonstrating how people escape from an airplane when it drops into the

sea. She snapped it shut and looked at her husband across the aisle. A passenger lurched by on his uncertain route to the toilet.

"Hi?" Connie said to Doug hopefully.

"Hi," Doug soothed.

After a month in New York, Connie began to worry about Jesse. She wasn't adjusting. Not even a little bit. She was suffering. Connie felt partially to blame. All the promises she had made. The carriages turned out to be inflationary, the double-deckers had been taken off the line, the subways were dirty, and the people in the Automat scared Jesse. But was that *her* fault? Things change. It seemed as if the only friend Jesse had was a middle-aged woman in 2B. Jesse visited her every afternoon.

"What do you talk about?" Connie asked idly one day.

"Different things."

"I know—but what kinds of things?"

"I tell her about California and she tells me about her husband."

"Oh? I thought she was a widow."

"She is. She keeps her husband's ashes in an urn by the fireplace."

"What a grisly thought. Are you sure?"

"Oh yes. She showed me."

"Didn't that scare you?"

"No," Jesse responded thoughtfully. "She told me that there was one man who had his ashes sprinkled over New York. I think when I die I'd like to be sprinkled over somewhere."

"Oh, Jess," Connie said, frowning at her daughter. Jesse pulled up a chair in front of the living-room window and peered out at the bridge with a pair of binoculars.

"What do you see?" Connie asked from her chair.

"I just counted fifty dollars," Jesse replied. "Daddy says if I stayed here an hour I'd probably count a thousand."

"You might at that," Connie sighed.

"That must be the richest bridge in the world," Jesse said vaguely. Suddenly she leaned forward and started spinning the focus mechanism.

"Hey Mom! Look out there. Something funny!"

"What is it?" Connie said with alarm, racing to the window. She peered into the night. Down below the streets were white and the sounds of the cars had become muffled.

"Snow! Jesse! Your first snow! Put down the binoculars and look!" Swiftly it became like a storm in a paperweight, swirling, thickening, eddying around the building. Jesse's eyes became huge with looking.

"It's queer!" Jesse yelled. She ran around the room looking out all the windows. "That's really snow."

"It's beautiful—quick call Daddy," Connie said.

"I see it," Doug smiled as he strolled into the room.

"Did it used to snow like this when you used to live here?" Jesse asked them. They looked at each other and smiled.

"Well, sort of. But not as good as this. No, I think the snow is better now than it used to be," Doug answered soberly.

"Really?"

"Absolutely."

"I'm going to make hot chocolate and we can all sit here in front of the window. How's that?" Connie asked, leaving the room without waiting for an answer.

Doug stood over Jesse and looked out into the night. Then he walked over to a window, opened it, and swept some snow off the ledge. He packed it into a tight ball and handed it to Jesse.

"Have a snowball," he said ceremoniously. Jesse held it in her palm, firm and cold.

"Now what?" she asked.

"Throw it," Doug answered.

"Right *here*? What will Mother say?"

"Don't ask."

Jesse eyed the room slowly, then let loose with a terrific line drive at her father. It caught him on the forehead just as Connie entered the room.

"Jesse! What are you *doing*?" Connie demanded, horrified.

Doug packed another snowball and pitched it at Connie.

"Don't!" she cried too late. "Has everyone gone crazy?" she yelled, ducking still a third snowball.

"Aw, it's just water," Doug argued weakly.

"Just water—well try one yourself!" she yelled, pitching a handful of snow at them both.

The fight was on. They ducked behind wing chairs, dove under coffee tables, pitching snow, crying, "bully," "cheater," "rat" until they fell exhausted into damp chairs. Jesse, still panting with excitement, thought of all the wonders of the world—they were all in Ripley's. The seven-year-old girl who had a baby, the Chinese man with ten-inch fingernails, the man who slept on nails. Now this, her first personal wonder of the world.

"You know what?" Jesse yawned.

"What?" her parents asked in unison.

"Maybe I'll have my ashes sprinkled over New York."

"Aw, Jess. That's disgusting," Doug reproved.

"That's all *you* know," Connie interrupted, smiling gratefully at her daughter.

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and poison ivy are things of the past."

When Mrs. Turner heard she was going to Puerto Rico, she wondered about shopping. She was delighted to find supermarkets with all her standbys *plus* local bargains such as: Lobster, 79¢ lb.; limes, 19¢ doz.

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Days and Nights in Texas

by

Barbara Probst Solomon

A New York writer sees the beauty and the hurt of an exaggerated—yet paradoxically an older, less complicated—America.

In the way of a native New Yorker I had taken many trips, but always to the other side of the Atlantic—never West. Then, when Hal joined the University of Texas faculty, we packed up two daughters, belongings, and pets, and abruptly set out for Austin. The first train took us as far as St. Louis, where the Mississippi sluggishly gives up, mud-brown water ending in factory-town squalor, the industrial North and the sleepy South joined in mutual decay. Walking through the lackluster streets it occurred to me that T. S. Eliot was an American, not an Englishman, and *The Waste Land* came out of his roots, not his sophistication. Around St. Louis, America seems to slow down and die.

After a night on the Missouri Pacific, the steady rhythm of small Midwestern towns gave way gradually to open land. I kept hoping to see East Texas until it finally came to me that the scrub oaks, a tractor left in a field, a large Victorian Gothic house in the distance, a Falcon near a new split-level, a turkey depot—scattered objects appearing and disappearing in the midst of nothing—were Texas. The only break in the stillness was the movement of the train. We

walked through empty corridors, past vacant roomettes, and ate dinner in a deserted dining car, choosing from a menu cut to the bone. Well, railroads belonged to another time. I felt a little sad. We were a small family living temporarily in a ghost town on wheels. Later I learned that in Texas you drive a car or go by jet; trains are for cattle. Feeling the lack of people both on the train and in the flat land outside, I asked the conductor what people did in this part of the country “in case of some emergency—car breaking down?”

“They wait,” he replied cheerfully.

I looked again out the window, still seeing nothing. My thoughts wandered. Covered wagons, families traveling to places unknown—my God, they really did it. What had previously been a myth—the myth—about America slowly penetrated into my reality, commanding its own respect.

About twenty minutes before the train was due in Austin, I started looking for the town's existence. More flat, somnolent countryside. Then, abruptly, without any New England city slum as warning, we were at the station. A friend of Hal's met us. The town seemed a conglomeration of modern insurance buildings, convention hotels, and the usual Woolworth's. The only remnant of the horse and cattle days were the extra-wide streets and high sidewalks. Hal's friend dutifully pointed out the lone white star on top of the very grand State Capitol. “Well,

you're not very far from things," he remarked. "Austin has a brand-new airport—better than San Antonio. Five hours to New York, three to Mexico City, two to New Orleans." Later, while wiping away three days' worth of soot, and making my acquaintance with the omnipresent Texas sun, it occurred to me that I might be seeing a great deal of that airport in the future. No more train rides through Texas. Or was that slow, silent, uneventful trip the only way you could get from Manhattan to Austin?

Invent Your Own Country

The first thing I lost was the English language. Texas vacillated between rambling rhetoric, a linguistic amusement-park maze with all exits sealed off, and clipped abruptness. I shopped at Kash Karry. At school my children studied readin, ritin, n rithmetic.

We lived near one of a chain of eateries called Pig Stand. This was Pig Stand Number 14. All over town I saw Pig Stands, and when I didn't see Pig Stands, I ran into the Somewhere chain. You could get a Someshake at the Somewhere and a Mooreburger at the Mooreburger. If you want cottage cheese, ask for Less. Turn Less into Les and non-caloric ice cream arrives. At a restaurant you order a dinner of Eight, Ten, Twelve, or Fourteen Ounce beef. When skillet culture marries supermarket culture with nothing in between to soften the shock, soft spongy "flannel" bread is the offspring; food is named strictly in terms of quantity.

Desperately hungry for something that wasn't Moore, Less, Some, or Eight Ounce, we tried a local exotic restaurant, the East-West House. The advantage of having a foreign restaurant in Austin is that you can invent your own country. We made our way through the bamboo curtains, gongs were pealing, there was a place to leave your shoes. A Brahms symphony, piped in on a loudspeaker, competed with the gongs. There was a copy of Erich Fromm's *May Man Prevail*, books on Yoga, a huge Buddha, and a large Jesus Christ. Squatting on pillows on the floor, we ate a mixture of cabbage leaves, limp Southern rice with canned tomato sauce, health bread, and for dessert, sponge cake with frozen raspberries and Reddi-Wip. On the spur of the moment Hal decided to go to Mexico City for the weekend.

In Mexico it was good to see the *New York Times* again, only one day late instead of four. We were news-starved. Texas newspapers not

only avoid world events, they bury the real happenings in their own state under a cloud of Who Will Be The Reigning Queen of Pflugerville? Fortunately the University has an independent student newspaper, the *Daily Texan*, and there is also the *Texas Observer*, an intelligent, old-fashioned, in-the-grain political journal run by an intrepid ex-University of Texas student, Ronnie Dugger. Its writers travel continuously throughout the state, committed to reporting the silent tragedies of small Texas towns. For many liberals the *Observer* gave more than the news, it was written proof of their very existence, and its office served as a social nucleus for this group.

Sad-lonely Rich

I went with Willie Morris, then the *Observer* editor, to the state legislature. One of the representatives invited me to sit down, the session was called to order, and somebody played the guitar behind the speaker's rostrum. The representative was afraid I might be bored. I told him no, it wasn't at all like the East. The lobbyists, very much in evidence, were gathered in large groups on the balcony. An old-time Mexican-American politician joined us during the luncheon recess.

The wife of the young legislator from "down in the Valley" was giving a free-floating party. A group of us drifted over to her rented apartment, Japanese-American villa style, and ate *boeuf Bourguignon* while lounging on the floor. The hostess, as fashionable as her cuisine, handed me a drink and sort of sighed. A pretty and charming girl in her early twenties, she was Texas-rich. Not comic-rich, but sad-lonely rich. She was committed to spending most of the year in a small border town which her husband's family dominated and where she felt very alien. "You know what I'm going to do?" she said softly. "I'm going to build lots of beautiful houses in my lifetime—houses with real feeling and real beauty—and I'm going to move out of each one of them and hope to God someone nice moves in after me. That's a way of being creative, leaving Texas prettier than it is now—don't you think?" She sighed again. "Austin is an

Barbara Probst Solomon's first novel was "Beat of Life" (1960) and her second will be published soon by Random House. She was educated in New York, Paris, and Madrid, and has written on politics and literature both here and in Europe.

"s. I hate to leave." Many people during the year were to echo that phrase.

More people drifted in. Paradoxically, being a liberal in Texas, with its mixture of enclave-isolation and easy physical life, at times is like being a colonial in India in the days of the Empire. Everyone knew one another, everyone avoided the natives (the extreme Right), and parties had a way of breaking out from one in the afternoon to three in the morning.

An argument stirred up between the Mexican-American politician and one of the young representatives. (I shall call them Fernandez and Richards.) Richards had contempt for the old Mexicans, but was also a little confused by the new ones. Maury Maverick, Jr., a member of a great liberal Texas clan and son of the late New Deal Congressman from San Antonio, had been defeated in a recent U. S. Senatorial race when Henry Gonzalez, a Texan of Mexican descent then in the state legislature, got into the field, causing a split ticket. "How could a Gonzalez run against a Maverick?" Richards cried in southern anguish. "Why, Maury's old man sweated blood for the Mexicans. Better that he's gone, it would've broken him."

Fernandez shrugs. "My name is not Gonzalez."

Symbolically, in the way a son displaces the father, the Mexicans in San Antonio had to challenge a Maverick in order to cease being Mexicans. The ultimate demand a majority seems to make of a minority is gratitude, the one thing which a minority improving its position does not grant collectively. Anglos and Latinos . . . I rolled the words on my tongue. Why do so many Texans, when they become emotional, use the foreign word to define themselves? We Anglos, they say. Or is this one of the things they mean by guilt of the land?

Yet Texas has other qualities. As I adapted to the nonchanging seasons, and as my eye grew accustomed to a subtler, more limited range of color, I began to find a somber beauty in the beige landscape. In the late afternoons I would watch my children riding horseback, and see the color of fire settle over still, empty land. There were days I drove beyond Speedway with its new motels and supermarkets and went along smaller, older roads . . . Red Bud Trail, Bee Cave Road, Purgatory Road, Bridle Path . . . towns named Marble Falls, Dripping Springs. "The Yellow Rose of Texas," someone says, was once meant to be a love song for a mulatto girl. "Originally all those things meant something else."

If the beauty of Texas comes early, so does

the hurt. It is a sadness sometimes concealed by statistics—five juvenile parole officers for the entire state, judges without legal training, no state income taxes. From all that richness so little money is poured back. As I walked along one of those streets where the town ends—white dust on the road, a caged parrot in an outdoor junkshop, the muted sound of bastardized Spanish in the air—the distance back into the days of the dustbowl, depression, and drought didn't seem so very great. "EL PASO 585 miles." The sign points toward an isolated country where human beings grow up hearing few words and no news, toward the silence of distances.

Faculty Gone Surrealist

The Texas flag was flying. Politicians, oil millionaires, and cattlemen swooped down on Austin. The band was full of razz, the drum majorettes full of wiggle. The Texas team, the Longhorns, were on the field, clad in majestic orange, their star Jimmy Saxton ("he used to race jackrabbits as a kid," we were told) was proudly pointed out to us. The Lord's name boomed across the plains, and there was solemn tribute to Sam Rayburn. Awards were bestowed on past Longhorn heroes. We rose and sang "The Eyes of Texas." The game was like a group bullfight without the mystique. An Ivy League team would have been slaughtered within minutes. Saxton was carried from the field three times; as he wobbled back in, the crowd roared approval. He temporarily misplaced a bit of his memory; the Longhorns had their first defeat of the season and were knocked out of their position as Number One team in the nation. That night Austin was plunged in despair. . . .

A legislative meeting was called to examine the question of "slanted" history textbooks. Censors and anti-censors jammed the room. Professors from the University gave their testimony on academic freedom. The first question the legislators asked Roger Shattuck, one of the professors now active in attempts to liberalize Texas, was: Did he go to church on Sunday? A young boy testified that he was given a copy of the Gettysburg Address with God deleted from the text. The lady next to me busily copied down names of those she called the "slanted" professors and writers. One of the professors quoted from *Aeneid*. "John Milton?" she whispered to a companion, pen poised in midair. "Who's he?" . . .

We ran into a friend at the neighborhood liquor store, where you can also buy shotgun shells. He had talked with someone else who had just visited Lyndon's ranch. When Lyndon, as he is called by every Texan, heard that Walter Lippmann was in town he apparently arranged a small party for him which included some professors, newspapermen, and the Governor. Lippmann was whisked off to Johnson City, sixty or so miles south. Lyndon drove several of his guests around the ranch in a white Lincoln convertible. He pressed hard on a horn that sounded off a mating call and all the Johnson cattle thundered faithfully after the car. . . .

The New Forty Acres Club finally opened. Built by a private contractor on a site adjoining the campus (hence avoiding restrictions concerning the sale of liquor on private property), its purpose is to serve faculty, alumni, and friends of the University. The administration sent out letters urging all professors to join. Invited to dinner, we found ourselves walking into a surrealist nightmare of orange, red, and black Shamrock Hotel *moderne*. Upstairs, past the tilted fake palms and tilted gaslights in a mammoth bar, a local combo was drearily singing mildly off-color songs. Some older members of the faculty, nervously nibbling peanuts, seemed uncertain as to whether they were sitting in the dark of a nightclub or the dark of a new-style faculty club. *Viva* the new Academia! We went on a tour of the bedrooms. The chef d'oeuvre is the Royal Suite, named after the football coach. White and gold furniture was set off in a blaze of red plush. I opened a white closet, and a white TV set peeped out at me. No desks, but there was a satin kidney-shaped sofa.

The new scientist or new poet can then enter the bedroom and lie down on an oversized gilt bed that might have been snatched from a bordello. He can open the other side of the white closet and white TV will conveniently swivel around to greet him. When he looks at himself in the mirror while shaving, he will find his face framed in a halo of naked cherubs and birds on the wing. He has his choice of two colors of toilet paper. A white telephone is located handily next to the toilet. As it turned out, it was meant for the white professor with instant white thoughts. Shortly after the place opened, a visiting Negro member of the Peace Corps was refused admittance. Faculty members protest, students picket, and the University loses its chance for a quarter-million-dollar government grant intended for the creation of a Peace Corps training center. The administration tries to dis-

entangle itself from the Club. Who was in charge of policy? For whom was it built? Suddenly nobody knows. . . .

Other Places, Other People

Austin's topography is split dramatically, built on a great geological fault—the east is flat and dark, the west is beautiful hilly lake country—and psychologically it also has its extremes. It has its native homegrown liberals, its East Texas bigots, its old-time frontier values, the isolationism of West Texas, and the quality of transiency inherited from a recently floating population. As a result there is no single attitude shown toward the Negro student. Dormitories and varsity sports remain segregated. During the year the University rolled from crisis to crisis. The students continued their sit-ins, the Regents attempted to be punitive and remained at loggerheads with the faculty. In Austin, painted on a huge rock, are the words, "REGENTS IS PIGS," a remnant of older and stormier days. It is also typical of Texas that nobody has ever attempted to remove the sign.

Despite faculty and student support on integration, the Negro students on campus lead solitary lives. They are divorced from the older Negro community in the town and socially they remain apart from the white students. Occasionally the Negro girls' cooperative would ask various members of the faculty over for dinner. One night Hal, another professor, and myself were asked. The dingy gray clapboard building was a striking contrast to the modern dormitories on the rest of the campus. The girls communicated a mood of uncertainty. Was it all right to ask a professor a question after class? How could you tell how the faculty really felt? How far would they go? What did the students really think? Which students? Which faculty? It can be a very perilous town for a Negro because one minute it acts like the North, the next like the Deep South.

"You want to know what I really think of Texas?" one of the girls said, her voice moving from softness to swift anger. "I hate it. So you get a degree, but just try to get a job worth having. And I'm not"—she smiled—"going to push the ignorance stick."

"What's the matter, baby? You don't like housework?" They all laughed.

I was surprised that by the winter of 1962 most of the girls, all actively involved in the integration cause, had heard of neither James Bald-



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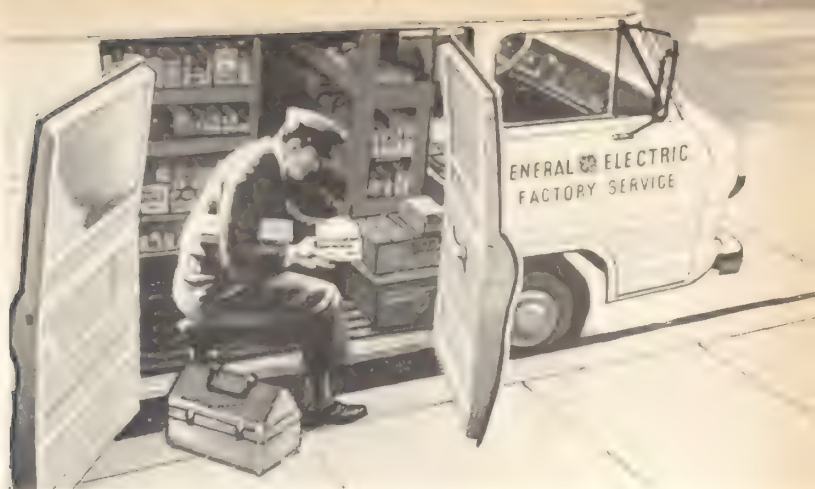
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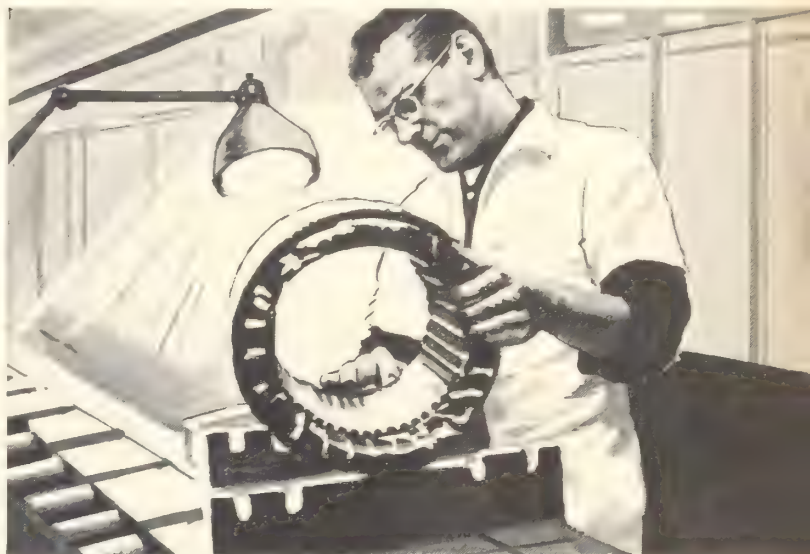
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win nor Ralph Ellison. (They had read Richard Wright.) Up North we tend to see the Negro students down South as battling for their rights in an atmosphere of cohesive solidarity, as though there is some master plan, and they are all communicating with one another. These girls seemed unsure of what to do next, of what their rights were, of whom to ask about these things. Though they could discuss moral issues with the faculty, they realized that a line has to be maintained. The girls confessed that though they worked with the Students for Direct Action they maintained a guarded distrust. Once a Southerner, always a Southerner? Then I underwent a sort of third degree as a Northerner. I doubted that my answers were very helpful. As a child I had not gone to an integrated school, growing up I had known hardly any Negroes, yet Harlem was a ghetto. One of my daughters seemed not to notice color, the other had been puzzled at having a Negro teacher in nursery school.

We had some Negro friends, but the proportion was small. Curiously they examined my prejudices; then the conversation drifted into something more female. What were the stores in New York like? Is the beehive hairdo popular? Did I go to the theatre? A friend of theirs had seen *A Taste of Honey*. Had I? What books? What music? How much would it cost to study at NYU? To live in New York? Describe other places, other people; what, oh, what does the world look like?

How life looked to me—that part I could answer. What was the shape of experience for a young Negro girl up North? That, in honesty, I could not. I mentioned Baldwin, Ellison, Paule Marshall. They wrote down the names. "Come back anytime," one of the girls said, no expectation in her voice that we would or wouldn't. Several girls drifted off into a parlor to study. There was an old upright piano against the wall. The young girl who mentioned the ignorance stick stood in the doorway and watched us get into the car. Later we went to the movies.

I thought of many of the white students I had met. They also were a combination of tremendous eagerness and complete ignorance as to the shape of life. Why should I have assumed that these girls would be familiar with contemporary Negro writers? I felt a terrible anger at the crime of America which allows vast sections of its population to reach adulthood in such isolation and exposed to so little knowledge that they cannot even find their own world.

There were slow Deep South days and brisk Western frontier days. We take Carla and

Maria to visit a friend's ranch. They run free, naming the different kinds of horses, examining fossils on the bank of a dry creek. Later, in the ranch house, my eldest notices the collection of rifles stacked in a corner. "They're not loaded?" she asks rhetorically. Our friend explains that guns are *always* loaded. He says, "When you see a gun, remember it is a real gun." Then he takes us on a long truck ride. At one point he shoots an armadillo.

"It's dead?" The girls are surprised and unhappy.

"Yes. They eat duck eggs." He explains that sometimes you kill animals and sometimes you don't. Later he gives them some venison to take home. He says it came from a deer he shot and everyone will eat the meat. Then he advised us not to picnic at random.

"Why?" Maria asks.

"When people say no trespassing, they mean no trespassing."

Activists vs. Academics

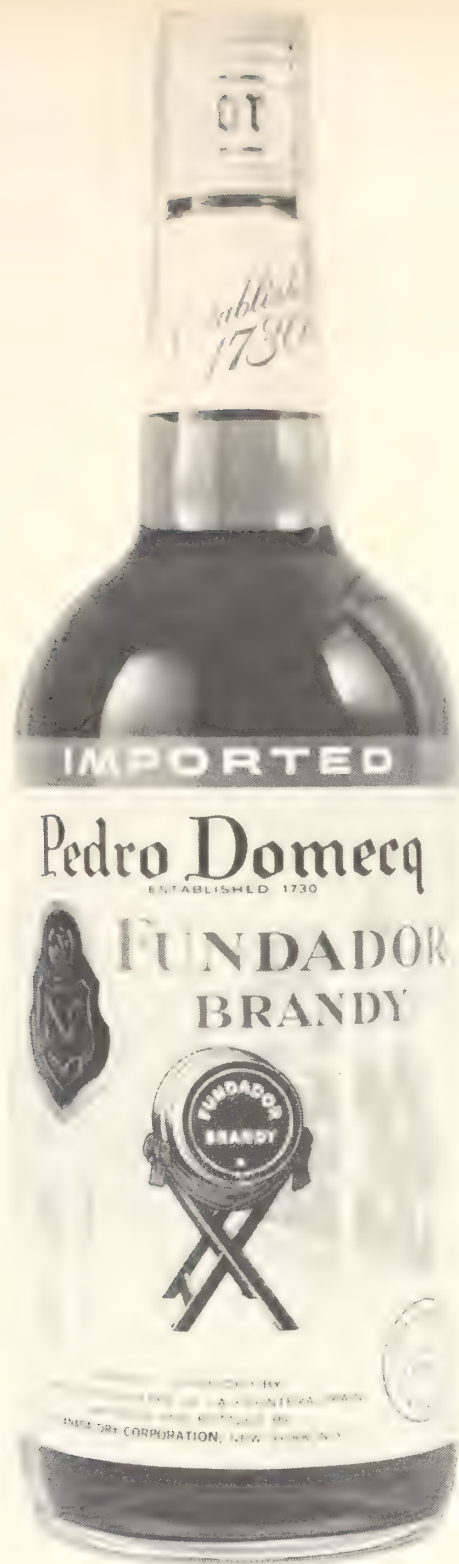
On the way home Carla is lost in thought. At school, she tells us, she has learned how to spot a coral snake and what to do if the snake bites you. Also how to make yourself comfortable in uncomfortable places. In the afternoon I rarely see my children. They take their bikes and disappear with friends. Their world is changing. . . .

I have acquired a new accent, a combination of Texas drawl and staccato Cambridge, England. Texas loves Englishmen, they love Texas. I keep bumping into the British. "I am Cyril Satorsky from London," a young man at a party says to me in a voice filled with doubt. "I have been here six weeks. . . . I keep reminding myself, I am Cyril Satorsky from London." Cyril, in pursuit of life, has been wandering through Austin at night in search of a city. Jorge Luis Borges, visiting for the semester, is in search of a sidewalk. A young Southern writer arrives in a hearse he bought in Dallas for practically nothing. A local belle wants everyone to inspect her new paraffin-stuffed breasts. She doesn't like academic types, prefers activists. What's an activist?

"Why, babe, an activist is someone who sits in the suhn, enjoys life, goes swimmin. . . ."

Hal wants to know about the effect of all that suhn on the paraffin, but the activist actively disappears. . . .

Bill Arrowsmith, of the classics department, who sees the hills of Austin as Tuscany, is busily



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If you've always thought that fine brandies only come from France, perhaps you should know this: from La Mancha, a fertile district in Spain lying 150 miles to the southeast of Madrid, come the wines from which Fundador Brandy is made. They are actually *softer* in the raw state than the wines used in making cognac. So the experts tell us. And, they add, gentle aging makes them even softer. As a result, Fundador is different from the brandies of France, yet ranked alongside the best of them. It is softer, mellower, delicately dry, and with a rare bouquet. Fundador's price is also different: only \$6.94 a fifth in New York (slightly higher or lower in other states). Might a softer brandy be to your liking? There's only one way to find out. Favor yourself with **FUNDADOR**, the classic brandy of Spain.

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trying to turn us all into the Greek gods and goddesses of his translations of Aristophanes. Ronnie Dugger sits glumly by himself. He has just come back from a murder trial in Galveston where a man, who has had more stays than Chessman, is going to be quietly electrocuted. No motive for the murder was ever established, the evidence looked inconclusive, and the trial was poor.

We join John Henry Faulk and his wife on their small houseboat on Lake Mansfield. A native of Austin, he had returned home with his family after being libeled and blacklisted several years ago by "Aware." He had lost his job as a radio entertainer. Though his famous libel suit, with Louis Nizer as his lawyer, was now creating a furor up North, that night on the still lake it all seemed to John a remote dream. There are party nights in Austin, and dead, frog-croaking, sonic-boom nights when nothing glows except the ghostlike glimmer from the "moontowers," mammoth street lamps installed many years ago, though nobody seems to know why. Then there are highway nights when you give up the struggle to walk in a modern American town and you drive fast—ending up in San Antonio, maybe at a Somewhere, maybe nowhere.

A Less Complicated America

Though you can get stuffed paraffin breasts and five-dollar shower caps, it is often hard to do regular shopping. There is no intermediary range between sleazy and Neiman-Marcus, a very gadgety kind of store. Bloomingdale's, the Southwest awaits you! We give a party, I remember I have a mother, telephone her, and some things arrive twenty-four hours later.

A native Texan listens solemnly while I explain that sometimes New Yorkers find it easier to have food shipped from Manhattan. "Barbara," he says, "you are to Texas born."

Another Texan dives into the *pâté de foie gras* and Brie, appreciatively pats me on the back: "Say, this Jewish home-style food is great."

Oh, the Texas problem! Oh, the Jewish problem!

While Austin swings precariously from provincial to cosmopolitan, dead to wild, conservative to radical, everyone hurries through. General Walker tries to run for Governor, Norman Thomas attends a picnic for pacifists, Norman Mailer comes to give a speech, and stays a week talking to students. To do him honor they offer to take him parachute jumping. A young Ken-

nedy man with a briefcase breezes through; he has an hour for poll tax. We get French intellectuals. Lady James from England, Ladybird from Austin, Welch, the Holy Rollers, and Dwight Macdonald. . . .

Sometimes you see all that vigor and individualism forced into a lonely intelligence turn in upon itself, spluttering off into mere eccentricity, bright young men hiding behind a cloak of folksiness until the attitude becomes ingrained. Individualism can quickly turn into ugliness. And sometimes—well, sometimes there are very young Texas days. There is the spring evening we spend casually drinking beer under the trees behind Scholz' Beer Garten with a blue-jeaned state senator, still in his twenties, from San Antonio. Many people feel he will someday be Governor—or more. Other young politicians lounge in the straw-bottom chairs at other tables, plotting campaigns for Congress or for a tax bill with the *Observer* writers. I think of the students who work their way through law school by getting a seat in the legislature, and suddenly an older, less complicated America glimmers, a place where the youth is still Western-young, not Kennedy-young. Texas loses intellectual freedom because of its bigness, yet, paradoxically, it provides the small freedom of being close to the source. Having grown up in New York, I have never felt the possibility of my ideas physically changing the shape of the place in which I live. Some young Texans know they will leave their mark on the state. Young Easterners associate this kind of power with the rat race, with "making it."

In May, homeward-bound, we traded the romanticism of the Southwest, where the future means possibility, with the romanticism of the East, where the future means disaster. Hal wanted to go to New Orleans; we took a jet from Houston. We spent the evening listening to jazz at Preservation Hall, the humidity in the air right for the timbre of Dixieland. We ran into some friends of Ronnie Dugger. "How are things in Austin?" In this part of the country, towns have their own special links and connections. Does America slowly give up and die around St. Louis? Or maybe it just comes and goes.

We took another jet the next day, in two hours we were in New York. Carla and Maria busily talked about Appaloosas, Palamios, and Tennessee walking horses, everyone wants to show them the new children's zoo in Central Park. Our friends want to know how we survived. During the summer I am amazed at the number of Texans drifting into New York. But then, it is only five hours away.

Freight-to-passenger ratio for airlines gives strong evidence of following railroad patterns. Fifty years showed freight increasing from 20% to 88% of total railroad business. Cargo by air has grown from 3% to 9% in the past fifteen years. Freight-by-air is a sleeping giant which could awaken with a roar as a result of important shipping economies being made possible by the new Douglas jet freighters now entering service. □ And Douglas is helping awaken the giant on several other fronts. These include coordinating a study

SLEEPING GIANT

...AND WHAT DOUGLAS IS DOING ABOUT IT

of freight movement statistics in conjunction with several major airlines; designing improved terminals and cargo handling systems; analysis of terminal-to-terminal control; and, of course, continuing production of jets with lowest possible operating costs.



Douglas research programs involve 23 technological areas relating to aerospace and defense systems. Major Douglas divisions are located in Santa Monica and Long Beach, California; Tulsa, Oklahoma; and Charlotte, North Carolina.



Mrs. Roosevelt

Does a TV Commercial

by Thomas L. Stix

An explanation, by her one-time agent, of an episode in her later life which puzzled many of her closest friends.

If you want a dispassionate appraisal of Eleanor Roosevelt, this personal reminiscence is not for you. For seven years I was her radio and television agent and she was our brightest star. She was special. And when you told people you represented Mrs. Roosevelt, you were special too.

Our relationship began in 1955. One day at lunch Colston Leigh, her lecture agent, was lamenting that he did a very poor job for his clients on radio and TV. He was overly modest, I said, and I admitted that I was a rank amateur on the lecture circuit. As a result of our mutual confessions, we decided to swap a few people—like a trade of baseball players. And I came away with Mrs. Roosevelt.

At our first meeting she asked me who our other clients were. I listed them and added that we had just acquired the New York Racing Association. "That will be a much more lucrative account than I will be," she said. She was wrong.

At that time she was very anxious to make money for her charities; among them were the Wiltwyck School, an institution for delinquent boys; the Citizens Committee for Children of New York; and the American Association for the United Nations. She was not earning much for them from television. That was the era of games and quiz shows and she wanted no part of them. She also had the habit of saying yes whenever she was asked to make a free guest appearance

on radio or TV for some worthy cause. Generally I found out about these dates when I read the announcement in the papers. I remonstrated, but Mrs. Roosevelt said she didn't think I should be bothered with unimportant details.

I explained that her chances of getting a good regular program were not too bright if she accepted all such invitations. She understood this, so I began to hope that from here on in everything would be simple. Well, it wasn't.

She was planning a trip to Israel and I tried to arrange two appearances for her on the Ed Sullivan Show—one before and one after the trip. She liked the idea and so did Sullivan and we tentatively agreed on the fee. But the whole project fell through when she insisted on doing two propaganda appeals for Israel on the show.

"Of course you don't understand it," she said, "but I am probably the best Jew in the United States."

She was quite objective about her prospects. "You are going to have a bad time trying to sell me because I'm so controversial," she said.

This was all too true. In the first four years I doubt that I averaged more than \$2,000 a year for her. Many lesser lights make that much a week on TV. Mrs. Roosevelt believed that a majority of advertisers were Republicans and that they thought her "poison." She was a Democrat and bore a well-hated name.

I have tried to figure out just when the "Hate Eleanor" period ended. I can't fix a date or a definite reason. It just happened. Suddenly most people admired and then came to love her.

One day out of the blue Hank Booraem, then head of radio and TV at a large advertising

agency, phoned me to discuss what he called a commercial idea. Would Mrs. Roosevelt do a straight commercial for a magazine account for quite a lot of money? I didn't think so, but I listened. The sponsor was to be Lacey Brothers, a well-known, reputable organization. Possibly, I thought, other sympathetic companies would follow their lead if she agreed to do it—say big if.

Dearest and I worked out the details, including Mrs. Roosevelt's rights of approval. One last of the commercials. Two days later I presented the proposition to her. I had by now convinced myself that it was a fine idea. But I told her that she would probably be severely criticized for doing something so ungratified.

She asked for a day to think it over. I knew that she consulted her confidential secretary, Margaret Curry and two close friends, Lou and Trudi Laake. All of them were very much against the idea. On the other hand, I had told Mrs. Roosevelt that if the commercial was successful she would no longer be "poor" to herself.

When I called to leave her because she logically deleted all the pros and cons. Finally she said, "With the payment of money I am to be paid I can save over six thousand lives. I don't value my dignity that highly. Go ahead and make the arrangements." I don't know just what time she was thinking of but I am sure children somewhere received the money—perhaps in Alaska, Greece, or West Virginia.

I WAS HERE when Mrs. Roosevelt did the first commercial—but not five-page one. I had promised Miss Curry extra editorial help to handle the flood of protests we expected. But there were fewer than a hundred letters on the whole series, three-quarters of them objecting to her appearance.

Mainville advertisers had begun to feel differently about Mrs. Roosevelt. In a few weeks, Frank Sinatra asked her to appear on a "spectacular." There was excitement about the high price I named.

I insisted on going to Hollywood with her to oversee her part in the production. This was my first experience of traveling with "reputable." When there was a slight delay at Dayton, the airport manager invited us to lunch in his office. Mrs. Roosevelt declined. The public dining room was good enough for her. I left her there for a few minutes and returned to find a strange woman in the seat vacantly asking or explaining something. I was embarrassed. "Don't bother," Mrs. Roosevelt said. "It happens all the time."

We were ushered onto the plane before the

gate opened. When passengers arrived, they stayed at Mrs. Roosevelt's side who was answering. We waited for her minutes or so. Then she settled down with the *New York Times* and *Harold's Weekly*, which she read for a full hour. After another brief chat, she took out her small stuffed suitcase, read her mail, and made notes on the letters. Then she leaned back and went to sleep.

We landed in Los Angeles in a restaurant. An attendant brought me a big amethyst saying, "Will you take care of the little lady?" Mrs. Roosevelt turned out most people, including me. We both burst out laughing.

Friendly and her at the airport, and I caught up with her that evening at the studio. She was finished in her schedule. She had studied her part. One thing bothered her. She was to wear to a beach on the set of a magnificent white-sand pond about twenty yards long. She was worried about selling it. A production man warned her that it would be thrown away after the show. This offended her sense of thrift. Could the name of Of course, he said, and it was said by Hyde Park—for what purpose I couldn't guess.

After the rehearsal we went to the home of my friends Dick and Joan Rowe. He is a script-writer and she is a Dutch girl who fought in the Resistance against the Nazis. Mrs. Roosevelt had agreed to come, providing it was not a big party. The only other guests were Ralph and Joyce Hellamy. He had played F.D.R. in "Manana at Campbelle."

We spent a remarkably boring evening and arguing. Mrs. Roosevelt had a special feeling for talking about her husband. Sometimes she referred to him as "my husband" or "the President." When she was told she was coming tonight it was "Frankie." It was "Frankie" that evening.

Ralph Hellamy asked her whether it was true that her husband measured her as all important business. She said that was just the way it went. As an example she told us about F.D.R.'s appointment of Robert Work. Douglas as President in Great Britain. He discussed with her the instructions he wanted to give Churchill, and the next day called suggestions. She said the discussion was to her at the White House and.

Thomas L. Shaw is partner with J. H. Clark at the well-known editorial talent agency where clients have been Eleanor Davis, Howard K. Smith, Walter Cronkite, and others. Thomas is now in Washington. Mr. Shaw has written interesting and lively biographies ranging from Franklin to Woodrow.

she poured, she heard F.D.R. passing on virtually all her suggestions. Then he looked at Mrs. R., bade Bingham good-by, and left the room. It seemed to her that her husband wanted her to know he was taking her advice but didn't care to say so directly.

After the Sinatra show, Mrs. Roosevelt's next important TV job was "Prospects of Mankind," an educational program which Henry Morgenthau III organized and ran for Brandeis University. Mrs. Roosevelt had the best address book in the world, and among her guests on the series were President Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson, Bertrand Russell, Edward R. Murrow, Madam Pandit, and many other great men and women. The program had a small but devoted audience. At the time of her death we were working on plans for expansion.

My wife and I went to Waltham, Massachusetts, with her once to watch the program, which was filmed there before a live audience. Mrs. Roosevelt invited us to Hyde Park for the preceding weekend. Saturday morning she drove us herself to the Roosevelt Library, about five miles from her cottage, and left us there, saying she would call for us at noon. She came, as promised, in a heavy rainstorm.

We drove to Waltham Sunday morning, arriving in time for a luncheon where the panel participants met. To save time, each one left the

table in turn and was made up for the camera at a make-up table in the same room. Thus the conversation could continue uninterrupted. Then came the telecast, a question period, a cocktail party, and a reception. I quit at this point. But Mrs. Roosevelt went on to a formal dinner and an outdoor art show on Boston Common. We met next morning on the nine o'clock plane for New York. If she was tired she never mentioned it.

I was always, I think, somewhat awed by Mrs. Roosevelt, even after I had come to know her quite well. A year or so before her death I asked her whether I might bring my daughter, who had just returned from a year in Europe, to visit her for five minutes. "You cannot," said Mrs. Roosevelt with startling abruptness. "Bring her in for five minutes! The idea! Bring her for tea."

At our last business meeting we discussed a new TV series which, because of her other commitments, could not be done before 1966 or 1967. "Talk this over with Jimmy," she said. But I never did.

At her funeral, my wife and I stood in the Hyde Park rose garden with a small crowd. It was a cold, dreary fall day and, for some reason, the service was almost a half-hour late in starting. Next to me was Francis Biddle, who had been Attorney General under F.D.R. and was an old family friend. "This is the first time I've ever known Eleanor to be late," he said.

"Her Glow Has Warmed the World . . ."

The Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Foundation was chartered by Congress in April 1963 to honor the late "First Lady of the World" by supporting those pressing social needs to which she had been devoting her major energies. The Foundation's board of trustees, appointed by President Kennedy, with Adlai E. Stevenson as chairman, has announced these programs:

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- Support of organizations promoting understanding of the United Nations as a force for peace.
- Expansion of a model school for underprivileged, emotionally troubled boys.
- Support for American and international medical research into the cause and cure of cancer.
- Construction of two Eleanor Roosevelt wings to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park.

The Foundation is conducting a "one-time" campaign to raise \$25 million to carry on these programs and others in the spirit of Mrs. Roosevelt. The goal is to complete the campaign by October 11, 1964, the eightieth anniversary of her birth. Contributions, which are tax-deductible, may be sent to the Foundation at the Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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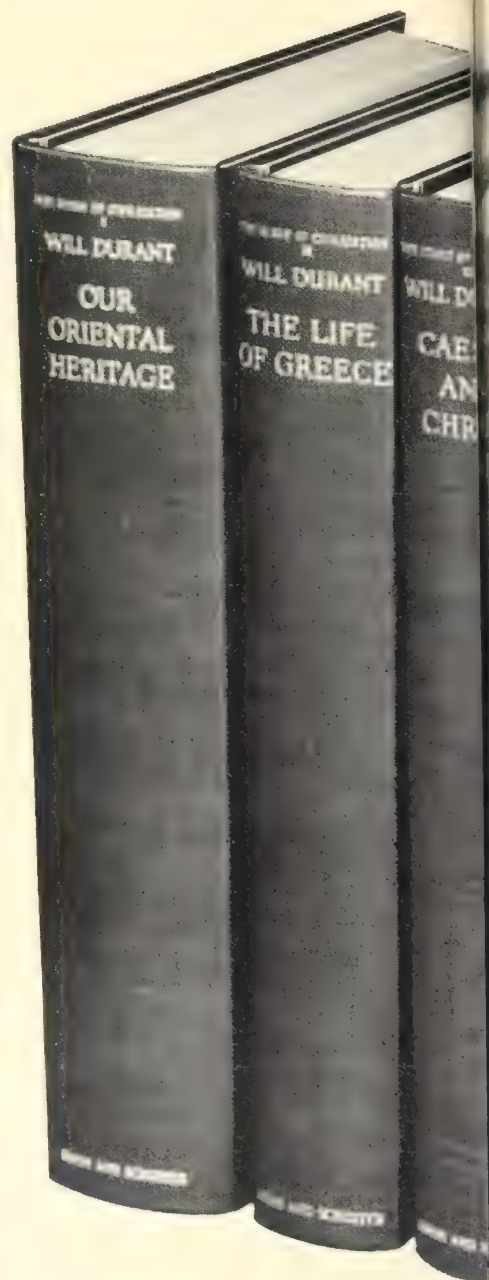
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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Joseph Kraft

Kennedy and the Intellectuals

Some of the brains which were corralled for the New Frontier have gone back to pasture, and most of the maverick reformers have never been roped in . . . but the trained draft horses are pulling an impressive load.

Back in the palmy days when the Kennedy Administration was being put together, a professor at the Harvard Law School turned down an important appointment, chiefly in order to work on a history of the Supreme Court. "I am sorry," the President told him. "I had hoped you would prefer to make history rather than write it." But have the intellectuals in the Administration had a chance to make history?

Certainly there are enough of them. According to one tabulation, nearly half (seventeen out of thirty-five) of the President's top appointments were men who had previously taught at universities. Like Richard Nixon during his campaign for the Presidency, Senator Goldwater never ceases to attack the dominant

influence of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and John Kenneth Galbraith. Robert Frost, before he died, hailed the Kennedy era as a "new Augustan age."

But if so, a good part of the intellectual community bears false witness. Professor Henry Kissinger of Harvard has resigned as a special consultant to the President, and become a special consultant to Nelson Rockefeller. Something less than perfect good feeling attends the return of George Kennan to Princeton from his post as Ambassador to Yugoslavia. Harsh criticisms have come from the novelists Norman Mailer and James Baldwin, the playwright Gore Vidal, and the political scientists Sidney Hyman and Louis Halle. "Where," the critic Alfred Kazin asked in a notable essay, "is the meaningful relation of intellectuals to power?"

The answer is that there are two meaningful relations. One is public and political; the other obscure and bureaucratic. Each, in its own way, is important. But neither is recognized as a familiar function of the intellectual in our society. Hence the

misgivings in the ranks of the intellectuals, and the criticism.

The public role of the intellectual has probably been more emphasized by John Kennedy than by any other President. His speeches bristle with poetic and historical allusions. He made a special point of having Frost perform at his inauguration. He restocked the White House library. He has established a government coordinator of cultural affairs—first August Heckscher, now Richard Goodwin. Writers, painters, scientists, and musicians dot the White House guest lists. Chiefly to do this homage, the President instituted an annual civilian honors list.

Undoubtedly the President's respect for intellectual achievement is heartfelt—something of a piggyback with a general pursuit of excellence apparent in Mrs. Kennedy and in his approach to clothes, sports, and education. He took off time from his particularly heavy schedule, the day after he returned from his last European trip, to work on the design for the Presidential Medal of Freedom. He personally insisted that the award go to Edmund Wilson, who had been bypassed by the medal committee because of writings critical of the Administration. Still, the emphasis on brains is genuine; it also has a political purpose—plain as the appointment of a Negro judge or a Polish Postmaster General. It is aimed, to be specific, at the egghead liberals within the Democratic party, a source of votes and even more, of money throughout the industrial states—and notably New York and California, where they are organized in reform clubs.

For various reasons, the Kennedy clan has never been able to establish true rapport with the Democratic reformers. The reformers count as principal hero the man Kennedy beat out for the Democratic Presidential nomination—Adlai Stevenson. They count as principal villain political bosses whom the Administration has chosen to favor, chiefly Jesse Unruh of California and Charles A. Buckley of the Bronx.

Joseph Kraft is the author of "The Struggle for Algeria" and "The Grand Design." He has been contributing Washington insight to "Harper's" for several years, though his column appears this month for the first time under that rubric.

“People feel they are *BETTER* people”

“Among the things I’m sure we tend to take most for granted (and thus to underrate) is the fact that readers regard exposure to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as essentially a good thing—a positive aspect of their lives—a virtue *within themselves*.

All of us do a great variety of things, ranging from some known sins and derelictions to some actions of true altruism or self sacrifice. The former, unless purged, remain with us as sources of guilt feelings; and the latter, unless somehow spoiled, provide an inner glow of goodness or accomplishment (and ordinarily lead in turn to the performance of other good things). In such a broad spectrum of conduct, the reading of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING would be clearly within the area productive both of self-appreciation and of other, consequent, outer-directed actions.

I have no doubt that this is for the most part an unperceived and unexpressed attitude within readers, but its presence is repeatedly and unmistakably revealed in letters we receive, in patterns of response to editorial items we offer, and even in objections and protests directed against what readers regard as injuries to their subconscious concept of the magazine as an element of goodness in their own lives.

In sum, then, my first point is that *people feel they are better people* because of their reading of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING—and in fact it is probably true that many of them *are*.”

The above is an excerpt from an internal memorandum dated March 19, 1961, from Editor Wade Nichols to the editorial and advertising staffs of Good Housekeeping. Its purpose was to restate the basic editorial platform of the magazine. Good Housekeeping feels it provides an insight, possibly of public interest, into the magazine's continuing editorial policies and functions as interpreted by its editor.



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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

They remember bitterly the President's failure to take a stand, when he was a Senator, against the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. And where Kennedy politics tends to be pragmatic, reform politics tends to be ideological and programmatic.

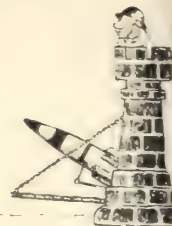
Cultural Patronage

But one avenue of harmony between the Administration and the reformers is open. The reformers constitute the nation's principal consumers of books, plays, art movies, concerts, and educational TV. They care about culture. And much as it offers judgeships to some, and post offices to others, so the Kennedy Administration dispenses culture to enlist the support of the Democratic liberals. It has made of culture, in other words, a form of patronage.

That is why, when the civilian medal of honor was instituted, there was going round the White House a *mot* attributed to Napoleon: "With enough ribbon, I could conquer the world." That is how it happened that as his 1960 campaign leader in New York, the President picked not a political pro, but his artist friend, William Walton. That is why, at the express direction of Attorney General Robert Kennedy, the 1962 gubernatorial campaign in New York was put in charge of a former magazine writer and Syracuse University faculty member, Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel P. Moynihan. And there lies the explanation of the famous Washington mystery: What does Arthur Schlesinger do in the White House? Just as Kenneth O'Donnell handles White House relations with the Democratic organizations across the country, just as Lawrence O'Brien handles relations with the Democrats in the Congress, Schlesinger handles relations with the Democratic reformers. It is no mean assignment.

But to say that some intellectuals are political figures is not to say that none have influence over substantive policy. There are notable instances to the contrary. By drawing on the planning staffs at the State Department and the Pentagon, McGeorge Bundy, the former Harvard Dean who became the President's Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, has made himself

COMING



IN

Harper's

HAZARDS TO AMERICAN CATHOLIC FREEDOM

How the power struggle between a liberal Pope and reactionaries in the Vatican affects Catholic intellectuals and the Catholic press in the United States.

Anonymo

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A sharp-eyed comparison of the free but genteel moderns, with the oppressed but passionate Victorians.

By Ellen Moody

AFRICA'S NEW ELITES

Why the liberators of a continent often talk like revolutionaries but behave like economic royalists.

By David Hapgood

HOW TO TREAT THE BROADWAY MALADY OF 1960

A diagnosis and prescription.

By Albert Bermel

HUNTING FOR HOOT OWLS

A Story by Jessamyn Woods

PLUS . . .

A Critique of the Children's Books of the Year, by Ruth H. Viguers; California Wines: A Look at the Vineyards Around the Golden Gate, by Creighton Churchill.

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

principal architect of all foreign policy. With a nod to the tax staff of the Treasury, Professor Walter Heller, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, can, and does, take credit for the tax-reduction program. The Pentagon Whiz Kids—Research Director Harold Brown, Comptroller Charles Hitch, Deputy Comptroller Alain Enthoven, and Deputy Assistant Secretary Henry Owen—are all former professors; and they have provided Secretary McNamara with the conceptual tools he has used to get a grasp on the complex of uncertainties that is the defense effort. And then there is the extraordinary and almost unknown success story of Carl Kaysen, Bundy's former deputy who, after accompanying Averell Harriman to Moscow for the test-ban talks, has returned to the economics department at Harvard.

Kaysen's Influence

As much as anyone, Kaysen drew together the scattered forces inside the Disarmament Agency, the State Department, the Pentagon, and the Atomic Energy Commission which kept pushing inside the Administration for a test-ban treaty; in the pinch he arranged that the chief American negotiator be Averell Harriman, not a more cautious diplomat. He was the main White House contact for the State Department hands who favored the Congo policy which eventually bore fruit with the liquidation of the Katanga secession and the decline of its leader, Moïse Tshombe. He organized the drive of officials in the State Department, the Council of Economic Advisers, and the Bureau of the Budget which produced, over the resistance of the Treasury, the moves made through the International Monetary Fund meeting to revise the world's monetary mechanism. He has been, in short, one of the really influential figures inside the Administration.

Kaysen's effectiveness was not unconnected with his relative obscurity. Like the achievements of Bundy, of Heller, and of the Whiz Kids, Kaysen's achievements, in every instance, involved good relations—not only with the President—but with the staff of one of the great Departments. If he was one of the Presi-

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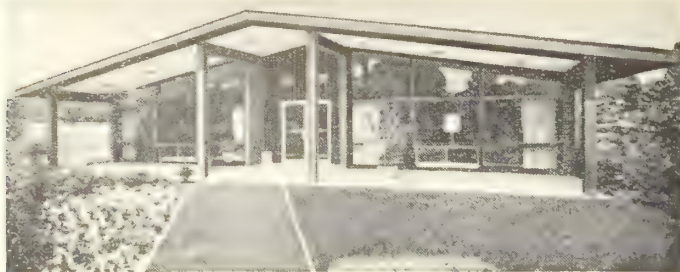


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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

dent's men, he was also a man of the bureaucracy. And that slow silent, but indispensable force tend to react negatively to fame. As Richard Neustadt once put it: "You can get a lot more done more easily in Washington if you're not a celebrity."

On the other side of the medal those intellectuals who supposed they could work closely with the President, and thus shake off the bureaucratic trammels, have tended to be disappointed. As a part-time adviser dealing almost entirely with the President, and remote from the daily flow of bureaucratic business, Henry Kissinger found that his advice was chiefly honored in the breach. George Kennan failed in what was largely a one-man effort to have Yugoslavia brought within the most-favored nation terms of the 1962 Trade Act. And here is John Kenneth Galbraith's view of the intellectual's hard time in government, as expressed in a commencement address made before he resigned as Ambassador to India:

As compared with twenty-five years ago, the federal government now lays a much stronger restraining hand on the individual who has a clear view of what he would like to accomplish and a strong desire to do it. The abrasive controversy which characterized the Roosevelt bureaucracy has all but gone. So has the art of broken-field running by the man who knew precisely where he wanted to go and who was skilled at finding holes in the formidable phalanx composed of those whose mission in life is to resist action and, where possible, also though. Instead we have much greater emphasis on order, discipline, and conformity.

The Loneliness of the Broken-field Runner

The fact is that not even the most artful broken-field runner, inside or outside of government, can expect to have the kind of influence Galbraith is talking about—the kind that Felix Frankfurter commanded when he was a professor at the Harvard Law School dispatching students and ideas to Washington in the New Deal days. Almost all the important problems of government go beyond the



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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

range of individual knowledge. Even to know what to think, much more to convince others what to think, about the problems of government requires mountains of detailed information that can only be produced by large staffs. But staff resources do not exist at the White House, or even in the small advisory agencies: Walter Heller, for example, has to write almost all his own stuff, because the Council of Economic Advisers is too thin on staff even to give him first drafts. The true capacity for providing information and analysis on the problems of government lies with the old-line Agencies and Departments. They have the staff resources, and these they have recently supplemented with their own "house" intellectuals.

A striking illustration of the point arises in the area where intellectuals have in the past enjoyed probably the greatest influence on government—the area of relations between the scientific community and the defense program. Under Roosevelt, the atomic bomb was built as a result of a suggestion to the President by a handful of scientists casually grouped around the figure of Albert Einstein. Under Truman and Eisenhower, scientists were able to shape the defense program through special advisory committees, *ad hoc* groups such as the Gaither Committee, and, after 1958, the Office of Science and Technology. But with the Whiz Kids, intellectuals have entered the defense program itself, in regular bureaucratic jobs. Whoever would influence the program must deal through them. Even the President's scientific adviser, Jerome Wiesner, has a weekly meeting with one of the Whiz Kids.

For better or worse, just as it encompassed private economic power in the New Deal, government has engrossed private brain power in the postwar era. In the process of policy formulation, there is more room than ever for the trained intellectual bureaucrat. But the kibitzing intellectual celebrity has no place. The sun has set on one of the familiar figures of the political landscape. The long line of semi-official advisers from Aristotle through Keynes who combined intellectual genius with favor in high places to exert a dominant influence on the course of events has had its day.

It All Began With Myrrh From The Land of Punt



There was great tumult at the landing stage of Abusir in ancient Egypt. Sahure's ship had just come in. And all the busybodies, nay-sayers and doom-seers who had predicted failure for this most daring of Pharaoh's expeditions, were confounded. For the ship had indeed sailed the remote Red Sea, always in danger of serpent or storm, to fill Pharaoh's order for myrrh. Only in the dark and mysteriously fragrant land of Punt did the exotic myrrh tree grow, from whose resins the world's first perfume was made. 80,000 measures of myrrh were unloaded, and it was said Pharaoh Sahure gave the most precious part to his beloved Queen.

And so it was with myrrh from the land of Punt that the tradition of giving perfume began. Taking a leaf from Sahure, you may sample the delights, the rewards of giving fine perfume. Give L'Aimant—a great French perfume by Coty.

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New Nations and Old Problems

by Paul Pickrel



The First New Nation by Seymour Martin Lipset (Basic Books, \$5.95) is a book that manages to be at the same time extremely dull and extremely suggestive. It is dull because it is written in a gunmetal prose that often hovers in the neighborhood of pretentious truism. More important, it lacks the kind of energy, the architectonic imagination, that sweeps up a mass of facts and ideas and fuses them in one great span of argument. Page after page crumbles into shards of quotation, the rubble of statistics, a midden of footnotes; and often the reader must work out for himself the place of these fragments in the whole conception. Yet the reader with that kind of archaeologist's patience cannot help being impressed by what he finds. There is probably the material here for a great book, perhaps for several.

What Lipset has tried to do is to define the values that Americans have lived by, and he has tried to do it by asking a series of fairly concrete (but very large) questions: What did the American colonists believe in that enabled them to throw off the imperial yoke and establish a successful independent nation? What can today's new nations learn from that crucial time in American history? Have America's values changed since the era of its newness? How have its values made this nation different from others? Probably no reader will agree entirely with his answers to these questions, but in his attempts to deal with them Lipset calls on some fascinating material (his reading is immense) and sets in

motion some ideas of great importance.

In examining America as the first new nation, Lipset ignores or omits much that another writer might regard as significant: he omits, for instance, the whole colonial experience, though America was a colony longer than most of today's new nations were (it was subject to Britain twice as long as the Congo was subject to Belgium) and its colonial development was infinitely more favorable to ultimate independence; he makes nothing of the surely important fact that Americans were of the same ethnic stock as the imperialists they threw off—Washington was not only no Indian but had a much better right to call himself an Englishman than George III.

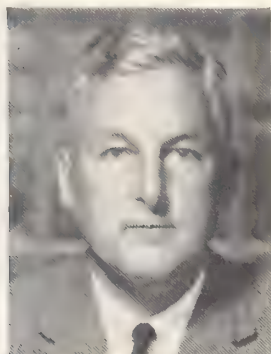
But Lipset has probably succeeded in locating the critical moment in a new nation's history; it is the moment when the "charismatic" leader—its Washington or Nehru or Nkrumah—surrenders power and a successor administration is peacefully acknowledged as legitimate. By a charismatic leader, Lipset apparently means a man who, to an extraordinary degree, embodies in his own personality the values for which his followers are striving. The crucial question is not the fact of charisma (which many a demagogue has had in abundance) but its nature; it is still an occasion for wonder that there was a moment in history when a man of granite rectitude like Washington, with so few of the qualities that at most times and places have made men popular, could have

embodied the ideals of a people. It is implicit in Lipset's analysis, and it seems to be, that a new nation to succeed must start from another such conjunction of leader and led, his analysis is not heartening.

In his discussion of the continuity of American values, Lipset is in part replying to the books of David Riesman and William H. Whyte, who have of course argued that with the emergence of the "other-directed personality" and the "organization man" American values have undergone a major transformation. Lipset sees no such break with tradition. Rather he believes that throughout American history there has been a conflict between what he calls equality and achievement. Why he prefers to use the word achievement rather than the word liberty is not clear; perhaps because he is himself on the side of equality, and to call the other side liberty is to give it a label with more prestige than he wants it to have.

At any rate, the conflict lies between those who believe that everyone should be more or less like everybody else and those who believe that everybody should be free to become whatever he is capable of becoming with great inequality among individuals as a result. Lipset attempts to reconcile the two sets of values through the old formula of equality of opportunity, but, useful as it has been, it no longer is very convincing in view of our present knowledge of individual differences. Negro leaders in New York have recently argued that in the admission of Negroes to construction unions equality of op-

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portunity is not enough, and their argument is intellectually respectable.

Probably equality and liberty are irreconcilable values, and American society will be considerably vitalized by the tension between them as long as neither wins a clear victory. Though this is not the way Lipset puts it, the change that Riesman and Whyte were so concerned about may have been less in the American people than in the intellectual community of which they are distinguished representatives. In a general way, American intellectuals in the 1930s had a strong commitment to equality, because they were concerned about the economically and racially disadvantaged. That concern they have not abandoned now, but they have been appalled by the equality of the affluent (otherwise known as conformism) which has appeared since the war. They desire equality for those who cannot afford it and deplore it in those who can. That does not make them fools; it only makes them Americans. In helping us to understand just how American such a paradoxical position is, Lipset has made his most important contribution.

Meanwhile, Back in the Classroom

Admiral Rickover's new book, *American Education—A National Failure* (Dutton, \$3.50 cloth, \$1.95 paper), is made up largely of Rickover's testimony before the Congressional Appropriations Committee, together with various supplementary material. The book starts from the premise that American education is at present not good enough to keep up with the needs of American society, especially with the needs of contemporary technology. Since Rickover himself works at the frontier of that technology and is responsible for training young men for such work, his argument commands respect. That respect increases as one sees the immense amount of painstaking study he has given the subject. A great deal of the book is devoted to a detailed analysis of European, and especially English, educational institutions and methods, and to drawing from them suggestions for the improvement of our own.

Rickover's chief policy recommen-

dation is that a system of national examinations for students should be set up. The examinations would not be compulsory, but they would enable any school that chose to use them to discover where its students stood in relation with others across the country. Such a national examination system would be open to the same criticisms that have been directed against the Regents' examinations in New York—chiefly the objection that teaching becomes directed to test-taking rather than to learning—but that objection can be raised even when the examining of students is purely local, and in any event it may be preferable to the present system, or lack of one.

In his text and footnotes Rickover presents the evidence of the attempt on the part of school administrators to discredit his previous books on education. This attempt is as disgraceful as he thinks it is, but his way of dealing with it (by dismissing school administrators as a bunch of ignorant buildings-and-grounds men) will hardly win them over, and it is at least partly unfair.

Lipset's analysis of American society offers a more rewarding way of looking at the conflict over education. The pervasive commitment of American public education for the last thirty years or more has been to equality. This commitment has led to an emphasis on those things that everybody could enjoy, like gymnasiums and lunches, and neglect of those things that only a few could use, like Latin lexicons and courses in trigonometry. Local control of education has favored the buildings-and-grounds approach, and population growth has made it essential in many communities. Then with the launching of the first Sputnik, the party that favored achievement over equality as an educational objective suddenly found itself being listened to, as Admiral Rickover has been. School administrators, for their part, discovered themselves playing off-sides in an ideological battle in which they were often intellectually out-classed, and their opponents, like Rickover, have not always been graceful in using their newfound strength.

Since schools are the central institutions of a democratic society, it is there that the struggle between the

ideal of equality and the ideal achievement will be most acute. A better balance will have to be struck. Rickover has made an immense contribution to the armory of the party of achievement; others will have to work out the way of balancing claims with the claims of equality.

The Misfit Between "Can" and "Need"

In *Challenge to Affluence* (Pantheon, \$3.95) the distinguished Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal is concerned with very different problems from those that occupy Admiral Rickover, but his analysis corroborates Rickover's in a striking way.

In his preface, Myrdal makes the astounding remark that in his opinion the most important problem facing the world today is the relative stagnation of the American economy. He goes on to demonstrate, in remarkably lucid prose, how this "challenge to affluence" affects, and endangers, the whole of the West.

But for the present purposes the most telling part of Myrdal's discussion is his analysis of why the American economy is stagnant. His explanation is simply unemployment and underemployment. The striking thing about unemployment today, distinguished from the 1930s, however, is not that there are too few jobs; unemployment now is what the economists call "structural"—that is, there is a misfit between what the American people can do and what the American economy needs to have done; the work force doesn't fit the jobs. As Myrdal sees it, only a massive and sustained effort to train and retrain the American people can reactivate the economy.

Even if Myrdal is only partly right, his argument dramatically sustains Rickover's, and makes American schools (if we include in that term the whole effort to train people) not only the central problem of our democratic society but also the central problem of Western society.

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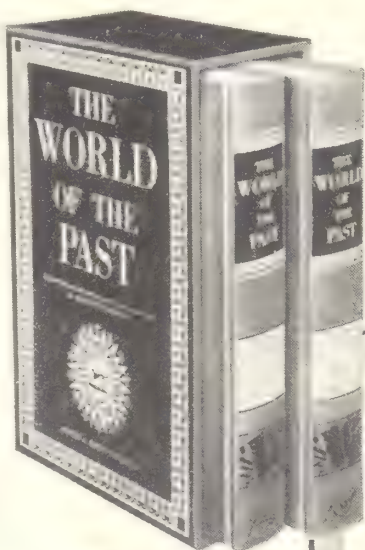
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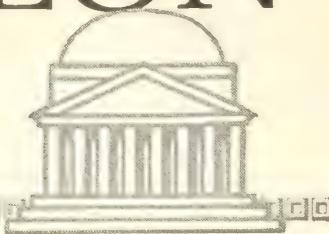
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ever has the splendid and sordid possibilities of a life devoted entirely to its own achievement, to the realization of self at whatever expense to other people. That man was of course Napoleon, and in *The Age of Napoleon*, J. Christopher Herold offers a incisive reading of his extraordinary career. (One edition of this book, with sixteen pages of illustrations, is priced at \$7.50 and is a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection. Another edition, with 330 illustrations, is called *The Horizon Book of the Age of Napoleon* and is priced at various prices, all high, depending on when it is purchased and how it is bound. Both editions are distributed by Harper & Row. Since this book, like many others, has been available to reviewers only in the form of galley proof of the text, the nature and quality of the illustrations cannot be discussed here.)

Herold's book is essentially an attack on the view of Napoleon as bearer of the Enlightenment. Though according to Herold, Napoleon entered the stage of history through the door the Enlightenment opened, the part he played was a flat rebuttal of all the arguments for opening it. Even in drawing up the Code Napoleon—usually cited as his most honorable legacy—Napoleon (still according to Herold) chiefly exercised a reactionary influence, especially in laws affecting the family and women—who, under the Code, were worse off than they had been under the Bourbons.

Napoleon emerges from these pages as a vulgar opportunist, with no interest in ideas except when they served his purpose, with a darker view of humanity than the conservatives held, with a chilling effect on artistic, intellectual, and social life in many matters ignorant and in all avaricious. His prose style, Herold grants, was effective, though what he said was often a lie. By taking along a group of scientists to Egypt, he laid the basis for modern Egyptology, and that is about the best Herold can say for him.

Oddly enough Napoleon kept a bust of Washington in his study and on occasion whiningly excused himself for not following Washington's example of turning over the nation to a successor. But the kind of greatness that (in Lipset's terms) trans-

The Swivel Chair



Names are the news on this page. For the first a name that has reaped yards of speculation in the public press. The authorship of **The**

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credited to a long and dazzling list of writers, even wildly attributed to members of this publishing staff. We have been told, however, that Epernay is a young journalist of Alsatian origins who has a Boswellian admiration for his subject. *With more than usual satisfaction, I present in these pages the first comprehensive account of the work of Dr. Herschel McLandress. As in the case of any towering scientific figure, there are differing views on McLandress. At the Harvard Faculty Club, the M.I.T. Faculty Club and even at the Cosmos Club, you will encounter both pro-McLandress factions and anti-McLandress factions. Some of the most trenchant debates in recent years at the Christmas meetings of the American Association for Psychometrics have been over McLandress and, above all, the McLandress conclusions.*

But one thing is not denied. **McLandress** is a unique figure in our time. Even his severest critics in the scientific world will concede this. "Something in the **McLandress** personality is different," a visiting Oxford scholar at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton observed not long ago. No one disagreed. Nor will any reader of this book disagree. From **McLandress's** automated State Department to his championship of the rich against the very rich his name should strike terror and pride all along the prestige horizons of Washington and the international zones of Hollywood, for this is the work of an insider. **The McLandress Dimension** by Mark Epernay - \$3.75, liberally and memorably illustrated by James Stevenson.

One of the greatest names in the brief history of aviation is that of Sir Gordon Taylor, Australia's brilliant pioneer. His autobiography is eloquent proof that the upper air stimulates writers to an extra grace. *We were almost in the sea. I flung myself down on the cowl again and the motor came in with a booming roar. I could see the surface of the ocean skimming by a few feet below: then I buried my head from the torrent of air and waited for more height and a chance to transfer the rest of the oil in the suitcase. As I lay there jammed against the struts I felt a magnificent exhilaration and a reckless enjoyment of our success which made me want to stand up and laugh*



*and shout at the roaring mass of air that tore at everything around me. In my mind I could see the pointer on the gauge rise up and the pressure of the strut against my ribs began to crush my body so that I began to feel that I could not hold on any longer. The ocean seemed to be moving faster: then faster, and sinking farther away. A strange ease and resignation came over me. Nothing seemed to matter. It was all some fantasy in a strange retreating background from which I was floating away. That is what it is like to crawl along a wing to fuel an oil tank in mid-flight. **The Sky Beyond** by Sir Gordon Taylor - \$5.95, illustrated with photographs.*



And a name that still gets a bad press in the U.S.A. — Unfortunately **George III** was as unlucky in his heredity as in his environment. Neither **George II** nor his Queen, **Caroline**, was devoid of character or without some gifts above the commonplace. Her intelligence and his memory were unusual in monarchs, and their hatred of their son was tinged with genuine disappointment. **Frederick**, **George III's** father, was known to posterity as **Poor Fred**, and the epithet was not unjust. He possessed a small talent for music, a mild interest in games, particularly cricket, and little else. The unsympathetic **Lord Shelburne** described his life as a tissue of childishness and falsehood; and his friends as well as his enemies despised him. Few historians of **Dr. Plumb's**



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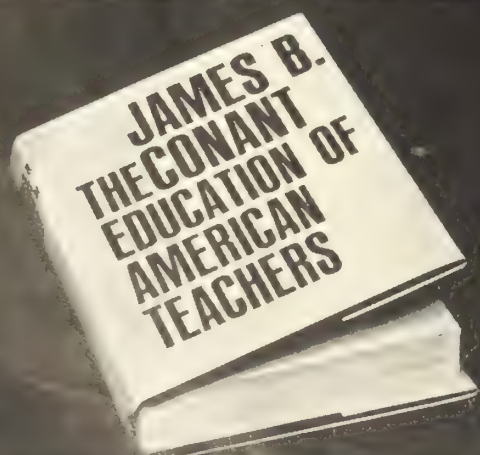
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forms charisma into legitimacy was, by Herold's account, completely lacking in Napoleon.

The Age of Napoleon is written with wit and style. In places it seems slightly touched with cynicism, especially in a chapter on the intellectual background of the age, where Herold whips along at the rate of one Great Thinker a paragraph and one Great Thought a sentence. This goes so fast that a couple of clichés about Kant are omitted. But on the whole it is an absorbing book.

A Change in Continuity

Montenegro (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.75) is one of several books that the dissident Yugoslav political leader Milovan Djilas has written in prison. Somewhere between history and fiction, perhaps closest to epic, it portrays three episodes from the process by which a "backward land," Montenegro, became part of a "new nation," Yugoslavia.

In a helpful introduction, the translator, Kenneth Johnstone, suggests that it will be useful to think of traditional Montenegrin society as something like Scotland at the turn of the eighteenth century. Its people were grouped in clans under a rather feeble dynasty, its virtues were loyalty and courage, its culture was poetry celebrating those virtues, its organization was less a political state than, in Djilas' phrase, "a living covenant."

The first of the episodes that Djilas portrays concerns the last battle the Montenegrins fought against their Austrian enemy in 1916. It is essentially a celebration of the greatness of the traditional virtues. The second episode concerns the direct intellectual confrontation between old and new. Austria now occupies Montenegro and representatives of three Montenegrin generations—an old peasant, an army officer in early middle age, and a young student—have been condemned to die for offenses against the occupation authorities. The Austrians stand for efficient administration, for order, for rationality in human affairs; the Montenegrins, in varying ways and degrees, stand for the power of feeling, the force of old attachments. The final episode takes place several years later, in 1922, after a union of the Serb peoples in

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THE NEW BOOKS

an independent Yugoslavia has been effected, and it concerns two men who had occupied with dignity positions of some eminence in the old clan life of their people and are now trying to function as minor administrative officials of the new state, where they look rather absurd and a little pathetic and very ineffective.

This summary may make *Montenegro* sound somewhat more simply a lament for the extinction of poetry by bureaucracy than it is, but at the very least it is a powerful reminder, by a man who has played a leading part in the transformation of a society, of the inevitable losses suffered when traditional values are plowed under.

Continuity in Change

A much more lighthearted view of social change is provided by Russell Lynes in *The Domesticated Americans* (Harper & Row, \$6.50), a very engaging account of how Americans have kept house from the Age of Jackson to the present.

Much of the pleasure of the book lies in its accumulation of curious facts—how at various times Americans have coped with such assorted problems as houseflies (window screens were in use by the 1870s), peas (the three-tined fork let them slip through), entertaining when one's social obligations outnumbered one's chairs (the "kettledrum" in the 1880s, the cocktail party today), getting hot water for a bath (a sordid story, too complicated to recount here).

Yet for all the innovation Americans have devoted to solving these and innumerable similar problems, Lynes's book offers considerable support for Lipset's argument that there has been remarkable continuity in American values. For instance, the idea of having one room for visitors only, what might be called the parlor idea, has persisted through every style of architecture and interior decoration, every method of domestic heating and lighting, eras when servants could be hired fresh off the boat for a pittance and eras when servants could be hired only at associate professors' salaries, and the jibes of innumerable satirists. Current homage to the parlor idea takes the form of a "family room," the last

in a long list of architects' euphemisms for the non-parlor, the place where people can put their feet up.

Surely the persistence of the parlor idea argues that Americans have always been keenly aware of the impression they were creating on others, and to that extent "other-directed." But our pretensions are often only the tribute we pay our aspirations: to have a room in your house a little too good for your own use is a kind of idealism, and American civilization owes more than a little to the pioneer woman's determination to have one room that was too nice to use.

The Domesticated Americans has many amusing illustrations, the most absurd of which has been provided by our contemporaries. It shows a "conversation pit" that looks like one of those zoos ingeniously contrived to make the animals appear as if they were not in a cage at all.

Computer Fodder

Some desperate critics of the educational views discussed earlier may hint that Admiral Rickover is a "child buyer," in John Hersey's angry phrase—that he sees the student simply as a thing to be used, a plug to stop a gap in America's defense. And they may level the same charge against Myrdal, only substituting the word economy for defense in their indictment. In both instances they would be wrong; in spite of an occasional unfortunate emphasis, Rickover is a man of broad and humane concerns, and Myrdal is writing as an international economist, not a social critic; he is simply giving the answer that one set of problems seems to him to demand though as the author of *The American Dilemma*, the classic study of the Negro problem in America, he would hardly offer a solution that he would regard as harmful to American society as a whole. Actually, the largest group of the "functionally unemployed" (not to mention the chronically underemployed) are Negroes, and they would be the most direct, though by no means the only, beneficiaries of the program of retraining Myrdal advocates.

Still, when a misfit develops between a people and the demands of its institutions, it is not the safest

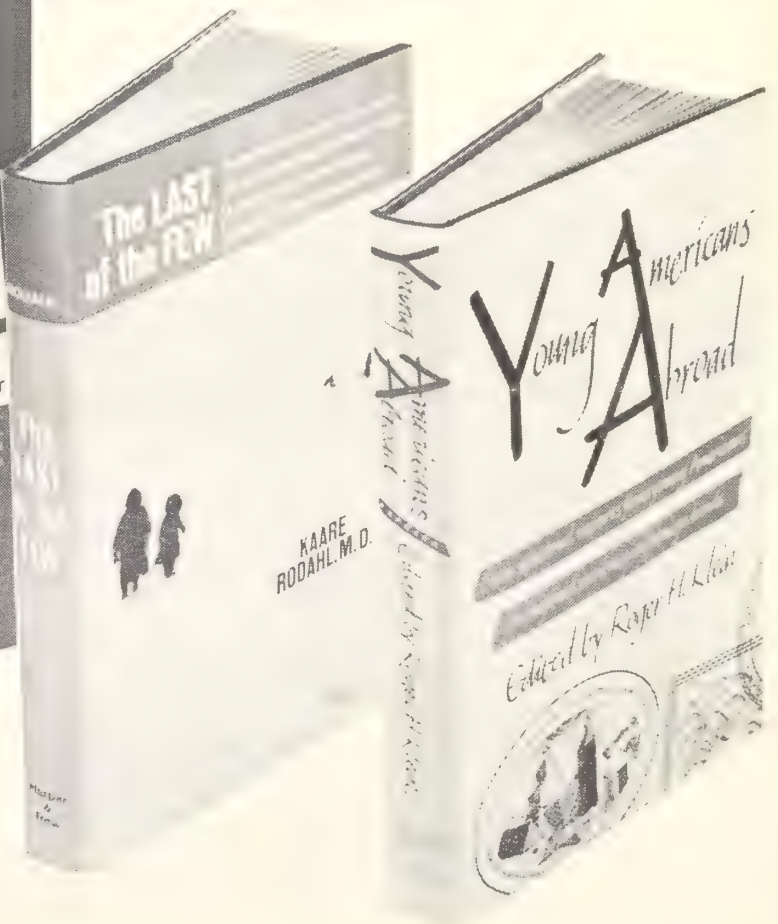
In **THE CRAFT OF INTELLIGENCE**, Allen Dulles, the former Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, draws on a half century of experience in diplomacy, espionage and international law to present a revealing view-from-the-top of the conduct of foreign affairs. *Illustrated.* \$4.95

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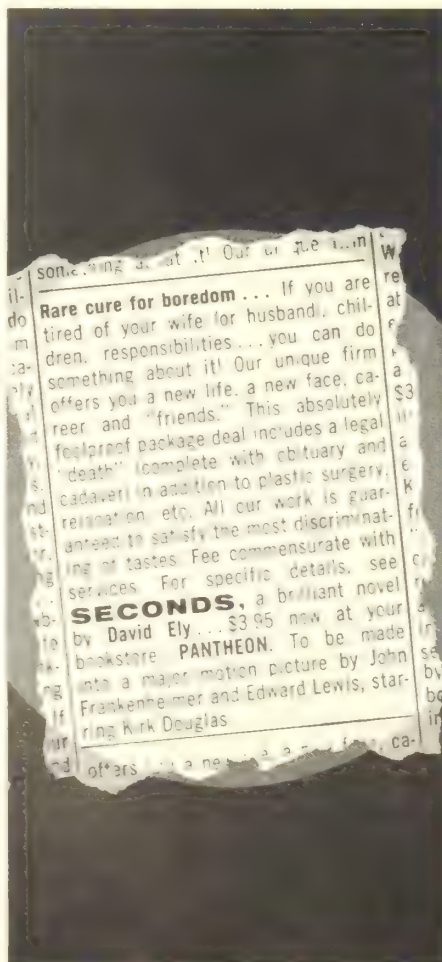
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THE NEW BOOKS

assumption that the people are what needs to be changed. The economy was made for man, not man for the economy. No writer has been more alert to question the demands that America's institutions put on her young people than Paul Goodman. He too has been severely critical of the schools, not because they are failing to feed the defense establishment or the economy, both of which he regards as altogether coercive and at least in part misguided, but because they are failing, as he would say, the kids.

Goodman's new novel, *Making Do* (Macmillan, \$4.95), is a loosely-organized account of various young people on the fringes of conventional society or even farther out, ranging from the descendant of an old New York Dutch family to Puerto Rican boy prostitutes. Dissatisfied with the kind of life their parents have led, unconvinced of all official ideals and the blandishments of affluence, they experiment with sex, drugs, cold-water flats in Hoboken, ban-the-bomb demonstrations, Italian cooking, Columbia courses in physics, the ideas of Norman Mailer and Paul Goodman, and other desperate remedies. For Goodman they are the seekers, the people in our society who will succeed, if anyone succeeds, in achieving that community of affection and respect and accomplishment which for him constitutes the ideal society.

Goodman never makes up his mind whether he wants to be a novelist or a pamphleteer; his considerable power for revealing human relationships is constantly being sabotaged by his love of the soapbox. But it does not greatly matter. The book is written with the same slapdash energy and wastefulness and occasional brilliance with which his characters lead their lives. A good deal of the book could not have been published this side of Paris a dozen years ago. Perhaps the freer society that Goodman advocates is already upon us.

Bildungsroman

The title of Colin Wilson's new novel, *The Violent World of Hugh Greene* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95), is somewhat misleading; only one episode is violent, and it is neither very central to the story nor very

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inside

and out—people and forces that
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Mr. Levy is also the author of *LEGACY OF SUPPRESSION*, an analysis of the intentions of the framers of the First Amendment.

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By Walter M. Merrill. This new evaluation of the fiery abolitionist's place in history, hailed as "excellent biography and first rate scholarship" (*Washington Post*), is as disturbingly apt for 1963 as Garrison's own words when urged to be moderate in his attacks on slavery: "Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher . . . but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present." \$8.75

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convincingly motivated, though the consequences are skillfully worked out. Actually the book is a rather good example of one of the commonest kinds of novel in the world—what the carriage trade in book reviewing calls the *Bildungsroman*, the story of the hero's development.

In this instance the hero is a provincial intellectual, and his story is a little reminiscent of C. P. Snow's early book of the same sort. Here again are the distant, ineffectual, lower-middle-class father; the first shock of discovering the world of mind (this time it comes when the boy becomes friendly with a mad relative who holds idiosyncratic views of cosmography); the friendship with an older, slightly eccentric village intellectual who is to serve as a sign directing the hero where he himself cannot go.

This is a good, solid, rather old-fashioned novel of a young man making his way. As a study of education, it is a reminder of how important it is for the individual to encounter the right personality at the right moment. Like its nineteenth-century predecessors, it also illustrates the usefulness of coming into money at the right time.

Campus Novel

Confusions by Jack Ludwig (New York Graphic Society, \$4.95) is what is now called an "academic" novel, which does not mean that it is concerned with education, or that it is formed on classical models (like academic painting), but only that the novelist and his hero are both college teachers.

Ludwig writes a spirited, inventive prose; his dialogue is full of life; the whole book bears the mark of a gifted writer. And yet it isn't very good. The main joke (and presumably the main confusion) is that the hero is both a Jew and a Harvard man, surely no longer the most hilariously improbable juxtaposition in the world, and even a reference to the alleged frigidity of Radcliffe girls isn't good for a laugh every time it appears. The book ends with an episode that is rather appalling: the teacher-hero hounds one of his students out of college on the grounds that the boy has attempted suicide. The teacher is thoroughly pleased

with himself and his accomplishment, as perhaps he should be, since it is the only even vaguely educational task that he undertakes with any interest throughout the book but the situation offers a more complex moral problem than he seems to recognize.

Selected Short

The best new fiction to come this way recently appears in a couple of collections of short stories—**Idiot First** by Bernard Malamud (Farrar Straus, \$4.50) and **A Man and Two Women** by Doris Lessing (Simon & Schuster, \$5). Both of these writers are most impressive—apart from their sheer fictional talent—for the variety of their work, but the kind of variety they offer are quite different.

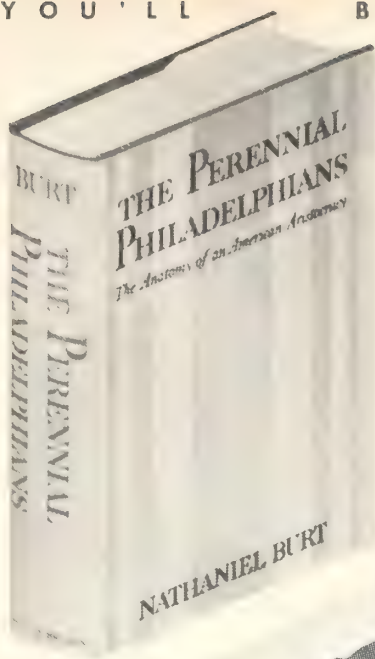
Superficially Malamud's stories bear a considerable resemblance to one another, because most of them are dominated by a certain kind of character. Often, though not necessarily and sometimes rather incidentally, the character is a poor Jew, but a more essential fact about him is that he is caught up in a situation that is beyond his power to shape or even understand. He is not exactly passive, rarely a victim; he will take action if he can, but his most determined efforts will usually fail to have the expected results. Frequently the inscrutability and unmanageableness of the world, its unbridgeable otherness, presents itself as a woman—the Roman housemaid of an American professor whose efforts to help her are somehow always beside the point; the over-age coed whose appalling past (or it may be her genius for lying) is too much for the young teacher attracted to her; the Negro woman who eludes the Jewish liquor salesman who wants to marry her (the working of her mind is more comprehensible); the outrageous Italian lady-painter who rents studio space to a young American; the gentle wife back in Germany who destroys at long distance her refugee Jewish husband after he has made a heroic effort to establish himself in America.

What gives Malamud's book its variety is his ability to write a many different kinds of story. One is a quiet account of a grocer forced

***Not Quite Posthumous Letter to My Daughter**

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an Thomas's widow gives ice to her daughter coming age and, as readers of her *Over Life to Kill* can imagine, her advice is uninhibited, fully personal and often up-ious. "Sex," she says, "is the orange juice that makes the y castor oil of love go down," "a scratch of bitchery in a nan is a necessity if she is to noticed." \$4.75

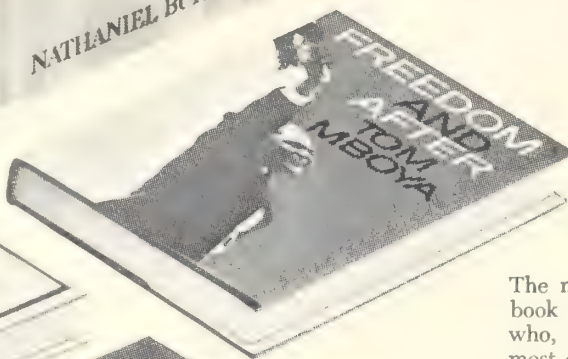


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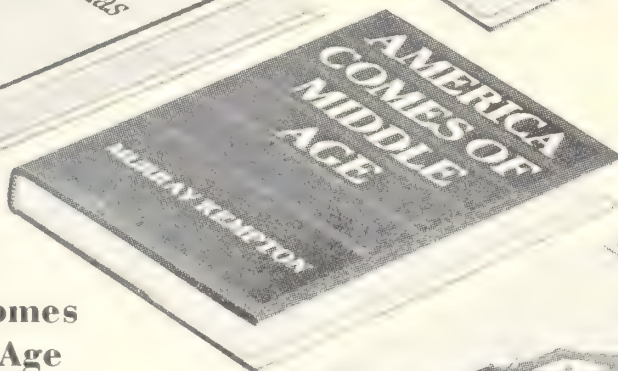
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Sport

Mirror of American Life

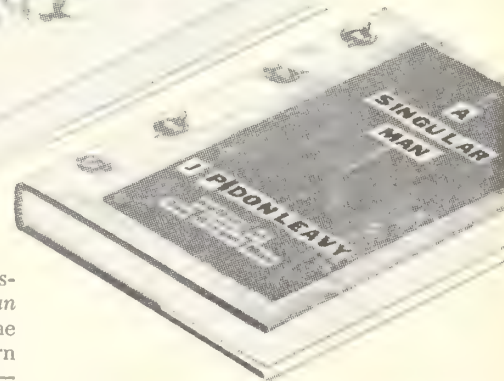
By ROBERT H. BOYLE

orts as social phenomena are the sub- t of this keen and very entertaining dy of the impact of sport on Ameri- a life and vice versa. The author, a rior editor of *Sports Illustrated*, ex- ines the role of psychological and tus factors in each sport from lawn mis to drag racing and comes up with ny astounding discoveries. \$6.00

***A Singular Man**

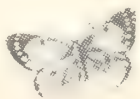
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In his new novel, a bawdy, comic mas- terpiece, the author of *The Ginger Man* presents his readers with one of the most outrageous characters in modern fiction and his impossible friends— mostly women. With *A SINGULAR MAN* J. P. Donleavy lives up to the critical acclaim heaped upon him when *The Ginger Man* was published. \$6.00



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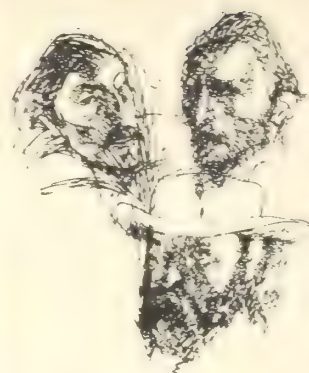
THE NEW BOOKS

out of business that might almost have been written by a social-protest writer of the 'thirties; another is a desperate-merry story about a reluctant forger, very much in the manner of the contemporary picaresque; still another (a superb one) is a wild, ragged fairy tale about a bird that talks, and talks with a Yiddish accent.

THE variety of Miss Lessing's work is more fundamental than Malamud's. Her girlhood in South Africa and her maturity in England have enabled her to move against vastly different backgrounds, but she can also move with equal ease from a woman's point of view to a man's, from a white man's to a Negro's, from rich to poor, from childhood to maturity, from respectability to shadiness. And there is never anything arbitrary about these shifts. Her wonderful story about two dogs, for instance, would be entirely different if it were set in England—English dogs are different and lead different sorts of lives. The story of a poor young man returning to his ancient aristocratic university, on the other hand, could only occur in England, with its fanatical interest in language and class accents. Other stories are set at exactly the right age, in exactly the right place.

One wonderful story—“Outside the Ministry”—brings together the worlds of Miss Lessing's girlhood and maturity. On a London street, waiting to see Her Majesty's Minister for Colonies, the rival claimants to leadership of a colony now on its way to independence meet in a brief, bitter, frigidly well-bred encounter that decides the issue between them. One is the old charismatic leader, now a little too far gone in drink and compromise; the other—younger, colder, crueler—means to be his successor. The story is an incisive picture, marvelously economical, of the passion and calculation, the pathos and pretensions, that go into the shaping of a “new nation.”

Not all of Miss Lessing's stories are as good as that. Occasionally she goes in for a sexual explicitness that seems a little too determined to omit nothing, and two or three stories fail. But the best of her work is equal to the best short stories now being written in English.



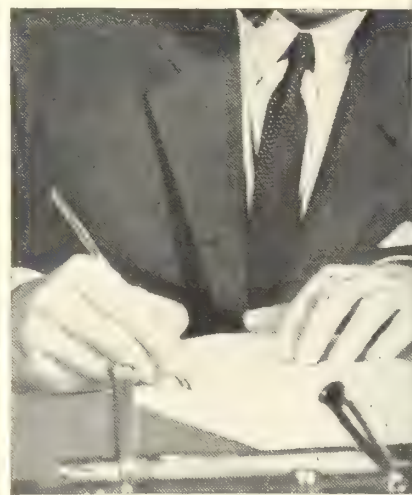
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Books in Brief

Katherine Gauss Jackson

Nonfiction

Writers Are People

Kind of Magic, by Edna Ferber. Miss Ferber has little truck with statistics. They bore her. "But," she says in this continuation of her autobiography, *A Peculiar Treasure*, recently I stumbled on a statistic that startled and fascinated me. There are . . . only 250 writers in the United States whose art or profession is that of creating original books, plays, short stories, articles; whose complete working hours are spent solely in the task of writing; and who earn their living by this means only. I, in my ignorance, had thought we numbered many thousands." A great deal of this lively, entertaining, deeply felt book deals with what it means to be one of those 250 writers. The outlines of her "other" life are briefly sketched here—high-school education (only) and first job on a newspaper in Appleton, Wisconsin, and her writings up to the time she started the first half of her autobiography. The present volume begins as she was starting to write that book in 1938 and continues to the present. It tells of the building and running of her Connecticut farm, Treasure Hill; the ease and trouble it produced; its usefulness in the war; her own war efforts as a writer; her travels abroad; the selling of the farm. But it is to the passion and dedication to writing that she keeps returning. Could an author write what he knows to be trash solely for money until he has what he considers enough to let him write "the kind of thing he really longs to write"? In answer she quotes Gelett Burgess, who "said with terrible perspicacity, 'You can't go on the street to earn your trousseau.'"

She makes large statements: "Compulsive and dedicated writing is the most purely creative and the most enduring of the arts." She discusses the American attitude toward the writer; the writer and the theatre; and accidentally she wrote *Show Boat* without ever having seen one—or the Mississippi, except from a train

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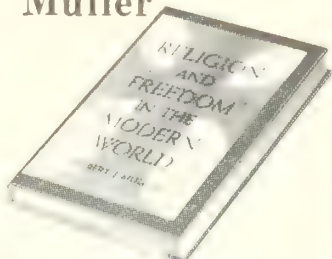
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

window as a child); the writer and the U.S. government (taxes and copyrights!); and all of it full of a really extraordinary vitality, plenty of anecdote, and the novelist-dramatist's sense of narrative to keep the pages turning. Doubleday, \$5.75

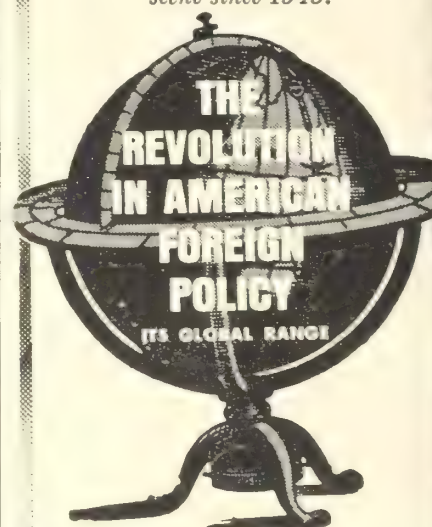
The Early Years of Alec Waugh, by Alec Waugh.

For an American to read this autobiography after Edna Ferber's in which every book and climate is familiar, is like waking, at the flick of a page, in a foreign yet, paradoxically, known country. The first part of Mr. Waugh's book is so much like so many other English literary autobiographies that it occasionally reads like a parody of itself. Well, not quite. The father, chief editor of the publishing house of Chapman and Hall, was much closer to his older son than most fathers ever are—whether reading him poetry or coaching him at cricket. The relationship stands out at once as the good and special one it was. But the narrow London house they lived in in West Hampstead with its bow window, its gaslights on the stair and the garden in the back; the school days with their terrors and sexual traumas on the one hand and on the other the delights of accomplishment on the cricket field and in the classroom, in those years before World War I, have at the same time an overfamiliarity and a forever-alien quality that make it almost impossible for an American reader to keep his mind on it. Take for instance the following description of one of the most important moments in Mr. Waugh's school life—a cricket match:

The first day's play was on a Wednesday. We won the toss. I failed, so did the captain—the only other colour—but to our surprise the tail by rustic methods hit up their fives and sevens, while a stylish player, who for three years had shown grace at the nets but never reached double figures in the middle, batted through the innings.

Though cricket, school, and war years seem somehow *déjà vu*, the story suddenly comes to vivid life when Mr. Waugh gets to his writing (he talks much less than Miss Ferber about the actual process); his first novel and its reception; his travels;

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his deep and abiding (to this , though "Ruth" died over twenty rs ago) love affair with an Ameri- woman in Tahiti which ends this t volume of autobiography. His ives, his writings, his travels all once have focus and become en- oped in a moving and engrossing rative. . . . He discusses his ther Evelyn hardly at all (whose i autobiography is coming out t year) but makes a most graceful lanation of why he doesn't. Alto- her one looks forward eagerly to later years of Alec Waugh.

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e Letters of Robert Frost to Louis termeyer, with commentary by is Untermeyer.

n 1959 Mr. Frost gave Mr. Unter- yer permission to "make any kind book you like out of the letters i've had from me through the at years." The letters start in rch 1915; the last one is dated ril 14, 1962.

Later, however, he changed his nd, and Mr. Untermeyer, of course, reed to defer publication. Frost anked him in a letter on November 1961, which I quote almost in full ice in a way it sums up better than yone else could the tone and some the substance (outside of poetry) the hundreds of letters included:

Louis, Louis:

I knew you would have mercy on my irresponsibility. . . . You and I have been fond friends. I hated to keep you from publishing my unguarded letters if you thought they would do anything to integrate our lives. But something all the time was telling me there were things in the letters that would expose me to some little and big embarrassments to bother me to the point of wishing I were dead. I lay awake nights over them and had reached a decision that if they came out now, that ended it. I would turn my back on the world and not utter another book. I like to be read as a poet, but I guess I really hate the liter- ary life and hate to be gossiped about for my part in it. I shan't be caring much longer what be- comes of my remains. Throw them to the ghouls, who as we know "are neither man nor wom- an, who are neither beast nor human."

I shrank from looking back at

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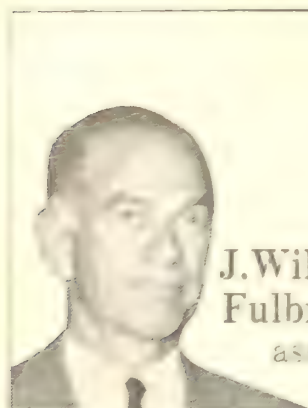
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the staidness of my past, and I came only nearer to grief, but not cured. I know the letters are full of interpretations about people that I may not be better friends with than I may have been at times. I am too apt to accuse myself in private over the failures and misadventure of others I really like. I have just come from visiting with people I wouldn't for anything have meant to hurt by my flippant character sketches. On suspicion and inquiry I have been enough the letters have taken them too seriously. I horrify myself. I simply must try to stop being funny about all this drama and melodrama. Blame me, but forgive me. In a sense I was being personal and confidential in my letters. Publicity was the last thing I was thinking of. Give me time to get good and dead.

Ever yours

Robert

One side of a correspondence is always a little frustrating to read but Mr. Undermeyer's notes serve to integrate the letters into a whole and to make for those who care about the New England past the most satisfying kind of literary autobiography, and I resist on "literary" though it is probably at least partly true that he did "hate the literary life." But whatever he did—teaching, working on farms, lecturing, writing for newspapers, I simply turned my hand to most and turned it good for good (good) in various situations, as Kluge has it, and over time what, as long as I got by while fleetingly dealing with poetry.

And in the way, this collection of letters manages to give not only an intimate portrait of that most individual poet over half a century, but also a wide-ranging portrait of the literary world of that era as well.

Karl Kinschard and Winston. \$7

When All Is Said and Done, by Rose Friedman

This autobiography, as is fitting from the author of the Claudia novels, is infinitely more a folk family saga than a literary conversation. There is no question that, however much this woman was happy in the writing facility with which she is certainly endowed, she has always been to her own mind more deeply involved in and grateful for the two happy marriages and the children

with whom she has been blessed. There is no question either that she has often saved the others—a vice versa too—but here very much as in the Claudia books, are romantic love, family affection, animals, a farm, sorrow and loneliness, sometimes, but at all times humor. She seems to write, once started, with the greatest ease and speed, and since her production has been prodigious and Max Perkins was her first publisher, and since her popularity in the theatre and TV world has matched that of her novels, here are the people of the book world, Broadway, and of Hollywood—writers, producers, directors, actors—as first-night hopes, despairs, and successes of two and three decades ago. For her art's sake Miss Franklin makes as if she takes neither her work nor herself very seriously. It is perfectly apparent, however, that at least part of life and any living thing is of the utmost importance to her. Therein lies her gift of pleasure to so many. Doubleday. \$5.95

my brother Bill, by John Faulkner

The subtitle of this book, "an affectionate reminiscence" is a much better definition of it than "a biography" would have been. It begins on the morning that William Faulkner died when John, himself an author of one or two novels and many short stories, decided to write things that he remembered about his famous brother. Here are flashbacks and anecdotes showing "Bill" as schoolboy, then the man, practical joker, writer, and, through it all, the man dedicated to the Mississippi country and the people who lived in it. There's not much of the writing really. Passages like

Sometimes it seemed like Bill said up all the words he knew in one sentence. It was said that he didn't use enough periods. One day Bill said that the next book to be published was going to have a footnote of periods inserted in it. Book with a note that if anyone felt Bill had used too few periods they were free to take as many as they wished from the extra page and put in their own.

Somewhat revealing, and an old literary joke. But it's easy family talk about the creator of Yoknapatawpha County, "an affectionate reminiscence." Trident. \$4.95

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Fiction

The Girls of Slender Means, by Muriel Spark.

Just as cleverly and with about the same amount of compassion as a cat playing with a bird, Miss Spark plays with her characters, gives them their pitiful moments of hope, and then proceeds to pounce on them till no feather of dignity or pride remains. In this story of a working girls' club in London between VE Day and VJ Day in 1945, she is devastatingly witty in her portraiture of Joanna, the young elocution teacher, Jane, the assistant to a ne'er-do-well publisher, Selina, the beautiful long-legged casual seductress to whom sleeping with a man was as good a way as any—and better than most—to get the coveted clothes coupons. And so on, through a rather large but minutely delineated cast of characters. The story is told as a flashback when one of the girls—Jane—learns some years later that one of the young anarchist poets they all knew has died as a martyred missionary in Haiti. A lively story, diabolically clever, with a wonderfully balanced tragicomic finale, but too brittle for my taste. By the author of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. Knopf, \$3.95

On Her Majesty's Secret Service, by Ian Fleming.

For the ardent followers of Mr. Fleming's hero, James Bond, there's usually no need to say anything beyond "Here he is again." However, in this story of international thugery directed by familiar crime syndicalist Ernst Stavro Blofeld, a new dimension has been added. Most of it takes place in a beautiful and remote part of the Swiss Alps, and Mr. Bond, 007 to his colleagues in the Secret Service, makes a fatal mistake. For the first time he falls seriously in love. The results to him and to his assignment I can only say turn this into much more than the usual shattering thriller. As many readers already know, Mr. Fleming, now of the London *Sunday Times*, was in World War II Personal Assistant to Britain's Director of Naval Intelligence. The book is also the first to be issued in New American Library's venture into hardcover books.

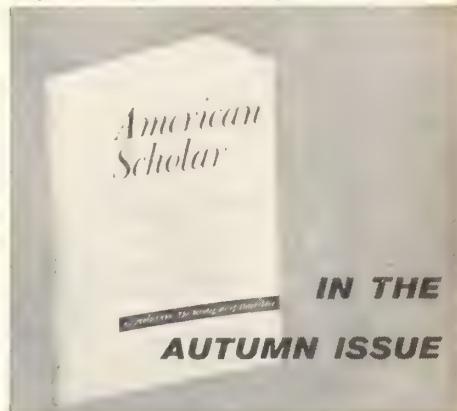
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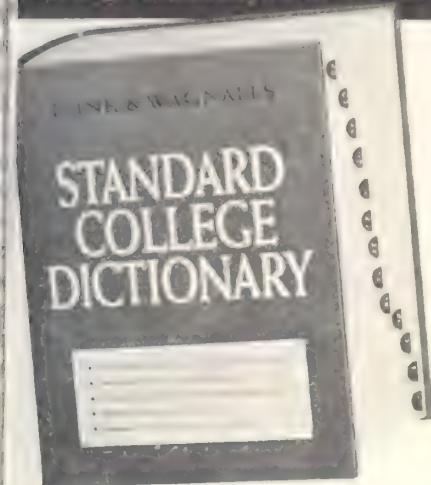
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MUSIC *in the round*

by *Discus*

The Musical Sins of the Soviet Fathers

The best Russian music of this century has been composed by expatriates—and some things now scorned may outlive the critics.

Ever since the first contingent of Soviet musicians began appearing in the West, only about a decade ago, the fact was established that the Russians have as strong a school of instrumental playing as any country in the world. David Oistrakh, Emil Gilels, Sviatoslav Richter, Mstislav Rostropovitch, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Daniel Safran—these musicians can hold their own in any company. But what about the creative end? A decade of increasing familiarity with Soviet music has served only to display its barrenness.

Indeed, the period since the 1917 Revolution in Russia can show only two composers who have achieved any degree of international acceptance; and, in a way, one of them does not count, for Serge Prokofieff, who died in 1953, was trained in Imperial Russia. The only outstanding musical child of the Revolution has been Dimitri Shostakovich, one of the most important European composers up to 1937, and one of the less important since then. A new recording of his **Fourth Symphony**, in which Eugene Ormandy conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia ML 5859, mono; MS 6459, stereo) is a most interesting illustration of the decisive point in Shostakovich's career.

It was composed in 1935-36, at a time when Shostakovich was one of the most-talked-about figures in contemporary music. His First Symphony, a graduation work, had launched him in 1926, and it was an amazing score: beautifully worked out, satiric, full of a very personal

type of melody, irreverent. There was no doubt that a major talent had appeared. But as early as 1930, Shostakovich was getting into trouble with the Communist authorities. In that year his opera, *The Nose* (based on a story by Gogol), was denounced by the cultural commissars as bourgeois and decadent. But Shostakovich, young and confident, ignored the warning. He went on to *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk* in 1934 (and veteran concertgoers will remember the excitement at the New York premiere). In 1935 he began work on his Fourth Symphony, finishing it the following year. It was in rehearsal when the blow fell.

Stalin attended a performance of *Lady Macbeth*. It is reported that he left in a rage, fulminating against this type of anti-Soviet music: no beautiful melodies, no message to the people, nothing but ugliness and dissonance. The opera was immediately withdrawn, and so was the Fourth Symphony. Shostakovich was in official disgrace. He set to work on his Fifth Symphony, subtitled it with the groveling words: "A Soviet Artist's Reply to Just Criticism." This was safe music and helped restore him to favor. In 1941 he was well enough reestablished to win a Stalin Prize for his Piano Quintet. But in 1948 the ax fell once more. Shostakovich, along with Prokofieff and several other leading Russian composers, was fingered by the Zhdanov Decree.

Taking No Chances

From that time on, Shostakovich has taken no chances. Today he is a nervous, chain-smoking man who never says a word in public—at least, on those occasions when he is outside of Russia. He turns out innoc-

uous music, generally of a propaganda nature ("Song of the Forests" and so on); and in his Eighth String Quartet he could think of nothing else to do than string together an autobiographical piece of music in which themes from early works make up the melodic substance.

In recent years, though, there has been a relaxation of the official Soviet attitude toward art and artists. It is true that any hint of avant-gardism is not welcomed, but there seems little doubt that the intellectual climate is freer. And so *Lady Macbeth*, with some rewriting, has come back. And so has the Fourth Symphony. On December 30, 1961, this symphony, composed twenty-five years previously, had its world premiere in Moscow. The following year it attracted wide comment at the Edinburgh Festival.

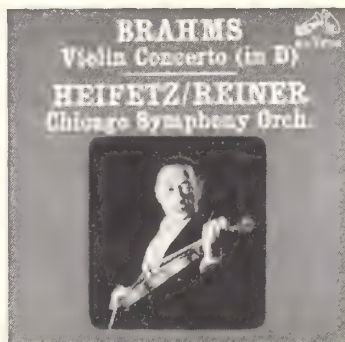
It is a fascinating document. For even though it may not be a success, it is an indication of where Shostakovich was heading. It is in three long movements lasting about an hour (to be exact, one hour and forty seconds, on this recording) and is a strange mixture of power, banality, sentimentality, propulsion, imagination, mordancy, originality and derivation. It is not a success because it can never make up its mind where to go, but it is packed full of ideas. Curiously, there is in it a good deal of Mahler, especially in the third movement, where one momentarily expects the music to break into Mahler's First. In short this is young man's music: not deep (though it pretends to be), full of promise (and what a promise!), suggesting that the noise and rhetoric would eventually be channeled into something of great substance. But that was not to be.

Today it is difficult to find a professional out of Russia who takes





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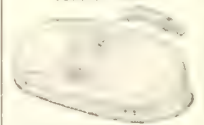
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Shostakovich with any seriousness. Or any other Russian composer, for that matter. Some have had, in our generation, a brief vogue. For a while, Khatchaturian showed considerable spirit through his musical vulgarity. He too has been smoothed out. The skillful Dimitri Kabalevsky writes a bland neo-Prokofieff kind of music (all present-day Russian composers, Shostakovich included, walk in the shadow of the great Serge). The music of people like Tikhon Khrennikov and Vissarion Shebalin is unutterable bilge. They represent the height of musical cynicism because they write not music but anti-music—notes strung together to meet the demands of some vague entity known as The Russian People.

The point is that the school of Russian composition is today by far the weakest in the world. Not an original idea comes from it, nor can an original idea come as long as the aesthetic of the composer is determined by politicians or Party theoreticians.

Exiles and Returnees

The cream of the jest is, therefore, that the best Russian music of this century has been composed by Russian expatriates. Stravinsky is, of course, the outstanding example. Prokofieff is an in-and-out case. Most of his vital music was written before his return to Russia. But so enormous was Prokofieff's talent that even under Party discipline he was able to turn out such works as the Fifth Symphony, *Romeo and Juliet*, and the G minor Violin Concerto. In any case, though, there is a smoothing-out in Prokofieff's later works, and an opera like *War and Peace* is, for a composer of his genius, nothing but a string of banalities.

And then there is Rachmaninoff, who left Russia after the Revolution and never returned. Rachmaninoff has to be considered a nineteenth-century figure, for even though all of his important music came after 1900, his training preceded the turn of the century. In Russia today, Rachmaninoff is an extremely popular figure, second only to Tchaikovsky. In the West, Rachmaninoff remains scorned by the intellectuals, beloved by the public. It

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

ould very well be—indeed, the chances are odds-on—that Rachmaninoff's best music (three of the piano concertos, the E minor Symphony, substantial group of solo piano works, a handful of songs) will outlive the products of nine-tenths of the composers taken seriously this generation. Sentimental as Rachmaninoff could be, he was a melodist of unusual appeal, and a surprisingly large amount of his music shows no lessening in popularity. Quite the contrary.

Something of His Own

The big piano virtuosos will always be attracted to the **D minor Piano Concerto**, which has just been recorded by Vladimir Ashkenazy and the London Symphony under Anatol Liadov (London CM 9359, mono; S 6359, stereo). Perhaps Rachmaninoff's greatest work, the D minor Concerto is a score of immense pianistic difficulty, lushly orchestrated, full of the composer's languent melody. It has not lacked great recordings in the past, from Rachmaninoff himself to Horowitz, Gilels, and the impeccably-delivered Cliburn performance.

Of all versions, the new Ashkenazy is the most poetic. More than any of the other pianists he feels the lyricism of the music. Thus, though he lacks Horowitz's demonic impetus, Rachmaninoff's majesty, the power of Gilels, or the formidable articulation of Cliburn in this work, he has something very much of his own to contribute. He has written his own program notes for this disc. For the most part he avoids the ever-present Soviet aesthetic jargon, but he slips some into his last paragraph. In the Soviet aesthetic, music (and other arts) must be affirmative. Almost the greatest sin, except for the charge of formalism, is for a creator to be called pessimistic. Thus Ashkenazy concludes his summary of the Rachmaninoff D minor with the words: "So, as a whole, the conception is optimistic—which proves that Rachmaninoff was a great artist who greatly enjoyed living and loved people. It proves that such things meant more to him than his everlasting fatalism and fear of death." Gobbledygook, we see, is not confined to America.



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by Eric Larrabee

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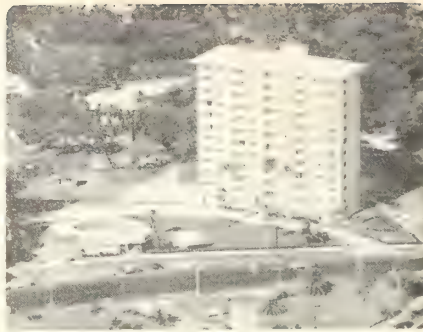
They're at it swinging Bach again but this time with a difference. Instead of putting together a new piece as Alec Templeton did these many years ago with "Bach Goes to Town," the group labeled here as the "Creative Swingle Singers" performs jazz versions of the fugues and preludes note for note, exactly as written. Templeton's tour de force, especially in the all-clarinet version by Benny Goodman, managed despite its slight cloying quality to show that jazz and eighteenth-century music reach out somehow to touch each other. This new record does even more.

The technique the Swingle people employ is an outgrowth of wordless or "scat," singing in jazz, recently modified and extended (in a way made famous by the trio of Lambert Hendricks, and Ross) to encompass literal re-creations in which voice duplicate the instrumental solos. In place of the lyrics go arbitrary sounds like "ooh-aah," or stock phrases from the scat and bebop repertory, like "dooby-do" or "papa-dah." Once the singers master the system, they can use it to handle nearly anything—and these are consummate musicians.

I am told that Ward Swingle actually exists and is, like his singer French (their sound is strikingly similar to that of another French group which uses the scat technique, the Double Six, and some of the personnel may be the same). What he has achieved in this recording is an unusually effective demonstration that jazz is an integral part of the Western tradition. There is nothing alien here.

Properly conducted, Bach swing anyhow (listen, for example, to *Sing dem Herrn* done by Hindemith and his Collegium Musicum at Yale). It is only a slight step further. Swingle's rollicking readings from the *Well-tempered Clavier*, and I cannot imagine anyone so purist any more as to argue that any great damage is done. The net gain, in fact, is impressive.

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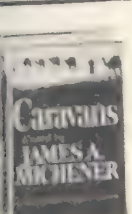
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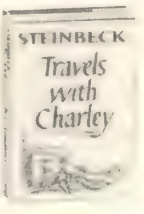
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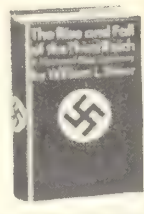
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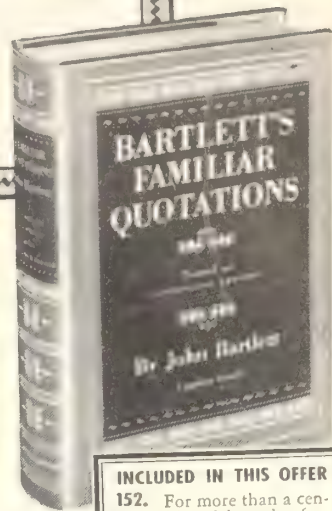
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Food for Thought

Novice investors are sometimes puzzled by the facts of economic life that they encounter when they first start reading the financial news.

For example, take percentages. They can be pretty confusing. If the price of a stock rises from 40 to 80, it rises 100%. If it falls from 80 to 40, it falls only 50%—and yet the dollar amounts are the same in both instances.

Then there's the matter of yields. The yield of a common stock is the return per year, expressed as a percentage of its current market value. It is calculated by dividing the current annual dividend by the current market price of the stock. Obviously, the yield of a stock increases when the dividend rate is increased and decreases when the dividend rate is decreased. And interestingly enough, the yield also increases when the price of the stock declines and decreases when the price advances—assuming that the dividend rate remains the same.

The major mystery is probably that of fluctuating prices. Why should the price of a stock vary from day to day when the company (of which the stock is a share of ownership) is likely to be very much the same on Tuesday as it was on Monday? The company's prospects clearly do not change as often as the price of its stock fluctuates. Probably the only answer to that riddle is that in the market, any market, a thing is worth what it will fetch—for whatever reason, perhaps for no discernible reason.



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Dorothy and Red

Vincent Sheean's interpretation of the Dorothy Thompson-Sinclair Lewis marriage was sensitive and revealing ["The Tangled Romance of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson," Supplement, October]. But when he says, "So far as I know Dorothy never at any time (until the end of her life, perhaps) questioned herself or her future" I am reminded of a time when she did indeed seem to question herself or her role in life.

It was during a lecture tour in 1944, when she stopped off at a Midwest woman's college for dinner and a lecture. I was teaching government there and was the hostess for the dinner. She seemed infinitely weary and asked if there were a room in the college where we might sit quietly and talk together. We found one and she smoked several cigarettes and talked along to me, a stranger, in a way that she might not have to a friend. She said that in her next reincarnation she hoped she'd be born a dumb blonde, so a man would assume responsibility for her, and she'd be done with this business of lectures and appointments and moneymaking. . . .

Years later, when I met her briefly again, I asked her if she remembered that comment. She said it must have been a weak moment because she certainly could not imagine a worse fate. She seemed this time much less harried and much more contented, possibly as a result of her happy marriage to Maxim Kopf.

DOROTHY ARGOW
Riverside, Calif.

Southern Hatred

To accuse practically the entire population of Mississippi of deep-seated prejudice and hate toward the Negro as well as general ignorance and ineptness doesn't shed any light on Mississippi's problems [in "A

LETTERS

Small Band of Practical Heroes Editor's Easy Chair, October]. only reflects the extremely biased manner in which John Fischer chooses to regard the state of Mississippi.

GEORGE H. ELLIOT
State College, Pa.

Many thanks for "A Small Band of Practical Heroes." Having spent twenty of twenty-five years as Mississippi white Southerner, I can assure any reader who suspects your article of exaggeration that, to the contrary, it simply states the cold hard facts. The Mississippi newspapers and television perpetuate the segregationist "party line" by either holding up to the public the most antagonistic picture of the Negro or omitting mention of any occurrence. The day after the first Birmingham riots, my hometown paper's feature story was about race riots in Africa. Birmingham was not mentioned. I have never seen any of the responsible, intelligent Negro leaders on television, except for brief flashes of Dr. King threatening a demonstration; he is never seen as the level-headed negotiator or the devout minister pleading with his people to keep hate for the white man out of their hearts. . . .

MRS. FAYE KING
Washington, D. C.

The Medical Lab Mess

"Danger in Our Medical Labs" [Maya Pines, October] is a slanted presentation portraying the New York City Health Department in a light that does not fit the facts or the hand. In 1958 the Health Department issued written official endorsement of the cut-rate contract laboratories described in the article as the "worst offenders." The investigation of the laboratory situation in New York City was not initiated by the Health Department itself but, rather, was forced by another City agency in

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LETTERS

1960. The Health Department has consistently fought against proper state licensing for laboratory directors and, in March 1961, a Department official wrote that it "need not depend on the foibles of legislators." Who inspects the Health Department? Why has it set itself up as the paragon of virtue? What makes it consider itself the top authority in the laboratory field?

Another extremely important point that was omitted from the article is that organized medicine is a "closed-shop trade union" with physicians protecting physicians. Pathologists, medical societies, AMA, health departments have consistently fought against licensure for the professional bioanalytical scientists.

The greatest lab abuses have emanated from New York State. I suggest three solutions: (1) State licensing for the profession of bioanalysis with specialty licenses for clinical chemists, clinical biologists, clinical microbiologists (whether physicians or scientists) as laboratory directors, under the auspices of our professional licensing authority, the N.Y. State Department of Education and the Board of Regents, thus adding one additional group to all of the professional groups in the health field and other fields already licensed and supervised by the Regents. (2) Make it unlawful for physicians to pay laboratories for patients' tests. (3) Make it illegal for any laboratory personnel to collect fees from physicians for patients' tests.

ROSE L. BERMAN, B.A.
Dir., Clinical Laboratory
New York, N. Y.

THE HEALTH DEPT. REPLIES:

To show that a health official is against certain legislation, Miss Berman quotes him as saying "the Health Department need not depend on the foibles of legislators." Actually, the entire sentence reads, "The City of New York is fortunate in having a Board of Health composed of esteemed physicians and public-spirited citizens who write and amend the Health Code of the City; thus the Health Department need not depend upon the foibles of legislators."

It is true that there has been opposition to proposed legislation for

Four simple mistakes in investing and how to avoid them

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Others are more interested in giving their money a chance to grow over the years.

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Mistake No. 1: Choosing your broker at random.

How to avoid: Look up a nearby Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. You'll find that each Member Firm is different, with its own services and characteristics. You'll also find these things in common: Each is subject to the many regulations of the Exchange. And its Registered Representatives had to measure up to Exchange requirements when they became Member Firm brokers.

Mistake No. 2: Setting out to get rich in a hurry.

How to avoid: Have long-range goals. Ask yourself what's important to you. Then with the help of your Member

Firm work out a simple investment program in keeping with your circumstances.

Keep in mind that stock and bond prices go both ways—down and up. A company may not make a profit or continue to pay dividends or interest. You'll want to look for companies you think will be strong and progressive.

Mistake No. 3: Investing hastily on a tip.

How to avoid: Base your judgment on facts. Such as the company's recent record. Its earnings. The dividends it pays. The price of the stock in relation to dividends. Your Member Firm broker will gladly give you the facts he has and advice about stocks listed on the Exchange. And inquire about the greater stability bonds often provide.

Will the broker's judgment or his firm's always be right? *Nobody* is always right. What they will gladly give you is help based on facts as they see them—so that you can make better judgments of your own.

Mistake No. 4: Investing all the money you can find.

How to avoid: For investing use only money you don't need for living expenses or emergencies. A lot of people find it wise to invest *regularly*. Through our Monthly Investment Plan you can acquire stock by investing with as little as \$40 every three months.

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LETTERS

the licensing of bioanalysts. Here also Miss Berman omits some vital information. Bioanalysis is a controversial occupation. It is considered by some to be an ill-defined discipline carried on mainly by individuals lacking in the level of academic training required by other recognized professions. It is understandable, therefore, that pathologists, chemists, microbiologists, and other professionals (who are established as such by a doctoral degree awarded by universities teaching these specialties and who spend additional years in postgraduate training) should object to legislation which, in one fell swoop, would elevate bioanalysts to an equal or higher professional standing.

Appropriate legislation is being sponsored by both city and state health officials as well as many professional organizations. Representatives from these agencies are working with Senator George Metcalf, Chairman of the Public Health Committee of the State of New York, to devise a bill which will place the interests of the public above the desires of any individual or group. The prospects for the enactment of such a bill now appear brighter than ever. . . .

MORRIS SCHAEFFER, M. D.
Dir., Bureau of Laboratories
Department of Health
New York, N. Y.

As I was reading Maya Pines's article I substituted the word dental for medical wherever it appeared and the similarity is amazing. There are at present about 1,200 dental labs in New York City without the slightest supervision of any state or municipal body. Anyone who thinks that he is capable of making a denture or a bridge can and does open a dental laboratory. And if his prices to the dentist are cheap enough he will usually attract enough dentist customers to supplement his income, the bulk of which is usually derived from illegally making dentures directly for patients. The NYC Department of Health is not interested, the American Dental Association couldn't care less.

NAME WITHHELD
New York, N. Y.

. . . One of the ways in which we can improve laboratories . . . will

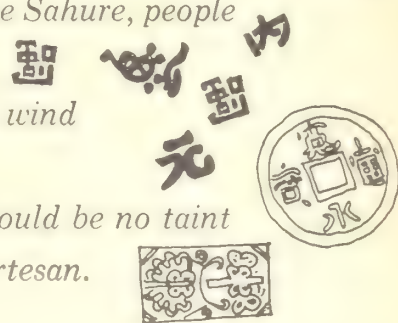
It All Began With Myrrh From The Land of Punt



And Pharaoh Sahure was the man who started it all . . . who first gave his love imported perfume. Perhaps the most persistent of the ancient Egyptians, Sahure sent his ships to the furthestmost reaches of the yet uncharted Red Sea for his gift . . . all the way to the dark and mysteriously fragrant land of Punt. For only there did the exotic myrrh tree grow, from whose resins the world's first perfume was made. Since Sahure, people have perfumed practically everything.

Cleopatra perfumed her sails as well as herself so the fair wind would rumor her coming . . . she was always feminine first.

Japanese nobles perfumed their money . . . so there would be no taint of yen or sen when they came into the presence of court or courtesan.



Byzantine women perfumed their buskins . . .

such elegant boots from which hung small gold vessels filled with oil of sandalwood or jasmin. (The men of Byzantium followed the fashion with interest.)



Renaissance Neapolitans perfumed their sofas . . . to encourage romance in the drawing room. But Sahure's idea was best . . . the most enchanting thing

to perfume is a woman . . . and the most enchanting perfumes to give her are imported French perfumes by Coty. Sample the delights of giving fine Coty perfume this Christmas.

L'AIMANT



EMERAUDE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

COTY

LETTERS

"...and a staff of well-trained, experienced, and highly motivated personnel, supported by a modern and well-equipped laboratory."

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...and a staff of well-trained, experienced, and highly motivated personnel, supported by a modern and well-equipped laboratory.

Allied Chemical Corp.,
Allied Chemical Corp., New York, N. Y.

...and a staff of well-trained, experienced, and highly motivated personnel, supported by a modern and well-equipped laboratory.



...and a staff of well-trained, experienced, and highly motivated personnel, supported by a modern and well-equipped laboratory.

be to upgrade the standards of qualifications for medical technologists and for those specializing in microbiology, chemistry, etc., and also to upgrade the compensation available to them. This can be achieved if laboratory earnings (for hospitals) are not used to finance other areas of the hospital. In other words, income from professional services should be applied to the development of the department—minus, of course, the funds necessary to cover supplies, equipment, overhead, maintenance, etc. Hospital laboratories are almost everywhere self-sustaining and do not require subvention from other sources.

NORBERT ENGER, M.D.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Maya Pines failed to discuss the high quality of laboratories in California, where the clinical laboratories as well as the technologists must be licensed by the State Department of Public Health. There is a law against using unqualified personnel—even those with two years of laboratory training after high school. Requirements to take the comprehensive exam which is necessary to secure a license are a B.A. in a laboratory science or sciences and twelve months of training in an approved laboratory. . . . Qualified [California] people are being encouraged to enter into this field by average salaries of \$4,225 a year. The national average for an MT (ASCP) is \$3,160.

DOROTHY WELLSBERRY
MT (ASCP)
Los Angeles, Calif.

Terror in Formosa

"Chiang Kai-shek's Silent Enemies" by Albert Axelbank [September] is a carefully written report, but at least one important addition should be made. . . . The anti-American 7607 avoided the U.S. Embassy in Taipei in 1957, during which the Embassy was totally wrecked, was not taken up by the writer. Of course, Axelbank heard about the incident afterward. . . . It was a carefully planned demonstration well-engineered by Chiang Ching-kuo and his henchmen. William Lederer reported in his book, *A Matter of Sheep*, that "almost everyone—

"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

(cont. from previous page)

outcome have been had the victim-vehicle also been a Land-Rover (Model 109 Bank Van)? An interesting conjecture.

LAW-FEARERS ASK

"Why," decent law-fearing people may ask, "do you sell Land-Rovers to chaps who are going to use them to rob trains and banks?"

Actually, we can't always tell.

We've sold Land-Rovers to all sorts of customers in over 160 countries, including the armed services of 26, the police forces of 37, veritable legions of country squires, desert chieftains, titled persons, oil and gold prospectors, light and heavy sportsmen; and to multitudes of nice families for skiing, beach buggying and other pleasant things. With this limitless range we often don't know precisely how a buyer intends to use his Land-Rover.

NEW OWNER OFTEN CLUELESS

More often than not the new owner doesn't know himself until he's tested its enormous virtuosity. For all we know, the recent bandits were ordinary citizens who only turned to lives of crime *after* they found their Land-Rovers were just the thing for sticking up trains.

As a matter of fact, we can give you what appears to be a character reference on one of our customers: this one also from The London Times of August 13. A member of the Mail Train Mob got the key to the farmhouse hideout from a neighboring housewife (he said he was the new owner).

She describes him thus: "He was a well dressed, well spoken, and charming man. I have not seen him since."

Neither have we; we do hope for keeping it serviced.

BORED WITH YOUR PRESENT LIFE?

IF YOU STILL TRUST THE MAILS
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Rover Motor Co. of N. America Ltd.
Section 0012
405 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17.

My name is:

Address:

City:

LETTERS

except the Americans—had known about it," even before it had happened. . . . Both American allies and the Communists already know the facts on Formosa. Why has only the U.S. allowed itself to be deceived? . . .

MARIANO LIM

A Secretary to Pres. Thomas W.I. Lian, the Provisional Government of the Republic of Formosa in exile in Tokyo, Japan

As a Formosan, I feel that Albert Axelbank's article is entirely correct, but I would like to point out . . . where he has been overly polite to the Kuomintang. . . . In speaking of the land reform, he states, "Even violently anti-Kuomintang Formosans have kind words to say about it." It is a fact, however, that both landlords (who were poorly compensated by the reform) and tenants (who came to own land after the reform) feel little gratitude. The tenants received the land only at a rather higher price, and in so doing they also assumed a heavy tax burden which had formerly been borne by the landlords.

In addition, the farmers have suffered from government monopolization of the fertilizer supply and the rice market. Although a pound of rice should exchange about evenly for a pound of fertilizer on the international market, the Formosan farmer now must exchange three pounds of rice to obtain one pound of fertilizer. . . . Many of the new landowners, therefore, would like to sell the land they obtained during the "reform," but this is prohibited.

NU JIU-RIN Chinn.

Taiwan Christian Hui

Quarterly for a free Taiwan
Tokyo, Japan

Several months ago I was called by the Chinese Embassy in New York City and was told that my passport would not be renewed unless I stopped telling the Americans what was going on in Formosa. . . .

I still have in my memory a vivid picture of the pale faces and trembling bodies of those Formosans—old men, young students, and women—as they were dragged by the anti-Communist Chinese soldiers to be shot during the bloody 2-28 Incident in 1947. When the Formosan leader in

the city of Tainan was shot to death after having been brutally beaten by the soldiers, his body was left lying on the street for two days, and his family was not even permitted to cover the body with a blanket. . . .

I deplore the fact that, by invitation of the U.S. State Department Chiang Ching-kuo, the son of Chiang Kai-shek, recently visited this country. . . . RICHARD WANG, Asst. Prof. U. of Bridgeport, Bridgeport, Conn.

Plaudit to Scholar

In response to Thornton Hardie's letter [September], let me say it was my privilege, as provost of the University of Colorado, to become well acquainted with Dr. Homer Rainey. There he renders distinguished service as a professor. [Mr. Hardie said that Dr. Rainey "has not had a distinguished career since leaving the University" of Texas as president.] He is widely respected, both on and off the campus, as an exceptional scholar-teacher, a man of wisdom, and a gentleman. Mr. Hardie, as a university trustee, should recognize that in higher education there are more ways to distinguish oneself than by being a president. Furthermore, Dr. Rainey will long be remembered as a university president who took a most courageous stand on an issue of academic freedom.

OSWALD TIPPO, Exec. Dean
of Arts and Science; Dean of the
Grad. School of Arts and Science
New York University
New York, N. Y.

Coon Expert

Polly Redford's "Our Most American Animal" [October] is a delightfully told piece. . . . I would have enjoyed it even if I had not previously plowed through two novels by English ladies who seem to fancy themselves as British Katharine Anne Porters! Mrs. Redford gave me a new faith in my sex as writers—she knows her raccoons—whereas so many women writers who are classed as novelists seem to me to write "what they know not of" and they bore me exceedingly.

HELEN KAY EASON
Wilton, Conn.

ENEMY ALIENS TOOK 4 BILLION DOLLARS IN 1962

Enemy aliens have been slipping into this country — aliens whose sabotage cost the U. S. the equivalent of half its entire annual budget prior to World War II. Last year alone, they are estimated to have cost over 4 billion.

Actually, they started coming in with the first settlers. Possibly one or two were on the Mayflower. America's first clothes moth may have contentedly chewed its way across the Atlantic in Priscilla Mullins' wool petticoat. The first house fly might have flown on ahead as the Pilgrims touched Plymouth Rock.

A majority of our most destructive insects are aliens. From the first, foreign pests have hitch-hiked rides on passenger and cargo ships to find a haven in the new land. And they thrived, because there were no native predators to hold them in check.

Early settlers brought bedbugs, clothes moths and carpet beetles in bedding and trunks. Grubs and mites came on livestock. Seeds and provisions carried stored-product insects.

Later, imports brought crop and plant pests. The year 1869 introduced the gypsy moth, a constant threat to our forests. 1892 introduced the boll weevil, destroyer of over 10 billion dollars worth of cotton. 1909 brought the elm bark beetle, spreader of Dutch elm disease now rapidly eliminating the beautiful American elm. In 1916,

Japan gave Washington, D. C. its famous cherry trees — and with them the Oriental fruit moth to threaten the peach industry. These are only a few of scores of imported insects which plague us, cause disease, destroy food and fiber.

There were, of course, native North American insects, too. But compared with imported pests, only a few natives are as destructive — including grasshoppers, termites and mosquitoes.

An important step in stopping this insect invasion came with the Plant Quarantine Act of 1912, providing for inspection of incoming produce and plant materials. But even with rigid inspection, some slip by. In 1929, for example, the Mediterranean fruit fly appeared in Florida. One of the world's most feared tropical fruit pests, the fruit fly threatened Florida's vast citrus industry. There was no effective chemical control. In a joint federal-state battle involving destruction of hundreds of thousands of boxes of fruit, the pest was finally eliminated at a cost of many millions.

One April morning in 1956, Orlo Prior sliced open a grapefruit from his backyard tree in Miami. It was wormy. Not used to worms in his grapefruit, Mr. Prior took this one to the local agricultural office. The Mediterranean fruit fly had invaded again.

This time, however, federal and state authorities were prepared.

This time it would not be necessary to destroy crops and remove citrus from America's breakfast table. There was now a safe, effective chemical that would kill the fruit fly without harming the populace. Its name — malathion. After two seasons of intensive spraying, the fruit fly was again eradicated.

Malathion, a Cyanamid development, exemplifies the best in modern insect control. Malathion is highly effective against a wide range of insects — those attacking food, fiber and forest as well as disease carriers such as flies, mosquitoes, roaches and parasites which attack man and animal. Malathion is also one of the safest insecticides ever developed. It has low toxicity to warm blooded animals. It does not leave persistent residues. It does not build up in the bodies of man or animal or in the soil.

This is why malathion *could* be used for mass spraying in Florida; why malathion plays an important role in programs that make it possible to eliminate malaria and other mosquito-borne diseases; why malathion has become a most useful garden and home insecticide.

Most of our alien insect invaders are here to stay. Most infest such vast areas that complete eradication is not practical. But Cyanamid science . . . science in action for you . . . will continue to produce weapons to keep the invaders under control.

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Christmas List *by John Fischer*



Grateful holiday greetings to the following people and institutions, whose doings of the past year have contributed something special to the country's gaiety, good fellowship, and self-respect:

1. To Hugh Murphy of Killdeer, North Dakota, because he survived; and for demonstrating that not all Americans have become flabby victims of *The Affluent Society*.

While rounding up cattle with a pickup truck, he drove onto the ice of Garrison Reservoir. Since the thermometer stood at eight below zero, this should have been safe enough; but the ice broke and dropped the truck into eleven feet of water. Unable to open the door, Murphy broke a window, climbed through it, and came up under the ice. He was able to hold his breath just long enough to swim to the hole made by the truck—but then found he couldn't get a grip to pull himself out. So he stretched his arms over the ice and waited till his sleeves and gloves froze to the surface; then hauled himself up.

Within minutes his soaked clothes had frozen solid. They crackled at every step as Murphy walked seven miles to his camp. There he managed to get the cabin door open, in spite of numbed fingers, and to light a fire in the oil stove. As soon as he had thawed out a little he climbed on a horse and rode to the house of a friend three miles away. Next day the forty-four-year-old rancher was back working at his roundup, without even a snuffle.

2. And to a bunch of other cattlemen—this time in the Tonopas area of the Colorado Rockies—who have started worrying about ecology, to the outrage of all the sheep raisers

in that part of the country. Banded together as the Tonopas Grassland Protective Association, these ranchers have launched a campaign to encourage, of all things, the coyote.

This beast, which looks like a compact model wolf, seldom bothers cattle (aside from an occasional stray calf), but sheepherders regard him as their worst enemy. He is smarter than they are—so smart, indeed, that the Plains Indians used to worship him, and zoologists have described him as the most intelligent wild animal in North America. He outwits most hunters, outruns most dogs, and can't even be poisoned by normal methods since he is too wary to touch any bait handled by man.

Consequently the sheep raisers persuaded the government some years ago to assign Fish and Wildlife Service agents to exterminate the coyote with a special, persistent, slow-acting poison known as Ten Eighty. It is fed to an elderly sheep, which then wanders off, dies on the prairie, and gets eaten by the first coyote that comes along. Pretty soon he dies too; but the poison in his body remains virulent—with results fatal to buzzards, eagles, hawks, foxes, weasels, and other scavengers that relish a snack of dead coyote.

As so often happens when men tamper with the balance of nature, the end result was unforeseen. By removing one unwanted part in the ecological machine, the poisoners upset the whole environment. For when a coyote isn't eating sheep, he feeds mostly on rabbits and gophers; and so do the hawks, eagles, foxes, and weasels. As soon as these predators were wiped out, the rabbits and gophers began to multiply unchecked—to the ruination of thousands of acres of good cow pasture. As Walter Sullivan pointed out in the *New York*

Times, these flourishing pests have eaten so much grass and hay that some Tonopas land now supports only half as many cattle as it once did, and gopher tunnels have wrecked many an irrigation system.

Hence the eagerness of the cattlemen to stop the poisoning program and get the coyote back in business on their land. They probably won't succeed, because the sheep raisers are generally more effective lobbyists; but there is some hope for the development of a less persistent poison, which will not kill off wildlife in an endless chain.

In any case the coyote is not likely to become extinct. When the poisoners made his original home, in the Rockies and on the Western Plains, inhospitable for him, he simply moved. He is now turning up in places where he was never known before—from Alaska to Panama, from California to the chicken farms of upstate New York. The moral is one which the Sioux medicine men would have been glad to point out two hundred years ago: Whenever a man thinks he can outsmart a coyote, or the ecological arrangements ordained by nature, he is probably wrong.

3. To Henry Barnes, New York's traffic commissioner,* who is in the process of demonstrating the same point all over again with his campaign to stamp out pedestrians—whom he apparently regards as intolerable pests in an automobile ecology.

Instead of using something swift

A good man, trying hard to carry out a maddening assignment under exasperating handicaps. It's not his fault that he was given the wrong assignment: i.e., to cherish traffic instead of people.

Thank you,
darling,
it I'm not the
eggnog type

Understandably

The eggnog, though not without its virtues, is not overwhelmingly original or exceptionally exotic

And some people do prefer a drink with a little more flair

A drink, perhaps, like Kahlúa.

And there's nothing like Kahlúa but Kahlúa. Simply because it tastes so great straight and on the rocks and in cocktails and desserts that it has become the largest selling coffee liqueur in the whole wide world and the subject of an incredibly informative recipe book that is yours for the asking and is sold (Kahlúa, not the recipe book!) during the holiday season in the good-looking gift package that is shown below.

Which would seem to be reason enough for anybody

Even eggnog types.

All types of holiday guests will like
THE KAHLÚA NOG
Add 1 finger of Kahlúa to one serving of
eggnog. Serve with a dry smile.



KAHLÚA

Coffee Liqueur 40% Alc/Vol (80 Proof)

and simple like Ten Eighty, Barnes is employing the devious, indirect methods that are characteristic of New York's municipal rulers. As a first step he wants to reduce the width of sidewalks by about half, thus providing an additional lane for auto traffic. Since many of New York's sidewalks already are too small to handle the crowds—especially in the Wall Street and Midtown areas—this scheme clearly is intended to force the more impatient pedestrians into the street, where they will be easy prey for the city's notoriously ferocious trucks and taxis. The timider people, increasingly frustrated as they try to shoulder their way along the clogged sidewalks, will eventually realize that the struggle is hopeless and will flee the city for good. Like the coyote, they may be expected to turn up in Alaska and California and on upstate chicken farms any day now.

The exodus will speed up after the completion of the dozen skyscrapers now under construction in the Grand Central area—already the most congested spot in the most congested city in the world. A long step toward making it completely uninhabitable was taken earlier this year with the opening of the Pan Am tower, the world's biggest office building in the world's most inappropriate place. And City Hall, subservient as always to the real-estate speculators and building-trades unions, stands ready to license still more skyscrapers in the same neighborhood.

The next step (already proven effective by experiments in Los Angeles and Chicago) is to destroy wide swaths of homes and parks, in order to open up thoroughways to add to the traffic congestion in the heart of the city. New York will then be ready for the final step in its pedestrian-extirpation program: the conversion of apartments, hotels, and low-cost housing projects into garages, to get some of the automobiles off the streets. (Not that the municipal government is *opposed* to autos on the streets; on the contrary, it permits overnight parking, thus in effect providing free garage space on the most expensive land in America. It just doesn't have enough of such space to go around.)

So, in the not-very-distant future, it seems likely that the pedestrian

nuisance will be eliminated, by making New York's environment as inhospitable to them as Colorado's is to coyotes. Then maybe we can hope for one of those unforeseeable ecological reactions, like the Tonopas drive to bring back the coyote. Will the auto really be happy once it has New York all to itself? Can it flourish indefinitely in a region unfit for human habitation? Couldn't we perhaps get a better natural balance by reserving a few streets for people . . . by replacing a few skyscrapers with those little patches of green, leafy open space which are so necessary for human survival . . . by levying a heavy toll on each car crossing the bridges into Manhattan . . . and maybe by pouring Ten Eighty into the radiator of every auto found on its streets at night?

4. *To Marshall Coyne, Hans Sternik, and a group of associated Washington businessmen, for giving us an item of indispensable (but surprisingly rare) equipment for a civilized society: a really good hotel.*

Last spring, when they opened the Madison, about six blocks from the White House, I watched the venture with some misgivings because its advance publicity was suspiciously lush; it suggested that this hotel, like several recent ones in New York, might turn out to be just another imitation of the Miami Beach barbarities, combining the worst features of a Babylonian palace and a neon-lighted chickenburger joint. Now, after checking my own findings with those of several other skeptical hotel buffs, I'm inclined to rate the Madison right alongside my favorite American hotel, the Boston Ritz, and close to such great European establishments as the Baur au Lac in Zurich and the Connaught in London. It meets all the following requisites for a good place to stay:

. . . It is small: only 369 rooms and suites. Consequently the staff can get to know the customers and treat them like guests, rather than a herd of cattle being processed through a stockyard.

. . . It accepts no conventions or group tours. Hence it is both decorous and quiet; and the rooms and public areas are all well soundproofed.

. . . It has enough help to run

the place, and all of them that I have encountered have been good-humored, prompt, and well-trained. (A high proportion of the staff, incidentally, speaks one or more foreign languages.) As every traveler knows, an adequate staff is considered an unnecessary luxury by most American hotels. You are all too likely, therefore, to find that the desk clerk cannot locate either your reservation or your mail; you wait twenty minutes before a bellman shows up to take you to your room, which he then discovers has not yet been made up; your laundry and your telephone messages are both likely to go astray; room service is a sometime thing; so that you soon get the eerie feeling that you are on an ocean liner that has been deserted by its crew. Nothing like this has happened to me at the Madison; and, most remarkable, if you ask for breakfast in your room, it arrives in five minutes—hot, but not dessicated by a steam table.

. . . The furnishings are comfortable rather than flashy. The bed light is strong enough to read by; the plumbing doesn't drip; towels are big and thick; beds are six feet eight inches long; the refrigerator in each room, the air conditioning, heated towel rack, radio, and telephone message-light all work. And your dressing table isn't cluttered with the advertisements, bulletins, and warnings which provide a minor irritant in the average hotel.

. . . The restaurants (including one reserved for men only) offer both cooking and service well above the normal hotel standard, and their tables are spaced far enough apart so that you can carry on a conversation in reasonable privacy.

. . . Rates are high but no worse than those charged by a number of Washington hotels which give far less for your money: they start at \$16 for a single and \$20 for a double, with a \$40 top for a penthouse suite. May the Madison make enough money to encourage similar improvements in the human ecology of a few other American cities.

5. *To Professor D. M. Hadjimarkos of the University of Oregon Dental School in Portland, for pointing out a new method of forestalling tooth decay.*

He conducted a rather offbeat eco-



Experience brings great wines from The Christian Brothers vineyards.

Brother Timothy, the Cellarmaster, directs all grapegrowing and winemaking activities of The Christian Brothers of California. His long experience, indispensable to bringing forth fine wines, is part of a proud tradition.

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For free **Wine Selector**, a guide that tells you how to choose and enjoy wines, write to: The Christian Brothers, Department WF, 2030 Union Street, San Francisco 23, California.



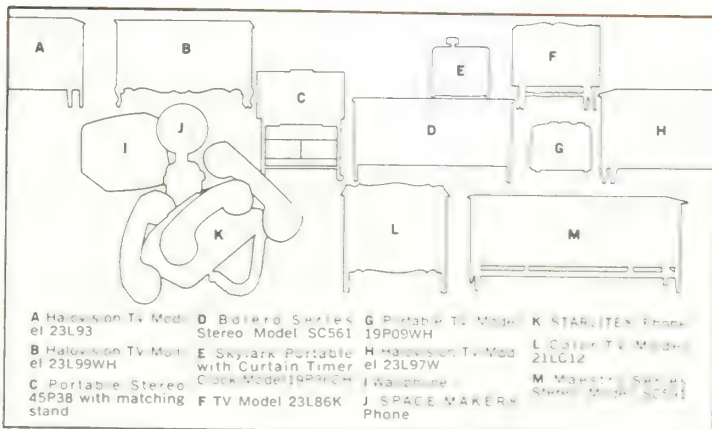
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California
City, Sherry



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*Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie*

After dinner, have a dram of Drambuie,
the cordial with the Scotch whisky base.



80 PROOF

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

ological investigation in Greece, where most people have excellent teeth, with relatively few cavities, in spite of the fact that the water they drink has a low fluoride content. Where, then, do they get the fluoride that prevents tooth decay?

From sea salt, according to the professor's findings as reported in the *Archives of Oral Biology*. Unlike Americans, who get most of their salt from mines, the Greeks get theirs by evaporating sea water; the resulting crystals contain lots of fluoride—not to mention iodine and other elements needed for good nutrition. (Incidentally, some gourmets insist that sea salt tastes better than the ordinary kind, and is just as essential as tarragon vinegar for a first-rate salad.) So, if you live in one of the many American communities with an unfluoridated water system, you might want to try sea salt as a Christmas present for the family cook; it's carried, in packaged form, by health-food stores and many of the better groceries.

6. To Henry J. Holtzclaw, director of the federal Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and his 2,800 employees, for saving the taxpayers' money as well as making it, and for puncturing that ancient myth about the inefficiency of government workers.

During the last twelve years they have cut the bureau's employees from 5,500 to less than half that number, and at the same time have sharply increased their output of paper money and stamps. They did this by a thorough modernization and reorganization of the agency, which raised the productivity of some workers by as much as 370 per cent and saved more than \$100 million in operating costs.

The key to this accomplishment was Holtzclaw's promise that no worker would lose his job if all of them cooperated in his plan to introduce new machines and better methods. The payroll was cut gradually and painlessly, by not filling vacancies when employees died or retired. In addition, some workers were retrained when their jobs became obsolete—including a number of women printers who became armed guards after passing their marksmanship tests.

Comparable savings might be possible in a good many other government offices, if Congress would authorize federal executives to make similar pledges of job security—and if it would devise some method for rewarding those executives who shrink their empires, rather than expand them. Now, unhappily, it is still a general rule that a bigger payroll means more pay and prestige for the bureau chief.

7. And to Mrs. Earl Gundrum of Defreestville, New York, for a different kind of lesson in government.

For ten years she operated a nursing home for convalescents and old people—the kind of establishment which is in desperately short supply in most American communities. Hers was one of the best; the state Social Welfare Department formally commended it last year as a “shining example” for “the excellent services offered the patients entrusted in your care.”

But last August Mrs. Gundrum closed it up for good. Reason: too much government paper work. “There were eighteen state and federal agencies putting forms, questions, and statistical requests across my desk—medical reports, census figures, Social Security, unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation, withholding taxes, daily time sheets, work plans,” she explained. “It was just one darn thing after another. It was just impossible.”

8. To Mr. Stuart Free of Albany, New York, who almost certainly is the only man in the whole history of the human race who ever revived an unconscious bear by blowing his own breath into its mouth.

A wildlife biologist, he heads up a team of investigators who are studying the habits of the multitudinous bears that still roam around New York's forests. Their main job (as reported in the *Herald Tribune* by William G. Wing) is to trap bears without harming them; anesthetize them; tattoo identifying numbers on their lips and flanks; and tag their ears with plastic ribbons in an assortment of bright colors so that they can be more easily observed in their future wanderings. This the researchers do by luring a bear with a chunk of bacon into a big steel pipe

Love Letters to Rambler



Rudy T. Schlesinger for a lot of hunting and fishing in the rugged Eastern Sierra mountains. He writes:

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Rudy T. Schlesinger of Beverly Hills, California, uses his Rambler American Wagon (with stick-shift)

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“That little car is a gem. I use it a great deal to hunt and fish and that Rambler really gets into some hairy territory.

“I don't know whether or not you are familiar with the Eastern Sierras which have some mighty rugged country. Allowing for the altitude of 7,000 feet or better, my American performs like a watch.

“I get my 25 to 30 miles to the gallon—it is practically maintenance-free—carries one heck of a load.

“In March, I drove out here from New York—3,285 miles in 3½ days, 109 gallons of gasoline, no oil, almost 1,000 pounds of baggage.

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

fitted with a trapdoor. They then pump in ether till he drops asleep, haul him out, and go to work. More anesthetic is administered, as needed, by poking his snout into a bucket containing ether-soaked cotton.

Sometimes too much. Twice, when his patient's gums turned purple and it seemed likely to pass out for good, Mr. Free brought the bear around by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, just as if it were a half-drowned Boy Scout. Both bears came to in fine shape—but when Mrs. Free found out what her husband had been doing she wouldn't kiss him for a week.

9. To three foundations, for exceptional imagination and originality in spending their money, when it would have been easier and safer to dole it out for the conventional Worthy Causes:

... The Woodward Foundation of Washington, D.C., which buys first-class examples of contemporary American painting and lends them to Foreign Service Officers to hang on the usually barren walls of our Embassies overseas. Thus it gives countless foreigners a glimpse of American creativity, and at the same time provides the most practical kind of support for burgeoning artists. The foundation is run in a highly personal fashion by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Woodward, veterans of thirty-eight years in the Foreign Service.

... The A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust of Pittsburgh which employs, on occasion, all the shrewdness and secrecy of a real-estate speculator—but in the public interest, rather than against it. It quietly bought up 3,700 acres of strategically placed land on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, enough for six new parks ranging from 200 to 900 acres each, for the relatively modest total of \$2,500,000. It then turned the parks over to the public authorities, which reimbursed the foundation for the purchase price. (If a public agency had started to buy the land in the usual fashion, the news would have traveled fast, much of the acreage would have been snapped up by speculators, and the cost of what was left would have been much higher.) Together with two other Mellon family foundations,

the Trust has helped establish (without reimbursement) a number of other notable recreation areas in Pennsylvania, including Pittsburgh's Mellon Square Park with six stories of underground parking space beneath it.

... The Vera Foundation of New York, founded by Louis Schweitzer, a chemical engineer and industrialist who discovered that hundreds of people accused of crimes were being held in jail without trial for as much as a year because they didn't have the money to put up bail. Although under the law they are presumed to be innocent until tried and convicted, they were in effect being punished just because they were poor and friendless—and because New York City's courts are so far behind with their work.

The foundation enlisted the help of the municipal authorities, the courts, and a group of law students at New York University to conduct an experiment in pretrial parole. The students have been interviewing prisoners immediately after their arrest, verifying the information with a fast check on the defendant's background, and then advising the judge when they are convinced that a man can safely be released "on his own recognizance"—that is, without bail, but with a promise to show up in court when his case is called for trial. Last year they interviewed more than 3,000 prisoners, of whom about 1,200 were deemed suitable for release. (Those charged with certain serious offenses—murder and narcotics peddling, for example—are ruled out of the experiment.) In addition to its inestimable benefits for the freed prisoners and the cause of justice, the project also takes some pressure off the city's overcrowded jails, saves tax money, and provides some useful practical experience for the law students.

While they are meditating on their Christmas blessings, perhaps all members of the American Bar Association and the deans of all our law schools could spare a thought for the penniless defendants in their own communities who will be spending a bailless Christmas in jail—and wonder why Mr. Schweitzer's experiment shouldn't be adopted in every American city.

Attention, Belief, and Believing Action

A point we should not overlook in this review is that readers regard GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as a magazine to be *believed*. This probably requires little elaboration except to say that sometimes we seem to treat this as a limited or negative thing, when in fact it goes much further.

Our virtue is not simply that we do not print things which ought to be *disbelieved*; it is even more that we incorporate positively a great deal that deserves attention and then belief and finally believing action. Such items range from "Houston's Quiet Victory" to "What Women Really Think About Their Doctors"; from Dr. Carl Jung's "Why I Believe in God" to Dr. John Rock's "We *Can* End the Battle Over Birth Control!"

Believability, then, cannot be to us just an absence of lies as legislated by the technicians of the Good Housekeeping Institute in recognition of the Consumers' Guaranty; it must be a courageous and activist presentation of facts and ideas which deserve positive belief and the support of believing people.

The above is an excerpt from an internal memorandum dated March 19, 1961, from Editor Wade Nichols to the editorial and advertising staff of Good Housekeeping. Its purpose was to restate the basic editorial platform of the magazine. Good Housekeeping feels it provides an insight, possibly of public interest, into the magazine's continuing editorial policies and functions as interpreted by its editor.

After Hours



Computer Poetry or, Sob Suddenly, The Bongos Are Moving

by F. P. Tullius

Mr. Tullius lives and writes in an oceanside city south of San Juan Capistrano, California. He has worked in advanced design in the aerospace industry.

For some time now digital computers have been writing poetry. Words are fed into them (the way numbers are) and they store a collection of parts of speech. By a programming process the operator can cause the machine to select from the words at random in such an order as to make a sentence of some sort.

The question of whether computer literature should be criticized by humans or by other computers—or criticized at all—is going to have to be faced up to. I suppose the position could be taken that computers are like Dr. Johnson's upright dog; the fact that these mechanisms write at all, however badly, is a matter for surprise—but hardly one meriting serious consideration. Still, the published writer in our society has always had to submit to criticism, and I see no good reason why computers should be exempt.

The real donkey work of comprehensive criticism in this infant art

will have to be done by someone better equipped than myself, inasmuch as I am not in the least a familiar of modernist poetry, having worked my way up to Browning and then quit. The best I can offer anyone interested in getting in on the ground floor of this fast-growing field is a sketchy bit of background on the Cybernetic School (as I have dubbed it) and a few random observations about its singular output.

The most prolific automatic writer seems to be RPC 4000, which operates out of a "briefcase factory," called the Librascope Division of General Precision, Inc., in Glendale, California. It is 4000 to whom we are indebted for this highly colored—though slightly boozed—rhymed quatrain:

Oh, panic not to this docile juice.
Finally, few of my jackets did distrust
the goose.
To those cell's hot ashes, a raccoon
may sting,
Ah, to rectify was black; to refute is
nourishing.


Now bear in mind that someone (a human, I believe) once said a poem shouldn't mean, but just be. And that poem, you'll admit, certainly is. I'm

not a bit embarrassed to own that I rather like the part about the majority of the writer's jackets trusting the goose. Anything at all yea-saying in these slippery times is good to hear. And though raccoons don't precisely sting, neither do tigers burn nor does man take arms against the sea, if you want to play that way.

Riffling through my clippings, I find that 4000, for some occult, cybernetic reason, is absolutely hipped on the word "few." (Of course, there could be a simple explanation, such as somebody didn't feed in enough adjectives.) Besides those few distrustful jackets, we find:

Few fingers go like narrow laughs
An ear won't keep few fishes
Ah, few sects smell bland
All blows have glue, few toothpicks
have wood

4000 also has a predilection for the infinitive used in parallel construction, in the manner of "To err is human, to forgive divine." The above-quoted, "Ah, to rectify was black; to refute is nourishing," is one example. Then in other creations we have: "To leap is stuffy, to crawl was tender" (observe, too, the same auxiliary verb disagreement in both examples); "To



all means, but there is something you
ght to know: there are two schools of
ought on how to open a bottle of champagne.
e Convivial, or New Year's Eve method,
as shown in the illustration. You work the
ck up with your thumbs and then let 'er
. The unofficial record for distance was
ieved on Mardi gras 1962 at New Orleans
ten the cork from a Jeroboam (four-fifths
a gallon) of Paul Masson Champagne vaulted
feet, or 1 foot for each glass of California
ampagne in the bottle.

TONIGHT
COULD BE
THE
NIGHT
?

The more discreet method, preferred by
sommeliers and old family retainers is as follows:
hold the bottle with one hand at a 45-degree
angle and, with a napkin over the cork to
firm up your grip, *twist* the bottle in one
direction and the cork in the other until it
comes free. There will be only a gentle, but
emphatic, *shoosh*.

There's much to be said for each of these
different styles, but the festive, delicious epi-
logue is the same in either case.

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AFTER HOURS

weep is unctuous, to move is pour";
and the rhymed, sort-of-Alexandrine,
couplet:

She was stupider; he is stouter.
Oh, to every helm was snowy;
to counsel is devout.

Considering that—if all systems were go—4000 could probably write the equivalent of *Paradise Lost* in nine-and-one-tenth seconds, you can readily imagine that there is practically no end to the making of verses by this logarithmic machine.

Here is just a thimbleful of the piquant reflections and brainish apprehensions to emerge from 4000's read-out tape: "Broad is often tiled," "Communism is more porcelain than albino gold," "Many whales have broth all day," "At lunch time he looks like bold jelly," "Do many mountains grow in the afternoon," "Under a lamp the nude is vain," "It was dirtiest who bleeds behind the piano," "The iron mother's bouquet did rudely call," "Sob suddenly, the bongos are moving," and "Dividing honestly was like praying badly." Full marks to 4000 for avoidance of the obvious in that last line. How easy (it would have been (and how logically human) to create a neat, pellucid mediocrity such as, "Dividing badly is like praying badly."

There are indications that 4000 has trouble continuing a thought into the next line (something that most corporeal poets have no trouble doing). Each of 4000's lines seems self-contained, vacuum-packed, and independent as a line on the page (a human simile with a nice computerese amplification).

Even the titles owe allegiance to the line, but stand about as so many camels. The poem "Mice" is a good example showing complete discreteness of line, except possibly for lines three and four:

The broad sleighs of glass are
dancing brightly,
She is a toilet of dissolve water,
and I am those bland melodies.
Sparkless was arsenic and gold was
blue.
It was a swirl of murmuring beer,
and I am those angry nets.
He was busier than the toilet
and more bold than the shop.
The milk of plates upon many sands
of cream was like consummate
magnates.

The fan-jet take-off: You're in the air in 1700 feet less runway.

The American Airlines fan-jet story



Astrojet with fan-jet engines [above] took off after 3500 feet of runway, ordinary jet [below] after 5200 feet.



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AFTER HOURS

(Despite some champagne tastes, such as an affinity for substances like gold, platinum, and porcelain, 4000 seems to be a proletarian devotee of beer.)

Another promising computer, whose works have been published only non-attributively, is said to be owned and operated by the Systems Development Corporation in Santa Monica. This poet has no name—or number—but like all computers (and fleshly poets, for that matter) it has little crotchets that often give it away in print. The SD computer, for one thing, seems petty and self-centered alongside good old *dégagé* 4000. SD is—let's face it—a minor computer. One of the cardinal rules of commercial composition is that a writer should not write about writers. Here we have a computer that writes (or computes) about computers: "Thoughts drip and dark computers in heavy fast sad gods run," and, "Horses fighting, some women drip, no happy horses writing men, but computers pick."

This computer has some sort of thing about locomotives: "Locomotives create horses with women," it wrote in one place, and in another, "Fussy fast locomotives produce many gods." (A delectable and pulsating line, I will confess, which perhaps gives indication that SD will not always remain minor.) Maybe it is really the whole broad conception of travel that polarizes the affections of this machine. Consider the following—also rather lovely—line which our minor machine modestly coughed up: "From all thoughts boats love some boats." Two boats in one line. Now, going back over all the SD quotations, you will notice gods running, three references to horses, and then, of course, those fussy fast locomotives.

That's about all I can contribute on this burgeoning field, and, anyway, I'm getting tired, and it's about time to knock off for lunch. While drinking my coy buttermilk, or perhaps downing a snail of murmuring beer, I'll hear the broad sleighs of glass dashing hungrily and the milk of plates upon many sands of cream. And perhaps there will even be borne to me, from some nearby table, the jelly-bold conversation and narrow laughs of a couple of portly and consummate magnates.



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International Paper asks the man who awards \$4 million a year in scholarships how to win one

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How to win a scholarship

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child to read as soon as he shows an interest. And don't be afraid that he is sticking too close to the books. Even the best students find time for other activities.

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Harper's

magazine

Restraints on American Catholic Freedom

By Jon Victor

How some of the Church's leading scholars—and spokesmen for Pope John's reform movement—have had their voices muffled . . . and how the news of their banning was kept from much of the Catholic press.

The Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C., is in one sense the ranking university of American Catholicism. Its guardians are the more than 235 bishops of the American Church, though as a pontifical institution primarily established for clerical education it is in a special manner under the vigilance of the Holy See. It has been called "the West Point of American Catholicism," and among its graduates are almost sixty bishops and fifty college presidents. Since it is an important focus of Catholic higher learning in this country, year by year every American Catholic is invited from the pulpit to contribute to its support. Whatever

happens at the Catholic University is therefore more than a mere incident: it is often a reflection of crucial trends in American Catholicism.

Hence it was something of a shock when four highly distinguished Catholic scholars—three of them Americans, one a Swiss who teaches at a German university—were quietly excluded from lecturing at the Catholic University earlier this year. The shock was compounded when considerable efforts were made to keep the news from reaching the Catholic public.

Many of us in the Church immediately understood the portentous significance of this event. It served notice, first, that the authorities at the Catholic University, along with the conservative old guard in the American Church, were out of sympathy with those new trends in the Roman Catholic Church which have become known all over the world as "Pope John's Revolution"; and second, that they hoped to keep the status quo for themselves, for their students, and for American Catholics at large. An examination of what Pope John's Revolution is all about, and of what the

four victims of the repressive action represent within the Church today, should make the issues behind the ban quite clear.

When Pope John took office in 1958, assuming the See from which he was to teach all nations, he looked out at a world suffering, threatened, and divided, a world in which countless human beings lived in hunger, hopeless poverty, and fear. Whatever the Catholic Church was doing, it was not enough. Nor could it ever be enough as long as Christianity, on whose banner the brotherhood of all men is inscribed, was so deeply divided.

How could the division of Christianity be healed? It was Pope John's profound conviction that the Church must undertake a rigorous self-examination. It was for this purpose, the confrontation of the Church with its own failings and aspirations, that the cardinals, bishops, theologians, and advisers were summoned to Rome last year for Vatican Council II. And it is this historic challenge which faces the Council Fathers as they continue their work under Pope Paul VI.

To those of us in the Church who feel with great shame the scandal of hostile and divided religions, and the Church's ineffectiveness against human suffering and despair, the vision of Pope John XXIII was electrifying. Yet to others in the Church, John's hopes were a distinct threat. Confronted by popular misunderstanding, the Pope is not an absolute monarch whose will is carried out by vast armies of obedient servants with no minds of their own. Far from it. Accordingly, the Pope's purposes in summoning the Council I intended to study Church reform encountered swift opposition in high places.

Steps to Reform

Four things were needed above all others to rejuvenate the Church. First there had to be the willingness within the Church to recognize the need for reform even though the truths she holds are eternal: the need for what Pope John called the *aggiornamento*, the updating of the Church. Second, every effort had to be made to gain the fullest possible understanding of the Church's heritage: a thorough exploration of the true meaning of the sacred scriptures with all the means of modern scholarship ("Biblical scholarship") together with the widest participation of the faithful in the church service (the "liturgical movement"). In order to achieve this more fully, church services should be held in the native language of each country—in the "vernacular"—

rather than in Latin. Third, there was the constant need for a close study of the situation of the Church in its political, social, economic, and cultural setting; the central problem here is Church-state relations, but more broadly still, the need for a dialogue with the modern world. And fourth, the differences that divided Christianity called for sustained, humble, and open-minded discussion and conversation across all denominational barriers: the "ecumenical dialogue."

To cite these efforts in their simplest form takes only a few lines of print. To understand any one of them in its full complexity takes a patient mind and years of study. These are precisely the qualifications of the men who were not allowed to speak at the Catholic University in February of this year. The four were:

Father Hans Küng, the Swiss-born dean of the Catholic Theological Faculty at the University of Tübingen in Germany, who has been the most brilliant and vocal Catholic scholar on internal Church reform.*

Father Godfrey Diekmann, a learned Benedictine monk and editor of a monthly journal called *Worship*, who has been a leading American spokesman for the liturgical movement in the Church.

Father John Courtney Murray, an internationally recognized Jesuit theologian, expert particularly on Church-state relations in a pluralistic society.

Father Gustave Weigel, also a Jesuit scholar, one of the most eminent and active American Catholics in encouraging actual liaison with leaders of other faiths.

Why were these men excluded from lecturing at the national university of American Catholics? Monsignor William J. McDonald, the University Rector, explained at the time: "The Catholic University is under the jurisdiction of all the bishops of the United States. Because of this unique status it takes no official position on those issues and policies still unresolved by the [Vatican] Council." The four scholars "were known to hold a similar definite point of view on pivotal ecclesiastical issues being debated in the Council."

The logic of this statement, if it be logic, is not compelling. There is no doubt that the Catholic University did, in fact, take an official position on the unresolved issues. It did so in the most emphatic possible way, by preventing one side of the issue from being presented, while permitting the opposing view to be advocated by Monsignor

* See his article on "Latin: The Church's Mother Tongue?" (*Harper's*, October 1963).

Joseph Clifford Fenton, editor of the paradigm of American Catholic conservatism, the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, which emanates from the Catholic University.*

A mere handful of American bishops protested. Some of the strongest criticism came from the Catholic *St. Louis Review*. Appearing with the knowledge of the paper's official publisher, St. Louis' great "open-door" archbishop, Joseph Cardinal Ritter, the editorial called the action "a failure to extend the ecumenical spirit of Pope John." While "the eyes and ears of the world are centered on the Second Vatican Council and its concern for Christian renewal," the rejection of such outstanding scholars by a university dedicated to the search for truth "is beyond our comprehension. To shelter a graduate student at the national pontifical university in this fashion is a retreat to the Middle Ages and the era of the Reformation." Cardinal Ritter was just as emphatic in a letter to the Catholic University authorities.

But the ban, and the explanation offered by the Rector, remained official. To understand the reasoning behind the justification of the Catholic University suppression, one must probe the power structure of the Catholic Church.

An Awesome Power

Some of the Cardinals in the Vatican had been startled when Pope John, as early as 1959, expressed the desire to convene his bishops from all over the world. (The last Council had been held from 1869 to 1870.) Three years went by before he finally did summon the Council Fathers, and almost another year passed before the Council opened in late 1962. This long lapse was indicative of resistance, in the highest echelons of the Church, to reform. Together with determined efforts to dominate the preparatory commissions and to write conservative drafts, it was a measure of the awesome power of the Roman Curia, which is the Papal apparatus for Church administration, composed of congregations, tribunals, and offices with overlapping personnel. Although the Curia was established to assist the Pope in his administration of the entire Church, in practice it often bears out the judgment of an Irish bishop: "The Pope has ceased to be the prisoner of the Italian state but has become the prisoner of his chamberlains."

* Fenton wrote a sharp attack in the *Review* this spring on Küng and other scholars for their strong criticisms of the Roman Curia.

The Roman Curia is somewhat like a Presidential Cabinet, only far more powerful in its operation. It is as if an American Cabinet were continuous, the same men wielding power for years, facing each new President with an accumulated knowledge of every aspect of policy and administration and armed with a tradition of independent activity because of the very complexity of its tasks.

The Curialists are not villains, as some writers have suggested, but men who feel quite sincerely that they are the rightful guardians of the ancient, unchanging Church, and that they are divinely constituted to protect it, by whatever lawful means. The dominant group within the Curia is cautious, untrusting; it is an archconservative bureaucracy which has often employed censorship and secret condemnation to stifle new movements in the Church. Pope John tried to win over this element with tact and humility. But Paul, in an address just before the second session of the Council in September, declared that the Curia is suffering from "ponderous old age" and requires reforms to eliminate what is "perishing and superfluous." Except for minor reforms in 1908 and 1917, he said, the Curia has remained essentially unchanged since the sixteenth century. Whether he gets his reforms remains to be seen; it will be a critical struggle.

"Encased in ecclesiastical preferment," Robert Kaiser, author of the recent *Pope, Council and World* described the Curialists, "they [wield] from their invisible and inaccessible Roman offices a power which could make the parish priests of Pernambuco tremble and which could explode ecclesiastical bombs in San Francisco or Sydney." Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, symbolizes "the old order, its obstinacy, its refusal to change, its admitted strength, an antique cast in ancient bronze, silently unmalleable, quietly unresponsive." (It was no surprise that when the second session of the Council opened this September, the Vicarate of Rome forbade the city's booksellers to "expose or sell" Kaiser's engaging book. But it was indicative of the fact that they had both the willingness and the power to do

Jon Victor is the pseudonym of a Catholic writer and close observer of Church affairs who remains anonymous for reasons he feels are imperative. The manuscript was checked with a number of eminent Catholics, both laymen and members of the clergy; and the editors of "Harper's" believe it to be a responsible and considered statement.

so. Other forbidden books included the works of Hans Küng and Xavier Rynne's *Letters from Vatican City*.)

Next to the Pope, Ottaviani is clearly one of the most powerful men in the Catholic Church. He derives his influence from his position as head of the Holy Office, whose authority is preeminent in matters concerning the integrity of faith and morals. His friend and ally in the United States, Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, is of the same mold. Stationed in Washington, D. C., as the Apostolic Delegate (the office is "Papal Nunciature" in those countries which recognize the Holy See diplomatically—the United States does not), Vagnozzi serves as the middleman between the Holy See and the American Church. Since his appointment to the United States in 1958, he has been outspokenly critical of the works of American Catholic intellectuals. In his close surveillance of the American Church, he has kept a wary eye on progressive trends. In a commencement address two years ago at Marquette, the Catholic university in Milwaukee, he delivered a full-scale indictment of Catholic intellectuals, scriptural scholars, and liturgical reformers. It was an incredible performance, something out of another century, and it caused profound indignation in American Catholic circles. In many ways the Marquette pronouncement was something of a prelude to the Catholic University ban.

No Isolated Action

Soon after the *Tower*, the courageous student newspaper at the Catholic University, had published the first report of the ban on the four scholars in February, a number of other suppressions were revealed. The *Catholic Oklahoma Courier*, one of the few lively diocesan newspapers in the United States, disclosed that this was the second ban on the Benedictine scholar Godfrey Diekmann; in 1962 he had been barred from giving a summer course of lectures on the liturgy. He was unwelcome, a school authority said, because he was "inclined to advocate the use of the vernacular."

There were further illustrations that the ban on the four progressive scholars was no isolated action. Father Edward F. Siegman, a teacher of scripture at the Catholic University and a leading scholar in the new scriptural research, had held the rank of associate professor. When he became ill, the University authorities—without obtaining verification from a doctor—had declined to renew his contract for "reasons of health." The faculty

of theology had protested the action by an eighteen-to-two vote, and Siegman himself said he was found "expedient."

Unimpressed by the Rector's "explanation" for the ban of the four scholars, three of the University's nine graduate faculties lodged protests over the infringement of academic freedom. The Catholic Commission on Intellectual and Cultural Affairs, whose members include scholars from Yale, Harvard, Chicago, the Catholic University, and other schools, rebuked the administrators: "Advocacy of conflicting opinions must always be the wellspring of the Church's intellectual life." And Monsignor John Tracy Ellis, an outstanding Catholic scholar who ranks among the most eminent American historians, wrote that "for nearly a decade this type of suppression had been going on at this university."

At this point many Catholics were beginning to wonder just how widespread such suppression had become. In March, while much of the Catholic press was remaining silent, *Time Magazine* listed a catalogue of the other known cases at the Catholic University: a proposed symposium on evolution and Christian theology vetoed during the Darwin Centennial in 1959; a sociologist forced to withdraw from a major study of family planning about to be financed by the Ford Foundation; the Rector's refusal to forward to the Vatican Council a list, prepared by the canon-law faculty, of proposed reforms on Church-state relations, religious freedom, and the vernacular.

But the most dramatic and telling indictment, the kind that only rarely gets into the Catholic press in this country, was made in March by a knowledgeable priest, John J. Hugo. In a widely circulated article applauded by my friends in progressive Church circles, Hugo accused the Catholic University administrators of acting under either direct orders or pressure from the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Vagnozzi, to clamp down on academic freedom. "The Apostolic Delegate," he wrote in a front-page article for the plucky diocesan weekly in Steubenville, Ohio, "is a powerful man in the Church. Bishops obey him without question. [He] stands astride all access to Rome, preferments come through him, so also do censures, penalties, and blacklists." Citing Vagnozzi's assault on Catholic reformers at Marquette University in 1961, Hugo saw a direct link between the thoughts the Apostolic Delegate had expressed there and the oppressive policies of the Catholic University officials.

Not long after Hugo's public charges, an incident came to light which helped bear them out. It was learned that Archbishop Pericle Felici,

Secretary General of Vatican Council II and a stalwart of the Vatican old guard, had called upon Rector Ernest Vogt of the Biblical Institute in Rome, an institution in the vanguard of the new Biblical scholarship, and rebuked Vogt for statements which had been attributed to him in the press on the new trends among the Church's Biblical scholars. Felici pointedly told Vogt that he was *under orders* not to discuss scriptural questions while these matters were being debated in the Council. This was exactly the same specious logic which was used in justifying the Catholic University action against the four theologians.

Vagnozzi, however, in an "editorial information" release sent out to Catholic newspapers in April, denied that he was responsible for the "exclusion" of the lecturers. (Amazingly, this release was marked "not for publication.") If indeed he was not directly involved, at least the University authorities knew from experience that the four scholars were unacceptable to him.

Meanwhile, in March of this year, Augustin Cardinal Bea, Pope John's close associate in the Vatican and president of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, had arrived in the United States for a tour of lectures and talks with leaders of the ecumenical movement. His last stop, in April, was a lecture on "Academic Research and Ecumenism" at the Catholic University, where he received an honorary doctorate in law.

To some of us in the Church the sending of Cardinal Bea, a towering and symbolic figure in the Church's reform movement, seemed to be a move by the Pope himself to counteract the conservative policies being imposed on the national university; the Pope has often tried to set matters aright whenever the Roman Curia had too far departed from his own policies. If so, this concern for the progressive elements in the American Church was not entirely successful. Siegman, the scripture scholar, was not restored to his teaching post; Diekmann, the liturgical reformer, was not invited to give any more summer lectures there.

In April the Catholic University trustees issued a highly ironic statement. "The charges given widespread publicity and purporting to describe abuses and suppressions at the university are untrue and unwarranted," they said. They added that "clear evidence" would support their contention; no evidence, clear or unclear, has ever been produced for public consumption.

Still, the trustees did set up two University committees to advise the Rector on future selections of public lecturers, and in so doing may have indicated that they were not wholly satisfied

with the way the ban was handled. Among the progressive professors at the school the mood remains one of disillusionment and demoralization.

Censorship to Any Degree

So ended the Catholic University crisis, but associated with it was an equally disturbing story, even less known to the American Catholic public: the further lack of freedom in the Catholic press.

The vast majority of American Catholics are served by more than one hundred diocesan and two national weeklies with a combined circulation of almost six million readers. These newspapers are generally written and controlled by clerics. There is hardly a diocesan Catholic weekly in the country which, by normal journalistic standards, could be judged first-class.* The best among them try to publish worthy articles, but in most of them the news content ranges from dry official reports to the worst features of house-organ journalism. They have yet to accept the role of a Catholic newspaper as cultivator of an informed Catholic public opinion. Should the Catholic press report what actually goes on in the Church or should it propagandize? The choice, unfortunately, has too often been propaganda, and most Catholic journalists use their position primarily to act as guardians of the Church's reputation at all times. It is indicative of the failure of the Catholic press that American Catholics, seeking the best reports on the first session of the Vatican Council, had to turn to the lively and sophisticated pieces in *The New Yorker*, written under the pseudonym of Xavier Rynne.

Diocesan weeklies rely heavily on the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, known as NC. The National Catholic Welfare Conference is the central coordinating body of the Catholic hierarchy in this country, and because of NC's privileged position in this structure, practically every Catholic newspaper subscribes to it, and many of them to no other. With such close surveillance from

* Dan Herr of the *Critic*, a distinguished lay Catholic journal, vigorously assailed the Catholic press performance during and after the Catholic University episode. He wrote at the time of the diocesan papers: "... many of the editorial pages remind me so vividly of the editorials in my high school paper years ago. I would not be in the least surprised, as I read the editorials in some of the diocesan papers, to see an editorial, 'What's Wrong with Our School Spirit,' or 'Ladies and Gentlemen Do Not Chew Gum in Public,' or 'Let's Stop Banging the Locker Doors.'"

the American hierarchy, the "news" from NC News has often been managed out of existence. Since it is constantly on its guard not to publish anything that bishops might consider irreverent or imprudent, the stage is always set for censorship to any degree desirable. Further, the NC News Service has its headquarters in Washington, D.C., where it is always under the eye of the Apostolic Delegate.

Its record on the Catholic University episode reflected these inbred pressures. Despite the fact that both the student newspaper and the Catholic weekly in Davenport, Iowa, as well as the Washington dailies, had published accounts of the University ban, NC News issued a simultaneous release under the title "Editorial Information" which stated blandly: "A spokesman for Catholic University has denied reports that four prominent theologians were barred from speaking on the University campus." Soon after that, NC retracted, belatedly admitting the existence of a ban but describing it as a "non-invitation."

Looking Ahead

Jon Victor's examination of "Restraints on American Catholic Freedom" is the first in a series of articles on problems of religion in the United States which *Harper's* will publish in the coming months.

Among others will be:

Second Thoughts on the Religious Revival

by Professor Herbert J. Muller

What Is a Jew?

by Rabbi Morris Adler

As the full disclosure of academic suppression unfolded, NC News told only what it wanted to tell of the story. It made no attempt to probe the items of suppression reported in *Time* Magazine. It ignored the statement of the historian, John Tracy Ellis, that similar cases had been taking place for a decade, as well as the reports about Siegmund and Diekmann. Its competitor in the religious news field, the nondenominational Religious News Service, reported all the items that NC ignored. Unfortunately, not many Catholic newspapers subscribe to the Religious News Service.

As a consequence of the continuing suppression of vital news by NC, only a handful of the Catholic weeklies published the entire story of the Catholic University ban. Very few of them explained its full significance. In fact, more than one-fourth of the diocesan newspapers never told their readers anything at all about the intellectual

anguish at their national university. Only one-third of them dared to make any editorial comment about the ban, and there was hardly any comment on the University's trustees' final "explanation."

A Workable Relationship

Sometime after these events, a prominent Catholic scholar and writer issued an appeal which had a direct relevance to the Catholic University episode. Father Robert A. Graham, associate editor of the Jesuit intellectual weekly *America*, appealed in its September 14 issue to the second session of the Vatican Council to establish a charter of civil rights for Catholic writers and intellectuals. Many of the Church's finest minds, he wrote, have been censored, badgered, and persecuted by the Roman Curia; books condemned without the authors' being given the opportunity to defend themselves; teachers summarily removed; anonymous denunciations vested with the force of authority. "At issue," Graham wrote, "is the problem of finding a workable relationship between true intellectualism, on the one hand, and, on the other, a Church which, in virtue of its divine constitution and mission, exercises the right to determine without appeal what its adherents may hold."

While Graham was making this timely plea for Catholic intellectual freedom, the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, headed by its highly conservative Prefect, Giuseppe Cardinal Pizzardo, had issued a decree which meant even more control. *Time* Magazine disclosed that while Pope John was on his deathbed, this Congregation had quietly issued an order* requiring Catholic universities to get direct clearance from it before awarding honorary degrees. This order came, and it was anything but a coincidence, right after Father Hans Küng, already banned at the Catholic University, had received an enthusiastic welcome and an honorary degree at St. Louis University, another Catholic institution. A ranking official in the Roman Curia explained—as quoted in *Time*—in the saturnine Curial idiom, that many Catholic universities too often give degrees to men who are "not worthy of merit."

* The NC News Service reported recently that Rector McDonald of the Catholic University had denied receiving any such decree from the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities. Reliable sources in Rome have indicated that the decree was not promulgated in the United States only because of the vehement opposition of Francis Cardinal Spellman.

adding, "If we give honorary degrees to Küng I should seem that we approve of his ideas."

For American Catholics this action was significant. As much as any man living today, Küng represents the new spirit in the Catholic Church. His reception this year in the United States, where he lectured to crowds of thousands, was itself symbolic of the extent to which American Catholics have been stirred by Pope John's great vision. Küng is, in every sense, a true Church reformer, a man of profound ability and personal holiness. His eminence lies both in the wide range of his scholarship and in his forthright boldness. No Catholic intellectual has been so directly critical of Church administration and policies, or has so mercilessly exposed historical blunders in the Church's past dealings with dissenters.

"Even today," he said during his American tour, "the spirit of Inquisition and unfreedom has not died out." In New York he declared that the "United Nations Secretariat is more catholic than the Roman Curia of the Catholic Church." He has performed, in a very real sense, an act of public contrition for the Church's failings, for its abuses of power in many countries, for its worldly ways, for its defective human elements. "An unreformed Church," he has written, "cannot carry conviction. Apologetics without Church reform are worthless."

Ferment at the Source

On the new issues raised by Pope John's Revolution there is clearly room for dissent. The Catholic University action well illustrates the hazards of one side using its power to override another's freedom of expression and information.

Why is it that the Catholic hierarchy in a democratic, pluralistic society like the United States has not been in the vanguard of the new movement in the Church? Why, in a society which believes so strongly in freedom of expression, has it tolerated suppressions and bans?

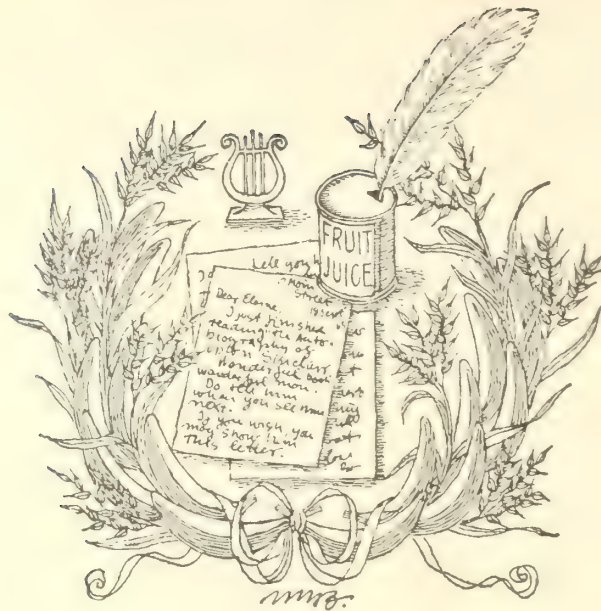
The principal reason, I believe, is that the average American bishop, even though of worthy intentions, is less a pastor than an administrator. He has been trained, typically, in diocesan chanceries. He has had little pastoral experience among the people. In some instances he has come from the seminary, where he was immersed in a scholarship largely based on memorizing the ideas of a former age rather than one which sought to encourage independence and creativity. Worst of all, the generation of many of the men now in office has borne the burden of a sad

historical event. At the turn of the century, as the American Church was growing stronger, the Vatican warned the Catholic Church in this country that it was harboring a heresy called "Americanism." Although this was a blundering misnomer, an unfortunate misunderstanding, to the American Church and its seminaries the warning was traumatic; it left Catholic scholarship in a state of timidity. Consequently, the beloved *aggiornamento* of Pope John has not yet had the profound liberalizing influence many of us had hoped for.

For decades the American Church was an immigrant Church, largely serving the needs of an urban lower class from the old countries of Europe. Because of this identification, the Vatican treated American Catholicism more as a foreign mission than as a fully developed native institution. Traditionally, American Catholicism was closely supervised from Rome, our bishops far more dependent on the Roman Curia than their counterparts in France or Belgium or Germany.

But today the American Catholic Church is standing on the threshold of maturity. It is no longer a struggling foreign mission composed of ill-educated strangers. There are many thousands among her members who not only feel a deep devotion to their faith, but can lay claim to intellectual brilliance and high scholarship. It is quite clear that many aspects of the *aggiornamento* will remain controversial, but this does not entitle the American hierarchy—or any group within it—to control the controversy at birth. It was symptomatic of the desire for a more open Church in America that the National Federation of Catholic College Students, in a resolution at their Minneapolis convention in August, called for an "absolute and unequivocal condemnation" of the course of action taken at the Catholic University, and stated further that "by stifling free discussions on subjects which educated Catholics should debate with the greatest freedom," the University officials "are helping propagate the image of Catholics as religious automatons in perpetuating the unfortunate abuses against freedom of thought in the Church."

"Every manifestation in the Church of lack of freedom," Hans Küng has written, in words that apply so aptly to the entire episode at the Catholic University, "however harmless, however much under cover, whatever religious trimmings it may have, contributes toward making the Church less believable in the eyes of the world and of men in general; and that is a miserable disaster."



My Anti-Headache Diet

by Upton Sinclair

America's most durable and prolific novelist experimented for fifty years before he discovered a health secret which really works—at least for him.

For almost half a century of my writing life I used to say that I was never more than twenty-four hours ahead of a headache. Then, suddenly, my headaches stopped. How they started and why they stopped may interest you—if you suffer this very common torment.

I began my literary career at the age of sixteen, writing jokes for newspapers at one dollar per joke. That was fun, and did no harm to my health. But at the age of twenty-one I began what I thought was serious writing, putting my heart and conscience into what was sure to be the Great American Novel. Then I made a painful discovery. The late John Muir put it into an immortal sentence—though I did not come upon it until much later: "This writing is an unnatural business; it makes your head hot and your feet cold and it stops the digestion of your food."

I remember as if it were yesterday—I was living in a little cabin on the shore of a lake in

Canada and I experienced for the first time what I thought was ecstasy. It was a sense of awe and delight beyond telling, causing me to tremble all over and to cry aloud with delight. Saints and poets have told about this; but I cannot recall any of them mentioning the consequences of repeated ecstasy—which are, first, indigestion and, second, headaches.

I reported my trouble to the village pharmacist, who was also the village physician. The ecstasy was a holy secret, but I told him about the labor of writing and he gave me a pink liquid containing pepsin, which he said would help digest my food. And it did—for a time. I can make this story shorter by saying that I tried everything that anybody ever told me in the course of half a century, but I never found out how to do intense, emotional writing without headaches. As the years passed the ecstasies diminished but the headaches increased.

I write cheerfully about those days, but the reader must understand that I was really facing a tormented world. The year was 1900, and a devastating world war lay only fourteen years ahead; I saw it coming and predicted it in magazine articles. A second and even more devastating war was to follow; and so many social wrongs confronted my young mind that it was hard to

decide which to expose. Maybe it was foolish of me to think that I could or should expose any of them; but the fact is that I tried unceasingly. In the course of sixty years I wrote and published some ninety books and plays, plus unnumbered magazine articles; the books and plays were translated and published in some sixty languages all over the world.

The theme of this article is indigestion and headaches; and I list these labors merely to make clear why I had so much of the first and so many of the second. The books may have been good or bad, but certainly the indigestion was bad and the headaches worse. I won't go into detail, for in my youth I learned a flippant saying: "I have troubles of my own; don't tell me yours."

The doctors of those days were powerless; when I asked them to tell me what I should eat in order to avoid indigestion and headaches, they literally had never heard of the idea. So I turned to the faddists. The first was Bernarr Macfadden; he was publishing a monthly called *Physical Culture*; I read it, and soon was trying some of his experiments. He condemned all meat, so I became a vegetarian; he condemned all "denatured" foods, so I used whole-wheat bread, brown sugar, and so on. I wrote articles about my experiences, and he paid for them, and that was to the good. But whenever I stopped writing articles and started on a novel that involved intense concentration and emotional excitement, I was right back where I started—or even worse, for the "natural" foods are harder to digest than the refined ones.

I became a "raw food" enthusiast; I lived on nuts and fruits and salad vegetables. It was wonderful, so long as I was resting and reading books; but when I took to emotional writing, the old troubles returned. I was spending a winter in the single-tax colony of Fairhope, Alabama, a place full of odd characters; and one of them put into my hands a book by a man named Salisbury, who gave a pungent description of my condition—I was "making a yeastpot of my stomach."

Salisbury had found the solution of his prob-

lem in a diet of fresh, ground-up beef. I, a practicing and preaching vegetarian for a number of years, stood in front of the village butcher shop, trying to get up the courage to enter. I did, finally, and the butcher filled my order without the least objection. An old Socialist friend came visiting at Fairhope and wrote back to the *Daily Call*, or perhaps the *New Leader*, that he had found "the celebrated advocate of a 'raw food' diet living on stewed beefsteak."

But it was the old story; when I started emotional writing, the troubles returned. I went out to the Battle Creek Sanatorium to see what the good Dr. Kellogg could do for me; and as long as I rested there—and played tennis every day—all was well. The next year, having more headaches, I came again, because Macfadden had started a rival "San" across the street from Kellogg, advocating and demonstrating the wonders of the "fasting cure." He offered to show me, free of all charge but publicity, what this remedy could do. So I lived on water and hope, plus the juice of one orange daily, for eleven days and nights. It was an extraordinary experience, a feeling of lightness and freedom beyond description. On the last day I went with my wife for a stroll; the cottage in which we were lodged stood on a slight rise of ground and I was unable to ascend it, and had to send my wife in to get me a lemon before I was equal to the climb.

As soon as my emotions were aroused by writing, the headaches returned. I settled down in California, and found a partial solution in tennis. I read somewhere that in the armies of King Cyrus it was the law that every soldier had to sweat every day. In my case, every other day proved enough. I am a small fellow, but I worked hard at the game, and for a while I was top-ranking player in a club with a hundred members. I took the trouble to weigh before and after a match on a hot afternoon and found that I had sweated off four and a half pounds. On that regimen I wrote long novels such as *Oil!* and *Boston*, and the first two volumes of the *Lanny Budd* series. But the old devil was always just at my heels.

Such is my story from the age of twenty-one to the age of seventy-six. It happened then, in 1954, that the lady who had been my beloved wife for more than forty years suffered a grave heart attack, and the specialists gave her only a short time to live. By chance I came upon a reference to the "rice diet," as advocated by Dr. Walter Kempner of the medical department of Duke University. He kindly sent me information, and with the help of a local physician I took care

Upton Sinclair began writing novels to earn his way through the College of the City of New York. By now, he has written more than ninety books and in 1962 his autobiography was published by Harcourt, Brace & World. His best-known work is probably "The Jungle" (1906); he put on a famous campaign for Governor of California on the EPIC platform in 1934 and won the Pulitzer Prize for "Dragon's Teeth" in 1943.

of my wife for the next seven years. This is not her story, so I will merely say briefly that her recovery was extraordinary—until she could no longer stand the monotony of rice and fruit. After three or four years she gave up the diet, and then went steadily down to her end.

I had cooked a pot and a half of rice for her every day, and when I saw her return to health, I said: "That might do something for my headaches." Remember, for half a century I had been saying, "I am never more than twenty-four hours ahead of a headache." Now I can say: "I have done my normal amount of writing, and I have forgotten what a headache feels like."

The base of my diet is brown rice and fresh fruit, eaten three times a day, seven days a week. Its virtue is that it contains a minimum of salt. It is a difficult diet to follow in the outside world, but easier for a fellow who stays at home and writes books and is content with a few close friends who tolerate his eccentricity. It is especially agreeable to one who has had a sweet tooth all his life, and so can be happy with three large desserts every day of his life.

Into a double boiler I put distilled water and a cup and a half of brown rice. I have a little hot plate and a timer which I set, so that I do not depend on the smell of burning rice to remind me to shut it off. That is all there is to the day's cooking. The dishwashing is limited to one aluminum bowl and one dessert spoon. One pot per day is exactly right for me—and the pot is sterilized by the daily cooking!

The fruit depends upon the season. I am

writing in November, and it is one large ripe persimmon, one large ripe banana, and a few dates or a sprinkle of raisins. I cut up the fruit and make what I call my rice pudding; over it I sprinkle a tablespoonful of dried milk powder, a level teaspoonful of lecithin, a tablespoonful of corn oil, and an all-purpose vitamin pill. I pour over all this a glass of pineapple juice, because that is the sweetest and least acid. Once a day I add a small packet of powdered gelatin. With that "pudding" I eat half-a-dozen pieces of celery, because that gives me something to chew and plenty of bulk. At the end I allow myself a spoonful of chocolate milk powder and call that dessert.

I am a small person, five-feet-seven, and weigh 135; I have stayed between 130 and 136 pounds during the nine years of the diet. I no longer play tennis, but I take care of a half-acre of flowers and foliage, and I drive downtown twice a day for mail and errands. My age is eighty-five.

I have come through the ordeals of death and a new life without a trace of physical strain. To me it is a miracle; only the diet can account for it. I find no pleasure in going into such personal details, but I have learned something useful, and it seems a social service to give the benefit of it to others. All my friends ask questions about this diet, but so far not one has been moved to try it—not even my new wife. When she takes me out to dinner, I take mine along in a little bag with a shoulder strap: a very trying husband and a very patient wife.



Africa's New Elites

by
David Hapgood

A tiny handful of bureaucrats who hold the new levers of power in their continent, they are often brilliant political leaders . . . but also spoiled, overprivileged, sometimes corrupt, and usually failures in running the economy of their countries.

An African official, speaking a few months ago at an open-air meeting deep in the bush, described the class to which he belongs:

We who call ourselves an elite may have professional qualifications, but we do not have the spirit and drive our country needs. . . . We must rid ourselves of the city intellectual's mentality that looks at the peasant with contempt. Our first battle is with ourselves. If we do not change ourselves, we shall fail, and we shall have to lower our eyes when our children insult us. . . .

The country was Senegal, but the self-criticism would apply to the new elite classes almost anywhere in independent Africa. The Senegalese official was alluding his warning to Africa's historic generation, the men who came to power in the evening of empire and now bear the burden of realizing the promise of independence. By now it is possible to see a distinctive pattern, an African style of ruling, in the way they govern.

Their performance is, on the surface, oddly paradoxical. As political leaders the Africans have succeeded brilliantly. They have provided peace and stability to states that are tribal

masses with no sense of national unity. Only yesterday, departing colonial administrators were predicting, rather hopefully, if scornful: "When we leave, the tribes will be at each other's throats." But today the tribes are not at each other's throats: the inevitable struggles for power have been settled with an extraordinary absence of bloodshed and violence.

The ex-Belgian Congo is of course an exception, for which the Belgians and other foreigners bear a heavy share of responsibility. Even in the Congo, as compared to Iraq or Algeria, there has been more noise than killing. Senegal is more typical of African politics. In December 1962, armed men faced each other in the streets of Dakar in a showdown between President Léopold Senghor and Prime Minister Mamadou Dia. The crisis was resolved, however, without the loss of a single life, the losers, Dia and his supporters, were jailed, not executed. In Ivory Coast of 1960, President Sylvanus Olympio was assassinated in January 1961 by unemployed ex-soldiers. That morning I—and everyone else—left the streets of Yamoussoukro in safety: for the soldiers, once their tragic deed was done, did not go on to slaughter Olympio's supporters or loot the city.

In the fall of 1962, after a visit to Dakar, my wife and I spent several months hospitalized in the interior of ex-French West Africa to see what efforts the governments were making for rural development. We drove our Land Rover through the remote bush of eight countries from Senegal to Nigeria. Since we left Africa last spring, we have become warmly familiar with questions like: "Weren't you afraid? Were you in danger?"

We are tempted to answer: "Yes, those Africans are wild drivers." For, in West Africa, the automobile is a far greater menace to life than tribalism or politics. If any Africans frightened us, they were not spear throwers but truck drivers.

The Passport to Power

In the economic field, however, the new rulers' performance has been far from brilliant. Despite grandiose development plans, the new governments have with few exceptions wasted their resources on prestige projects and conspicuous consumption by the ruling class. While the rural economy stagnates, vast sums are poured into such showpieces as the Abidjan palace of President Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast, with its Italian marble brought in by air. The notorious corruption of Nigeria has been documented by recent investigations. A "radical" regime like Ghana's is embarrassed when the wife of a cabinet minister buys a gold bed. "This is not socialism," declared the husband, Krobo Edusei, in the understatement of the decade, and the remark is repeated by those who remember the slogans of social justice on which the African rulers came to power.

The paradox exists only in the eyes of Westerners who believe, in their inner hearts, that economic progress is the rule of life, rather than—as it has been at most times in most places—the exception. Politics and education rate high on the African rulers' list of priorities; economic development ranks low. In another age governments such as these, combining stable minority rule with a stagnant economy, could exist indefinitely. But in today's Africa the upward thrust of education—tossing up growing numbers of men whose aspirations cannot be satisfied—threatens the rulers with a time of testing far more severe than the struggle for independence.

The men who guide Africa's destinies are marked, indelibly, by a unique experience: the transition from white European to black African rule. They are, of course, a tiny elite. The African masses have no voice, and as yet show little desire for a voice, in political decisions. With rare exceptions the African elites are neither economic producers, as in a bourgeois capitalist state, nor are they a landed aristocracy, as in much of Latin America. They are, rather, a "bureaucratic bourgeoisie"—a class whose power and rewards depend almost exclusively on holding government jobs.

The passport into this elite class is a diploma

from a school set up by the European rulers. Many of the leaders come from poor or peasant backgrounds. For instance, Sékou Touré, now President of Guinea, was born of peasant parents in the north of his country. After attending a French primary school, he got his secondary education by correspondence. He worked as a clerk in the French administration before entering politics.

When the typical African cabinet minister was educated, he was being trained—since this was the usual function of his school—to be a minor implement of European rule. Like Touré, Azikiwe of Nigeria was a clerk. Dia of Senegal, Maga of Dahomey, Keita of Mali, Nkrumah of Ghana were all teachers. With educated Africans filling low-level jobs, the empire could be run more cheaply; fewer high-priced Europeans were needed. In school the future cabinet minister was taught the overwhelming value of Europe and the virtual nonexistence of his own continent. In the French colonies he learned history through a text that begins: "*Nos ancêtres les gaulois. . .*" He went on to work, usually in a government office, in a society that was divided with a feudal rigidity. Europeans commanded, Africans served. Ability was of little importance, on either side. No effort was spared to drive home this distinction, to create, through pomp and privilege, a gap too broad to be bridged. The price, to many Africans, of European education was a profound alienation from their own people. "I find myself more at home with French friends than with my own elder brother who has never been to school," Sékou Touré once said.

Only a decade ago it seemed to young Africans that this society might last forever. "We lived withdrawn into ourselves," an African official told me of those days. "We were passive, we avoided responsibility—the Europeans decided everything anyhow—and we knew that we were collaborating with our conquerors." When the Europeans went home after independence, they left behind a generation profoundly influenced by their presence—"the *vieux nègre* [roughly, an Uncle Tom] who sleeps in all of us," as President Leopold Senghor of Senegal put it recently.

On independence day the new rulers naturally seized the familiar symbols of power, the pomp and circumstance by which the Europeans had

David Hapgood, a newspaperman by trade, went with his wife and her two children to Africa for two years on a grant from the Institute of Current World Affairs. Formerly on the "New York Times," he is writing a book on Africa.

emphasized their distance from the African masses. African leaders moved into the palaces of the Europeans. Then, in capital after capital, they built their own palaces. "These men can no longer open a car door for themselves," a chauffeur complained to me as we watched officials in the Ivory Coast descend from their sleek black Mercedes. But the European did not open the door himself either; why should his successor? If it was beneath the European's dignity to work with his hands, then why should his successor demean himself by manual labor? The stereotype of the European-in-Africa lingers on. Time and again we were asked: "Where is your chauffeur?" or "Where is your servant?"

A profound desire to match the ex-rulers who despised them, to have what they had, to cancel out somehow Europe's vast superiority in power and wealth, seems to underlie the outwardly irrational behavior of the African elite in power. It explains the television stations sprouting in poverty-stricken nations where desperate human needs are being neglected. When you see in one capital after another newly installed traffic lights on streets that can safely be crossed with your eyes closed, you begin to wonder why. The answer, I suspect, is not that the African officials were fools enough to think the traffic lights necessary, but simply that their presence makes Niamey or Ouagadougou look more like London or Paris. The tragedy is that the Africans seem to mistake the shadow of Europe for its substance, that they imitate European consumption but not European productivity—a course likely to lead to bankruptcy. When the chairman of Ghana Airways was questioned recently about the airline's huge losses, he replied: "We in Ghana Airways are charged with the duty of carrying the national flag to all parts of Africa and projecting the African personality." The loser in this jet-propulsion of the "African personality" is, of course, the Ghanaian peasant 30,000 feet below the glittering airliner.

African governments make little effort to justify in economic terms their most striking form of status-seeking: the lavish amounts of scarce foreign exchange spent on setting up embassies abroad. In a large number of international capitals, housing costs are being driven out of sight by a proliferation of African embassies which can be justified by none of the normal criteria: no trade relations, no citizens to look after, no necessary diplomatic business to transact. Aid can be obtained without an embassy. Upper Volta, landlocked and desperately poor even by African standards, has opened a

three-man embassy halfway around the world in Tokyo, with only the vaguest of "cultural interests" as the official explanation. Senegal maintains two embassies in Rome, with a total of twenty employees; one is to the Vatican, although Senegal is 80 per cent Moslem. Mali, which used to trade insults with Senegal over which of the two was on the proper road to socialism, has an embassy in, of all places, North Korea. Ghana and Nigeria compete in the size of their embassies and the lavishness of their entertainment. As we entered the Nigerian embassy in Dakar, Senegal, for a reception, an African student whispered: "Fancy parties in fancy houses—that's Africa today."

Obviously the African embassy, in the eyes of the elite, is a visual symbol of admission to the family of nations, of Africa's equality with Europe. But it is an edifice built on sand. For the same embassy also symbolizes a more somber truth—the dangerous and unnecessary continuation of Africa's dependence on the industrial nations. The foreign exchange that went into building and maintaining the embassy did not go into building a factory for agricultural tools, or for importing fertilizer or seed. (Similarly, the official's Mercedes means that an agricultural agent in the bush did not get the Land-Rover that might have enabled him to do a better job.)

The whole trend, in fact, is in the wrong direction. Many African nations, though their economies are agricultural, are importing increasing amounts of food. For some, like Senegal and Guinea, American surplus rice has become a necessary crutch. As the trade deficit worsens, foreign aid becomes essential and rulers are forced to play the Cold War game to avoid bankruptcy. Some nations which receive aid from all quarters—Mali is the best example—seem on their way to becoming what might be called multilateral client states.

"Black Like You"

The gap between the elite, living by European standards, and the African masses is more glaringly obvious than the distance between ruler and ruled in the industrial nations. Eighty to 95 per cent of the African people are peasants who produce crops worth \$40 to \$80 a year. This is the real "proletariat" of Africa. By comparison with the peasant, a lowly government clerk and

*A notable exception is Tanganyika, which announced at independence that it would open only three embassies.

an auto mechanic earning perhaps \$60 a month are members of a privileged minority. At the upper end of the scale is the cabinet member who is paid \$600 a month, plus a government-financed car and chauffeur, villa, and servants. Even the minister's servants, earning \$30 a month, consider themselves fortunate not to be working the land.

This gap between elite and non-elite is cultural as well as economic. The unemployed primary-school graduate is at least a candidate for the elite; he has far more standing than the working peasant. When one observes the indifference with which many African "socialists" view the common spectacle of old women carrying crushing burdens on their heads while young men loaf or frisk about, he realizes what the African revolution was *not* about. Despite the talk of African socialism, it was not a revolution aimed at greater equality among human beings. It was, rather, a sort of coup d'état, a palace revolt in which the elite took over the positions denied them by the Europeans.

"I am black like you," a Senegalese governor kept telling his people while we were touring together last year. But although he is black, the governor is little more "like them" than his French predecessor. Born in another part of the country, educated in French schools, he lives in an air-conditioned home and can speak to his people only through an interpreter. As we bounced through the bush, the governor turned the conversation to Europe. Talking with ease and authority on French literature, he seemed to care little about his own country's culture.

For the foreigner who goes to Africa expecting to find the elite busily engaged in building a new nation, the first meetings with African officials are likely to be disappointing. One of my first acquaintances in Dakar was a top official in the Ministry of Rural Economy, whom I will call M. N. He held a French law degree, spoke French perfectly, and was clearly in the higher reaches of the elite. His salary was \$4,000 a year—more than the average peasant earns in a lifetime—plus government-supplied housing and other privileges. Like almost all African officials, M. N. was graciously hospitable to a foreigner, whether in his office or in his home. When he said "drop in anytime" he meant it. He was patient with my questions, though he skirted any subject that suggested any conflict among the Senegalese, but it soon became obvious that talk about peasant problems bored him. He wanted to show me his new slide projector or talk about cars. M. N., I sensed, was profoundly conservative, and with

good reason: he had suddenly made it to the top of the heap, and he was mainly interested in enjoying his new position.

"Paid for by The People"

When the elite took over power, they brought with them no tradition of morality in public service. How could they, when the state was an alien ruler? Today the most vigorous of African leaders seem powerless to hold down the corruption that disfigures their governments. (Many regimes do not even try to hold down corruption. Most of my examples are deliberately chosen from the governments that are at least making an effort.) Despite Touré's prestige, his regime in Guinea has been rocked by scandals. Last December he got no response when he hinted to a party congress that the most corrupt of the party leaders be purged. Unpunished corruption and indolence at the summit set a discouraging example to those who work in the lower levels of the government. And the money that disappears from the treasury is not reinvested in the nation's economy (as a crooked American politician might, for example, invest in a business). If it is not spent, it is more likely to follow the well-worn route to a secret Swiss bank account. This was said to be the case of Valdiodio N'Diaye, ex-Minister of the Interior of Senegal, who was jailed last December. N'Diaye presented himself in Senegalese politics as more "socialist" than his colleagues. In addition to the Swiss bank account, he had a lavish mansion in his hometown, on which someone once painted: "Paid for by The People." N'Diaye was jailed, not for corruption, but for choosing the losing side in the 1962 political crisis. At about the same time, another high Senegalese official was accused by a colleague of looting the treasury of \$150,000, but he was on the winning side in the crisis and the charges were never made public.

If an African official does try to resist the temptations of power, he is beset on another flank by his relatives. The African tradition of family solidarity requires the successful man to support any relative, even a distant cousin, who asks him for help. When you call on an African official in the capital, you usually see a dozen or more of his kin loitering around the compound, eating up his salary as soon as he gets it. Some are unemployable, and the others feel little or no obligation to look for jobs. "Save?" a Senegalese official replied when I asked what he did with his pay. "Save? I spend my pay before I get it—otherwise it all

goes to my relatives." So the official will try to place his relatives in the bureaucracy and, to keep his head above water, he may seize one of the easy opportunities for corruption; loyalty to the living family unit means more than loyalty to the abstraction called the state. Rarely does an official defy tradition by turning down a relative. More likely he will flee. I heard frequently of Africans seeking foreign assignments simply to escape their family obligations. Harmful as it is in many ways, this solidarity does keep alive people who might otherwise starve to death, and it serves the useful purpose of redistributing some of the excessive income of the elite.

Today's corruption and prestige spending are viewed by the optimists, both African and foreign, as temporary aberrations that will pass with time. "An infantile disorder," President Senghor replied when I asked him about corruption in Senegal. Others point out that the monumental corruption of nineteenth-century American government did not prevent the nation's rapid development. But the United States was developed by private entrepreneurs. In Africa, where the equivalent of the venturesome American capitalist does not exist, economic progress depends on the state. The optimists argue, further, that the African elites will settle down to productive effort once the palaces are built, that they build them because they are "ignorant of economics," and that the next generation of leaders will be better because they will have more education. The argument based on economic ignorance, which I have heard frequently from Africans, seems on analysis rather insulting. It implies that President Hubert Maga of Dahomey, for example, does not realize that the \$3 million he is spending on a palace could have been used to increase corn production. Another optimistic line of reasoning seems to derive from the Western belief in the inevitability of progress, that things tend to get better simply with the passage of time. The example of Latin America, after more than a century of independence, serves as melancholy evidence that the habits of the elite do not necessarily improve, and that a Western education does not make the elite less grasping or more productive.

A Comparison with Louisiana

Pessimists draw their evidence from the Emperor Jones overtones of the African elite. When a new scandal or blunder reaches the rumor circuit, the remaining Old Africa Hands around the hotel bar shake their heads and say with

ill-concealed satisfaction that Africa is going to the dogs. And Senator Ellender reaches the conclusion, after a brief tour, that Africans are incapable of governing themselves.

Incapable by what standard? No African government is one fraction as baldly brutal and grasping as that of Trujillo—praised by Ellender—or half-a-dozen other recent Latin American tyrants. Indeed, considering their handicaps, some compare favorably with the governing, within recent memory, of Ellender's home state of Louisiana.

Most African regimes are one-party states, but they are by no means police states. When you travel through the back country of Guinea and Ghana, you realize that it is nonsense to call these nations "totalitarian." The opposition is suppressed, but not with the barbarism of a Hitler or a Stalin. In the short turbulent history of Guinea, both France and the Soviet Union have interfered in the little nation's internal politics; but there has been no mass slaughter of "traitors" or reprisals against the French and Russians in Guinea. Despite official hostility, and despite floats in parades depicting Europeans beating Africans, some two thousand French citizens have lived peacefully in Guinea since 1958; American missionaries in Mamou, a solidly Moslem area, told us they have not been molested since the French left. The cult of personality around Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana is distasteful, but it is mild compared to the Stalin cult. Nor is it typically African: Sékou Touré and Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika particularly discourage personal adulation.

Despite the misdeeds of government in black Africa, you do not find the sort of complacency in exploitation that is too common in Latin American and Iberian elites. The ideals of social justice proclaimed by African leaders are in practice grotesquely distorted, but they continue to impel some governments toward reform. Julius Nyerere, alone among African presidents, posed for his official photograph wielding a pick, to show the elite that manual work is not demeaning. In Senegal, a government-sponsored movement called "rural animation" is trying to give a voice to the peasantry. Touré has attempted, through the Parti Démocratique de Guinée, to create a mechanism of popular control over the elite. He has not succeeded yet. What the Guinean elite actually does is in sharp contrast to Touré's expressed views. In N'Zérékoré, a provincial capital far in the interior, we were taken on a tour by the local commandant. With the usual African hospitality, the commandant told us in fluent French that he

would show us "the accomplishments of our revolution." What he showed us was:

his own mansion and office, the two largest buildings in town;

a fancy villa for the President, who may come once a year, with two other villas for guests;

a park for "tourists," who are rare indeed, with gravel paths bearing such names as "Boulevard du Peuple";

a hotel under construction, though N'Zérékoré already has a hotel—this, also, is "for tourists";

thirty-six units of housing for the military who guard the border against an unlikely foe.

It did not seem to bother the commandant, nor anyone else I spoke to, that none of these accomplishments of the Guinean "revolution" were of any use to the people of N'Zérékoré. And the case of N'Zérékoré is repeated in many forms throughout Guinea. It is easy, but far too hasty, to conclude that Touré's frequent speeches telling the people to watch over their rulers' behavior either are meaningless or are falling on deaf ears. The Guinean experiment is after all still in its infancy; Touré himself is only forty-one and his nation only five years old.

The Uprooted Young Men

The ideals enshrined in official mythology form, also, the basis for a mounting tide of criticism within the elite itself. The euphoria of independence is passing, to be replaced by widespread comments on the sourness of freedom without progress. Paulin Joachim, editor of the African magazine *Bingo*, recently wrote (in an editorial entitled "Those Who Work Against Africa") of a "rapacious bourgeoisie . . . cut off from the people, which it often exploits more cruelly than did the white colonialists." And all over Africa I found people who were beginning to turn their attention away from the outside world to their own problems. Some of them were keenly aware of the corrupting effects of politically motivated foreign aid. In Madagascar, where the national airline is a favored form of conspicuous consumption, an opposition leader, Dr. Bertrand Ravelonanosy, said to me: "I'm the first to say to all of you—Americans, French, Germans, Russians—keep your money. We don't need it. All we'll do with it is build another airport."

Yet such criticisms seem hardly likely to shake African governments as long as they can find places for the elite in the establishment. Will they, then, last indefinitely, degenerating perhaps into hereditary oligarchies?

They might, were it not for the explosive effect of education. The African governments, prisoners of the notion that their countries' modernization can be measured by its literacy rate, are building schools at a breakneck pace. The youth who are coming out of these schools, boys with primary-school certificates and additional large numbers who drop out of secondary school without graduating, are potentially the most dynamic and destructive class in Africa today.

I often came across these young men. Once when we stopped in a distant bush town, two youths asked us for a ride to Dakar. They were in their late teens, and, judging by their poor French, they had at best finished primary school in the bush. They were, they said, going back to jobs in Dakar. Most Africans chat easily, but these two avoided personal questions and were silent most of the trip. We passed through a village; the peasants laughed and shouted to us, as they do to strangers whose passage briefly breaks the monotony of their lives. One of the youths said, with a harshness extraordinary in an African: "Look at those people—they're savages—they don't know anything." When we arrived in Dakar, they were unable to direct me to the place where they said they worked, and it soon became obvious to me that they had never been in the city. Perhaps they had a relative there. Their chances of success in Dakar were remote. But they had had to flee the bush, because their few years of school had set them apart from the people they called "savages."

The schools themselves have not changed much since colonial times. Despite superficial reforms in some countries, they continue to reflect the deep cultural division in African society. The lesson taught by both school and society is, in essence, this:

Peasants are illiterate and backward as well as poor. Members of the elite are modern, European, and work in offices. The city is modern and has high status; the country is primitive and has low status. If you have been to school, you belong in the elite simply because you are literate. Go to the city—don't stay in the bush.

So the young men flock to the capital, where they will find shelter with an uncle or cousin from their village. They are poorly prepared for the change. They know a European language and some arithmetic. They know something about the ex-colonial power, more perhaps than they know of their own country. Seldom do they have a trade. Since manual trades are of low status, they have avoided the few trade schools in favor

of a "classical" education. Their aspirations are wildly unrealistic. "I'll be a cabinet minister," children will say. They know that the generation before them reached prestige and power with the same education; they see them riding around in their Mercedes. They do not know, or perhaps cannot admit, that this was a stroke of fortune not likely to be repeated. So they join the horde of unemployed who are part of the social landscape of every African capital.

Above all, these young men will not go back to the country and work as farmers or artisans; this would be an admission of complete defeat. The efforts of African governments to find a place for the unemployed youth often have been opposed by the young men themselves. In Dahomey, unemployed young men were settled not long ago on farms set up by the state. A promising idea—but I found, when I looked into it, that the project had run aground on the attitudes of the young men. After six months' work on the farm, they had collected their pay and gone off for two weeks' vacation. Though they had earned more money than most of them had ever seen, two-thirds of the boys refused to return to the farm after their vacation. "Laziness" is probably the immediate foreign reaction. "It's all right for peasants, but not for us," one of the boys told me; he glared with open hatred at the Dahomeyan official with me, the man who wanted to reduce the boys to peasant status. For in going back to the farm they would have been stranded on the "primitive" peasant shore of their society.

Tinderboxes of Revolution

The young men preferred to go back to their marginal existence in the city, where there is always the chance that someday someone will land them clerks' jobs in the government. But every year the odds grow longer against them. Governments running heavy deficits cannot afford to add to their swollen bureaucracies; most remaining Europeans hold technical jobs for which half-educated youths cannot qualify. Since the economy is stagnant, no new jobs are opening up in private employment. With narrowed horizons, with diminished hopes, bitterness grows; the capital becomes a tinderbox of revolution.

In conversations with the young unemployed, I found much bitter personal disappointment. One of these youths was Mamadou Ka, an unemployed auto mechanic who stopped by our house in Dakar from time to time. He was from a peasant family, about twenty-five years old and

The Sundial

by Valerie Worth

THE sundial bears carved words, some
Worn beyond reading; these remain:
Ah foolish one, leave time alone.

In this setting, nothing should occur
Though the clouds shift, light fades and
brightens,
And the garden's marigolds turn dark.

Nothing should occur; we should be able
To walk in silence, while slow day
Wheels the shadows on their pivots—

But we are ready to uproot the pedestal
For resting so still, allowing
Noon to make fools of stem and bone.

We would pluck that everlasting marigold
Out of its sky, break it beneath
The dark configurations of our feet.

Where we walk, something will yet
Occur; we mark the face of earth
With moving shadows, mocking time
and sun.

always shabbily dressed. He spoke and read French; he had dropped out of secondary school because of illness, and then was too old to go on. He lived in Dakar with an uncle and tried to accept society as it was; his only wish was to find a place in it.

Like Mamadou, the young unemployed I met believed that the political parties were not interested in their problems. The parties, to them, were run by and for the successful members of the elite. They were bitter, but they did not seem ready to storm the palace, though in August the unemployed of Brazzaville helped drive Fulbert Youlou, President of the ex-French Congo, out of office.

In this young continent—one-half of Africa's population is under twenty years old—the problem of the uprooted young men is staggering. Of all the problems faced by Africa's new leaders, none seems so dangerous as this. If Africa's new elites can find a productive place in their society for their young men, then history will doubtless forgive them their Swiss bank accounts. But if they fail—in the words of the Senegalese official—then their children will insult them.



California Wines

A Look at the Vineyards Around the Golden Gate

by Creighton Churchill

The pleasures and subtleties of wine are once more engaging the American palate. The more knowing (and less snobbish) we become, the more our own great vineyards delight us.

In the current Christmas catalogue of a well-known—and by no means atypical—New York wine merchant, recent vintages of the “château-bottled” wines of Châteaux Latour and Margaux, two of Bordeaux’s finest, along with Burgundy’s venerable Musigny “Vieilles Vignes” and that noble Moselle, Bernkastler Doktor, will all be priced at more than \$100 a case—some twenty dollars more than the cost of this same merchant’s quality Scotch. Not only are the prices of these wines about double what they would have been five years ago, the curious thing is that they do not reflect any comparable shift in the respective economies of France or Germany, or any change in import duties, or any appreciable rise in the costs of transportation. Instead, they are in part a result of the bountiful, highly publicized (and considerably overrated) European wine crop of 1959, as well as of the American public’s growing demand for and appreciation of good wine.

Unfortunately, there are undeniable arguments to the effect that these prices will go even higher. European producers, having discovered that their wines can bring such prices, would be fools to part with them for less. Another factor is the

advent of the Common Market. Belgium, Germany, and England, for example, have for centuries been among France’s best customers for her finest wines. When and as the old tariff barriers are lifted, these countries will no doubt become better customers yet—and the United States will have to pay more.

Staggering prices are not the only concern of those who drink European wines. There is the additional worry that these unrealistic values are being passed all down the line. Insignificant little St.-Emilions, hitherto unheard-of whites from the Loire, upstart Niersteiners are being dusted off for totally undeserved promotion; they are offered to the public at ages far too young to be drinkable, and at prices way beyond any conceivable intrinsic value. To date, this has not been as much the case with the less glamorous vintages of Italy, or the variable, though often entirely elegant, wines of Spain, Portugal, and Chile. But their day, too, for inflated values is all but at hand.

The American consumer will buy all these imported wines, of course—for there is more glamour on the other side of the fence, and because wine made on Old World soils, by peoples with centuries-old traditions of wine making, is in general a superior product. Yet the spiraling prices behoove many of us—even the “wine snobs”—to take a second look into our own backyard of California for something of real value at, say, \$1.50 to \$2.50 a bottle. California wines are not all good. But great advances in quality have been made in recent years, and for those

who may have tasted California wines some ten or more years ago and concluded they were generically innocuous, there will be some pleasant surprises.

Kim. But Not Close

IN any serious consideration of California wines, one must address oneself to three quite separate groups of people. The first, obviously, are those who have been conditioned to European wines—French, German, or Italian—and have a liking for nothing else. Second, there are those who have drunk only American wines from Ohio or New York State, which are made not from European but from indigenous grapes, and which have a pronounced taste all their own. This group is equally prejudiced and conditioned: they simply don't like what they call "foreign wine." Californian included. Last are those who are just starting to drink wine, and are eager to know what is good or of good value. This group is perhaps the most fortunate. They are in a position to choose for themselves without preconception—and go on from there.

Although all the principal grapes used in California are of European origin, California wines cannot truthfully be said to taste like European wines. There are certain obvious resemblances, to be sure, and one or two California wine makers have succeeded in producing wine which is more than just reminiscent of its European counterpart. But allowing for a few notable exceptions, we can only be fooling ourselves if we attempt to draw similarities. More important, we would be doing a considerable disservice to all concerned. California Cabernet-Sauvignon, made from the principal red Bordeaux grape, does—in the hands of the best producers—taste and smell somewhat like a Médoc or a red Graves, but a California Cabernet-Sauvignon also tastes and smells like itself. In a California Pinot Noir (the Burgundy grape) one often finds the intriguing bouquet of a red from the Côte d'Or—a Musigny, perhaps—yet for any devotee of the wines of the "Golden Slope," the anticipated, ensuing tastes are just not there. And certainly anyone who goes along with sanguine promoters of that California white wine known as Chardonnay, made from the grape of Chablis and the Côte d'Or, and claims an absolute identity with the great whites of Burgundy, should have both his head and his palate examined. In fact, the more Californians persist in trying to make a white Burgundy, the more they seem to bring out

the worst characteristics of the Chardonnay grape, and the farther they stray from their goal. Sensible Alsations have long since abandoned the idea of promoting their wines as "Vins du Rhin" and attempting to rival a Schloss Johannisberger—and Californians could well take a lesson. A California Chardonnay is a light, dry (though disappointingly unfragrant) wine, quite acceptable to the European wine drinker—provided he doesn't think of it as a white Burgundy—and entirely delicious to many a Californian who has been drinking it all his life.

In comparison to the diabolically complicated system of names and classifications among French and German wines, California labels have a disarming simplicity. California table wines meaning those containing 14 per cent alcohol or less, divide into two groups. The first, which are called the "generics," are nearly always blends and are sold under European names, such as "California Burgundy," "Chablis," "Claret," "Rhine Wine," and "Sauterne" (the latter spelled in California without an "s" on the end). Of these, the reds as a whole are better than the whites. Most of them are sold in bottles or jugs larger than a fifth or a quart, and they are inexpensive: for example, in San Francisco one can buy a gallon of a good generic "Chablis" or "Claret" for \$1.50. The important thing to bear in mind is that the wine—however potable—will not taste like even a third cousin three removed of its European namesake.

The second, and higher, category of California wines includes those known as "varietals." These are the wines in which the producers take the most pride. They are almost invariably sold by the bottle—and they go by the name of the principal grape from which they are made. Although by federal law a varietal need only contain 51 per cent of the juice of the variety named on its label, in the case of the best producers it will often be a pure product of that grape. Contrary to what may be a prevalent opinion elsewhere, not all producers of California varietal wines are dedicated to the god of mass production, and granted that the law allows some producers to pass off poor and perhaps partially adulterated wines under a label indicative of

Creighton Churchill's manuscript of California which is based on his book, "Discovering the World of Wines" (to be published early in 1960 by Collier-Macmillan). Trained as an orchestral conductor, Mr. Churchill was also a newspaperman, an officer in military intelligence, and the author of "A Notebook for the Wines of France."

high quality, this permissive rule is a blessing to others who wish to experiment and improve their vintages. The traditional Médoc, for example, while made principally from the red Cabernet, may also include a modicum of juices from as many as four other authorized grapes.

Proud Varietals

The following is a list of the most common and best California varietals:

Cabernet-Sauvignon. A red wine made from the principal grape of Bordeaux. Unquestionably the most successful (according to European standards) of all California reds. Usually an almost totally unblended product.

Pinot Noir. The grape from which all great red Burgundies are made. It is by no means as successful in California as the Cabernet-Sauvignon, and those who are accustomed to red Burgundies will find it rather insipid, with an unfamiliar sweet aftertaste.

Gamay. (Sometimes seen on varietal labels as "Gamay-Beaujolais.") This is the grape responsible for the jubilant red Beaujolais of Southern Burgundy, the "toast" of the citizens of Lyons. In California it makes a rather nondescript wine, faintly resembling, but in no way rivaling, its French counterpart in vitality and fruitiness. The Gamay and the Zinfandel (see below) are usually the basis for most generic, blended "California Burgundy."

Zinfandel. Supposedly of Hungarian origin, this red grape may have been introduced into California in the last century by the Hungarian, Count Haraszthy—nowadays known in the industry as the "father of California wines." Many people consider Zinfandel to be the true Beaujolais of California. It is light and tasty, if sometimes a little too acid, and notably better when produced in the North Counties around San Francisco Bay. Unlike a French Beaujolais, it improves appreciably with age.

Barbera. The red grape of Piedmont in Northern Italy. The wine is rather rough and coarse, like so many Italian reds. Good varietal Barberas are produced both in the North Counties—notably Mendocino and Sonoma—and in the Central Valley and Cucamonga districts.

Petite Sirah. Probably the red grape of Hermitage in the Rhône Valley of France, reputedly of Persian origin. Nowadays it is rarely, if ever, seen as a varietal, but more often used for blending. In its pure state, however, and with sufficient age, the wine strongly resembles its French cousin.

Chardonnay. This grape produces a wine which, as we have said, most Californians persist in likening to a white Burgundy. A well-made Chardonnay can be dry and refreshing; a poorly-made one will have metallic first tastes and a cloying, medicinal aftertaste. In my opinion, Californians use this grape to its best advantage in the production of Champagnes.

Pinot Blanc. A grape also used to good advantage in Champagne making. In California, the Pinot Blanc is frequently confused with another grape, the white Chenin Blanc of the Loire. A California Pinot Blanc varietal wine will, in any event, generally be inferior either to a Chardonnay or a legitimate Chenin Blanc.

Chenin Blanc. Responsible for the limpid white Vouvray (sparkling and otherwise) of the Loire, as well as the great golden wines, both dry and sweet, of Anjou. The California version is often reminiscent of a Vouvray, and slightly on the sweet side. When well made it is one of the more delightful, refreshing California whites.

Traminer. Along with the Gewürztraminer (simply a more aromatic version), the Traminer is the source of those beautifully spicy and highly perfumed white wines of Alsace. The California product cannot be even remotely likened to the French type, but comparable to the Chenin Blanc above, it is a light white wine which stands up well by itself.

Sylvaner. A white grape used in both Alsace and on the Rhine to make a "second" wine. In California, it is light, dry, and pleasant, though somewhat watery.

White or Johannisberg Riesling. The Riesling is the great grape of Germany—as emphasized by the Californians in their ready adoption of the term Johannisberg, Schloss Johannisberger being Germany's most celebrated vineyard of Rieslings. In the hands of good California producers it has a nice mild aroma—a wine which is neither too sweet nor too dry. Parentheti-



california whites carry the aroma of European ones. Bottles labeled Gray Riesling or Emerald Riesling—wines made from grapes of less renown—do not have the same intrinsic value.



Folle Blanche. In France wine made from the Folle Blanche is atrocious—yet when distilled it is responsible for the best of French Cognacs. Used in California largely to blend with the Pinot Noir and the Chardonnay for Champagnes and other sparkling wines, it is offered as a varietal by a few producers. It is generally tart and rather high in acidity—but many people like their wine this way!

Sauvignon Blanc. One of three white grapes used in France for dry Graves and sweet Sauternes. The Californians ferment the Sauvignon Blanc by itself into a dry white wine. In making California sweet "Sauterne" (one of the most disappointing of all California wines) the grapes are not fermented together, and the wines are blended and sweetened after fermentation. California Sauterne is strictly a generic.

Semillon. Another of the three white wine grapes of Bordeaux. When unadulterated or unsweetened, it is responsible for one of the most successful white varietals of California. A well-made Dry Semillon (emphasis on the Dry) may be nearly indistinguishable from a dry French Graves—sometimes even a little better—without any trace of the metallic overtones common to so many California white wines.

Because the *botrytis cinerea*, the "noble rot" or "mold," which in Europe settles on white wine grapes during the late, humid autumns and raises their sugar content, does not flourish in California, there is no such thing as a California sweet dessert wine in the classic European sense. The sole exception is found at the Cresta Blanca Wine Company vineyards in the Livermore Valley. Here the *botrytis cinerea* is cultured and sprayed on the grapes in specially air-conditioned and humidified rooms. Known as a Premier Semillon, the wine is produced in very limited quantity, and is available only at the Pump Room in Chicago, the Colony in New York, Antoine's in New Orleans, and a few other comparably expensive establishments. Although substantially indistinguishable from the genuine French product, its price of six dollars or more a bottle exceeds that of the very finest French Sauternes. Methods for making it more cheaply and in

greater quantity are still to be worked out.

Grenache. The grape principally responsible for the famous *rosé* wines of Tavel and Lirac in the lower Rhône Valley. In California the resulting wine is milder in taste, but when produced in one of the northern regions of the

state, it holds its head up proudly against many an imported *rosé*. Less distinguished *rosés* than the Grenache are made from the Gamay, the Cabernet-Sauvignon, the Grignolino, and the Zinfandel. Without fail, the best of them all come from the North Counties around San Francisco.

Champagne. California Champagne is not strictly a varietal, although a few producers do sometimes make it from one grape alone, in which case it will usually be so labeled. Most California Champagnes from the North Counties have a predominance of Chardonnay, but other grapes, such as the Pinot Noir and Pinot Blanc, are often used in the blend. The driest and rarest California Champagne, always fermented in the bottle and without added sugar, is known as Nature. This is followed by Brut, Extra Dry, Dry or Sec, and Sweet or Doux, in that order. Pink Champagne often goes by the name "Oeil de Perdrix"—"Partridge Eye," one of several French terms for a *rosé*.

In general, the top red wines from the North Counties are Cabernet-Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Zinfandel, and Gamay; the whites, Chardonnay, Dry Semillon, Chenin Blanc, Johannisberg Riesling (White Riesling), and Traminer. The best *rosé* is the Grenache.

Franciscans and Newcomers

As in most wine-growing countries of the world, it was the Church—in this case the Spanish Missions—which was responsible for the wine grape in California. The first plantings of the *vitis vinifera*, the wine grape of the Old World, appear to have taken place near San Diego about 1770. Later the Franciscan Fathers took the grape northwards to the cooler climates of the Sonoma and Napa Valleys, north of San Francisco Bay. Although their ancestry has never been traced, these were undoubtedly grapes of Spanish origin—only one of which, the so-called Mission, is used in the industry today. The Franciscans did not sell their wines to the out-

side world, but kept them for their own drinking.

About the middle of the nineteenth century, California witnessed an invasion of vinous fortune seekers—Frenchmen, Germans, and the famed Count Haraszthy from Hungary—who either imported or brought with them many thousands of cuttings from European vines. Most of them, to their dying day, labored under the sad hallucination that European wines could be duplicated—or perhaps even surpassed—on California soil. By 1875, California was producing more than four million gallons of wine. These newcomers soon found, as had the Franciscans before them, that the best areas for wine making lay in the North Counties, in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay: the Napa and Sonoma Valleys, Alameda (no relation to Almadén Vineyards), Santa Clara, and Santa Cruz. In the other vast wine-growing regions of the state—the Central Valley between the coastal range and the Sierras, and the Cucamonga district near Los Angeles (nowadays the sources of about 75 per cent of all California vinous produce and largely devoted to inexpensive generic blends and the so-called fortified wines, such as sherry and port)—the climate was too hot, and the grapes reached maturity with more sugar and less acid than is requisite for good wine of 14 per cent or under.

Even today, many vineyards of those North Counties, where the *vitis vinifera* flourishes, are still owned by descendants of those founding families. Inglenook Vineyard today is managed by the great-nephew of its founder. Similarly Beaulieu Vineyard belongs to the descendants of its original French owner, Georges de Latour. Another name hallowed by Californians is that of Louis M. Martini, a relative newcomer from Italy, who has succeeded in making some of the best varietals in the state, and whose cuttings are in great demand. The century-old firm of Charles Krug, a Prussian who pressed his first grapes in the Napa Valley with a cider press, has been taken over by yet another old wine-making family, the Mondavis. South-east of San Francisco, in the Livermore Valley, a region noted for its white wines, the sons of Karl Wentz, another German, still operate the vineyards. Ever the vast empire of Almadén, comprising more than two thousand acres divided between Los Gatos and San Benito, is run by a group of men dedicated to the high ideals of Charles Le Franc, owner of the original minuscule vineyard.

One cannot name all the vineyards; many of the best appear in the box opposite. And the list is constantly growing, as small owners master the art of working their vineyards—retired businessmen, ex-ambassadors, or just plain people who are intrigued with living on the soil and making good wine. All of these producers can get aid from the excellent Department of Viticulture of the University of California and the Wine Institute at San Francisco; for California, with considerably more than 400,000 acres in grapes, and an annual production of 160 million gallons of wine, is avidly alert to the importance of the industry.

What They Need to Learn

Even though most North Counties vintners, especially those who produce varietals, are impelled to make better and better wine, certain trends in the industry are not encouraging. One of these is embodied in our perennial American emphasis on marketing. California produces more wine than our country drinks—and our exports are negligible. With the exception of a few vineyards, every California wine crop produces a surplus, and most producers are forced to employ elaborate sales staffs. Inevitably, this has led nearly every one of them, even the best, into thinking that he must produce a full "line." Some producers, for example, make as many as five or six Champagnes. One has to be dry, one sweet, one pink, another red, the last perhaps a "Crackling Rosé" to compete with the Portuguese product which is now sweeping the market. Nothing could be more ridiculous—or more dangerous to the industry as a whole. If someone could persuade each California producer to make a *few* wines, namely the ones he makes best, and forget about "lines," he would do the industry an inestimable favor. As the vintners of Europe have known for a thousand years, certain wine grapes make better wines on certain soils. The French have a word for it: *terroir*, meaning the special taste and flavor—that intangible character—which a particular piece of soil imparts to the wine which derives from it.

Even though the Californians have much yet to learn about *terroir*, some growers are catching on. In the Livermore Valley, for example, where the soil is best suited for white wine grapes, many producers now devote



their local acreage to the production of whites, and—in order to fill out the inescapable “line”—buy red grapes elsewhere. This procedure is obviously more sensible than producing red wine on soil that is better suited to white—though it has one technical disadvantage: it prevents the use on varietal labels of the highest allowable appellation: the words “Produced and Bottled By.” Federal law requires that wine made from less than 75 per cent of grapes harvested on the land of the vintner may bear on its label only the words “Made and Bottled By.” This is a distinction not generally known by the public, and certainly not one to be emphasized. The proof is, after all, in the drinking.

A second (if minor) lesson from which the Californians might well profit involves the great bugaboo about sediment. The California producers go to inordinate lengths to insure that there is neither sediment nor cloudiness nor, in fact, anything but the vision of virginal purity in any of their wines. No Frenchman would think twice about a few specks in a bottle of Pouilly-Fuissé or Barsac—and the presence of a teaspoonful or so of dregs in any European red wine is not only a perfectly allowable thing, but usually an indication that the wine has been well made and properly aged. There is no doubt that in California many of the elaborate filtering devices used to combat this ridiculous bugaboo are simply not good for the wine.

The Matter of Age

Finally, there is the matter of vintage years—good and bad. One often hears that vintages in California are nonexistent—and this is, in general, true. The temperate and dependable climate, as compared with that of Chablis or the Rhine, say, renders vintage years of far less significance than those of Europe. But nearly every California vintner will admit, in private, that such things as good and bad years do exist. John Smith may have had good luck in 1960 with his Cabernet-Sauvignon, whereas across the road the vineyards of Paul Jones may have been subjected, for example, to some quixotic rainfall that washed the natural yeasts from the grapes, inhibiting spontaneous fermentation and involving costly and damaging delays.

Certain California producers, no doubt because they are afraid the mention of a good year on a label will prevent the marketing of wines in a less good one, jump down your throat if you so much as use the word vintage. Others proclaim

Outstanding Vineyards of the North Counties

Sonoma County (famed for reds)

Buena Vista Vineyards
Samuele Sebastiani Vineyards
Hanzell Vineyards
F. Korbel and Brothers (Champagne)

Napa County (famed for reds)

Louis M. Martini
Charles Krug Winery
Inglenook Vineyard Company
Beaulieu Vineyard
Stony Hill Vineyard* (whites only)
Mayacamus Vineyards*
Hanns Kornell Cellars
Souverain Cellars

Alameda County (Livermore Valley) (famed for whites)

Wente Brothers
Concanon Vineyard
Cresta Blanca Wine Company

Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, San Benito regions (famed for *rosés* and Champagnes)

Almadén Vineyards
Paul Masson Vineyards
Hallcrest Vineyard

*Production limited

with fervor that California definitely has its vintage years, and that it is only fair to the consumer to mention them. Others yet, more or less in the European tradition, print the year on labels of wines of which they are exceptionally proud.

The point is, of course, that a good California wine, especially a red, profits as much from age in cask and bottle as any, and certainly it would seem that the public is entitled to know the age of the wine it buys, regardless of the intentions or habits of the producer. In this respect, the consumer is fortunate in having a handy little custom on his side, although few are aware of it. Most manufacturers of California wine bottles blow a record of the year in which the bottle was made into the bottle's base. This generally appears in two-digit form—'58, '59, '60—to the right of an easily-spotted hallmark. Thus if one knows, in addition, that in the hands of the best California producers, red wines usually stay two years or more in the barrel before bottling, white wines one year, and *rosés* somewhat less, one has a fairly accurate index to the age of the wine.

How to Treat The Broadway Malady of 1963

by Albert Bermel

A proposal for doubling the number of theatres in New York . . . cutting the price of tickets . . . launching a galaxy of orbiting repertory companies . . . and luring an indifferent public back to the box office.

The news from Broadway this season is not all bad, for top theatre prices have been held to \$9.60 for most musicals and \$6.90 for most plays. In other words, the best theatre seats remain only four to five times as expensive as the best movie seats. The news would, of course, be more cheerful if ticket prices had gone down or if we were seeing better shows for the same money. But in the present circumstances we must be satisfied with little change in the standards of plays and little change from a ten-dollar bill.

Or must we be satisfied? The answer seems to be yes. It looks as though the theatre in New York has slid into a trap of its own making. Costs are ridiculously high; dramatic quality is low; investors are reluctant; spectators are disappointed—if they go—or indifferent, in which case they don't go. It was scarcely a surprise to learn from the *New York Times* that Broadway productions lost a total of between five and seven million dollars last season (a casualty prophetically called *Dead Pigeon* went through \$40,000 without even reaching New York); while off-Broadway probably dropped close to another half-million.

In any other industry—and the theatre does refer to itself as Show Business—drastic changes

would have followed this slump. But theatre producers showed few misgivings. They took umbrage at the unfavorable publicity in the *Times*, which would undermine their public's confidence. They pointed out that some of the flops may be salvaged by sales to movies, stock companies, and producers overseas. They referred to the long New York newspaper blackout. And they gave their yearly shellacking to the old scapegoats: reviews, unions, theatre parties, stricter expense accounting, and "ice"—the bonus profits collected by ticket scalpers on the hit productions.

As I shall try to reveal, Broadway's deficiencies go much deeper. If show business is to survive it needs a vastly more realistic program of many more shows and much sounder business. To start with, it must come to terms with its audiences.

Suppose it could. Suppose it could *double* its annual ticket sales of about eleven million. Suppose it could offer a spectator front seats to a good play for *less than one-half* of what he pays now. Then we would have a truly popular theatre, a dramatic art that could compete with movies and television, instead of aping them. The steps I am going to outline are directed to this end. An end? More like a vision, some people will say. Yet Broadway's main handicap has been *its* vision—of great bags of bullion hanging from Yum-Yum Trees and Calculated Risks. Now it needs a new vision. But first it must face up to the actual conditions and the possibilities, rather than sentimentalize about them.

"Because the commercial theatre is spawned in cloud-cuckoo-land," Arthur Kantor, the producer,

recently wrote in *Theater Arts*, "There are always exceptions to the rules: silver lining to the clouds, and a new day a-dawning. . . . And the ability of the theatre to make a little magic out of a lot of desperation is not only true of Broadway, I suspect, but wherever there is a play, a playhouse to book it, an actor to perform it, a director to stage it, and a producer to gamble his guts on getting it opened." Too bad for the producer's guts that he has to gamble them all the time. But he does. He operates in a flux of insecurity; the rewards flow faster from organizing a sweepstake or a floating crap game. In *Fortune* magazine several years ago Daniel Seligman noted that "as a place for putting venture capital, the theatre compares unfavorably with the racetrack . . . for every \$2 invested in shows, \$1 comes back. At Belmont Park, out of every \$2 invested, \$1.70 comes back—and a lot faster too." (Mr. Seligman's figures look feasible enough, but I can't vouch for them.) Gambling has, if anything, enfeebled the theatre; Broadway professionals I've spoken to claim that it caters to the backer, not to the spectator.

But what do spectators want? In the absence of a reliable survey, I suggest that they want the opposite of what they are getting, namely, cheaper seats, more inviting plays, and more convenient theatres.

Weights Around the Neck

It is easy to say that seats should be cheaper. But simply reducing the prices doesn't work. If Alexander H. Cohen, the producer of *Lord Pengo*, had halved his ticket prices right down the line he would certainly have pulled in more people but he would just as certainly have taken in less at the box office. His most direct way of coping with the loss of \$41,500 on *Pengo* would have been to slash his costs.

There are some costs—taxes, for instance—that the producer can do nothing about. But he walks into others with his eyes open. If he insists on casting movie stars, especially big names, he will pay dearly: something like \$5,000 a week plus a cut of the weekly gross. It sometimes happens that a star will single-handedly keep a show alive, as Vivien Leigh is said to have carried the musical *Tovarich* through its early run last sea-

son. To restate this in terms of economics: Demand drops off when prices are raised in the theatre, but a lowering of prices does not usually lead to a corresponding increase in sales. The demand is elastic with rising prices, inelastic with falling prices.

But Tony Perkins and Jack Palance could not, respectively, bring the lightweight comedies *Harold* and *The Fun Couple* into the black. Not only is a movie star sometimes a doubtful asset; he may be an out-and-out liability if he has no stage training and if there is no film editor to snip away his gaffes. In the case of *Harold* or *The Fun Couple*, though, it was folly to expect a star to play fuse to a work that would not ignite.

Another voluntary expense is sets, props, and costumes. After *Camelot* had opened at a cost of \$500,000, the joke went around town that people were walking out humming the scenery. Since Gordon Craig showed David Belasco how to use lighting in novel and cunning ways, directors and designers have refined electrical techniques until the French director Jean Vilar, for example, gets along with almost no sets at all. And the audience doesn't miss them, for drama thrives on artificiality. When Vilar shone vertical bars of light around Maria Casarès, the viewers unhesitatingly accepted the illusion of Mary Stuart in prison. Real automobiles on stage and faucets that deliver real hot water, backdrops that represent the Grand Canyon or Grand Central Station—all the resources of scenery and machinery—become distractions from the center of the play, the characters, and the text they speak.

Enforced costs can be just as burdensome as the voluntary ones. The federal admissions tax of 10 per cent on all receipts falls on producers, not on theatre owners. So does New York City's 5 per cent occupancy tax. The city and federal governments have not made up their collective minds whether theatre is a taxable luxury or cultural nuisance. They resolve this confusion by praising the theatre's contribution to our lives and leaving the taxes on. "They love us," one theatre dignitary told me, "but they won't consummate the marriage. If they're not careful, they'll love us to death."

Nobody enjoys being a source of revenue, but the theatre, a gasping business, has a fair gripe. As John F. Wharton argues in a pamphlet sponsored by the League of New York Theatres, there is a striking disparity between the tax treatments accorded an inert physical product like oil

Albert Bernard's most recent play, *The WarLent*, was performed and published in London this year and is scheduled for production in Germany. His translations of French drama include the one-act comedies of Molière, which will appear in a Meridian book in 1964. He is a founder of The American Playwrights' Stage, a nonprofit company which will produce new American plays.

and what he calls the "living theatre." If the federal government does not want to squeeze the theatre dry it should abolish its admissions tax on all shows that have not cleared a profit. And the city should revise its occupancy tax immediately.* *These measures will cut several million dollars from theatre expenses each year where they are most harmful—that is, from the shaky shows.*

Another involuntary weight around the producer's neck is rentals. Before he opens a show he has to put down a deposit of about \$5,000; after the show starts running (or staggering) he may have to pay the theatre owner 25 or 30 per cent of his weekly takings. With a musical, rent can thus amount to \$15,000 or \$20,000 a week. In addition, every contract a producer draws up with a theatre management includes a "stop clause."

Because of this last proviso, a production of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage* last season had to gross a minimum of \$29,000 a week or get out of the Martin Beck Theatre. For the first few weeks of the run the play took in weekly sums of \$37,000, \$35,000, \$33,000, \$29,000, and \$24,000. When the last figure was reached, the producer, Cheryl Crawford, announced that the play would close in one week. During that final week, the box office collected \$41,000.

Mother Courage is Brecht's masterpiece and one of the important plays of the twentieth century. It was written in 1939 and thus had to wait twenty-four years for its first professional performance in New York. Opening one day before the newspaper blackout ended, it undoubtedly lost valuable advance publicity, but it was the first play to be reviewed when the newspapers reappeared. In view of the play's fame and the expense of mounting it, the logical next step was for the producer and theatreowner to have raised another \$20,000 or so to keep it running.

What actually happened is an ironic comment on Broadway's methods. The play folded and another production, O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*, took its place by moving out of the Hudson Theatre and into the Martin Beck. There were actually four separate ironies in this development; first, the Hudson's stage has a turntable, which was of no service whatever during *Strange Interlude's* run, whereas *Mother Courage* (in the

course of which the heroine wheels a heavy cart around the proscenium) could have used a revolving stage to great effect—except that the Martin Beck doesn't have one; second, *Mother Courage* and *Strange Interlude* were the two best productions on Broadway last season, and one drove the other out; third, Cheryl Crawford was involved in the production of both plays; fourth, *Courage* was shut down after its best week of business. However, this story, in contrast to the play itself, has a happy ending: another producer has scheduled *Mother Courage* for a new production off-Broadway later this season.

At Least Fifty Theatres

Despite the Broadway malady of 1963, which took germ many years ago, an acquaintance of mine who is in a position to know recently told me that he had "never yet heard of a theatre management that went bankrupt. Real estate is the most stable segment of the theatre." The word "stable" is an understatement. If the existing playhouses in New York were subjected to rent control, so as to bring rents down to one-third to one-half of their present rates, the theatre could save, at a conservative estimate, one-twelfth of its present income of about \$45 million a year, that is, over \$3.5 million.

Rents are high and stop clauses possible because houses are scarce. There are only thirty-three theatres in the Broadway area today; there were exactly twice that number in 1931. And producers off-Broadway—where there are some sixty houses; they come and go from season to season—have been compelled to make do with lofts and other dingy premises that hardly brighten an evening's entertainment.

Many more theatres must be put up in New York; until they are, rents should be controlled. The new houses can be smaller and dispersed throughout the metropolitan area. Later this pattern can be extended to other parts of the country to reinforce the admirable work being done by regional repertory companies.* But the example has to be set in New York where the largest metropolitan theatre-conscious audience lives. The city, state, and federal governments

* The occupancy tax is comparable in its harmful effects to the decision of the N.Y. State Appellate Division earlier this year to penalize such elegant new structures as the Seagram Building by taxing them on the basis of their construction costs, rather than on their rental income, thereby discouraging good architecture.

* For example, there are the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C.; the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco; the Cleveland Play House; the Margo Jones Theatre in Dallas; the Erie Playhouse; the Alley Theatre in Houston; the Goodman Memorial Theatre in Chicago; the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis, and others.

should chip in on the initial capitalization; after all, Broadway and off-Broadway are the heart of the American theatre world, a prime attraction for visitors, a boon to hotels, restaurants, parking lots, and other dependent businesses, and ostensibly one of the excuses for living in New York. Not that this building program belongs in the hands of a governmental agency. It should be run by a committee of live-wire citizens—architects, producers, actors, directors, union officials, and spectators—who might tickle the vanity of investors and large-hearted givers by inscribing their names on the theatres or on seat plaques. Lincoln Center scooped in a lot of money this way.

Other sources of impeccable capital, if the case is put to them persuasively, are the television networks, record companies, and movie distributors and studios—especially CBS, NBC, Westinghouse “Group W,” Capitol Records, RCA Victor, and Revue Productions (formerly the talent agency MCA), all of which have “taken pieces” of musicals and straight plays in recent years. And let us not forget the foundations, those cautious guardians of private hoards.

We need at least another fifty theatres in the city, all of them on long-term mortgages and most of them located in upper Manhattan, the Bronx, Queens, Staten Island, and Brooklyn.

With more theatres, more jobs will be available to the craft unions, who may at last be able to grow, instead of restricting their memberships. The unions are often accused of “inflexibility” and “excessive demands.” Theatregoers who read the news about strikes and the threats of strikes, just after they have bought some tickets, may not realize that when a show folds, the union members—carpenters, musicians, press agents, stagehands, electricians, and others—are struck off the rolls, so long as the producer has posted his closing notice by the Monday of that week. In other words, they are callous because they are at the mercy of the producer’s humor and ulcers.

Similarly, there will be more work for directors and actors, to offset the frightening rate of unemployment in the acting profession. Finding more parts open to them, young actors will keep earning while they are broadening their skills; they can work their way through a series of testing roles, instead of having to shoot for stardom before they are ready for it. Under the present cockeyed system, a middle-rank actor with considerable experience can turn in a succession of splendid performances, but unless one of them is “noticed” and given the ballyhoo treatment he

Meditation in a Booth

by Judson Jerome

ODDS are against us: even if lovers find their opposite number in the possible range and juices fuse inside the wiry mind where signals pulse across the world’s exchange, they soon are disconnected. Though one goes on shouting the empty line, flipping the book, dialing the code again and again, he knows that busy buzz means love is off the hook. Yet I would slip my token in the slot of this machine and finger out my choice and think it lucky if at most I got three minutes in the darkness of your voice, unraveling the automated gods, connecting mind with mind against the odds.

will spend most of his time between parts sitting by his phone or picking up unemployment insurance.

All these reforms will enable the producer to save money. But they cannot conquer his greatest financial uncertainty: the length of each run. Only courage can do that. Lord Keynes said that in the long run we are all dead, but in the theatre the short run is lethal. A producer budgets for his opening and prays for rave reviews. If the reviews are sour the show may blink on and off in a couple of nights. Yet the producer presumably believes in his play and his production; otherwise, why has he lavished so much worry and money on them? It is difficult to understand why he sometimes gets worse stage fright than the actors and refuses to give his costly commodity a fair showing. Last season, a number of friends and I wanted to see Lillian Hellman’s *My Mother, My Father, and Me*; Irwin Shaw’s *Children from Their Games*; and Jack Richardson’s *Lorenzo*, but they vanished too swiftly; the Shaw and Richardson plays were gone after four performances. Earlier this season Robert Thom’s *Bicycle Ride to Nevada* ended after one night. As it happens, I don’t take overnight reviews very seriously. I read them for their news value, such as it is, rather than for the opinions, which usually disagree wildly. But even a person who buys tickets on the strength of the reviews has forgotten what those reviews said three weeks after opening night. By that

time his memory is awash with word-of-mouth reports from his cousin, his fellow commuters, and his office colleagues.*

A producer, then, who intends to keep his play alive for at least three weeks is as smart as the average reader: he is going to forget about the reviews after the first shock of reading them. He will therefore budget initially for three weeks of performance instead of four days. After this grace period he may find that his show is picking up, even if it suffered a critical bombing, as happened last season with *Stop the World*, which many people evidently wanted to get on, and *Oliver!* (it may have been the exclamation point), and years ago with *The Seven-Year Itch*. On the other hand, if his show still looks like a flop after three weeks, public and critical reactions have sadly coincided. He has at least done right by his play. He was only wrong. Next time, if he has any sense, he will look for a better one.

What Makes a Play "Good"?

We now meet another fundamental question: does the average producer recognize a good play when it comes to him? Scanning the listings of the last few seasons, one must conclude either that producers optioned very few good plays or that, if they optioned them, they accidentally left them to gather dust on an office shelf. In this connection, a star author is no more of a guide to the quality of a play than a star performer is to the performance. *Mary, Mary*, described by its author, Jean Kerr, as "a sensitive drama of virtue rewarded," was one of the top money-makers on Broadway last year. But several seasons ago *Goldilocks*, the musical on which she and her husband collaborated, earned a deficit of \$335,000. And during the 1962-63 season alone, turkeys were hatched by such "safe" authors as William Inge, Garson Kanin, Sidney Kingsley, and Tennessee Williams.

Producers often claim that when better plays are written, Broadway will stage them. This contention calls for a personal word or two. Over the past two years I have been reading a fair sampling of unproduced and unpublished drama. Some of the plays were experimental in content and technique; some were conventional; some

fell into no recognizable category. Most of them would probably not interest an audience, any audience. Yet I found that, on the average, one out of fifteen scripts I saw was well-written and deserved to be mounted; to put it another way, this was the sort of play that today's audiences deserve. Further, one out of the fourteen remaining scripts needed relatively little work to lift it into the first division. But all these plays, good and nearly good, had been rejected by producers. Reading at my unhurried rate of about three scripts a week (an hour to an hour-and-a-half for each), a producer's reader who knows his job should be able to find ten first-rate plays a year. Where are these plays? Why doesn't anybody do them? Why do most of the interesting plays that appear on Broadway come from Europe? It is comforting to say, as has often been said, that great plays do not go undiscovered; the word "great" neatly begs the questions. I have grounds for believing that we are missing out on much of the best theatre that America has to offer. The record of American book publishers in printing and promoting the best novels may be a long way from perfection, but when set beside the comparable record of American producers it looks pretty conscientious.

I have deliberately used the vague term "good play" to stand for the sort of drama I think audiences will respect and enjoy. Such a work may eventually take its place, however modest, in the historical repertory of our theatre. To be more explicit about what makes a "good" play good: it is conceived for the stage, not for resale purposes. It is a genuine alternative to a television scenario, not a plotty, two-and-a-half-hour echo. Spectators are mostly people who can take theatre or leave it. No person who is not a devout theatregoer will deliberately pay \$13.80 for tickets, plus a baby-sitter's fees, plus fares to and from Broadway, to be no more richly entertained (by *Take Her, She's Mine*, for example) than if he and his wife had stayed home and watched the TV screen for only the slight cost of sitting through, or switching off, the commercials. He may be hooked once, or even twice, but by the third time his interest in the theatre will have waned.

A good play is also a play that exploits language and its possibilities. In the name of "realism," drama has bogged itself down in drawing-room melodrama and split-level high jinks—those unending skirmishes between hep teen-agers and slow-witted parents. Many Broadway comedies, such as *Enter Laughing*, aim to exploit the idiosyncrasies of a minority group while straining

* Any reader who doubts this is invited to try the three-week test (an unpatented invention) for himself. He simply looks back at a newspaper review he read three weeks earlier and compares what it says with what he thought it said—if he remembers anything about it at all.

never to be offensive about it: they are satire sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste. On television and in films, fine language can stop the story dead, although I, for one, would welcome less bustle in movies if the dialogue were improved. But drama, essentially, is compelling talk; when we say that a play is talky we mean only that the talk is boring. The strongest reason for esteeming the theatre is that, through language, it can explore ideas, open up situations, and define characters with a subtlety and immediacy that even the novel cannot equal. Unlike television and motion pictures, which speak to the spectator's eyes, the theatre speaks to his ears. Unlike radio, it puts him in the very presence of the cast.

Plays that use language boldly do not have to preach. The theatre is not a lecture hall; people don't go there in order to be patronized with a banal message at the end of Act Three. But most of the plays on Broadway these days won't let the audience go until it has been instructed to love its neighbors or revere its mothers; be tolerant to deviants or intolerant to villains; or to realize that every man is an island. Good plays are good literature, and literature is complex: it doesn't lend itself to summing up in dime-store mottoes; nor does it drip with Freudian jargon and half-baked sociology. A writer who wishes to deal with an important topic needs the resources of heart *and* brain to do it justice. Yet the Broadway theatre has not helped a single native playwright whose eloquence matches that of such Europeans as Shaw, Giraudoux, Sartre, Wilde, Genêt, Fry, Beckett, or, among younger authors, John Arden, Günter Grass, Henri Pichette, or Jean Vauthier.

We have produced occasional prodigies of another sort—Eugene O'Neill, Thornton Wilder, Clifford Odets, Arthur Miller—whose language is drawn from vernacular speech. We prize their work for its honesty, for the raw power of the writing, and for the directness of the dramatic confrontations. The fearlessness of O'Neill and Miller, in particular, comes from the Scandinavian traditions of Ibsen and Strindberg. But there are many other traditions in play-making, and anyway these four American authors are exceptions to the Broadway rule. Many of our playwrights today who have something to say and the gift of language to say it vividly—Lionel Abel and Robert Hivnor are examples—must be content with an infrequent, shoddy staging off-Broadway, which gives no indication of their stature. John Gassner, the theatrical critic and head of the playwriting department at Yale, declared earlier this year that much of our theatre

is "commonplace, nervous, and jerry-built. . . . We have gathered together less in the idiom of a good repertory-theatre system than any other country."

Broadway is sensitive to the criticism that it does not do many "serious" plays. One producer's representative explained to me that *A Taste of Honey*, *The Caretaker*, and *Have You Seen the Milky Way?*, among others, lost their backers a lot of money. However, these three works showed up on Broadway probably because they had already been financial and critical hits in Europe, as were this season's *Luther* by John Osborne, *The Rehearsal* by Jean Anouilh, and Friedrich Dürrenmatt's *The Physicists*. A serious *American* theatre has still to be tried, and by "serious" I mean genuinely comic too.

If a good play, like a good man, is hard to find, a good musical is harder. A play is at least written; a musical tends to be assembled. To make a musical and to make it safe, you start with a top star. Therefore, Judy Holliday, whom everybody remembers from *Born Yesterday* and *Bells Are Ringing* and assorted movies. Next, a theme. Something topical, if possible. The Peace Corps? Definitely: the gags come ready-packed. A surefire director? Morton Da Costa, of *The Music Man*. And so the confecting goes on: you choose your people to compose the book, the music, the lyrics; to design and illuminate something that represents West Africa; to orchestrate and arrange the songs; to take on the subsidiary roles; and every last person is a proved professional. Your show, assembled, moves out on its pre-Broadway tour to the accompaniment of press releases, and you begin to feel excited about its possibilities. But something goes wrong. The show has "bugs." You replace your director ten or eleven times and you bring in a succession of play "doctors." Finally, you get it to New York. Its name is *Hot Spot* and that is exactly what you are in, because it turns out to be Broadway's "Edsel" of the season, and loses \$480,000.

Myths to Be Quashed

In an earlier paragraph I talked of the need for some fifty new, smaller theatres in the metropolitan area. This scattering or opening-out of the theatre will not only guarantee longer runs; it will allow Broadway to go directly to its audience: more people in smaller groups. In 1961, when John F. Wharton wrote his statement for the League of New York Theatres, he could assert that "no theatre for professional production ex-

ists in New York that was built after 1927—thirty-four barren years as far as capital facilities are concerned—although architects and designers have been burning with creative ideas.” Since this was written several small theatres have been built by Irving Maidman in the West 42nd Street neighborhood, within walking distance of the Broadway area. These, The Maidman, The Mermaid, and others, are models of the type of theatre I envisage. But they have not, as yet, housed any hits and various people I have questioned blame their location.

Location has given New York producers many a headache. Playhouses that are not part of the West 45th Street and Greenwich Village complexes are thought to have a jinx on them: they cannot pick up the passing trade, those time-killers who stroll beneath a marquee, read the ecstatic quotes, and, on a whim, go in. If this is true, how does it happen that the revival of *The Boys from Syracuse* did well last season in an improbable spot on 55th Street near 10th Avenue, or that *Six Characters in Search of an Author* flourished on West 32nd Street? Perhaps the jinx is imaginary; perhaps we must stop thinking about the theatre as two limited areas. After all, shows do flop with almost-predictable regularity on Broadway and in the Village.*

There is another myth, besides location, that cries out to be quashed: that theatre necessarily means a big night out, with mink stoles, white scarves, taxis, and a meal in some chic Manhattan dining room. For some people, particularly first-nighters, this does represent theatregoing, but they are not numerous enough to support a steady theatre. Producers might now start trying to tap those spectators whose night out need not be big, people who are content to see a local movie. Why labor into town from Scarsdale, Paramus, or Hicksville when, only a short walk or drive from home, there is better entertainment with soft seats, no booking, free parking and probably Colombian coffee splashed in?

The new theatres will have to be well-designed, with large stages, wide seats (no more than 350 in each auditorium), generous sight lines and acoustics, and modern backstage facilities. Each one will be part of the local community, which will be charged with its upkeep. Interchangeable troupes will take their productions from, say, Queens to the Bronx and play there for an agreed run of three or four weeks. This will help to avoid

* The ratio of hits to flops is sometimes thought to be constant, but I have been unable to come to a general conclusion about it. Some seasons it seems to be 1 to 5; others, 1 to 7.

the monotony inherent in local repertory companies. Carrying little in the way of scenery, the troupes can transport themselves with light luggage and hardly more expense than subway fares (or cabs for temperamental players). The Equity Library Theatre, which supports a touring group in New York City, points the way toward such a system of interconnected houses. So do the tours sponsored by the New York State Council on the Arts and the newly-founded National Repertory Theatre. Let me repeat that the network of theatres should not be limited to New York. Ultimately it may resemble the regional theatre in France, which is divided up into five distinct circuits, each traveled regularly by a professional company. A striking model, nearer home, is the small art movie houses, which now dot the entire country and which were scoffed at only a few years ago by the established movie distributors.

To sum up: the major decisions in the theatre are now taken by two handfuls of men and women who have few credentials for launching plays, other than their ability to raise money and, nearly as often, to lose it. Some of the most prominent producers in New York—among them Roger L. Stevens, Joel Schenker, and Robert W. Dowling—were realtors before they became involved in the theatre. In addition, the decisions as to what plays will be produced are affected by the Shubert family, which controls seventeen of Broadway's thirty-three playhouses. Broadway, as a result, is often thought of as an offshoot of the real-estate business. More significant, perhaps: whether New York's producers are gamblers or businessmen, they have brought our theatre close to financial and artistic disaster. Eventually, as they lose their backers' trust, they may be replaced. In the meantime, their treadmill cycle of musicals, spectacles (plays, so to speak, in Technicolor and Todd-AO), and mishmash scraped together out of best-selling novels must be supplemented by the efforts of a new generation of producers who can command support for a variety of fresh plays.

The suggestions put forward here are hardly a finished program; rather, they are an attempt to provoke new thinking. They will not transform the theatre into a rich industry; nor will they look like heaven to the angels. But these speculators are now putting out millions of dollars each year for bad theatre. What if they were to invest a fraction of these amounts on good theatre? They might—who knows?—find themselves making humble profits in place of ambitious losses.

The Slow, Quiet Murder of Tax Reform

by Philip M. Stern

The case of a Beautiful Ideal, abandoned by her parents, surrounded by enemies, neglected by her friends—and finally cut to pieces behind the closed doors of a Congressional Committee room.

On the morning of last June 6, the House Ways and Means Committee, plodding slowly through the Administration tax-reform proposals, came, at last, to the hottest of hot potatoes: the oil-depletion allowance. But even before Treasury Department spokesmen could begin to explain their plan for a mild tightening of the special tax deductions enjoyed by the oil industry, a motion was made to bypass the entire subject without further debate. The motion—made, ironically, by California's Cecil King, usually a loyal Administration supporter with a "pro-labor" voting record—was quickly passed, the *New York Times* reported, "by near-unanimous voice vote." (Days later, after some unfriendly newspaper editorials, the committee did reconsider, and approved a token part of the original depletion proposal.)

Perhaps other Kennedy loophole-closing proposals were less summarily treated by Ways and Means. But whatever amenities were observed, the outcome was, in most cases, as dismal. By August, even before Ways and Means had finished

its work, the tax-reform program was so badly battered that the Administration threw in the sponge, electing to abandon the fight for tax reform in the hope of speedier passage of its tax-cut pep pill for the economy.

Yet as of early November, with Senate hearings proceeding at a desultory pace, it appeared the reforms may have been sacrificed in vain, for the strong possibility loomed that the tax bill would not be passed until early 1964.

To veteran observers of the tax-writing process, the mauling of the Kennedy reform program was no surprise. True, there were in 1963 some special inhibiting factors, prime among them the President's own declaration last February that nothing—including controversial reforms—"should stand in [the] way" of a tax cut ("JFK SCUTTLED OWN TAX BILL" was one headline). Yet most past loophole-closing efforts have met the same fate as the 1963 Kennedy round; in fact, the tax laws today contain far more preferences, exceptions, exclusions, and special advantages than existed five years ago, or ten or twenty—this despite an occasional tax-tightening here or there.

Judging by that evidence, the deck is heavily stacked against tax reform. Turning up a few of the cards in the deck discloses why:

The pro-reform forces: diffuse, inarticulate, politically impotent (who ever heard of an anti-depletion "lobby"?). . . .

The anti-reform forces: highly focused, intensely vocal, politically powerful . . .

The tax-writing power in Congress: tightly held by two carefully chosen committees . . .

The complexity of the tax law: supremely technical, it confounds many lawyers, perplexes most Congressmen, totally baffles the public . . .

The tax experts and lobbyists: often they alone can find their way through the legal and verbal fog, which can shroud their actions from public understanding and scrutiny.

Each of these cards turns up not once but many times as a tax bill works its way through the legislative maze, and each played its part in the dismal defeat of the 1963 Kennedy reforms.

Sixty-seven Witnesses for Oil

Hearings on the 1963 tax bill opened formally on February 6, when Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon took his seat before the twenty-five Ways and Means Committee members arrayed above him on a semicircular dais, and laboriously unfolded the "comprehensive tax-reform" program the President had presaged two years earlier. It was, in scope at least, ambitious. Challenging many of the most powerful business lobbies in Washington, the Administration proposed stiffer taxes on oil, coal, real estate, timber, cattle, insurance, top corporation executives, and the privately owned corporations used as a tax shield by the very wealthy. It also risked the opposition of the labor unions' lobby by seeking to end, for example, the tax-free sick-pay privilege, which benefits working people. And by proposing a curb on tax deductions for such items as home mortgage interest and charitable gifts, the Administration flung a disastrously unpopular challenge not only to middle-income taxpayers, but also to such strong and vocal groups as churches, charities, and the home-building industry, which would be indirectly affected.

Douglas Dillon must have known he faced an uphill fight. He was but the first of 195 witnesses the committee was to hear from in twenty-seven tedious days of hearings, recorded in 4,035 pages of testimony, and after he left the stand few other pro-reform voices were heard. The remainder of the hearings were, as usual, dominated by spokesmen for this industry, that company, this labor union, cautioning against one Administration proposal or another. For example, in the four days set aside for testimony on the oil-depletion recommendations, the committee heard from no less than sixty-seven officials, individuals,

and organizations, including thirteen Governors and ten Congressmen—not one favoring reform.

Washington's downtown office buildings are studded with listening posts for the various industries, ready to alert industry members to any dangers such as an adverse tax proposal. The ninth floor of the Commonwealth Building, for example, is occupied by the American Petroleum Institute, whose president—tall, striking Frank Ikard—can furnish the most authentic advice on how to pass or stymie tax measures: for seven years, as a Texas Congressman, he was a member of the Ways and Means Committee. On the fifth floor of the modern Solar Building are the offices of the National Coal Policy Conference, headed by portly, bespectacled, soft-spoken Joe Moody, a seventeen-year veteran on the Washington scene. (Moody decided early in 1963 that the favorable tax treatment enjoyed by coal-royalty income was in no danger of repeal, as asked by the Administration, and so mounted no extraordinary national effort.) The real-estate industry has its National Association of Real Estate Boards, and the National Association of Life Underwriters was watchful of proposals for stiffer rules on the taxation of group life insurance.

There is, of course, nothing reprehensible in an industry's maintaining a Washington representative or in sixty-seven pro-industry witnesses bombarding the committee. But the general public has no such watchdogs; and tax hearings are so lopsided that, as one close observer put it, Congress has difficulty securing "a balanced view of what is in the general interest, what the public wants, or what the public would want if it were informed of the facts." True, at scattered points in the hearing, the Administration's oil proposal did receive glancing support from Columbia Professor Roy Blough, from the American Veterans Committee, the National Farmers Union, and three unaffiliated witnesses; but as usual the Treasury Department's was the principal voice of tax reform.

Treasury, though, possesses little of the political power that Washington responds to. Unlike the Labor and Agriculture Departments, it lacks the political leverage of a constituency of its own,

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and, because it is chronically opposed to the special tax favors many lawmakers believe should be granted, it comes to be regarded not as representing the collective interests of all taxpayers, but as a stiff-necked, theory-minded bureaucracy insensitive to the real-life problems of flesh-and-blood taxpayers. Still, weak reed or strong, the Treasury is virtually all that the loophole-closers have to lean on.

Capturing the Swing Votes

When the public hearings are finally concluded, the Ways and Means Committee descends from its dais and assembles around a U-shaped table to begin shaping the tax bill it will recommend to the House.

The commodious room in which it labors—by far the largest of the House hearing rooms—at tests the fact that Ways and Means is the House's most powerful legislative committee. Looking down from the pale-green walls are the portraits of former Ways and Means chairmen, three of whom (Polk, Fillmore, and McKinley) later ascended to the White House. But as Chief Executives, their power on tax matters could hardly have been greater than when they were in Congress. One portrait is that of Robert L. ("Muley") Doughton, who once (1949) suffered the indignity of having his committee approve, by a one-vote margin, a bill inimical to his North Carolina tobacco constituency. Shaken but not downed, Mr. Doughton successfully insisted that the President of the United States not only reverse the official Administration position on the measure but also telephone a pro-Administration committee member and request him to change his vote.

Ways and Means maintains a tight rein on all major tax, tariff, or social-security legislation; for its assent is required, by House procedure, for any amendments to such bills to be introduced during floor debate. This tight committee control is crucial, for it permits pressure-group spokesmen to concentrate on a limited target. If they can win the favor of a few "swing" votes on Ways and Means, they can, by and large, ignore the other 400-plus members of the House. In 1963, when the ten Republican committee members were generally arrayed solidly against the Administration, as few as three Democratic defections could defeat any reform. Since any tax-tightening proposal was bound to touch the political nerve end of one Democrat or other, it required no special lobbying effort to put together

a shifting anti-reform coalition to defeat one after another of the Administration's recommendations. After all, how could John Watts, from Kentucky, permit his colleagues to vote for stiffer taxes on cattle and race horses? And how could such Administration loyalists as Al Ullman, from timber-laden Oregon, or Pat Jennings, from a coal-rich Virginia district, support higher taxes on timber or coal?

One of the factors helping to solder the oil-depletion provisions so securely into the tax laws has been the careful selection of Ways and Means members. One recent candidate for committee membership was "approached" (he declines to say by whom) for a commitment in favor of oil depletion and was told that all the other contestants for the seat had declared themselves pro-depletion, just as all prior-year candidates had. "If that's true," he replied, "the oil people certainly don't need *my* vote." He refused to commit himself one way or the other and was denied the Democratic leadership's blessing.

"Ways and Means is the strangest of all the House Committees—and the hardest to understand," comments one reform-minded Democratic Congressman. "Judging by the voting records of its members on the floor of the House, the liberals ought to have darn near a working majority. But their public voting records and their 'operating' records in the committee, behind closed doors, are two different things."

A labor-union lobbyist confirms this. He cites statistics compiled by the AFL-CIO showing that twelve of the fifteen Democrats on the Ways and Means vote "with labor" on major issues more than two-thirds of the time, eight of them more than nine-tenths of the time. Yet, he declaims angrily, few of them, in closed-door committee sessions, will vote to tighten loopholes against the well-to-do, as organized labor would like them to (and as consistency with their usual voting pattern would lead one to expect).

Strangled in the Citadel

While the pressure groups were active and vocal in opposition to the 1963 Kennedy reforms, the general public was utterly silent. If there was any pro-reform sentiment in the land, it was successfully concealed from Congress. Perhaps one reason was the very technicality of the proposed reforms which, in turn, was due to the complexity of the tax laws themselves. Consider this passage, chosen at random from the Internal Revenue Code:

If the allowance of a deficiency dividend deduction results in an overpayment of personal holding company tax for any taxable year, credit or refund with respect to such overpayment shall be made as if on the date of the determination 2 years remained before the expiration of the period of limitation on the filing of claim for refund for the taxable year to which the overpayment relates.

Clearly, the tax code amply deserves its characterization, by tax attorney Louis Eisenstein, as "a remarkable essay in sustained obscurity," having "all the earmarks of a conspiracy in restraint of understanding." This complexity arms the experts and the insiders with unusual powers, and robs even the most vigilant Congressman or newsmen of his normal powers of scrutiny. What casual observer, for instance, would be able to spot a bill innocuously entitled, "A bill to amend Part III of Subchapter O of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954" as being a bill to provide substantial retroactive tax relief to the Hilton Hotel chain (and, potentially, nineteen other unsuccessful defendants in anti-trust proceedings)?

So murky are tax measures that Congressman Patman of Texas has observed that they "are passed with the members not knowing exactly what they mean"—an argument used by some to defend the no-amendment rule governing House debate on a tax bill. Because of this rule, tax bills are quickly passed by the House and sent to the tender mercies of the Senate Finance Committee.

Senate Finance has been variously called "the citadel of conservatism" and the "happy hunting ground" for tax pressure groups. At times, such as the early 1950s, political liberals have had no representation on the committee; at best, they have been an impotent and frustrated minority. This is not entirely accidental: the two current windmill tilters, Senators Albert Gore of Tennessee and Paul Douglas of Illinois, both say they had great difficulty gaining their Finance Committee posts. According to Robert Engler, in *The Politics of Oil*, at one point in 1955 a committee vacancy thought sure to go to Douglas (a leading critic of the depletion allowance) was preempted by Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, who later in the session handed on the seat to former Vice President Alben Barkley, thus again stymieing Douglas. It was only on Barkley's death that Douglas finally won his Finance Committee seat.

Whereas Ways and Means has, of late, been headed by two staunchly reform-minded chairmen (Jere Cooper of Tennessee and Wilbur Mills of Arkansas), Senate Finance has for decades been dominated by a procession of men in whose hearts loophole-closing kindled no great flame: Reed

Smoot (of Smoot-Hawley Tariff fame) of Utah; Pat Harrison of Mississippi; Walter F. George of Georgia; Eugene Millikin of Colorado; and Harry F. Byrd of Virginia.

Like all Congressional committee chairmen, these men have possessed great power. For example, the fact that soft drinks were one of the few items that wholly escaped any excise tax during World War II, was not, according to knowing observers, wholly unrelated to the fact that the giant of the soft-drink industry, Coca-Cola, has its headquarters in Senator George's home state. It is also said that the 3 per cent limitation on medical deductions was waived for those over sixty-five shortly after the elderly Senator George found that he could not deduct his own medical expenses one year, since they came to less than 3 per cent of his income. When this amendment (estimated revenue cost: \$15 million) came up in a closed-door Finance Committee session, one new staff member whispered surprise that the Treasury spokesman present did not speak up against it. "He can't oppose this one," was the reply. "This one is old man George's amendment."

Senate Finance sits as a court of appeals from the actions of the House. In theory, of course, the Treasury has an opportunity to appeal from Ways and Means' rejection of its tax-tightening proposals. But, as in the House hearings, the preponderance of pleas come from private-interest spokesmen, protesting such "reforms" as the House did enact (or seeking added tax concessions), and it is rare that a reform bill emerges from Senate Finance stronger, from Treasury's viewpoint, than when it passed the House.

Once Senate Finance has completed its work and a tax measure is placed before the full Senate for debate, the power of the committee and its chairman are on full display. Understandably, the Senate regards the Finance Committee as its expert in tax matters, and by tradition the committee chairman is the sole arbiter of the acceptability of outsiders' amendments. Consistency is not required in his screening. Senator Byrd, for example, once righteously rebuffed an effort by Vermont's Senator Ralph Flanders to bring tax relief to a particular Vermont citizen, on the ground that "this would establish a very dangerous precedent . . . attempting to pass a general law for one specific purpose"—while, on that same day, Chairman Byrd himself had shepherded through a measure tailor-made to bestow up to \$4 million of tax relief on the estate of Mrs. Gerard Swope, wife of the former president of General Electric.

Frequently, loophole-closing amendments are either voted by the Senate or accepted by the chairman of the Finance Committee, only to perish shortly in the House-Senate conference committee. When, in 1959, a Senate repeal of the so-called dividend tax credit failed to survive the House-Senate conference, Senator Douglas was prompted to liken the fate of such loophole-closing actions "to the fate of the two young princes of England who . . . went into the Tower of London under very good promises but were strangled by Richard III and never emerged from the Tower."

"We Get to Know Who Counts"

Not only do tax bills usually fail to contain the reforms asked by the Treasury; they frequently contain individually tailored provisions which, while mentioning no names, are so deftly drawn that their benefits are confined to a lone taxpayer.¹ In 1951, the Senate Finance Committee tucked into a major tax measure a provision bestowing \$2 million of tax relief on movie magnate Louis B. Mayer. And in 1956, the Senate appended to a House bill a provision reversing two court decisions and sparing an Oklahoma City contractor the unpleasantness of paying hundreds of thousands in back taxes and penalties.

¹Such special provisions are, by and large, the mark left on the tax laws by the Washington tax lobbyist.¹ Typically, he is a lawyer, but he may be less sought after for his legal acumen than for his intimate knowledge of lawmaking and politics and, particularly, for his contacts on the Hill. Thus, he might well be an ex-Senator or Congressman or, perhaps, a former Congressional staff aide. One former Treasury official tells of witnessing the Ways and Means Committee approve a tailor-made relief bill represented by a former Ways and Means staff member, on the ground that "we've got to do something to help out old —."

The Washington lobbyist is likely to be generously rewarded for his efforts—his fee may run into the hundreds of thousands if his assigned mission is special relief legislation—but this is not astonishing in view of the considerable tax savings involved.¹ The \$2-million provision for Louis B. Mayer is by no means unique; one Washington lawyer matter-of-factly mentioned in a sidewalk conversation that his success in changing a single date in one tax measure meant a saving of \$3 million for one client, and the mere insertion of a parenthetical cross-reference in an-

other statute brought comparable savings to another.

Given their special power, the chairmen of Ways and Means and Finance are clearly the most advantageous Hill contacts—both for the lobbyist and his client. No one, perhaps, has equaled the success, in this line, of Ellsworth C. Alvord, Mayer's personal attorney, who was known to be on the most cordial terms with Chairman George of the Finance Committee. Lest anyone doubt the intimacy of this relationship, those attending a Finance hearing frequently saw the impressive figure of Mr. Alvord appear in the private entrance supposedly reserved for Senators, stand poised in the doorway surveying the audience, and then disappear into the private recesses of the Finance Committee chambers.

¹The tax lobbyist is not likely to be found registered as such under the lobbying law—Alvord, for example, did not register as a representative of Mr. Mayer.¹ (Many attorneys take the view that the vaguely worded lobbying statute does not apply to the particular activities in which they happen to engage.)¹

There is little talk in Washington of personal venality among the Senators and Congressmen who sponsor special tax amendments, but campaign contributions are another matter. One high-ranking Senate Finance Committee member—asked by a reporter why he uncharacteristically sponsored several pro-insurance-company amendments—explained, in an unguarded moment, "This is the way we finance our campaigns. Hell, I wish there was a tax bill up every year."

¹The astute lobbyist seeks to minimize the Washington pressure and maximize the "back-home" influences.¹ Says one: "Over the years, we get to know who counts with a Congressman in his district."¹ In 1963, for example, hometown insurance agents were effectively mobilized to protest to Ways and Means members the proposed restrictions on tax-free group life insurance. One committee member got an appeal on this subject from one of his most trusted political supporters at home, and also—on behalf of the oil-depletion allowance—from a friend and business associate who was the local representative of a major oil company. The latter acknowledged frankly that he was only calling at the behest of company headquarters in the state capital.¹

To bolster Congressional support for a bill making an exception for du Pont's court-ordered sale of all its General Motors stock, du Pont and GM each sent letters to their millions of stockholders urging them to write their Congressmen and Senators. The response was impressive.

Ordinarily, mail from constituents has little effect on a legislator's vote. But when it comes in torrents, it can be decisive—as it was in the case of the mail blitz credited with the 1962 defeat of tax withholding on dividends and interest. This blitz had its origins in private dining room Number 4 of the Palmer House in Chicago, on March 20, 1962, according to James McCartney of the *Chicago Daily News*. There, the "legislative subcommittee" of the U. S. Savings and Loan League—the trade association—resolved, after a four-hour debate, to organize a massive letter-writing campaign by the thirty million users of savings-and-loan institutions.

Four days later, a mailing went out to the League's 4,800 member institutions, with sample "Dear Saver" form letters to send to their customers. Treasury officials recall with bitterness what they feel was an erroneous implication in these mailings, that the proposed withholding plan involved a new tax, and not merely a means of collecting a tax that had been due all along. Reports McCartney: "Soon the deluge began to fall on the Capitol, first in letters by the handful, then by the box, then by the cartload, then by the carload. Before it was over [Senator] Paul Douglas had received 75,000 letters. Senator John Sherman Cooper got 60,000. Nobody in the Senate remembers anything quite like it."

At the time of the Palmer House meeting in Chicago, a Savings and Loan League expert estimated "we didn't have the votes in the Senate" to kill the withholding plan. But after the blitz, the vote in Senate Finance was 11 to 5 and in the Senate as a whole 63 to 20 against withholding.

Mail storms such as this operate in only one direction: they sometimes defeat but they never tighten a tax-lightening proposal; on the contrary, reform-minded Congressmen report they get almost no pro-reform mail to spur them on—another of the cards that help to stack the deck.

My Loophole vs. Yours

While the opponents of loophole-closing are single-minded and articulate, the forces of reform are divided and often mute. "You would expect us labor guys to have gone all out to tighten up on expense-account high living," says one top-ranking AFL-CIO official. "But we had Actors Equity and the hotel and restaurant and bartenders' union on our necks telling us that an expense-account crackdown would ruin the theatres and the restaurant and hotel business.

So while we went on record for the tighter rules, we couldn't mount an all-out campaign."

The voice of the Treasury can also be muffled. Congress makes no effort to conceal its distaste for outspoken Treasury reformers. During World War II, Randolph Paul, the dean of tax reform and then a top Treasury official, took to the speech circuit to defend the Roosevelt tax program. This incurred the displeasure of the chairman of Ways and Means and the speech-making came to a prompt halt. And President Kennedy's appointment of Stanley Surrey, Harvard law professor and apostle of tax reform, as top Treasury tax official, "spurred a vigorous effort by oil companies and other groups to block the appointment," the *Wall Street Journal* reported. Surrey was subjected to a merciless grilling by Senate Finance, and only an assurance by the Secretary of the Treasury, Douglas Dillon, that he, not Surrey, would decide tax policy, clinched Surrey's Senate confirmation.

Faced with a continuous uphill struggle, reform-minded legislators are likely to lose their zeal over the years. Minnesota's Senator Eugene McCarthy, who twice led the effort in the Senate to repeal the tax concession for corporate dividends, noted a severe attrition of his allies on the second go-round. His explanation: "A lot of Senators came to me and said, 'I took a lot of heat for my vote the last time—and anyway,' they said, 'it's futile.'"

The quest for tax reform isn't entirely futile. Many efforts to enact new loopholes are rebuffed; and Congress does, from time to time, abolish or restrict tax preferences—as, for example, in the stricter taxation of life-insurance companies in 1959 and of American businesses overseas in 1962. No one, moreover, should underestimate the staggering difficulty of the task confronting Congressional tax-writers, for theirs is the toughest legislative job Congress undertakes.

Nevertheless, over the years, the exceptions and preferences in the tax laws have grown rather than diminished in number—largely, it would appear, because the general public either doesn't understand about tax loopholes, or doesn't care about them, or both.

One member of Ways and Means—the most vocally reform-minded of the twenty-five—thinks it's the latter. "The average American," he says, a bit regretfully, "doesn't mind other people having their own loopholes—he only cares about getting his. So you shouldn't blame Congress or the committees about what the American people don't want. If we don't vote tax reform, it's simply because there's no pressure for it."



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Boola Boola, Babe Ruth, and a Jug of Whiskey Sours

A story by Milton White

I keep, among my Yale memorabilia, the *New York Times* Sunday sports section for November 20, 1932. The paper carries complete coverage of the Yale-Harvard game played the preceding day in one of the worst rainstorms in New Haven's history. Walter Levering ran 45 yards for a touchdown in the first period. Pat Sullivan earned the extra point when he carried the ball across on an ingenious run after finding it impossible to put the slippery ball in position for Curtin to kick from placement. Levering ran 55 yards for another touchdown in the third; and the last touchdown came on a 24-yard fourth-down pass from Lassiter to Marting on the first play of the final period. Yale beat Harvard, 19 to 0, the most decisive victory over the Crimson in thirty years.

I keep the copy of the sports section primarily because of a small news item on Page 4, following the detailed account of the game. The item

reads: "Babe Ruth sat in the downpour with Mrs. Ruth until even his massive physique could not stand it any longer. He left in the fourth quarter totally unnoticed. He was just another bedraggled figure heading for the exits."

I have no quibble with the *New York Times*, but their report is inaccurate, and for a long time I meant to write to the editor. The truth is I noticed Babe Ruth leave the Yale Bowl. I sat next to him throughout most of the game. He invited me to share his gallon jug of whiskey sours.

Marge Fulton missed all of that. Marge was to be my date for the game. Her father arranged it, early in November. I remember that I was walking back to Fayerweather after Freshman English class (*Henry IV, Part I*) when I saw Mr. Fulton, who is from Springfield, my hometown, step out of a taxicab on Elm Street. Mr. Fulton hailed me, hurried toward me, and at

the same time looked back, signaling the driver to wait. I braced myself—I was small, bespectacled, and weighed only eighty-eight pounds. Mr. Fulton, tall, pot-bellied, with an enormous shock of white hair, seized my hand and pumped it.

"What luck!" he shouted at me. "I stopped over on my way back from New York just to see you." He clapped me on the shoulder. "So you're a freshman at Yale!" he cried, sweeping his hand in the direction of the Old Campus. "You look all settled in."

He glanced up at the windows of the dormitories around Berkeley Oval and lowered his voice. "I might as well come to the point," he said. "How would you like to invite Margie to the Yale-Harvard game? Send her a letter. You don't have to say anything about my seeing you. And don't worry about the expense. I'll send you a check in a few days."

"Well," I said, embarrassed. I stared across the street, at Jerry selling his newspapers in front of Yale Station.

Mr. Fulton had five daughters—but I really liked Marge. I had taken her to my senior prom at Central High School.

"I'll write Marge," I said, "but you don't have to send me a check."

Mr. Fulton held up his hand. "I know how things are at home with your Dad. I'll send you fifteen dollars. I just want you and Margie to have a good time. Okay? Fine!" He looked down at me, clapped me on the shoulder, and tugged me along with him to the taxicab.

"You don't have to send me any money!" I cried, as the taxicab pulled away, but Mr. Fulton only winked.

At that time of morning most of Yale was in class. Berkeley Oval was quiet. The bright November sunlight pointed up the soot in the aged red brick of the buildings surrounding the open courtyard—White, Berkeley, Lampson, Haughton, and Fayerweather—all doomed to be torn down at the end of the school year. "*Après nous, le déluge*," we freshmen said.

As I stared at the morning sunlight on the red-brick Round House near the entrance to the Oval and at the six bare trees in the courtyard, it occurred to me that a fellow had only four Yale-Harvard games to attend in his lifetime as

an undergraduate. I probably couldn't afford to go to the games played in Cambridge; that left me only the two games in New Haven.

I pushed open the door to the suite I shared with Mike Sayles. Mike stepped out of his bedroom wearing a shining new raccoon coat that reached almost to his ankles. He also wore a black derby. "Snazzy, eh?" he said, smiling. It was the first time I'd ever seen anyone Mike's age wearing a derby.

"I think I have a date for the Yale-Harvard game," I said to Mike.

"Swell. We'll have a party," Mike said. He'd already invited his girl, Jan Browning, down from Smith for the game.

In a burst of enthusiasm I said, "I'll pay for the gin if you get it." Mike knew a bootlegger on Temple Street.

"We'll split," Mike said.

That night Mike and Art Keyes went to the Paramount to see *Trouble in Paradise* with Miriam Hopkins and Herbert Marshall and Kay Francis. I liked Lubitsch's movies, but I didn't go. Instead I put thirty-five cents in an empty Lucky Strike tobacco tin and stayed in my room and read Plautus. Somehow I had the feeling that Mr. Fulton would forget to send a check. (I never did get one.)

For the next two weeks I saved every cent I could. *Roxanne*, the musical version of *Cyrano*, came to the Shubert, and William Lyon Phelps recommended it, but I didn't go. On Sundays, when Commons was closed, I ate only one meal: at eleven o'clock in the morning I went to the Waldorf Cafeteria on Chapel Street and ordered bacon and eggs and home-fried potatoes, then around six o'clock I ate an apple. That carried me until Monday morning when Commons opened.

I had just one letter from Marge, accepting my invitation to the game. She said she'd arrive in New Haven at 10:40 A.M. on Saturday, the nineteenth. She added that she'd arranged to stay overnight with her aunt, who lived out near the Yale Bowl.

On the Saturday of the Yale-Harvard game, after breakfast at Commons, I trudged through the rain to the La Belle Florists, way down Chapel Street a couple of blocks past Woolworth's. Earlier in the week I'd arranged with the lady florist who worked there to pick up a white chrysanthemum for only thirty-five cents. The rain dripped from my slicker as I waited in the shop for the woman to fasten a blue and white ribbon onto the chrysanthemum. "Beautiful!" she said, holding up the corsage.

Milton White teaches English at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, where he took his A.B. and M.A. degrees. He attended Yale for one year as a member of the Class of 1936. His novel, "*Listen, the Red-eyed Vireo*," came out in 1961.

The chrysanthemum looked small to me, but I didn't say anything.

The rain, when I stepped outside, had turned into a downpour. I debated whether to take a trolley car back to the campus, decided against it, and trotted across town, holding the box with Marge's corsage under my slicker. When I arrived at Fayerweather I found a telegram under the door. Marge had wired that she was fighting the grippe, but she'd try to get to New Haven, anyway. I was to meet the 10:40 train.

"Oh, fine!" I said to the bowl of guppies on the mantel.

The 10:40 was posted ten minutes late. Rain swept across the platform as I waited for Marge's train to arrive. At eleven o'clock I walked back into the station and stood in the wet and restless line at the information desk while the attendant explained to a white-haired lady carrying a Pomeranian that to get to Port Chester the lady would have to take the train coming in on Track 6 and then change to a local at Stamford. The station smelled of wet wool and chewing gum. The attendant told me at last that the train would be thirty-three minutes late.

Track 6, when I returned to it, was packed with Yale men waiting, glaring up at the rain. I had to stand at the edge of the platform, out from under the roof. By the time the Springfield train swung into sight around the bend, my trousers were soaked from the rain, and the cardboard box containing Marge's chrysanthemum had become soggy. The fellows on the platform stepped back as the train steamed past us, then they pushed forward, peering into the coach windows. The platform exploded into frantic waving and shouting, bodies thudding, heads ducking the rain. I saw Mrs. Fulton, Marge's mother, climb out of a coach near the end of the train and look around. She was alone and carried an overnight case. My heart sank as I elbowed my way through the crowd toward her. Mrs. Fulton, a round, ruddy woman in a black coat with a huge fox collar, saw me and raised a pudgy hand. "Margie couldn't come! Grippe!" she cried. "I've come instead."

"Oh," I said. I handed her the chrysanthemum.

"How sweet!" Mrs. Fulton said.

Two nuns under a large black umbrella stopped beside us. One of them leaned forward, tapped me on the shoulder, and told me that she was Sister Theresa. Her companion was Sister of the Nativity. "We have suitcases back in the coach, and it's impossible to find a porter," she said. Rain dribbled from her umbrella onto my head.

"You're dripping rain, Sister Theresa," said Sister of the Nativity. I thought she looked like Lillian Gish wearing steel-rimmed glasses.

Mrs. Fulton nodded at the nuns. "Of course he'll help," she said, pushing me.

Sister of the Nativity led me up the aisle of the coach. "Perhaps Sister Theresa and I should have asked someone else," she said, looking back at me. She pointed to two enormous Gladstone bags on the overhead rack.

"I can manage," I said.

Sister of the Nativity spread a copy of the *Springfield Republican* on the seat. I climbed up, lifted one of the suitcases off the rack, and tumbled into the aisle. My cap fell off. The man in the seat ahead sprang to his feet. With a sigh, he reached up to the rack, lifted off the remaining suitcase, and handed it to me.

Sister of the Nativity cleared the aisle for me. I staggered after her, lugging the two Gladstone bags. Mrs. Fulton and Sister Theresa stood far down on the platform under Sister Theresa's black umbrella, chatting. Mrs. Fulton peeked out from under the umbrella. "Here he comes," she called brightly, nodding in my direction. She stepped aside to allow the Pomeranian, its leash trailing free, to dart past her. The white-haired Port Chester lady hurried along the platform calling, "Fanfan! Fanfan!" The Pomeranian skidded to a halt beside me, looked up, barked twice at me, and sank its teeth into the cuff of my trousers.

"Good heavens!" cried Sister of the Nativity.

"*Naughty!*" the Port Chester lady cried, pulling Fanfan from me. The cuff of my trousers ripped. The lady pressed Fanfan to her breast. "He's *never* done that before!" she said, frowning at me accusingly. Fanfan licked her cheek, then barked at me. Mrs. Fulton and Sister Theresa hurried forward, mumbling sympathy. The Port Chester lady glanced at the blue and white ribbon on Mrs. Fulton's corsage, and turned to me. "Are you Yale?" she cried. "Oh, I *am* sorry."

At the corner of College and Elm, Mrs. Fulton and I got off the trolley car—taxicabs had been unobtainable at the railroad station—and, thoroughly drenched, we ran along Elm Street toward Berkeley Oval. A couple of white petals fluttered from the chrysanthemum on Mrs. Fulton's shoulder. In the entry to Fayerweather I tripped on the torn cuff of my trousers. Art Keyes, a towel over his shoulder, had come into the corridor on his way to the lavatory. I saw him glance at me, then at Mrs. Fulton. I shrugged and closed the door to the suite behind me.

"So this is Yale," Mrs. Fulton said, survey-

ing the study. "Somehow I thought it would be fancier." She stared at the bowl of guppies on the mantel and the Yale 1936 banner on the wall. "You could call it homey," she said. She draped her coat over a chair, slipped out of her shoes, and examined her wet stockings.

"Gin?" I asked, pointing nonchalantly to the two bottles on the table. "There's grapefruit juice to go with it."

"You don't have whiskey?" Mrs. Fulton asked. "Well, gin will do." She competently opened a bottle, poured gin generously into the tumbler I handed her, and added a dash of grapefruit juice. "There," she said, sipping.

The shout "Fiiiyer! Fiiiyer!" resounded at that moment throughout Berkeley Oval. "What in the world!" Mrs. Fulton cried. Glass in hand, she hastened toward the rain-streaked window and looked out at the two fellows and their girl friends dashing past in the rain, on their way to Haughton.

The gin had warmed me. "It's the sex-crazed onga-onga crying for its mate," I explained to Mrs. Fulton. "When any young female passes through Berkeley Oval, all the fellows lean out the dormitory windows and yell 'Fire.' It's a tradition." I threw open the window, stuck my head out into the rain, and yelled "Fiiiyer!"

"The onga-onga?" Mrs. Fulton said, finishing off her gin.

I nodded. Mrs. Fulton frowned, then shrugged, walked back to the table, and refilled her glass. She picked up her overnight case. "My stockings are wet. I'll have to change," she said. She looked down at the torn cuff of my trousers. "I'll sew up that tear for you."

I could hear Mrs. Fulton humming behind the closed door of my bedroom as she sewed the rip in my trousers. Staring out at the rain, I shifted my position on the study window seat so that my bathrobe covered my bare feet—I was drying my shoes and socks on the radiator. For want of anything better to do, I padded across the study and fed the guppies on the mantel.

The cry "Fiiiyer!" echoed once again in the Oval. "To the window, man!" Mrs. Fulton shouted to me, through the closed door of the bedroom.

Dutifully I flung open the window, wrapped my robe tight over my chest, leaned out into the rain, and shouted "Fiiiyer!" at the Yale man and his date who dashed past.

A taxicab pulled up to the curb on Elm Street and I saw my roommate, Mike Sayles, step out and start running toward Fayerweather. As he



leaped up the entry steps, he saw me leaning out the window in my bathrobe. He looked startled.

"My roommate's coming," I shouted to Mrs. Fulton.

Mike burst in and stopped short in the center of the study.

"Hey!" I said to him.

"I'm finished!" Mrs. Fulton called. She opened the bedroom door and stepped into the study, smiling at Mike, holding my trousers out to me.

"This is Marge's mother, for heaven's sake," I said. I added quickly, "A dog bit me at the railroad station. At least he ripped my trousers."

"I see," Mike said. He inspected the two bottles of gin, and tucked the unopened bottle under his arm. "Well!" he said, still smiling.

"For heaven's sake," I said. I stalked into the bedroom to put on my trousers. Mike called to me, urging me to hurry: they were going to have lunch at the Taft—Jan had reserved a table—and after lunch they were all going to listen to the football game on the radio in Bill Callsen's room. Bill was a junior, with a room in Branford. "No one's going out to the Bowl," Mike said.

I opened the bedroom door. "I'm going to the game," I said.

"In this downpour?" Mike asked.

Mrs. Fulton sighed, lifted the depleted bottle of gin, and poured herself a drink. "It's miserable outside," she said.

Mike left a minute later. I watched him climb into the taxicab where Jan Browning waited. Mrs. Fulton stood beside me at the window, sipping her drink. "You're missing a good time with your young friends," she said.

"Fiiiyer! Fiiiyer!" shouted a fellow from a window in Berkeley.

Mrs. Fulton chuckled. Suddenly she turned on her heel, hurried to the door leading out to the corridor, and disappeared. By the time I stepped into the corridor, a commotion had already broken out in the lavatory. Mrs. Fulton, beaming, emerged, clutching two rolls of paper. Art Keyes, dripping from his shower, a towel wrapped around his midriff, peeked out the lavatory, his face incredulous. As Mrs. Fulton hurried past me, she chuckled again. She threw open the window in the study, leaned out, and yelled "Fiiiyer!" at two girls running across the Oval. Then, leaning far forward out the window, she sent a roll of tissue sailing high into the air. The tissue caught in the branch of a tree. The roll unfurled soggy in the rain. Voices across the Oval cheered. Mrs. Fulton shouted "Fiiiyer!" and tossed the second roll of tissue into the tree.

With horror, I heard the increase of intensity in the cries echoing throughout the Oval. A barrage of tissue soared from the windows of Berkeley, White, Fayerweather, and Haughton. Rain plastered the tissue against the bare branches of the trees in the yard. Mrs. Fulton lifted her glass in a gesture that encompassed all of Yale, then flung the glass into the Oval. The fellows leaning out the dormitory windows cheered her. Mrs. Fulton stepped back into the room and smiled at me. "There!" she said.

Five minutes later we stood on Elm Street, dodging the spray of the taxicabs that sped past us, unheeding our signals. Mrs. Fulton held a soaked copy of the Yale *Daily News* over her head. "You're too timid!" she shouted at me, over the downpour. A taxicab turned the corner at College Street. Mrs. Fulton stepped into the road and held up her hand. I caught the surprised look on the driver's face as he slammed on the brakes. Mrs. Fulton opened the door of the taxicab and smiled at the two men in the back seat. "Are you Yale?" she asked. "You won't mind dropping me off at my sister's, will you?" Without waiting for an answer she took her overnight case from me and climbed into the taxicab; then she leaned out and shook my hand. "It's been glorious!" she said. "Now, go and join your friends, have a wonderful time." She slammed shut the door and lowered the window. "Fiiiyer!" she cried, and the taxicab pulled away.

The bells in Harkness Tower tolled the hour. Determinedly, I slogged across the campus to Chapel Street, rain dripping off the brim of my cap, streaking my glasses. In the Waldorf Cafeteria I gulped down a dish of macaroni and

cheese and a glass of milk. I trudged through the rain again to the nearest trolley stop and boarded a trolley car marked Yale Bowl. The car was empty. Rain leaked in through the door. I took a seat far in back and tried to look out at the streets of New Haven (I'm on my way to the Yale-Harvard game, I told myself), but I could hardly see through the rain and steam that covered the windows.

At the end of the trolley line, soaked, I slogged the remaining blocks to the Yale Bowl, hating the smell of wet wool. The Bowl lay surrounded by a sea of mud and water. The people around me, hurrying toward the ramps, wore slickers, rubber boots, sheepskin coats, and ponchos fashioned out of dime-store oilcloth, and they talked about rain, rain, rain.

Ten minutes before game time the Bowl seemed almost deserted. Wide pools of water covered the empty playing field. Most of the spectators had ignored their seat reservations and were huddled together in a section on the 50-yard line. I found myself all alone in the center of a section of seats on the 30-yard line. I could hear the rain beating down on my slicker, an awfully solitary sound. I didn't want to remember my first Yale-Harvard game like that, so I edged my way through the empty rows of benches toward the 50-yard line. I sat by myself a few feet away from most of the crowd.

In the row behind me a man and woman seated on the aisle held a large piece of linoleum over their heads as protection against the rain. The man beckoned. "Come on over," he called to me. "You don't want to sit alone!"

I climbed over the bench and moved across the aisle. The couple smiled up at me from under the linoleum. The man was Babe Ruth. He looked just like all the pictures I'd ever seen of him.

At that moment, heads lowered against the rain, the Yale and Harvard teams slogged onto the playing field. The crowd stomped and cheered. The Yale Band struck up "Boola Boola."

"Sit down. Have a drink." Babe Ruth said to me, over the sound of the cheering. I sat down in a puddle on the bench. Mrs. Ruth shifted the piece of linoleum so that part of it covered me, too. Babe Ruth lifted a gallon jug from under the bench, poured something that looked like a whiskey sour into a paper cup, and handed it to me. "To Eli Yale," he said.

My hand was shaking. "Eli Yale," I said.

Babe Ruth grinned at me and raised his paper cup against the rain, and that is the way the moment has stopped for me, for all time.



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Detroit's Surprising Mayor

by Tom Nicholson

A new variety of Irish politician has charmed his enemies, tamed the local trade unions, changed the spirit of his city . . . and may soon challenge Michigan's political glamour boy, George Romney.

On a steamy Sunday afternoon last summer, some 125,000 citizens, most of them Negroes, paraded peacefully in a Freedom March through the downtown section of Detroit. The only untoward incident—quicker quelled—was caused by a lone supporter of Nasser among the spectators. Around the same time, across the country, police were beating civil-rights demonstrators to jails and in Chicago Mayor Richard Daley was shouted down when addressing an NAACP convention.

The relative tranquillity of the Detroit scene was startling, for the city has a long history of turbulent race relations dating back to the bloody riots that took place there twenty years ago. Significantly, a prominent figure in the orderly June Freedom March was a husky, blue-eyed, thirty-five-year-old Irishman, Jerome Patrick Cavanagh. Unknown to most Detroiters two years ago, he was elected Mayor in 1961 in the most spectacular upset in recent Michigan political history.

His victory was to a large degree the result

of an explosive racial situation which a recent economic upturn has somewhat ameliorated. But to a considerable degree the easing of racial tension must be credited to the bold and realistic steps Cavanagh has taken in the field of civil rights. He has rammed through equally direct—and often unpopular—measures to replenish a bankrupt municipal treasury and, though he is an outspoken “liberal” on virtually all issues, he has also cracked down vigorously on the obstructionist tactics of craft-union leaders.

“You’ve got to have a definite philosophy and work at it,” he told me recently, “even if it means that once in a while you get clobbered.”

So far this has not happened, even though Cavanagh has handled an extraordinary number of political hot potatoes. Instead, during his brief term of office he has become the object of nearly constant worship by the city’s newspapers as well as by civic, business, and labor leaders—most of whom supported his opponent, then-incumbent Louis C. Miriani, in the 1961 race.

Not long ago Cavanagh was guest of honor at a luncheon sponsored by Civic Searchlight, Inc., a respected local “good government” group. “It’s a pleasant experience to be the focus of the Civic Searchlight today,” he amiably told the assembled burghers. “It wasn’t always this way. In November 1961, I was searching eagerly for the light but it was shining on someone else.”

“We all know a lot more about our Mayor now,” said Searchlight’s president by way of apology.

Detroit’s municipal elections are nonpartisan. To win, Cavanagh had to outdistance eight other contenders all running in the August primary without party label. He then went on to trounce Mayor Miriani, an old pro who was supported by every branch of the Detroit Establishment. At the height of the campaign, Henry Ford II, whose home is in Grosse Pointe, took the unusual step of announcing that if he lived in the city he would vote for the distinguished incumbent. Though Cavanagh had been active in the Young Democrats, even the stanchly Democratic AFL-CIO Council endorsed Miriani—unions, like other practical citizens, prefer to back a winner. Senator Pat McNamara, in whose campaigns Cavanagh had worked, also favored Miriani.

Certainly few people—except possibly his wife Mary and the seven little Cavanaghs—thought Jerry had any chance back in the summer of 1961 when he decided to enter the primary. A lawyer with a moderately lucrative practice, he is blessed with the Irish love of politics, an engaging presence on the platform or TV, and a sensitive ear for public opinion. This was, however, his first

try for elective office. The campaign was fun, says one of his aides, on "nickels and dimes." The former were supplied by personal friends, by the Detroit Fire Fighters Association, and by some Negro trade unionists. The prayers—plus plenty of sweat and shoe leather—were offered by the friends of his college days at the University of Detroit, a Jesuit school where he earned both his AB and his law degree.

Cavanagh finds the current adulation slightly embarrassing. "When the papers are too nice to you, people begin to wonder," he told me recently.

Unanimity on any subject is a rare phenomenon in a city noted for its harsh social and economic cleavages and periodically racked by bitter collective-bargaining contests. Often called an overgrown small town, Detroit has shallow cultural roots. Its traditions and aristocracy date only from the birth of the automobile, and the wealthier citizens have never reached a comfortable accommodation with the United Auto Workers. Since the late 1940s, however, the union has become a major political force. Detroit's population has grown from 285,000 in 1900 to nearly 1,700,000. Nearly one third are factory hands, who have little contact with white-collar workers or the other groups identified with management.

Physically, too, this is a divided city. Its 140 flat square miles start on the shores of the bustling Detroit River, clogged with ice in winter and churned during the summer months by hundreds of iron-ore freighters making the rounds between Duluth on Lake Superior and ports on the southern shore of Lake Erie. Sprawling north and west from the river bank, like spokes of a giant half wheel, are five wide avenues—Jefferson, Gratiot, Woodward, Michigan, and Grand River. Most of the city's half-million Negroes make their homes in two huge public housing projects or in a teeming tumble-down area called, ironically, "Paradise Valley." The Negroes, along with other working-class families, including a large sprinkling of Mexicans and white Southerners, live within Grand Boulevard, a half-circle surrounding the city some three miles from downtown. The luckier Negroes are pushing out beyond the Boulevard but have as yet made no inroads into Palmer Woods, Rosedale, and other sections where middle-class whites, in pleasant,

tree-shaded houses, warily watch the dark-skinned out-migration. The really rich don't stay in Detroit but move to such elegant suburbs as Grosse Pointe, Birmingham, and Bloomfield Hills.

Tied to a single industry, Detroit is particularly vulnerable to fluctuations in national prosperity. "When the economy sneezes, Michigan catches pneumonia," goes a local saw; in fact, recent recessions have thrown 18 per cent of the city's labor force out of work. Even apart from major economic swings, Detroit is a moody town. Spirits sag each summer as the auto production curve slopes off. Hopes rise in the fall when the new models are introduced and their very newness seems to promise big sales. If they fail to materialize, Detroit people don't buy homes and refrigerators, they stop going to ball games or concerts. They're saving against the ever-present threat of a layoff at Ford, GM, and Chrysler.

Bridging the River of Hate

Two years ago, a kind of chronic chin-in-the-chest despair had settled over the city. It was compounded of nagging concern about continued unemployment, labor-management bickering, the inability or unwillingness of the legislature in Lansing to take action about the state's acute fiscal problems, and the platitudes of a Mayor who seemed to understand everything about city government except how to make it work.

In late 1960, several white women were brutally murdered in one of the city's Negro ghettos. Mayor Miriani reacted by ordering a crackdown on crime, which was carried out by his Police Commissioner Herbert W. Hart, a dapper millionaire food-distributor. Negroes were indiscriminately picked up on the streets, frisked, searched, and subjected to humiliating questioning. Overzealous policemen booked those deemed to be acting "suspiciously" on flimsy charges and held them overnight at precinct stations.

The Miriani-Hart dragnet captured a number of purse-snatchers, vandals, muggers, and petty thieves; a lethal-looking array of switchblade knives, zip guns, chains, and pipes was collected. But none of the murders was solved. Thousands of innocent Negroes were harassed and the entire Negro community seethed. This was the stage on which Jerry Cavanagh, unknown, untried, and uninhibited, made his political debut.

Campaigning from door to door, in supermarket parking lots, at small meetings in homes, he promised to end police harassment, to attack unemployment and the other social ills that were

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DETROIT'S SURPRISING MAYOR

at the root of the crime problem, to deal justly with all citizens irrespective of color.

His message was heard in Paradise Valley and in the other areas where unemployed Negroes and whites patched the windows of their ramshackle frame homes with cardboard. In one such area on the west side the vote went 86 per cent for Cavanagh. Across town, near the shells of the abandoned Hudson and Packard plants where Miriani in 1957 had polled 88 per cent of the vote, Cavanagh won 77 per cent. He did even better in a bleak two-mile stretch on the city's northern outskirts, known as the "slave market." Here hundreds of Negro men regularly waited on the highway, shivering in the blustery fall mornings, hoping that someone in a passing car or truck would stop and offer a day's odd job.

Immediately after his election, Cavanagh set about making good his campaign promises in a fashion that was both practical and dramatic. As his controller and the city's chief financial officer, he named a highly respected Negro, Alfred M. Pelham, a former member of the Wayne State University political science faculty who had previously been county budget director. Theodore Morgan, a Negro UAW official, was appointed secretary of the Department of Public Works Commission. To head the Mayor's Commission on Children and Youth he chose another Negro, Mrs. Esther LaMarr, a former probation officer of the Juvenile Court. Anticipating by a good twenty months the steps other cities have since taken under pressure of civil-rights demonstrations, he ordered a survey of employment in all city departments and instructed them, wherever feasible, to raise the ratio of Negroes to 30 per cent—to reflect approximately the racial balance of the city population. His first executive order was to make fair employment practices in city hiring. Shortly afterward, he ruled that no city contracts go to firms practicing discrimination.

To deal with the critical issue of "police brutality" he named as Police Commissioner George Edwards, a forty-nine-year-old Michigan Supreme Court Justice who was once an organizer for the UAW. A sensitive man, well known for his liberal political and social views, Edwards was much esteemed by the Negro community. Under his direction random arrests for investigation were ended, and policemen were required to observe Constitutional guarantees against illegal search and seizure. Edwards set it to "build a bridge over the river of hate" in Detroit. For this purpose he took to the streets, and three or four evenings a week he attended meetings in Negro neighborhoods, urging

his listeners to forget their traditional distrust of all cops and to help them catch the muggers, racketeers, and narcotics peddlers who threaten both Negroes and whites.

These efforts bore fruit, even though Paradise Valley is still not a place for carefree strolling late at night. There has been some grumbling among policemen who accuse Edwards of being "soft" on Negro wrongdoers. But the salient fact is that excruciating tensions have been eased and a serious racial crisis has been averted. (Edwards was recently named by President Kennedy as a Judge of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati.)

The Mess in Cobo Hall

Meanwhile, Cavanagh has moved briskly ahead in dealing with some of the other municipal messes he inherited.

One of these dates back to 1960 when the city completed a new \$54-million complex on the Detroit River known as Cobo Hall and Convention Arena. Intended as a magnet for badly needed convention business, it became instead a private preserve to be milked by building-trades union stewards and business agents. Exhibitors, for example, were forced to hire a \$4.50-an-hour electrician to screw in a light bulb or insert a plug. The simplest display had to be assembled by a three-man carpenter crew, some working at overtime rates. Even the UAW, which held a special convention here in 1961, was the victim of a jurisdictional dispute between Teamsters and Carpenters, both claiming the right to set up delegates' chairs. Several conventions canceled their plans; others vowed never to return unless the labor problem was straightened out. Cavanagh's predecessor, Miriani, made a few half-hearted attempts to iron out the difficulties. He was, however, in no position to take a firm stand since many of the recalcitrant union leaders were his cronies and regular Saturday afternoon companions at the Clique Lounge Bar, a midtown saloon favored by contractors, union leaders, and friendly politicians.

Cavanagh came into office with no debts or commitments to organized labor and a determination to clean up the Cobo Hall mess. As his chief troubleshooter on this front he appointed John D. McGillis, a tough, able administrator with considerable experience in city government. Under his direction a Civic Center Commission drew up new work rules requiring that all job assignments be handled through a single labor



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It's the only car in its class that's built on a full-size car chassis. It's the only car in its class that's built on a full-size car chassis.

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contractor, with a city representative present during negotiations. Union officials were to have no direct dealings with any individual exhibitor. Since Cobo Hall is a public facility, Cavanagh announced that city employees would run it if the building-trades unions would not accept the new rules.

When one union leader begged off from a conference with the Mayor, on the grounds that he was not in the city, Cavanagh had him tailed.

"This guy has to be some kind of son of a bitch," Cavanagh said to the president of the Detroit Building Trades Council, a close friend of the former Mayor. "He out and out lied to us. He said he was out of town and we know damn well he wasn't. If you guys don't want to cooperate with us we'll get some people in the hall who will."

Jolted by such tough talk, the building-trades leaders, in due course, bowed to the new rules.

Grand Opera and Bagels

The Mayor has been no milder in deed—though somewhat more urbane in manner—in his treatment of Detroit's genteel suburbanites who have not been happy about the steps taken to restore the city's fiscal integrity. In January 1962 the municipal treasury was bare; a budget deficit of \$19 million was destined to climb to \$34 million by June. Determined to find \$40 million in new money, Cavanagh argued, first, for a state income tax. He hammered on this theme at meetings, press conferences, and on TV, and traveled to Lansing to plead his cause. Though responsible leaders of both parties agreed with him, the rural-dominated legislature said No.

Defeated on this front, Cavanagh persuaded his City Council to enact an unprecedented one-per-cent city income tax—to be levied not merely on Detroiters but on suburbanites who work in the city. The outcry from the split levels was predictable. Suburban Mayors banded together in a Vigilance Tax Committee which collected a war chest from commuters to fight the new tax in the courts. A "tea party" to protest taxation without representation was organized. But in due course the courts upheld the tax; the budget, which expired June 30 of this year, was in balance, and the general fund deficit has been cut in half. Thanks to improved economic conditions, the yield has exceeded expectations and Cavanagh may be in the happy position of cutting taxes when his term ends in 1965.

"This is a hard, punishing job," Cavanagh said

to me recently at the end of a day that had included six or seven hours of conferences with his staff on juvenile delinquency, city planning, street resurfacing, and assorted municipal problems, sandwiched between an unending procession of citizen visitors, ranging from a delegation of schoolchildren to a police sergeant who wanted the Mayor to meet his wife. However, he shows no signs of wear, except for thinning hair and an expanding waistline (the price of too much official dining). His work day normally starts at 8:30 A.M. when a Police Department driver arrives in a city-owned black Imperial Le Baron limousine at the six-bedroom Cavanagh home at 18055 Parkside. Before leaving he helps get four of the seven children ready for school.

"Mary doesn't like all the publicity and pressure surrounding the office," he told me. "But happily, the kids don't feel it. To them, my being Mayor just means a chance to meet Al Kaline (a Detroit Tiger star) or Gordie Howe (of the Detroit Red Wing hockey club). At night, our kids still watch Popeye on television instead of the news."

His office is on the eleventh floor of the marble and glass City-County Building on Detroit's waterfront. When he arrives, Cavanagh generally heads for the basement cafeteria, picks up a cup of coffee and a bagel, and then tries to down them as he chats with the many people who like to say good morning to the Mayor.

He greets most of them by name and asks appropriately about ailing aunts, uncles, or children. There is a disarming genuineness to these classic political gestures, as executed by Cavanagh—that quality which Madison Avenue calls "sincerity" but which reflects, in fact, a real concern for his fellow members of the human race. He has, in addition, what might be called style. He is quite at home, for example, at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera's two-week Detroit season where he does the honors with Mrs. Edsel Ford, grand dame of the auto colony. And he is an equally warm and witty companion at a newspaper reporters' party upstairs in Jacoby's saloon. With his head cocked to one side, he has the knack of making the individual he is talking to feel important and respected.

No politician, of course, is without detractors. Billy Rogell, a cantankerous former Tiger short-stop (Detroit is peculiarly blessed with athletes turned politician) is Cavanagh's most vocal critic on the eight-member Common Council. He customarily refers to His Honor as "our boy Mayor."

Cavanagh's most palpable fault is ducking tough decisions on key personnel. For instance,

the Detroit Street Railways, badly in need of capable executive leadership, had to wait twenty months for the Mayor to name a permanent general manager. The Detroit House of Correction, which handles all of Detroit's minor criminal offenders, was poorly run for many months—primarily because Cavanagh appointees on the institution's governing commission were too busy fighting among themselves to attend to their job.

Though he has been dilatory in some respects, Cavanagh's administration has been marked by notable acts of political courage, including the income tax and the cleanup at Cobo Hall. More recently, he boldly vetoed a tax cut of 22 cents per \$1,000 of assessed valuation, passed by the Common Council. "I thought long and hard about it," he told me, "but I finally decided that if I didn't veto it, we'd be back on the same old road we were on when I took office."

Thanks to near-record car production, unemployment in Detroit has dropped from 118,000 to below 70,000 since Cavanagh took office.

"The economic improvement has been of incalculable aid," he concedes. "But this could have happened to anybody in office. The important thing is that we have taken advantage of it."

Cavanagh has seen to it that Detroit received the full benefit of available federal funds. Currently, the city has on the planning boards or in progress a \$5,500,000 accelerated water and sewer program, partly financed by federal money; a \$200,000 city-federal juvenile-delinquency study; a \$500,000 pilot program, financed by the federal Housing and Home Finance Agency, to provide a shelter for homeless men, and a \$500,000 city-U.S. Labor Department program to train school dropouts for jobs in government and industry.

With programs started under the Miriani administration and carried forward under Cavanagh, downtown Detroit is being revamped. Hundreds of acres on Skid Row, which started at the doorstep of the Sheraton-Cadillac, the city's best hotel, and ran west along Michigan Avenue for ten blocks, have been razed. This area will eventually be an International Village, a cluster of shops, restaurants, and cultural attractions.

Eighteen urban-renewal projects are also in the works, ranging from port development to luxury apartments. In addition, 4,000 acres have been blocked out for neighborhood conservation programs—the government supplies the money for street repairs, parks, and general civic improvements, while the homeowner, with guidance from government experts, rehabilitates his home. Three new privately built skyscrapers downtown

are the recently-completed 32-story Michigan Consolidated Gas Company building, the 26-story Detroit Bank and Trust Company, and the 25-story Pontchartrain Hotel, now under construction.

Plateau of Optimism

As a fresh, attractive, and—so far—successful young politician, Cavanagh is inevitably compared with George Romney, whose election ended fourteen years of Democratic control of the Michigan Governorship last year. A direct contest between the two is probable—perhaps for Governor in 1964. Or, if Senator McNamara decides not to run again in '66, as is rumored, the two might vie for the Senate. A Cavanagh-Romney race would be a lively encounter. Publicly the two men have cooperated amiably, in such matters as trying to persuade the American Olympic Committee to make Detroit rather than Los Angeles the site of the 1968 games. But privately Cavanagh has a deep antipathy for Romney whose self-righteousness, particularly, irks him.

"Romney is so much the creature of an overawed press that it's difficult to divine what lies beneath all those newspaper clippings," Cavanagh said to me not long ago when we were talking about his political future.

In a Romney-Cavanagh race, the "wise men" of the community—the editorial writers, businessmen, and civic leaders—would probably put their money on the former. He has, certainly, the advantages of wealth, prestige, and a massive press buildup. There are several X factors, however. One is Cavanagh's hypersensitive political antennae which enabled him—alone among the city's leaders—to sense the intensity and power of the Negro revolt in 1961. The physical improvements in the city are also among his tangible assets. Hardest to measure, but perhaps most important, is the change in the city's emotional climate during his administration.

I've lived in Detroit since 1951—through the ebullience of high production during the Korean war, the 1955 boom, and the bad years which started in 1957 and lasted through most of 1961. Now, for the first time, we seem not so much to be climbing out of a valley of trouble as to have reached a plateau of confidence and even optimism. A friend of mine who has decided to buy a home here after many postponements put it this way: "This city, with its unemployment and despair, seemed old before its time," he said. "Now, somehow, it seems young again."

The Debate over Velikovsky

An Astronomer's Rejoinder, by Donald H. Menzel

With a Comment by Eric Larrabee

The following criticism of an article published in this magazine in August 1963 comes from the Director of the Harvard College Observatory. Dr. Menzel, who is also Paine Professor of Practical Astronomy and Professor of Astrophysics, has been a member or director of several international solar-eclipse expeditions and is the author of "Our Sun" (1949), "The Radio Noise Spectrum" (1960), and other books.

The recent *Harper's* article, "Scientists in Collision: Was Velikovsky Right?" by Eric Larrabee, sets a new standard for confused and misleading journalism. It is confused because Larrabee is not qualified to write objectively on a subject that is basically scientific. It is misleading in that he presents a completely distorted picture of science and scientists.

As for the first half of the title, scientists are always in collision. That is the way science advances. As for the second half, "Was Velikovsky Right?" the simple answer is "No." As Larrabee himself stated, Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky "is regarded by 99-and-some fraction per cent of those scholars who remember what he wrote, as disproved and discredited." Such rare near-unanimity among scientists should have completely disposed of the question.

It was Larrabee who presented Velikovsky's theories to the world, some thirteen years ago.* Larrabee observes that his article "produced letters . . . of a fury and irrationality which had to be experienced to be believed." From time to time, Larrabee has risen to defend his original

position. But the new article is more than a defense; it is an irrational attack upon science and scientific method. I am replying because only a scientist—suspect though he may be—has the background for the analysis.

As an apostle of the New Science, Larrabee carries on where Velikovsky left off, quoting selectively from various "authorities" to fashion an argument that may well convince the non-scientist that Velikovsky was correct, after all. His article grew out of a letter to the editor of *Science*, by Lloyd Motz and Valentine Bargmann, professors respectively at Columbia and Princeton. This letter indicated that three Velikovsky predictions seemed to have been proved correct. Therefore scientists should objectively re-examine some of his other predictions. Most of my colleagues feel that the *Science* letter was uncalled-for, and I shall presently adduce evidence to show that Velikovsky's predictions had no foundation in fact. Anyway the authors of the letter strongly stated that they did not believe in the correctness of Velikovsky's theories.

Is the Solar System a Giant Atom?

First of all, let me make it clear that my present quarrel is not with Velikovsky but with Larrabee. But Velikovsky still has a large following among the credulous, many of whom point accusingly at the scientists, for their alleged lack of open-mindedness in not recognizing his genius.

To bring the subject into focus, I must briefly restate Velikovsky's basic hypothesis, since Larrabee's summary is altogether inaccurate.

* "The Day the Sun Stood Still," *Harper's* (January 1950).

Some fifty years ago, physicists began to conceive of the atom as a miniature solar system. A heavy nucleus with a positive electric charge, acting as a sort of sun, attracts to it a number of light, negatively charged electrons. These revolve, like planets, around the nucleus. From time to time these electrons may jump from one orbit to another, radiating or absorbing energy in the process. This atomic model became obsolete about 1925 when an improved theory, called Wave or Quantum Mechanics, took its place.

Larrabee does not even mention the basic hypothesis: that the solar system is really a giant atom. As in the atomic model, but on a time scale supposedly consistent with the greater size, Velikovsky postulated that planets sometimes leap from orbit to orbit. Since electric rather than gravitational forces control the atom, Velikovsky further surmised that the sun and planets, from time to time, acquired electric forces intense enough to temporarily dominate the gravitational. Incidentally, the orbit atom model made no such supposition to explain why electrons jump.

Venus, Jupiter, and Catastrophe

Velikovsky's second basic hypothesis relates to the origin and nature of Venus. He speculates that Venus, born about the second millennium B.C. "by expulsion from the planet Jupiter," twice encountered the earth with catastrophic effects. Electromagnetic forces—never exactly specified—were supposedly responsible for Venus's running amuck. Finally, "after repeated encounters with other planets during the first millennium... Venus settled down to its present position."

The catastrophes referred to by Velikovsky include such Biblical events as the parting of the Red Sea, Joshua's making the sun stand still, the Flood, and others taken from folklore or mythology. Then, to fit these ideas into the picture, Velikovsky had to reorder history. This is not a theory at all. At best it is wild speculation. Velikovsky says that Comet Venus would act in this way and the proof—the only proof of his correctness—lies in the historical events themselves. There is not a single equation to show how these electromagnetic fields could influence the motion of one planet and not of the others.

The two scientists whose letter reopened the question pointed out that Velikovsky, in his original book, had suggested a hot surface for the planet Venus. And today measures of radio emission from Venus have led astronomers to estimate the surface temperature at the broiling figure of 800° F. Also, Velikovsky is said to have suggested, in a lecture, that Jupiter might be a source of radio noise. A few years later astronomers detected radio emission from the planet. Finally, in correspondence, Velikovsky suggested

"that the earth's magnetic field might be stronger above the ionosphere and have effects as far as the moon." In 1958 James A. Van Allen discovered the terrestrial radiation belts, consisting of ions and electrons entrapped in the earth's magnetic field. Should astronomers give Velikovsky credit for making correct predictions? Larrabee thinks they should.

Now, apart from the fact that lectures or letters do not constitute valid publication, what about the validity of Velikovsky's three alleged predictions? As to the "high temperature" of Venus, "hot" is only a relative term. For example, liquid air is hot, relative to liquid helium; the sun's surface is cold, relative to the star Sirius, and so on. Hence, to see what Velikovsky implied by "hot" we turn to his own work, *Worlds in Collision*, last chapter. Here he refers to actual astronomical observations of the infrared radiation from Venus, which showed that the dark side of Venus was just as hot as the sunlit side. The measured temperatures were comfortably warm, not 800° F.

Velikovsky tried to interpret this fact by saying that Venus, only a few thousand years old, still retained its natal heat. He even suggested that petroleum might still be burning on the surface of Venus. But—to fulfill another one of his hypotheses—Venus had to be cool enough to support insect life, the scourge of flies with which Venus infected the earth during one of the hypothetical encounters between the two planets. He can't have it both ways!

Now what about the prediction of Jupiter as a source of radio noise? Clearly, Velikovsky's idea of an active Jupiter that had recently expelled Comet Venus suggested the idea to him. Since the idea is wrong, any seeming verification of Velikovsky's prediction is pure chance. It has no more validity than do his thousands of other erroneous suppositions and conclusions. Moreover, Venus is also a strong source of radio energy. Why didn't Velikovsky pick that one, especially since it is the intense radio emission that led to the discovery of a hot surface?

Finally, Velikovsky forecast nothing resembling the Van Allen radiation belt. He implied that the earth's magnetic field would be more intense outside of the ionosphere; actually it is weaker. He said that it would extend as far as the moon; actually the field suddenly breaks off at a distance of several earth diameters. Velikovsky said nothing about the entrapped electrons and ions, which distinguish the Van Allen belts from an ordinary "magnetosphere." And even if Velikovsky had elaborated correctly on both the magnetic and electronic nature of these belts, he still would not deserve special recognition. The great Norwegian scientist, Störmer, had developed a quantitative theory of the magnetosphere and its entrapped radiation early in this century. Van

Allen's role was the very antithesis of Velikovsky's. Van Allen devised ingenious experiments to prove his points and did not have to rely on unsupported and vague ideas about their nature.

I feel that the professors who raised this point originally should have looked further into their claim for recognition of Velikovsky. Larrabee would then have had no excuse for resurrecting the Velikovsky theory and making astonishing accusations against scientists. While one is giving credit, why not mention the early Greeks, whose Jupiter threw thunderbolts and whose Venus was also sometimes rather warm?

The "Winds" of Space

I am one of the scientists who participated in the original review of Velikovsky's work. Larrabee specifically argues against my refutation of Velikovsky's theory—which, incidentally, is the only existing quantitative examination of one of Velikovsky's basic assumptions.

An elementary calculation proved that the sun would have to possess a charge of 10^{19} (one followed by nineteen ciphers) volts if electric forces were to compete with the gravitational. A second elementary calculation showed equally conclusively that the sun could never build up a charge greater than about 2,000 volts, because the atomic particles of opposite sign would then freely escape, limiting any further buildup of charge. Such a low electric potential could not produce observable effects on planetary motions.

Now Larrabee, after sketching my theory, continues: "But then came the artificial satellites, the discovery of the Van Allen belts, and a vastly changed picture of interplanetary space. Far from being the neutral vacuum in which Newtonian gravitation and inertia are the only operative forces, it is in fact an ocean of electrified gas laced with lines of magnetism and blown across by 'winds' of charged particles hurled from the sun. Dr. Menzel's opinion about the sun's electric charge no longer goes unchallenged. In fact one theorist—Professor V. A. Bailey of the University of Sydney, Australia—has been able to relate as many as eighteen astronomical phenomena to a proposed formula for the sun's charge. Ironically enough, after taking account of later data from the magnetometer on Pioneer V, Professor Bailey arrived at exactly the same figure, 10^{19} volts, that Menzel had used to disprove Velikovsky's 'wild hypothesis.'"

Well, I guess that disposes of you, Dr. Menzel! Indeed, it would, if Professor Bailey were right and if Larrabee knew what he was talking about.

But now for the facts. In the first place, astronomers recognized the presence of electrified gas and magnetic fields "hurled from the sun" long before Velikovsky. The Van Allen belts, containing nearly equal numbers of both positive ions

and negative electrons, possess no sensible residual electric charge. Their tenuous gases do not impede the passage of even the smallest artificial satellites. As Mr. Larrabee could easily have ascertained, the belts have no dynamical consequences whatever, of the Velikovsky variety.

As for Professor Bailey, his proposed formula was based—as he clearly states—on a pure assumption that the electric charge on the surface of a star is proportional to its mass. Using Dimensional Analysis, a technique well known to physicists, Bailey arrived at an equation relating the charge to mass, as he originally assumed. It was no accident that his equation, though based on a different hypothesis, was identical with the one I derived. The fact that we both came out with 10^{19} volts was not "ironical." It only proved the correctness of our arithmetic. But it did not prove the correctness of Bailey's original hypothesis.

Bailey became so impressed with the eighteen experimental facts his theory was supposed to explain, that he forgot to make one very significant check. Could the sun actually maintain so enormous an electric field? Had Bailey made such a calculation, he would have arrived at the same figure I gave: not more than 2,000 volts. And this figure would have forced him to reject his initial assumption. In fact, two Yale scientists, L. Oster and K. W. Philip, refuted Bailey by a calculation similar to mine. But Larrabee fails to note this point.

One can disprove Bailey's ideas on experimental as well as on theoretical grounds. He did refer to the magnetometer measures from the satellite Pioneer V—which, incidentally, had no bearing on the 10^{19} volts as Larrabee implied. He talked about the relatively weak magnetic fields that a rotating star could produce. Bailey's more recent estimates of the sun's electric charge (in *Nature*, May 14, 1960) would require average fields of about 4,000 volts per centimeter in the earth's neighborhood. Such fields could not possibly have escaped detection. The potential difference between the sunlit and dark sides of the earth would amount to almost 10^{13} volts and would fluctuate wildly as the earth spins on its axis.

Larrabee, firmly convinced of his own position,

—Editors' Note—

In a forthcoming issue of *Harper's*, Professor V. A. Bailey of Sydney, Australia, whose ideas are discussed by both Dr. Menzel and Mr. Larrabee, will contribute a brief letter of comment. Because of the increasing technicality of the argument, it seems necessary to leave further debate on the Velikovsky theory to the professional journals.

starts flailing the narrow-minded scientists. He adopts Velikovsky's method, selecting observations he does not understand, to support the Velikovsky view. For example, he refers to a study by the eminent French astronomer—Dr. André Danjon, who noted that solar flares had, on two occasions, slightly slowed the earth's rotation, briefly lengthening the day by nearly one one-thousandth of a second. To Larrabee, the mere existence of this phenomenon completely justifies Velikovsky, who had attributed the Biblical story of Joshua and the sun's standing still to an encounter between the earth and Comet Venus. Actually the explanation for Danjon's observation is simple: a minute temporary expansion of the earth, caused by heat from the flare, accounts for the slowing. It has no possible relation to the Biblical account. There is an enormous difference between one one-thousandth of a second a day and making the sun stand completely still.

Conjuring with "Facts"

Again and again, Larrabee invokes the support of this or that scientist whose ideas, most of them undeveloped and certainly not generally proved, appear to fit Velikovsky's catastrophism. When no facts exist, Larrabee conjures them from practically nothing. For example, he declares that the Mariner probe, which passed within 22,000 miles of Venus, disclosed a very hot planet, "enshrouded in hydrocarbon clouds at least fifteen miles thick." I have already disposed of the question of the temperature of Venus. Scientists have long recognized that a thick atmosphere surrounds Venus. But hydrocarbon clouds are another matter! The Venus probe gave no information at all on that point though one NASA scientist, in response to a reporter's question, did speculate that the clouds might be condensed hydrocarbons, a sort of smog in the hot low levels of the Venusian atmosphere. Other astronomers supposed that the clouds consist of water or ice crystals, in the upper, cooler regions. Which speculation, if any, is correct, remains to be seen.

Although Larrabee does not specifically mention the persecution of Galileo, he paints the image of Velikovsky, a truly great man, wrongly judged by contemporary scientists, persecuted by them, but living quietly, secure in the belief of eventual recognition and vindication. The persecutors of Galileo, however, were not his scientific peers, but those who sought scientific revelation by interpreting the scriptures or the writing of philosophers. But Galileo's reasoning was firmly embedded in observations made with his new telescope. He looked before he drew conclusions. He experimented before he theorized. His approach to science was the reverse of that represented by Velikovsky and Larrabee, which has no experiment or observation in it whatsoever.

There is no master scientist who, like Aristotle, Nostradamus, or Velikovsky, has merely to furrow his brow and come up with all the answers. Four centuries of growth since the birth of Galileo have set the pattern. Science is like a little child, advancing one step at a time. A new, brilliantly conceived experiment represents one baby step. Theory pauses to assimilate this advance and suggests still another experiment. Again and again the scientist turns to nature for experimental verification of his ideas. Sometimes nature obliges. Frequently it gives new and completely unexpected answers. But the steps are almost always small. They have never led to radical revision of our overall scientific concept. The new has always embodied the old as part of the broader picture. Even the Einstein Theory, revolutionary as it was, in no sense upset the theory of gravitation. Its claims for validity lie in the minute but verifiable differences between the predictions of the theories of Einstein and Newton.

For every Velikovsky or Larrabee who manages to reach the general public, there are thousands of would-be scientists who send their pitiful papers to universities or scientific journals, pleading for recognition. Few of them write as well as Larrabee or Velikovsky, but their ideas are no more scientific. Do we scientists reject them, along with Velikovsky and Larrabee, simply because they are "overpoweringly unorthodox" or because they are not "members of the club"? No. We reject them because their ideas are vague, speculative, distorted. They ignore the simplest of established scientific principles. The chances are vanishingly small that the unsubstantiated doctrines we reject represent genius in disguise.

Return to the Dark Ages?

Scientists make no claim for absolute infallibility. Nor do they want a scientific equivalent of the Pure Food and Drug Act or controls equivalent to those of medical authorities. Science can thrive only in an atmosphere of free inquiry. But the methods advocated by Velikovsky and Larrabee represent a return to the dark ages. They no more represent science than the practice of voodoo represents medicine.

As much as we scientists may regret having to deal with an occasional Larrabee or Velikovsky, the mere publication of such misleading articles should stand as a warning. Many people are afraid of science and scientists. In this day of atomic power and space exploration, scientists should devote more attention to the popular interpretation of their discoveries for the benefit of mankind. But the readers have a right to expect responsible journalism from their leading magazines.

A Comment on Dr. Menzel's Rejoinder

by Eric Larrabee

Where Dr. Menzel touches on points of fact he is either misleading or misinformed:

(1) The atomic model is not Velikovsky's "basic hypothesis." It is mentioned only once in *Worlds in Collision* (pp. 387-88) and then in a context indicating the author's awareness that it is no longer current and that many dissimilarities exist between the atom and the solar system.

(2) The accepted figure for Venus's cloud-surface temperature (Pettit and Nicholson's) was very low (-25°C) when Velikovsky wrote that at the planet's surface it must be high; all hydrocarbons turned to gases is a fair example of what he meant by "hot." There is no inconsistency here with his tentative suggestion that there might also have been vermin in its "trailing atmosphere." Some features of Venus's emission spectrum have been attributed to the presence of micro-organisms by the Russian astronomer Kozyrev; and the director of NASA's Office of Space Sciences, Dr. Homer E. Newell, made precisely the same suggestion—that in its cooler atmosphere "a low order of life form" could exist—after Mariner II confirmed the high surface temperature.

(3) Concerning radio noises from Jupiter, Dr. Menzel writes: "Since the idea is wrong, any seeming verification . . . is pure chance." Students of scientific method will be interested in this remarkable sentence.

(4) The magnetic field of the earth does not break off suddenly "at a distance of several earth diameters." The satellite Explorer X made measurements to beyond 42 earth radii (*Science*, July 12, 1963) and found a relatively stable geomagnetic field out to 22 radii; the field reappears at greater distances. Störmer's theory "concerned the formation of the aurorae and I do not think that any scientist really anticipated that the earth was permanently inclosed in such a shell of particles" (Sir Bernard Lovell, *Nature*, September 8, 1962). Van Allen did not find what he expected; in his first orbital experiment the particle detectors went silent, so far did the quantity encountered exceed their range and his anticipation.

(5) If it were true, as Dr. Menzel suggests, that astronomers "recognized the presence of electrified gas and magnetic fields 'hurled from the sun' long before Velikovsky," then Dr. Menzel himself was not among them. In 1953 he wrote: "Indeed, the total number of electrons that could escape from the sun would be able to run a one cell flashlight for less than

one minute." His statement that the Van Allen belts contain nearly equal numbers of positive ions and negative electrons is an assumption without experimental basis, as Van Allen admitted to Velikovsky in December 1962. Menzel's calculation concerning the sun's charged state is based on the assumption that it acquired the charge suddenly and that no charged particles leave it, both of which are known to be wrong. His calculation of the electric field and its potential at the distance of the earth from the sun is based on the further wrong assumption that space, with its solar plasma, is a non-conducting vacuum. (Dr. Menzel has revised his second calculation since receiving a criticism of his text directly from Professor Bailey. It is to be hoped that the differences between them will be fully explored, since the basic structure of the universe is a question at issue.) Menzel calculated that if Velikovsky were right the sun would need to hold ten billion billion volts while he himself believed it able to hold no more than 1,800 volts (if positive) or (if negative) a single volt. Bailey deduced from many experimental phenomena (including Pioneer V) that the sun must hold ten billion billion volts. What Menzel offered as disproof Bailey has proven. Dr. Menzel also "fails to note" that Bailey refuted Oster and Philip (*Nature*, January 7, 1961).

(6) It is not true that the motion of satellites is unaffected by electromagnetism. Changes in their orbits due to electromagnetic effects have been reported by L. G. Jacchia, R. E. Briggs, and R. Jastrow. The orbit of every satellite varies unpredictably from week to week, and in practice a new theory must be constructed for each satellite every few weeks. "It has not been possible to join the separate theories together" (C. M. Clemence, *Sky and Telescope*, November 1960). All satellites are "impeded" by a damping action which reduces their spin (Raymond H. Wilson, *Sky and Telescope*, August 1960).

(7) Dr. Menzel's view of Dr. André Danjon's finding is contradicted by Dr. Danjon himself: "It is very likely electromagnetism alone which will furnish the explanation of these variations, because the thermal effects involve only a tiny fraction of the earth's mass" (*Comptes rendus des Sciences de l'Académie des Sciences*, Vol. 250, No. 8, p. 1402, February 22, 1960).

(8) A Venus covered with a "global seltzer ocean" or surrounded by an atmosphere of ice crystals was Dr. Menzel's own theory, and it was demonstrated to be wrong by Opik and Urey even before Mariner II failed to reveal water or carbon dioxide on Venus. A publication prepared for NASA by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory states that the clouds "probably are comprised of condensed hydrocarbons held in oily suspension" (*Mariner: Mission to Venus*, p. 111). "They are composed of condensed hydrocarbons" (*Science News Letter*, March 9, 1963). "There is very little water vapor in the atmosphere—less than a thousandth of that of the earth's atmosphere" (J. N. James, *Scientific American*, July 1963).

Velikovsky offers evidence from numerous other sciences, in particular geology and archaeology. Breaking the barriers between disciplines, he arrives at conclusions which no discipline had reached independently. This is the real nature of his challenge, and it is fundamental.



The Angry Young Women

by Ellen Moers

The radicals and prophets and eccentrics of the century past make the modern woman writer look complacent and pedantic. . . . What has taken her spirit away?

It will be a long time still, I think," said Virginia Woolf only a generation ago, "before a woman can sit down to write a book without finding a phantom to be slain, a rock to be dashed against." The statement dates Mrs. Woolf as the last of an old line of women writers, not the first of a new—for how many women today can even understand her metaphors?

The talented girl of our day meets nothing but encouragement to self-expression. Measured from a young age against her male contemporaries in a coeducational classroom, she is found to learn faster and mature earlier, to spell better and certainly to write more neatly. She goes to college, majors in creative writing, edits the literary

magazine, wins a prize for fiction, takes a flat in the big city, earns her keep by writing editorial or advertising copy, sells her first novel, wins a prize again and perhaps a grant or two, and can look ahead to a comfortable old age teaching creative writing to other young ladies, while parents beam, teachers praise, critics applaud, and husbands pay taxes. In an important sense the girl who wants to write has an easier time than the young man, because no one demands, at any stage of her career, that she earn a great deal of money. The small financial rewards of a literary career will support her if she is single, and provide comfortable extra money if she is not.

Something of the softness, perhaps even a touch of the complacency resulting from this happy state of affairs has certainly found its way into women's books. Far too much fiction by women of the highest talents is about childhood or the child's sensibilities prolonged into an adult world; far too much is short, timid, narrow in scope, elegant and academic; far too much of the best female talent, for that matter, has gone

into the intricate fantasies of "mystery" fiction—the one literary field oddly enough, that women have dominated in our century. If it be argued that a complacent pedagogy has settled thickly over all fiction in the last quarter of a century, then let us remember that women writers once had a very special role as troubleshooters in the literary world. Despite the appearance of "that singular anomaly, the lady novelist" on W. S. Gilbert's list, they may very well be missed.

In her numerous feminist lectures and papers, Virginia Woolf looked back over the history of literary women who had been agitators, radicals, experimenters, social critics and propagandists of the highest order, and ascribed this female ferment to the bitterness and fury with which talented women of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries had reacted to the liabilities and restrictions hedging their careers. Mrs. Woolf wanted to put an end to their exacerbated self-consciousness, and she may have done so, with her final exhortation to writing women: "Do not dream of influencing other people." With that whimper went out the age of literary feminism, which might be said to have begun with Southey's pompous answer to a letter from a literary aspirant named Charlotte Brontë ("Literature," he wrote, "can not be the business of a woman's life"); and ended with the winning of suffrage. "I will fight for the right," says Susan B. Anthony, in Gertrude Stein's half-sad, half-funny play about the suffragists, "for the right to vote for them even though they become like men, become afraid like men, become like men."

Talented women appear content today to write in small letters about the small scene—which is exactly what they have always been told they *should* write. They turn out an abundance of what might be called "village fiction"—after that Victorian classic, Mary Russell Mitford's *Our Village*. Neither vigor nor profundity nor wisdom need be lacking to the form, as Jane Austen proved, but its limitations are formidable. It offers no grand intellectual preoccupations (*women are not at home with big ideas or hard facts*), it does not venture beyond the home or the hometown (*women have a limited range of experience*) or further than childhood and mar-

riage (*women are sensitive souls, attuned to all the little grace notes of civilization*). Such novels are conservative, even nostalgic in tone, though they may be brilliantly satirical in their analysis of the small social scene (*women are observers not doers, and are therefore fitted to observe nuances of social behavior that escape the active man*). They are short—today, in fact, they are short stories (*the domestic interruptions that are a woman's lot prevent her undertaking longer works*)—high in style and low in construction (*women lack the logical, orderly sort of mind that makes good plots*).

Women doubtless do have a special gift for this sort of thing. Some of the finest talents among them have written nothing else. In America, for instance, Sarah Orne Jewett, the New England spinster who recorded the folkways of her native Maine in stories like "Deephaven" and "A White Heron" (and who was ranked by Willa Cather with Hawthorne and Mark Twain), is a distinguished ancestress of the Southern ladies who write exquisite village fiction for *The New Yorker* and the fashion magazines. Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, that charming collection of village sketches, was her most beloved if least characteristic work. George Eliot's early novels fit at least halfway into the village tradition. While Harriet Beecher Stowe's late fiction belongs to the same category, with titles like *Oldtown Folks* and *Oldtown Fireside Stories* and subjects drawn from a New England childhood.

Some Defied the Rules

TO mention George Eliot and Mrs. Stowe, however, is to recall the days when women were giants on the literary scene and took whole worlds, not mere villages, in stride. (Receiving Harriet Beecher Stowe at the White House, Lincoln exclaimed, "Is this the little woman who made this big war?") They belonged to what Virginia Woolf called "the epic age of women's writing," which began in England in 1847, with the publication of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, and persisted in America at least as far as Edith Wharton, who, according to Edmund Wilson, provides "a brilliant example of the writer who relieves an emotional strain by denouncing his generation." These angry young women of the nineteenth century wrote epic novels that were big and passionate, bold in subject, experimental in style, vehicles for spiritual iconoclasm and social rebellion. The books, as well as the women, defied the rules.

Ellen Moers, author of "The Dandy" (1960), is now working on a critical study of Theodore Dreiser, for which she has a Guggenheim Fellowship. She taught briefly at Hunter College and at Columbia (where she got her doctorate) before her book and her second son appeared.

Victorian women were supposed to be gentle, respectable, conventional, timid, reverential, patient and conservative. Therefore, when Currer Bell's *Jane Eyre* came to be known as the work of a woman, her readers expressed a sense of shock. For here was a book that was fierce, unconventional, bold, outspoken on public issues and even radical. Written in a language of passion that gave rise to ugly rumors about Miss Brontë, *Jane Eyre* also cried out defensively in behalf of the underdog, specifically the orphan child and the despised governess. This peculiar blend of attitudes, new to English fiction, was to mark the books written by Charlotte Brontë's descendants: autobiographical anguish reaching out to express powerful, even forbidden emotions, to stir up new ideas, and to champion, with a kinship bred from rebellion, the social outcast. "Her books," said Virginia Woolf, "will be deformed and twisted. She will write in a rage where she should write calmly. . . . She is at war with her lot."

Charlotte Brontë's second novel, *Shirley*, showed even more clearly which way the wind was blowing. Contemporaries found it odd that Miss Brontë should choose to tone down the melodramatic love interest that had made *Jane Eyre* a best-seller, and play up the social criticism that had brought her first book under attack. Why should a woman, a retiring literary spinster from a clerical family, choose to write about unrest among the working classes in the depressed mill towns of industrial England? Yet it was this subject that in the "hungry 'forties" drew the talents of writing women, and radically widened the scope of the novel.

The fact is worth remembering today, when such an influential voice as that of Pamela Hansford Johnson (the English novelist who is the wife of C. P. Snow) insists that women novelists suffer under one "real limitation": "they can rarely have anything like so broad a knowledge as men of the workings of the industrial and technological society" in which they live. Yet it was women who invented the so-called "factory novel" to explore the inhuman working conditions, the wretched domestic life and the resulting class war of industrial England. Minor and now-forgotten writers like Mrs. Tonna and Mrs. Trollope broke ground for important social novels by Charlotte Brontë and Elizabeth Gaskell. An impressive sophistication about industrial processes and economic facts went into these books, which were the province (with the notable exception of Benjamin Disraeli) of long-skirted, deep-bonneted Victorian women.

Restricted in their movements as no woman is today, they "discovered" the industrial scene. Despite all the inhibitions imposed on their speech and thought, Victorian women writers also brought into fiction the forbidden question of religious doubt and the drama of the revolt from orthodoxy. Here again a minor but very interesting figure, the clever and spirited Geraldine Jewsbury, broke ground. Her *Zoe*, a much discussed production of 1845, presented every variety of religious belief, from monastic Catholicism to lapsed Unitarianism, with an airy lack of prejudice astonishing in a Victorian. So liberal was Miss Jewsbury's point of view that when the Bible of Christian socialism, Charles Kingsley's *Alton Locke*, appeared anonymously not long after, rumor at first assigned it to her. New thought in religion became one of the great themes for writing women, though women were conventionally regarded as mainstays of the traditional pieties. George Eliot, whose career began with translations of seminal works of Biblical criticism, was only the most brilliant of the women who were radicals in religious thought. Harriet Martineau became the prophet of out-and-out atheism and Margaret Fuller of transcendentalism; Mrs. Humphry Ward made her brand of humanistic agnosticism so fashionable that it was called Elmsmerism after her *Robert Elsmere* of 1888.

Industrial evil and free thought in religion were taboo enough; sexual misbehavior was unmentionable horror. Yet Mrs. Gaskell, that handsome, well-bred, outwardly conventional wife of a minister and mother of two daughters, wrote *Ruth*, which in 1853 presented with charity, sense, and (until its last pages) a minimum of hysteria the subject of the unwed mother. George Eliot's Hetty Sorrel is another careful study; and if *Ruth* and *Adam Bede* are set beside the contemporary novels of Thackeray and Dickens, it can be seen with what relative fearlessness English women wrote of the "fallen woman." More surprising, one of them contributed to fiction a study of the fallen man. Charlotte Brontë herself was dismayed when her youngest sister, the presumably gentle and timid Anne, chose for the theme of her second novel—and executed it with relentless accuracy—the progressive degradation of the drunkard.

In defiance of the rules of drawing-room snobbery, Victorian women writers made a haven in their novels for the social outcast. Geraldine Jewsbury, again, wrote of dark-skinned, gesticulating foreigners as if they had a right to exist out of farce and melodrama, and presented the

isolation of the Catholic in a Protestant society with more sympathy and understanding than any novelist before Willa Cather. George Eliot wrote feelingly of the Jews and the Zionist dream in *Daniel Deronda*; of the workingman and radical politics in *Felix Holt*. Elizabeth Barrett Browning adopted the Italians and their struggle for freedom. The most famous of all books written in the nineteenth century in behalf of an enslaved minority was the work of a woman, Harriet Beecher Stowe. And there is a kind of historical logic behind the fact that, half a century later, the first fiction in which Negroes were treated unsentimentally, as human beings, was a book called *Three Lives* by a woman remembered for other things, Gertrude Stein.

The Slavery of Being a Girl

Is there something beside coincidence in the impressive record of "firsts"—of groundbreaking, convention-snubbing, respectability-shocking—that runs through the history of writing women in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries? A clue to the answer lies in the case history of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Aside from its considerable value as literature and propaganda, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is extremely interesting as a woman's book: the unusually complex gallery of female types, the presentation of the slavery issue as an appeal to woman's conscience, the critique of women that lies behind Mrs. Stowe's denunciation of social evil. In the history of epic fiction by writing women, the "Iliad of the Blacks," as English reviewers called the novel, is a key chapter.

The subject of slavery, as Mrs. Stowe wrote without exaggeration in her introduction to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was considered by "conservative and sagacious people" to be a subject "dangerous to investigate . . . nobody could begin to read and think upon it without becoming practically insane." If the risks, and they were real, were to be taken, why should it be a woman (wife of a theologian and mother of six children) who took them?

Yet it was certainly a woman who suggested the book in the first place. Mrs. Stowe's sister-in-law urged her to "write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." It was a woman, Frances Trollope (mother of Anthony), who had already shown that an anti-slavery novel could be written. Still another woman, the outspoken Swedish novelist Fredrika Bremer, predicted that the story of the runaway slave would make a great

American novel. It should be attempted, she said, specifically by "noble-minded American women, American mothers who have hearts and genius," who would make America "quake thereby and overthrow slavery!"

And when the book appeared, a young woman in England took *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a standard for seriousness in women's fiction. In an article denouncing the triviality of "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists" George Eliot asked: "Why can we not have pictures of religious life among the industrial classes in England, as interesting as Mrs. Stowe's pictures of religious life among the Negroes?" An odd way to think of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; but a year later George Eliot began herself to set down, in *Adam Bede*, a picture of religious life among the English laboring classes. It was a relatively new subject for fiction, a bold subject; in the sense that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was an epic of *Life Among the Lowly* (Mrs. Stowe's subtitle), it was a woman's subject.

Writing self-consciously as a woman, the Victorian woman of genius thought relatively little of her special feminine sensibility, but a great deal of a social fact: that women were an oppressed minority. "You may try, but you can never imagine," says a gifted woman in one of George Eliot's novels, "what it is to have a man's force of genius in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl." To be a woman of genius, brought up from earliest childhood with the sense of being a freak and a misfit, and with the experience of being inhibited and denied, provided a ready-made insight into something of how it felt to be a Yorkshire millhand, a ranting Methodist—or a Negro slave.

Charlotte Brontë, Elizabeth Gaskell, Geraldine Jewsbury and George Eliot—though they thought often and hard about the "Condition of Women Question"—held themselves aloof from the feminist agitation of the mid-century, in which many of their less talented friends were involved. One of these denounced Charlotte Brontë as a "coward" and "traitor" for her pusillanimity on the woman question in *Shirley*. When asked for her opinion on the subject, Miss Brontë gave fluttery answers studded with the words "caution" and "patience" and "suffering." There are "evils—deep-rooted in the foundations of the social system," she wrote Mrs. Gaskell, "which no effort of ours can touch; of which we cannot complain; of which it is advisable not too often to think."

The greatest of the Victorian women novelists were passionate artists, not political feminists. The best of their heroines—Jane Eyre, Catherine Earnshaw, Maggie Tulliver, Gwendolen Harleth—

were products of a creative mind brooding on deep-rooted evils "of which it is advisable not too often to think." Virginia Woolf deplored the brooding self-consciousness that she found a persistent quality of female fiction: "an acidity which is the result of oppression, a buried suffering smoldering beneath her passion, a rancor which contracts those books, splendid as they are, with a spasm of pain." Yet surely that was the source of the fire and passion that made *Jane Eyre* more than a melodrama and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* more than a tract.

The new subjects women brought to fiction came, most of them, from that mysterious field of knowledge called "Political Economy" which was barred from the Victorian woman's experience, education and even drawing-room conversation. To satisfy their hunger for information, they turned to a source which writing women today perhaps undervalue: the press. It was regrettable, Mrs. Woolf felt, that the best of the Victorian women novelists were limited to no more "experience of life than could enter the house of a respectable clergyman." Yet even such respectable gentlemen of the cloth as the Reverend Mr. Brontë, the Reverend Mr. Gaskell and the Reverend Mr. Beecher took subscriptions to the newspapers and the quarterlies. The more serious periodicals reached provincial homes infrequently and at considerable expense. They were reserved for a first reading by father, brothers, or husband. With what eagerness, what seriousness, therefore, the ladies seized upon these visitors from the larger world! "With a struggle and a fight I can see all Quarterlies 3 months after they are published," wrote Mrs. Gaskell when she was already a world-famous author; "till then they lie on the Portico table for gentlemen to see. I think I will go in for Women's Rights."

In her *Life of Charlotte Brontë* Mrs. Gaskell wrote movingly of the special difficulties in the path of the writing woman. The difficulties persist today for the writer who is also a wife and mother, but the ringing challenge in Elizabeth Gaskell's conclusion died out with the epic age.

"When a man becomes an author," she wrote, "it is probably merely a change of employment to him. He takes a portion of that time which has hitherto been devoted to some other study or pursuit; . . . and another merchant or lawyer, or doctor, steps into his vacant place, and probably does as well as he. But no other can take up the quiet, regular duties of the daughter, the wife, or the mother . . . ; a woman's principal work in life is hardly left to her own choice; nor

can she drop the domestic charges devolving on her as an individual, for the exercise of the most splendid talents that were ever bestowed. And yet she must not shrink from the extra responsibility implied by the very fact of her possessing such talents. She must not hide her gift in a napkin; it was meant for the use and service of others. In an humble and faithful spirit she must labor to do what is not impossible, or God would not have set her to do it."

The ordinary, the trivial, the conventionally female subject was insufficient excuse for disrupting one's family (and even society) to become an authoress. Mrs. Gaskell rose with the dawn to write before the domestic day began, not about tea parties and balls, but about factories, slums, and union meetings. (Yet she was enough of a lady to write in her preface to *Mary Barton*, which was read as an attack on the classic positions of laissez-faire economics, that she knew "nothing of Political Economy or theories of trade.") Harriet Martineau set her pen to writing *Illustrations of Political Economy*, which made her the most effective spokesman for economic reform in early Victorian England—"a little deaf woman up in Norwich!" as Lord Brougham exclaimed.

Facts "Delicately Concealed"

Even the timid sisters among the Victorians felt the craving to learn and publish hidden truths. Defending the coarseness of her theme from her critics, Anne Brontë protested in her preface to *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* against the "delicate concealment of facts" that they fought to overcome. Louisa May Alcott, remembered as the author of family tales for well-bred girls, volunteered for service as a nurse in the Civil War, and made her first reputation with a book called *Hospital Sketches*. Gentle and pious Christina Rossetti volunteered for nursing service in the Crimea, only to be rejected as too young. The classic case is of course Florence Nightingale, who should be remembered not as a saintly nurse whispering feminine consolations to dying soldiers, but as a fanatically hard-working statistician, who made herself an international authority in the field of public health by mastering tabulations and surveys from the sick-bed to which she was confined for years at a time. A woman's hunger for "delicately concealed" facts had something to do with propelling Beatrice Potter (later, with her husband Sidney Webb, a founder of the Labor party) from her



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wealthy home to the London docks, where she went to interview the laboring poor. It also sent women like Jane Addams into settlement work.

The extreme goals and reckless ambitions of Victorian women were set by the equally extreme limitations imposed on them by convention. So deeply rooted were the Victorian rules governing femininity that the girl of genius had to begin her rebellion early against "the slavery of being a girl"—early, or not at all. It is perhaps a coincidence, or it may be significant that the majority of talented girls who grew up to be successful literary rebels lost their mothers, or came under the dominant influence of their fathers, at an early age. The mothers of the Brontës, of Mrs. Gaskell, of Harriet Beecher died when the girls were infants or little children; Geraldine Jewsbury, George Eliot and Beatrice Potter ran their fathers' homes when their mothers died, and before they found their life work; the fathers of Margaret Fuller and Elizabeth Barrett and Virginia Woolf supervised their daughters' excellent education. "From the time she could speak and go alone," Margaret Fuller wrote proudly, her father "addressed her not as a plaything, but as a living mind."

By and large, the women whose writing did least to flout convention—the women who did not espouse radical causes or write "epic" novels—had long-lived mothers and lived long by their side. The village novelists (Jane Austen, Mary Russell Mitford, Louisa May Alcott, Sarah Orne Jewett, Charlotte M. Yonge) are all in this group. "As long as one's mother lives," wrote Miss Jewett, "the sense of being lovingly protected never fails, and one is always a child." While Jane Addams, whose mother died when she was a baby and who worshiped her father, put very simply the place of a father in the life of a motherless girl: "I centered upon him all that careful imitation which a little girl ordinarily gives to her mother's ways and habits."

Respectability, conventionality, decorum and piety were the watchwords of the Victorian mother who tried to do her duty, as the times defined it, by her daughter. For the proper mother a pretty, well-behaved, and well-married daughter was the only proper goal, and it was not easy to be the mother of a girl of genius. But it is hard to sympathize with that respectable lady to whom Edith Wharton submitted her first literary production, at age eleven. It began, "Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Tompkins. "If only I had known you were going to call I should have tidied up the drawing room."

Her mother read no further, but turned back the manuscript with the chilling comment, "Drawing rooms are always tidy."

Father a Bother

Around the time of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee, the domestic rigidity of the age began to weaken. But the spirit of rebellious self-consciousness among writing women persisted, in one last dramatic flare-up, until—if we can date it—the moment when women won their vote. Turn-of-the-century women made extreme gestures, did wild things, as if the new freedom they enjoyed still needed asserting and consolidating—as indeed it did. The type figures among them are the world travelers, whose great journeys seem to express that exhilaration in free movement (like Isadora Duncan's dances) which was felt by women who could still remember when a girl required a chaperon for an excursion to the local library. Katherine Mansfield made the trip from New Zealand to London to study music; Olive Schreiner left South Africa for London to study medicine; H. H. Richardson moved from Australia to Germany to study music, and then to London; Gertrude Stein traveled from California to Harvard, then to Johns Hopkins to work for a medical degree, then to Paris.

Far from paying tribute to a dominant father, the New Woman kicked over the last traces of parental influence with a bravado that would make a family counselor wince. Spiritual, if not actual, orphanhood was a characteristic of the obstreperous young (of both sexes) around the turn of the century. Gertrude Stein's mother died when she was fourteen; then "naturally," as she explained, "our father was more a bother than he had been." When that gentleman died a few years later, "then our life without a father began a very pleasant one." Virginia Woolf's mother died when she was a girl, her father when she was twenty-two. Remembering, she would write years later in her diary, "He would have been 96, 96, yes, today; . . . but mercifully was not. His life would have entirely ended mine. What would have happened? No writing, no books;—inconceivable." "I have no place in the world." Margaret Anderson begins her account of her career as editor of the famous *Little Review*—and the sentence, which sounds to our generation like a dying whine, is actually the preface to a whoop of feminist joy:

I am not a daughter: my father is dead and my mother rejected me long ago. I am not a sister:

my two sisters find me more than a little mad. . . . I am no man's wife, no man's delightful mistress, and I will never, never, never be a mother.

They were silly and certainly extreme, yet some of the fervor with which they spoke prolonged the "epic" age—perhaps to the generation of Mary McCarthy, who has wondered rather wickedly what might have become of her if she had not been left an orphan at the age of seven. "I can see myself married to an Irish lawyer and playing golf and bridge, making occasional retreats and subscribing to a Catholic Book Club. I suspect I would be rather stout."

Artistic iconoclasm, rather than the social and spiritual varieties, claimed the pent-up energies of turn-of-the-century literary women. The last generation of "epic" women were experimentalists, their rebellion directed against artistic norms: Virginia Woolf, who grappled with the form of the novel, Gertrude Stein, who took on the American language. Katherine Anne Porter recalls, with mixed pride and regret for folly, the "peculiar" meaning of the word *new* in her generation, and she remembers that she herself "even wrote a ballet libretto way back in 1920 for a young Mexican painter and scene designer who gave the whole thing to Pavlova, who danced it in many countries but not in New York, because the scenery was done on paper, was inflammable. . . ." Miss Porter's inflammable ballet had more lasting counterparts: *Four Saints in Three Acts*, the still fresh, still beautiful opera by Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson; and *Façaade*, the still intoxicating "melodrama" by Edith Sitwell and William Walton.

Less creative women made a place for themselves in literary history as editors, booksellers, producers and publishers. They were indispensable to the avant-garde. No account of the artistic revolution at the turn of the century is complete without the women who popularized the works of Yeats and Joyce and Pound and Eliot. A joke from *Finnegans Wake* evokes their role: "I'm so keen on that New Free Woman with novel inside," quipped Joyce, drawing on history. In 1911 an ardent feminist named Dora Marsden founded a magazine called the *Freewoman*; by 1913 it was called the *New Freewoman*, Rebecca West had joined the staff, and issues larger than feminism filled its pages. When Ezra Pound took over its literary department he protested against its name, and it was as the *Egoist*, and under the editorship of Harriet Shaw Weaver, that the old *Freewoman* completed publication of Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist*—the "novel inside."

The quiet and demure Miss Weaver, whose wholehearted partisanship of Joyce's shocking books seemed to sit oddly with her strict Quaker upbringing, belonged to the "epic" tradition. So did Harriet Monroe, who founded *Poetry* magazine in 1912. So also did Margaret Anderson, whose high-riding over every wave of the avant-garde (from imagism and anarchism to futurism and dadaism) carried her through the serial publication of *Ulysses*, which appeared for the first time anywhere, over the dead bodies of the U. S. Postal authorities, in her *Little Review*. So did Sylvia Beach, who, from the doorstep of her famous Paris bookstore, Shakespeare and Company, saw *Ulysses* through its first publication in book form. The tradition of rebellious women editors was a glorious one, though it seems to have ended with Marianne Moore, who was the last editor, as Margaret Fuller had been the first, of the two famous "little" magazines called *The Dial*.

Without the Splash

There is no reason to believe that English and American literary women, as a group or as a sex, will ever again make the kind of gesture—and the splash—that they made in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. (In France, where the social victories of feminism have come more slowly, the literary excitement surrounding such writers as Nathalie Sarraute, Marguerite Duras, Marguerite Yourcenar, Françoise Mallet-Joris and Simone de Beauvoir may indicate the rise of a similar, belated ferment in the second sex.) Nor would it be anything but folly to regret the quiet conservatism that, by and large, is the tone of spokesmen for the women of our own time, who have learned to eat of the intellectual cake and have their domestic cooky too.

Perhaps the remaining significance of the "epic age" is not for women at all but for the Negroes, from whom might be expected the same passionate outspokenness, the same quickened social conscience, the same burst of literary eloquence that came from another minority in revolt. Young women who aspire to write, however, might keep in mind a few modest lessons taught by the history of the "epic age": that they are heiresses to a great tradition of radicalism and experimentalism, as well as of village fiction; and that they can—it is not absolutely impossible—hoard enough time and energy from their busy domestic lives to write something more ambitious than short stories.

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by Joseph Kraft

Mr. Ambassador

His unconventional performance is disquieting at times—especially to rival envoys—but this Tory aristocrat may well be the very model of the modern diplomat.

Despite its well-advertised informality, the Kennedy Administration tends to distribute authority along orthodox lines. Any current listing of the most influential men in Washington would be bound to center on the holders of the most ancient and traditional offices—the President and Vice President; the Secretaries of State, Treasury, and Defense; the Attorney General. Strange as it may seem, the men who are supposed to run the government of the United States really do run the government of the United States.

Still, all but the most restricted roster of the powerful in Washington would have to make room for at least one virtually unknown outsider with no formal authority in this country at all. He is Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to the United States, Sir David Ormsby Gore. Moreover, not only is Ormsby Gore an odd man in, but his prominence rests on what generally passes for diplomatic bad form. He is a political ambassador, deeply involved in the domestic affairs of the United States and Britain.

Striking marks of Ormsby Gore's proximity to the center of American power abound. He and Lady Ormsby Gore have probably attended more private White House parties than the rest of the hundred-odd ambassadors in Washington put together. Week after week, he golfs with the President at Hyannis, and sails with him off Palm Beach. He is on first-name terms with most of the Kennedy family, most of the Cabinet, and

most of the White House staff. He can even afford to deprecate the connection. "The social affairs," he says, "are just that—social."

One reason, perhaps, is that Ormsby Gore is almost alone among the White House social set in also having a close working relation with the President. He has been mixed up, at the formative stages, in many of this country's most important diplomatic initiatives. A full day before plans for the Cuban blockade were broached to other ambassadors in Washington, and two days before he broke the news to the world, the President spent three hours talking the matter over with Ormsby Gore. The two men flew together to the Nassau conference, in December of last year, and on the way down put together the proposal that ended the row over the Skybolt missile. Few men in any country had more to do than Sir David with promotion of the test-ban agreement last summer. There are, in fact, some State Department officials who believe that Ormsby Gore has carried the special relationship between the U.S. and Britain beyond the optimum point. "Ormsby Gore," one Assistant Secretary says, "justifies de Gaulle's suspicions of Anglo-Saxon conspiracy."

Ormsby Gore's accomplishments are the more remarkable for being the achievements of an ambassador. Not that the modern envoy is just a messenger boy delivering telegrams between principals. Even the purely representational function goes beyond presenting credentials, driving around in black limousines, and attending fetes *ad nauseam*. It also encompasses a little of what the late William Dodd had in mind when, on becoming Roosevelt's ambassador to Nazi Germany, he declared that



CHRISTA ARMSTRONG

he would be "a living sermon democracy." All ambassadors in Washington are living sermons something or other. And experienced hands, by reading their personalities, can generally deduce the policy their home governments.

The Portuguese, for example, had as ambassador in Washington a former Vice Premier, noted for his harsh and outspoken expression of his views—a sign, it is generally supposed, that Lisbon will not be cajoled or pressured out of its African territories. The Polish ambassador in Washington is a former bank official—an index of Warsaw's desire to foster economic relations independent of political differences. India and Tunisia have underlined the importance they attach to friendship with the United States by sending as ambassadors relatives of Prime Minister Nehru and President Bourguiba. The Italians are represented by a career diplomat noted for correctness—a mark of relative inactivity during a period of great political flux in Rome. Guinea announced the cooling of relations with the Soviet Union by sending to Washington as ambassador a political figure, known for having opposed the honeymoon with the Soviets. Besides being one of the wittiest men in Washington, the French ambassador, Hervé Alphand, is also remarkable for having no special standing either with President de Gaulle or Foreign Minister Couve de Murville; his continued presence in Washington, after six years of duty, is an unmistakable sign that Paris wants to keep its distance.

But if almost all ambassadors tend to personify national policies, very few break through to the truly interesting area of influencing deci-



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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

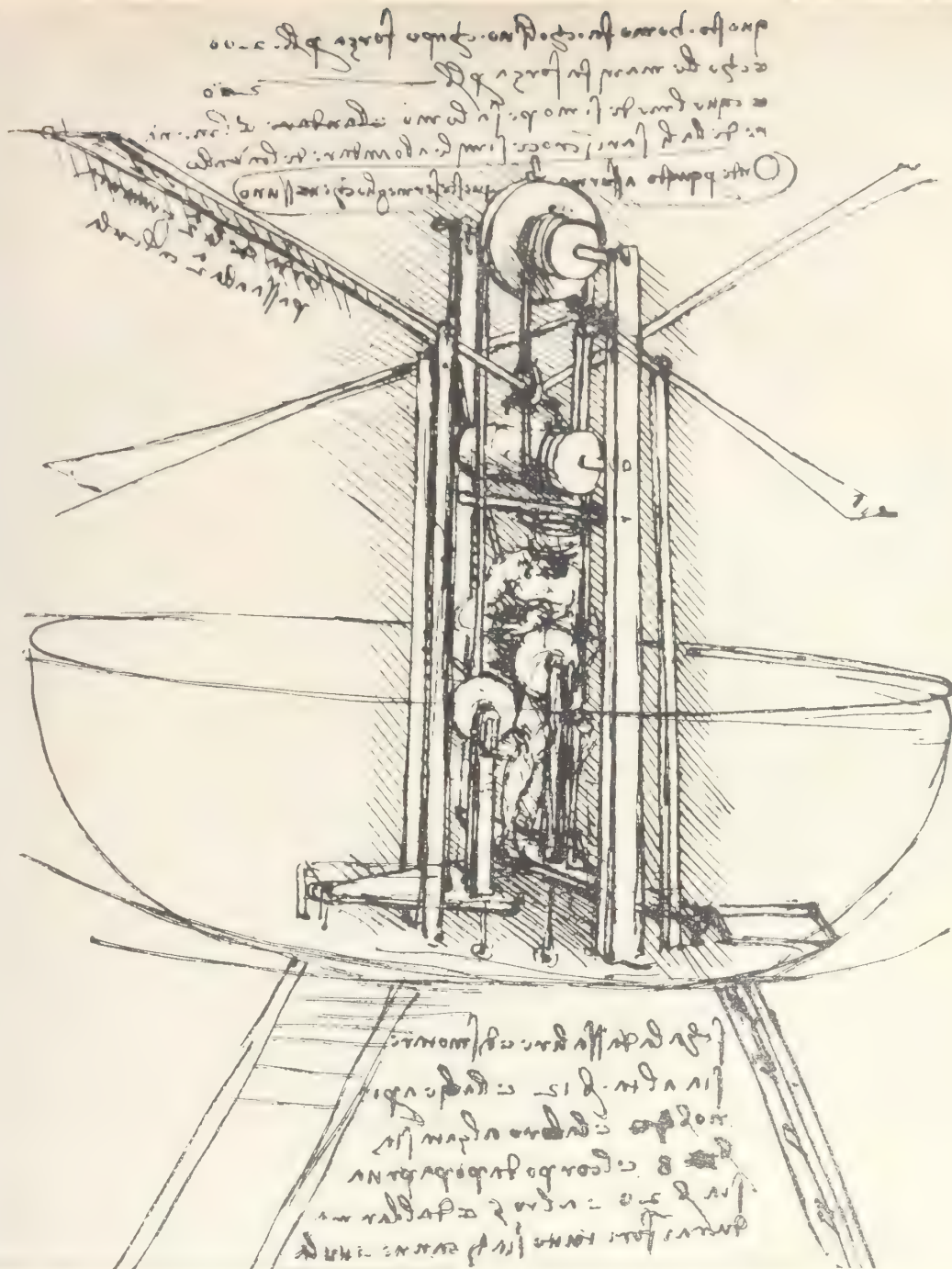
sions in Washington. Many, for one thing, are unfamiliar with the American system of government; only last month the State Department felt obliged to establish—in the Secretary's Seminar—a series of evening lectures for foreign diplomats given by various department heads on the workings of their agencies. Not a few ambassadors in Washington, moreover, lack status with their home governments. It was primarily for that reason that during the Cuba missile crisis, when this country arranged with a dozen African states to deny overflight rights to the Russians, the negotiations were conducted, not in Washington with the foreign envoys, but abroad through the American missions. The case of Madame Nhu's father, former South Vietnamese ambassador, Tran Van Chuong, who resigned at the time of the attacks on the Buddhists, suggests that at least some governments send men to Washington as a mild form of exile.

Lastly, only the merest handful of ambassadors have been able to establish a personal rapport with the President. No doubt the day is done when the typical foreign envoy resembled the Irishman's definition of an Englishman—"stiff as a poker, but without the occasional warmth." Still most of the foreign ambassadors are long on dignity and years, and short on interests they can share with the President. One African envoy stupefied him at their first meeting by reading off a complete list of construction projects his country wanted the United States to underwrite. The representative of an important Asian ally presented his country's case against American support for its neighbor with such overwhelming force that there was nothing the President could decently say in rejoinder. The former West German ambassador, Wilhelm Grewe, so irritated the President by his legalistic formulations of the Berlin problem that he was eventually recalled to Bonn.

In striking contrast, Ormsby Gore possesses a superfluity of the qualities that win high marks on the New Frontier. He is the President's age, and has been a friend for more than twenty years. He has an exceptionally pretty wife and attractive children. He combines a slightly odd look born of a longish head and nose, with

a manner as engaging as Bert Wooster's. He is a manifest swell—the eldest son of the fourth Baron Harlech, connected (through his mother) with the famous Cecil family; his uncle, Lord David Cecil, is the author of the President's favorite book, *Melbourne*. He is at home in the world of books: a recent article he wrote for *The Spectator* cited Dr. Johnson, Mill, and Ivan Karamazov. He was once heard to call across a large table at a formal dinner "What's that you said about Edmund Burke?" He is a jazz fan, who has been collecting Billie Holiday records since he was a schoolboy at Eton; and a racing-car buff, once pronounced by Harold Macmillan to be "the most reckless driver in the Kingdom." His wit is suitably dry. "It is not absolutely necessary that all members of the House of Lords be octogenarians," he says in no answering a question as to whether in keeping with a recent British law he might duck the peerage he will inherit, and keep himself in the running to be Prime Minister.

Most important of all, Ormsby Gore is a distinctly political animal. The son of a minister (of colonies) in the Chamberlain government, he was for a full decade a working member of the House of Commons. Almost alone among the Tory landed aristocracy, he teamed up with the younger men of slightly baser blood who were coming to dominate the Conservative party. Back in 1950, he started a working group called "One Nation," with Reginald Maudling, now Chancellor of the Exchequer; Enoch Powell, former Minister of Health; Edward Heath, now President of the Board of Trade; and Iain Macleod, former coleader of the Conservatives. While his connections were especially close with Harold Macmillan (to whom he is related by marriage), he also had an in with the present Prime Minister, Alexander Douglas-Home (with whom he spent his last summer vacation). As Minister of State for Foreign Affairs after 1957, he made himself expert in an issue which then looked dead but which has since come to have a supreme political importance—disarmament. As ambassador, he has at all times been conscious that if he connects one country to another, he is also a middleman between two political regimes. "Diplo



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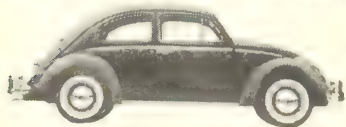
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macy," he says, "is mainly the interplay of the domestic problems of many countries."

Ormsby Gore's sensitivity to domestic problems is evident across the board. London has prolonged the colonial rein on the pro-Communist Jagan regime in British Guiana, at least in part because it has been made aware of how embarrassing it would be to the Kennedy Administration to have another Castro in Latin America. At Nassau, the U.S. agreed to substitute Polaris submarines for the discontinued Skybolt missile, in large measure because the President had been convinced that the standing of the Macmillan Government with the Tory back-benchers depended on maintenance of some delivery system for Britain's independent nuclear deterrent. When the Macmillan cabinet was deeply divided as to whether Britain should join the Multilateral Force project for NATO, the United States did not press London for a decision. The President visited Britain on his European trip last June at least in part because it had been put to him that not to touch base in Britain would, at the time of the Profumo scandal, have looked like an American disavowal of the Conservative Government.

Nothing better illustrates Ormsby Gore's capacity to adjust policy to politics than his role in the test-ban negotiations. Ormsby Gore entered the last phase of the negotiations in March 1963, just after the failure of three-power talks at the UN in New York. Deeply concerned over the collapse of these negotiations, Prime Minister Macmillan wanted a new approach to Moscow at a higher level—possibly at the summit level.

Soundings at the White House convinced Ormsby Gore that the Administration would not go for a summit meeting—at least in part because it might look to all the world like a mere device for bolstering the Tory Government. But he sensed interest in a new approach to Moscow through special emissaries. Ormsby Gore counseled his principal in Downing Street to forget about a summit meeting—advice that was followed, even in press briefings. He then set out to promote the idea of an approach to the Russians through special emissaries.

A first effort in a communication from the President to Premier Khrushchev was unpromising. The Soviet reply, though it did not mention the special emissaries, poured cold water on all other features of the proposal. After another nudge from Ormsby Gore, the President sent Moscow another communication, stressing the one point the Soviet reply had ignored—the special emissaries. On June 6, Khrushchev replied anew, indicating a willingness to receive the special emissaries.

The President at the time was on a speaking tour in Hawaii. But his Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, McGeorge Bundy, notified Ormsby Gore. Together, the two men went over a draft statement announcing the dispatch of special emissaries. It was this statement that the President used four days later when, in his American University speech of June 10, he broke the news of the Harriman mission to Moscow, that eventually reached agreement on the test ban.

So impressed was Prime Minister Macmillan with Ormsby Gore's performance that he wanted to have him on the British delegation that accompanied Harriman to the Moscow talks. Ormsby Gore demurred on the notably political ground that as British ambassador in Washington and a known friend of the President, he might, in the event the Moscow mission failed, be regarded in Britain as an American stooge who had not pressed hard enough to reach an understanding with the Russians. It is still another sign of Ormsby Gore's political sophistication that he proposed the man the Prime Minister eventually chose to head the British delegation—Lord Hailsham, a true-blue Tory, with an attested record of more than one bitterly anti-American remark.

Undoubtedly, there is something faintly disquieting in the mixing of political accommodation with the most portentous matters of international relations. Traditionally, at least, foreign envoys are supposed to maintain strict neutrality as among rival political parties and leaders. In one famous case, back in the first Administration of Grover Cleveland, the head of the British mission to Washington, Sir Lionel Sackville-West, was handed his pass-

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

t because of a confidential letter which he had indicated that the Democratic position on the tariff was slightly more favorable to the British interest than the Republican and. But almost certainly it is the addition—not the current British ambassador—that is out of joint. In any case, Ormsby Gore seems to be a sport rather than a harbinger of the future, less an aberration than the same example of the new model diplomat.

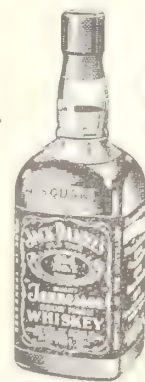
For the tradition of the neutral voyager derives from the era of the old diplomacy, when foreign policy was the concern of only a small circle of professionals. The underlying fact of the new diplomacy is that in a shrunken world, foreign affairs have come to exert a palpable impact on the day-to-day lives of average men. Not only dramatic questions of peace and war, but such familiar matters as the level of taxes, the availability of jobs and markets, the stability of prices, the demands on the educational system are all bound up with international relations. Precisely because concerns so precious to so many men are at stake, control over foreign affairs has increasingly slipped out of the hands of a narrow professional class and into the hands of the responsible heads of state. For is their control simply a matter of setting overall policy for negotiations, as Harold Nicolson used to insist, while leaving execution to the professionals. The character of diplomacy as well as the seat of authority have been changing.

For the heads of state are finding that more and more their domestic political standing turns on foreign accomplishments and setbacks. Far from politics stopping at the water's edge, major political issues tend to find their genesis outside national boundaries. First China, then Korea, and more recently Cuba and South Vietnam have been principal political debating points in this country—as Algeria was in France, and Common Market membership has been in Britain, and relations with Russia in the Federal Republic of Germany, not to mention relations with China in the Soviet Union. Diplomacy, in other words, has been politicalized. The true art is not so much to transform relations between states, as to make politically possible what the changing relations require.



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Seasonable Truths

by Benjamin DeMott



For Christmas, promise people anything but give them a gift of order, a way to make sense of the times.

At first glance the likelihood seems slim that Dwight D. Eisenhower's *Mandate for Change, 1953-1956* (Doubleday, \$6.95) would qualify as such a gift. The 'fifties need explaining, to be sure, and so too—despite tons of Freudian punditry—does the problem of the electorate's passionate attachment to Ike. But to expect the General to brood about the latter problem would be as foolish as to expect him to lose a lot of sleep about clichés. And the truth is that there is little brooding of any sort in *Mandate for Change*. The author sets himself the task of telling exactly what happened, no fanciness, from the time people began hounding him to announce for the nomination to the day he decided to run for a second term. And while he pauses on occasion to quote one or another of his old speeches in favor of moderation, he does so with an abstracted air, like a man waiting for a streetlight to change, and hurries on with his straightforward tale the moment an opening appears.

That it is a straightforward tale, a chronicle not a diagnosis, doesn't mean, however, that the book lacks weight or usefulness. For all its absorption with day-to-day fact, *Mandate for Change* is a work of self-revelation, a guide to unities of feeling and assumption that constitute the breathing center of a man. Everywhere the reader is face to face with a matchless virtue—*pragmatic* humility—and with a regrettable defect—beamishness about People Pulling Together. ("May cooperation be permitted," in the words of the First Inaugural Prayer.) More important, he is made to understand that virtues and defects alike, in this writer, are traceable to a single source: the powerful inward conviction that Life is larger than

events and Events are larger than men.

The latter conviction has never, of course, been universally shared. Again and again in this book the General is seen struggling against its opposite, fighting the idea that the scale of fundamental things hangs in a delicate balance that one man, mood, or decision can easily shift. But to speak of a struggle isn't to imply that *Mandate for Change* is a uniformly sober work. It tells some small jokes—many of them about people who waste time interpreting moods. Materials for subtler comedy appear when the General details his effort to persuade officials not to agonize, in personal or any other terms, about the future. (One delicious scene records an unsuccessful attempt to allay the fear of the Secretary of Labor, union leader Martin Durkin, that he would be out of a job for good once the Administration's term of office was up.) And there are several moments of pleasurable release—when the author meets a large-souled official who shares his distaste for melodramatics and crisis-mongering, or, better still, when he remembers having watched one of these men put an end to nattering about an "emergency" with the flat statement that there's nothing whatever to worry about, let's everybody go to bed.

Obviously the steady-on, all-good-men-together view of life has limitations, and none of them are invisible in *Mandate for Change*. A leader with a stronger feeling for group commitments than for personal ones is likely to contradict himself when he writes a book—and there are contradictions here. (In Chapter I, for example, the General casts scorn on the idea of labeling political convictions—"let the pundits hang the labels where they may"; in Chapter IX he praises groups of his younger supporters for having had "the cour-

age to label their convictions at an early age.") A leader impatient with "needless" disputes between classes or between interests will often take refuge in a *kitsch* cynicism designed to level everybody—and the General does indulge in some unconvincing misanthropy. ("Of course, all of us are selfish," he tells his diary; let us be intelligently selfish.) A leader disinclined to sanctify his opinions can be pliant to his advisers without losing self-respect, but he can also be too stubborn in defending his pliancy. (There is no criticism in this book of the advisers who, in deference to McCarthy, urged the deletion of a few sentences celebrating General Marshall from an otherwise altogether "safe" speech.) A leader determined to establish that nothing genuinely new occurs—or should occur—can be counted on to sound sniffish when he takes in the innovations of a successor. ("We never felt," the General declares, "[that] we had any right to make major changes in [the White House] or in its principal furnishings.") And there are many unintentional reminders in the text that no one in office who habitually discounts his own significance is well-placed to contend against apathy or feelings of powerlessness in the public at large.

But a point of view can be imperfect for a Chief Executive without being valueless for ordinary men. If, at its worst, the Eisenhower "philosophy" amounts merely to militarist geniality, at its best it is a scrupulously unselfish and proportioned sense of experience—in touch with the nonpartisanship of natural and domestic things, rooted in awareness of the capacity of life itself to strike balances, cancel crises, and press for the satisfaction of its own needs. The thirty-fourth President brought to birth (unwittingly) many brilliant mockers in his time; *Mandate for Change*, an easy target for wits, will probably spawn a few more. But

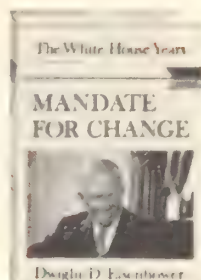
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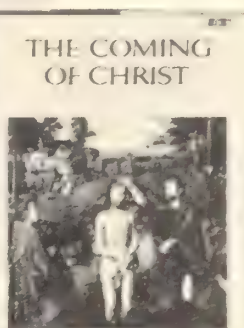
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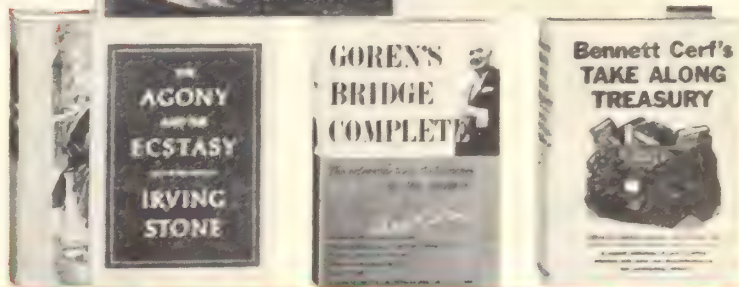


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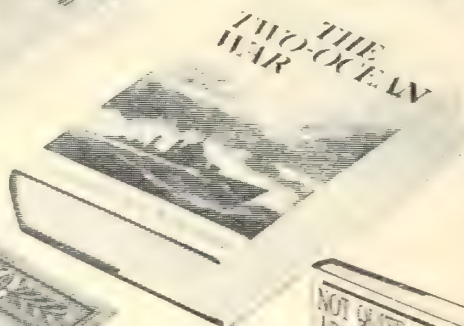
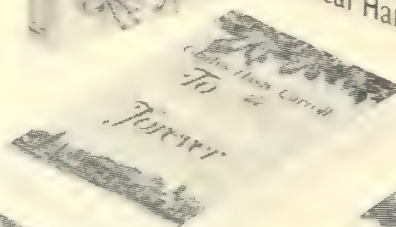
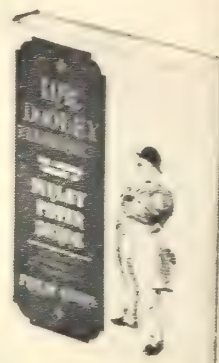
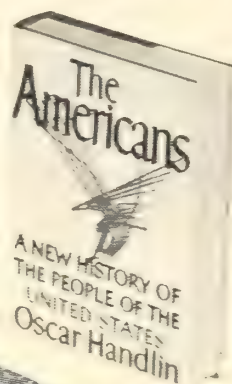
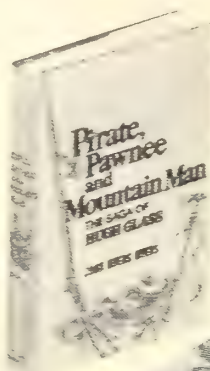
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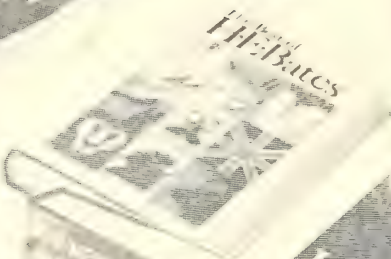
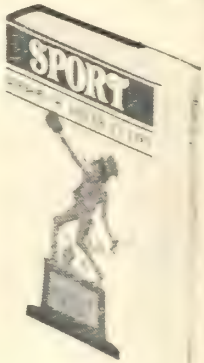
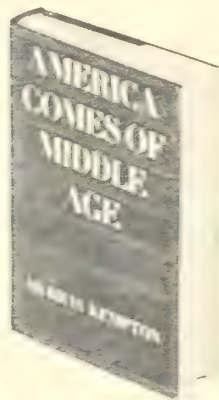
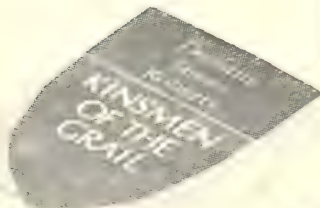
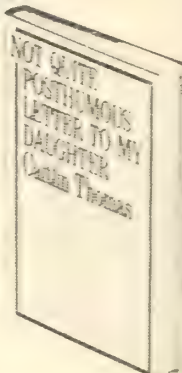


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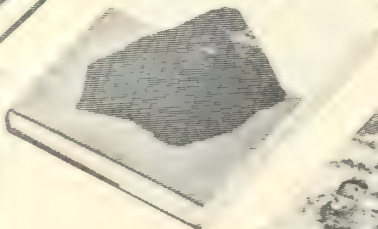
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people who take the trouble to read the book are likely to rise asking themselves whether many of its mockers really do know as much that is worth knowing as the incontestably admirable man who wrote it.

Conscientious Objectors?

Accepting the universe, with or without green stamps, is one way out of confusion; an equally effective, and more provocative, way out is to decide what nobody ought to accept. Decisions on the point vary a good deal. Edmund Wilson, in a new tract called **The Cold War and the Income Tax** (Farrar, Straus, \$2.95), argues that it is time people rejected the space program, the arms race, fallout shelters, research in germ warfare, and other bureaucracy-builders ruinous to "the tradition of American individualism." Norman Mailer, in a collection of occasional writings called **The Presidential Papers** (Putnam, \$5), argues against the American "descent into totalitarianism," and claims it could be halted if the President would stop trimming and sponsor a return of "adventure," "violence," and of "nightmare" to the national life. That both men speak as extremists hardly invalidates their views. And while Wilson's opinion about herd-mindedness is sounder than Mailer's cry that bureaucrats "will extinguish the animal in us," it isn't in every quarter more fashionable.

From none of this does it follow, though, that readers hunting a way toward comprehension of events will accept either writer's directions. For, as it happens, both men give the audience reason to question their instinct for fact. Wilson, the most widely respected literary critic in America, was aroused to compose this essay for the times by his experience with the Internal Revenue Service, which showed him the knife after learning from him that "between the years 1946 and 1955 I did not file any income-tax returns." The book's protest against the fantastic ferocity of tax discrimination against literary and other artists is, regardless of the writer's personal and not insignificant mistakes, well-conceived and compelling—but it should not have been coupled with a survey of the state of the whole nation. For

while Wilson's anger at this discrimination is understandable, he plainly did fall into his situation with IRS because of obliviousness to the present-day world, and the latter weakens his credibility as a social critic.

Mailer, for his part, knows the law, and even when his journalism is hopelessly wrongheaded, it has splendid energy and thrust. (It is often wrongheaded: this writer's diligent study of the character of Presidential candidates Nixon and Kennedy led him to the conclusion, just lately retracted, that both men were hipsters.) But many of the pieces in the present uneven collection appear to have been written out of personal grievance against President Kennedy and the First Lady—figures, the book says, who have shown the author no gratitude though they owe him a piece of their eminence. This critical perspective—that of a man miffed at not having been asked around for a meal—is not more eccentric than Edmund Wilson's, but inspires considerably more distrust.

Mapping the City

As goes without saying, writers who worry about getting the facts straight usually choose subjects other than Life or the Modern World. Nathan Glazer and Daniel Moynihan, authors of **Beyond the Melting Pot** (MIT Press and Harvard University Press, \$5.95), are writers of this kind, hence embarrassed by the size of their subject—the cultural situation of Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Jews, Italians, and Irish in Greater New York. The shrewdly argued thesis of the book is that ethnic groups, even after their distinctive language, customs, and culture are lost, "are continually recreated by new experiences in America." The groups mentioned are studied in a series of essays each of which is a model of the functionalist style of thought—sure in its grasp of relations between economic and social fact, cogent, complex, and brightly written.

A less demanding, but still worthy, attempt to make order out of metropolitan chaos is **New York Landmarks**, edited by Alan Burnham (Wesleyan University Press, \$12.50). The thesis of this work is that maundering about villains who are tearing down the city ought to be

replaced by clarity about which houses, churches, and clubs should be preserved. Toward this end the editor reprints the Municipal Art Society's index of "architectural notable structures," illustrating with three hundred pages of strikingly mounted photographs of 14 more interesting buildings on the list. (A gift book that is meant to be used.) *Landmarks* also includes handy maps, historical notes, critical comment, elementary descriptions of architectural styles—twelve kinds of Eclecticism in the lot—and a first-rate bibliography.) The theory that a man who understands and appreciates New York can understand anything cut no ice out of town, but neither *Landmarks* nor *Beyond the Melting Pot* is a work of purely local substance of interest, and visitors as well as local could study both books with profit.

Looking, Laughing, Listening

Rarer, and sometimes even more helpful, than the man who recognizes a fact when he finds one is the man who can tell whether the facts he finds are funny or sad. A. J. Liebling, reading the papers or watching a fight or hanging about a Governor's mansion is such a man. And **The Most of Liebling**, a "retrospective show" of magazine pieces and snippets selected by William Cole (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95), is a readable book. Chasing a snicker, this writer will patronize anyone, including—for no stated reason and in an undergraduate tone—his mother. ("I switched to a proper filial expression, embraced the dear woman. . .") He rates himself high, sometimes without a reassuring wink, and explains that he never looked into Fowler's *Modern English Usage* because that "would be like Escoffier consulting Mrs. Beeton." And there are moments when, seeking the urbane note, he racks himself up in poolroom cynicism. The best of his work, though, is sane, unillusioned, kindly, and good-humored. And in the prize piece of the collection, a perfectly poised reading of some letters written by a Normandy man at the front in the first world war, he shapes a pattern in which better than a quarter of a century of French history is made comprehensible in terms of simple human feelings.

The Swivel Chair



Gone. Where? Gone where every right-minded man and woman should be — in wily and honey-tongued pursuit of the people who will give him books for Christmas. So that no time may be

wasted on an unlikely prospect this page provides the public images of a few potential gift-givers and the books they are even now reading before wrapping as gifts — gifts that could be for you if you correctly identify your quarry. The images themselves, incidentally, are from **The McLandress Dimension** by Mark Epernay (\$3.75). They were drawn by James Stevenson to illustrate an already graphic diagnosis of our social syndrome. They have variously been ex-automated from tomorrow's State Department, kicked upstairs by a relentless prestige horizon measurement, or clocked and categorized by the McLandress sociometric coefficient, but they are all book readers, buyers and givers, and they are promising sources of your most prized Christmas presents.

If you want a sure thing, try the fortune teller. **Powers of Attorney** by Louis Auchincloss (\$4.50), a best seller as fast as possible after publication, antedates this wizard's prediction, but by such as Mr. Auchincloss fortune tellers stay in business. Of **Dorothy and Red** by Vincent Sheean (\$6.95) John Gunther wrote the publishers, "one of the most piercing love stories in literary history . . . reveals those two remarkable characters, Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis, in a totally new, stunning light." If you have read the section in *Harper's* you have your own crystal ball.



Or search between the lines and behind the scenes for a king-making commentator. He may be too busy to buy it for you* but on his recommendation get **East and West** by C. Northcote Parkinson (\$5.00) for historical perspective. For a challenging discussion of a national problem, **The Miseducation of American Teachers** by James D. Koerner (\$4.95). And speaking of perspective there's a wealth of it in **Paths of American Thought** edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. and Morton White (\$7.50), the combination of historian and philosopher in search of the best expression of the changing American image in writings ranging from Benjamin Franklin to James B. Conant.



This man is discriminating and articulate. His own pleasure in a literary discovery will be doubled by yours. For instance **Men and Centuries** by J. H. Plumb (\$6.00) every page of which is fine writing, or that odd and hastily concealed affair of **Jamaican Blood and Victorian**.

*you could charge it to his account



Conscience by Bernard Semmel (\$4.50). And if you have read that masterly Tolkien trilogy **The Lord of the Rings**, here is the dividend, **The Adventures of Tom Bombadil** by J. R. R. Tolkien (\$3.50), the legends of the Shire in verse. A beautifully illustrated gift book. And for the inner sanctum the book about publishing, **Parnassus Corner, A Life of James T. Fields, Publisher to the Victorians**, by W. S. Tyron (\$7.00).



To the queen's taste is the newest in historical fiction, preeminently **The King's Orchard** by Agnes Sligh Turnbull (\$5.95), a biographical novel of one of the most dynamic figures ever to be rescued from the skeletal pages of frontier history. A century's span of family history is **Tears are for the Living** by Margaret Banister (\$5.75). And certainly **The Mercenary** by Charles Durbin (\$5.00), **The Fortunes of Gianpaolo Baglioni of Perugia** as it might have been told by Machiavelli.

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The academic mentor in your life can shop for you by mail this Christmas. To him the news of a one volume edition of **U.S.A.** by Dos Passos (\$10.00) or a glance down the list of Sentry edition titles can settle everything with dispatch and serenity. He will be familiar with Sentries, but if they are still new to your bookstore, consider the temptation of a cloth-bound paperback series ranging from works by Archibald MacLeish and John Kenneth Galbraith to Henry Adams and Thoreau, from \$1.20 to a top of \$2.85.

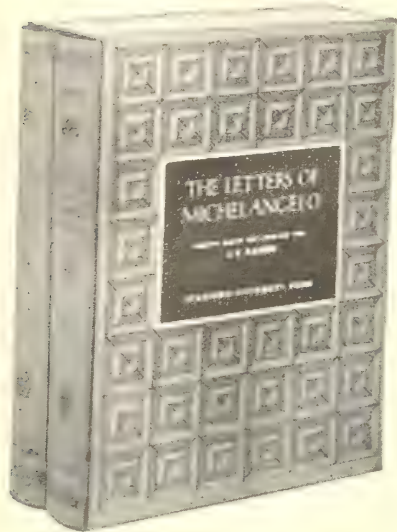


This man is a Sound-bound armchair traveler but his taste in books for those willing to walk is as impeccable as his taste in martinis. Hope that he is aware of the newest in the incomparable Peterson series, **A Field Guide to Rocky Mountain Wildflowers** (\$4.95), and at very least the most recent addition to the Sounds of Nature book-and-record album series, **Dawn in a Duckblind** (\$6.95).



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THE NEW BOOKS

Professorial not reportorial humor is the stuff of the pseudonymous Mark Epernay's *The McLandress Dimension* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75), a collection of fantasies stimulated by the ascendancy of social science in the federal bureaucracy. And it is precisely the right kind of humor for the writer's purpose, which is to tease status anxiety, the dementia of the radical right, and the new diplomacy of stock response. The slickest invention of the book is a rhetorical principle of "overlapping moderation"; voters who master it will not be puzzled for an instant by any political speech they hear between now and next November. (The principle directs each candidate to show his responsibility, while orating, by planting a hearty *however* in every other row of his type: "Fallout shelters are an elementary precaution against the eventuality of nuclear war. However, it must be conceded that they do not offer any effective precaution.") The inventor of the principle ought perhaps to be angrier than he is about the phenomena it describes. But if he were angrier he would not have been able to focus the fatuity for others to see. Epernay does make his point.

There are a great many speeches, a few of them formal, more of them spontaneous utterances of the heart, in Sigmund Diamond's *The Nation Transformed* (Braziller, \$8.50), a remarkable documentary history of America in the late nineteenth century. And, read in the light of the editor's imaginative commentary, they offer much aid to readers concerned to understand how we arrived where we now are. The editor tapped hitherto neglected troves in pursuit of the Gilded Age—from letters of immigrants to U. S. Industrial Commission hearings. And his book reverberates throughout with the sound of human voices—a brave Chicago housewife defending her husband charged with being a scab, an unctuous Senator explaining "the facts of the economic system," a meeching president of the National Education Association declaring that "businessmen . . . pay the bills and, therefore, have a right to say what they shall have in their schools," a moving voice speaking for "The Colored People of Massachusetts" in an open letter to McKinley: "We have

suffered, sir—God knows how much we have suffered!" As is evident, some problems that emerged during the creation of the industrial society have persisted; others have not; and only an extremely tendentious reader will finish this enormous text assured that the ideals of decency and humanity are more remote now than they were then. Distinguished for its taste and unobtrusive scholarship, *The Nation Transformed* is among the most entertaining works of its kind ever produced in, or about, this country.

Growing Up Sensible

In every country clarity and order depend on knowledge of the self as well as of society, and in a nation transformed few human stories can match the interest of a tale of individual effort at self-transformation. The tale of this kind implicit in *The Letters of Scott Fitzgerald*, edited by Andrew Turnbull (Scribner, \$10), is, if anything, too instructive. For what it teaches is the irremediable insufficiency of human efforts at self-reform, the impossibility of willing yourself into maturity. Sentimentalists will have it otherwise, Fitzgerald himself wanted it otherwise, but the record of his correspondence is no chart of Progress either up or down. The man, as these letters reveal him, was wise, trivial, heroic, mean—and beautifully gifted—when he began and when he ended. At any moment in his career he could speak in the voice of a fraternity rushing chairman, or with superb bitter percipience that conceivably could frighten Princeton a little even now:

Nobody naturally likes a mind quicker than their own and one more capable of getting its operation into words. It is practically something to conceal. The history of men's minds has been the concealing of them, until men cry out for intelligence, and the thing has to be brought into use.

The editor, author of a biography of Fitzgerald, knew the writer personally, and some of the best letters in the book are addressed to him. His editorial manners are impeccably modest; his index is bad. This is in no way a heartening book, but it is continuously absorbing.

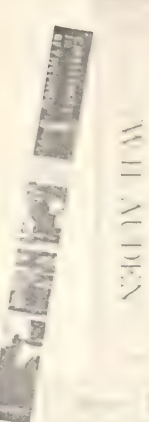
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THE NEW BOOKS

Fitzgerald's most affecting letters were addressed to his daughter—moral epistles the more poignant because the truths the writer hoped to inculcate had cost him dear in the learning. They are affecting not because feeling flows easily in them, however, but because it does not; everywhere there are signs of that familiar abrupt withdrawal of sympathy which, time and time over, in families high and low, breaks connections between parent and child. ("You have reached the age," Fitzgerald writes a shade too objectively, "when one is of interest to an adult only insofar as one seems to have a future. . . .") The value of *A Reader for Parents*, edited by Anna W. M. Wolf and the Child Study Association of America (Norton, \$8.95), is that the stories, poems, and biographical fragments it assembles fairly shout that, whatever the adult makes of him, the adolescent does have a present and is desperately quick with life. The aim of the book, doubtless, was to persuade psychology-ridden parents that truths of youth have been told by imaginative writers in forms more palatable even than Instant Gesell. A number of the sixty-odd selections are predictable—*Huck Finn* once more—but there are sharply phrased, less well-known jottings on boyish and girlish days from writers as various as Eleanor Roosevelt, Richard Wilbur, and Charles Chaplin, Jr. And Lore Groszman Segal's account of a refugee child's separation from her Austrian parents, with its hint that the excruciatingly near-miss is the perpetual order of communication from the young to the old, is itself worth half the price of the book.

We Manage

There was a time, as some will remember, when the imaginative artist's abilities as a counselor and chaos-mender didn't need to be puffed by child-study associations. People in the market for understanding, domestic understanding in particular, sought out the novelist as a matter of course. Robert Creeley's *The Island* (Scribner, \$3.50) is neither sizable nor noisy enough to restore those days at a stroke; its hero is a man of pathological incertitude, and none of the book's subjects (ex-

patriates, a Mediterranean writers colony, the flickering life of a marriage) are new to print. But this is a notable first novel. Its author writes like a man crossing a minefield—every word a grim step, an act of difficult trust—but genuineness is the effect. As he edges patiently into the character of the husband and wife at the center of the tale, a contemporary kind of marriedness springs up from the page, and mysteries of endurance and satisfaction are believably represented and explained.

Endurance is the theme also of Samuel Selvon's *I Hear Thunder* (St. Martin's, \$3.95), but grimness comes much harder to this novelist, a West Indian, than to Robert Creeley. A laughing larkish book, *I Hear Thunder* begins with a tricky situation—a Trinidad man returns to his homeland from England with a medical degree and a whitelady bride. And in nearly every chapter, amid beach parties, festivals, and kite battles, the author adds fresh disasters to the lives of his principals. Cheerfulness constantly breaks through, though, and long before the end, the book's subject becomes the human capacity for passing "the breaking point," for proceeding endlessly through accident, chaos, and tragedy as though (honestly) things never really are unendurable. At the crisis of the tale the narrator gazes out at his dancing friends—figures gay despite wasted hope, wrecked marriages, defeated ambitions. He hears rumbling in the heavens and translates it into a "thunderous realization":

How expert were these people he thought he knew! With the utmost calmness, the greatest serenity, as if there were no punctuation marks, no turning aside or halting or floundering or hesitation, they continued their lives with no signs of wear and tear. . . . Always and always, talking and laughing, drinking, going about their daily lives and meetings as if no power on earth could cause a pause or a stumble.

Few men can hear Yes in thunder every time it storms; in Port of Spain as in Washington faith in ongoingness will not serve efficiently all the year round. But as a present in the season of gift-giving, clearly dated, useful in many common emergencies, it does very nicely indeed.

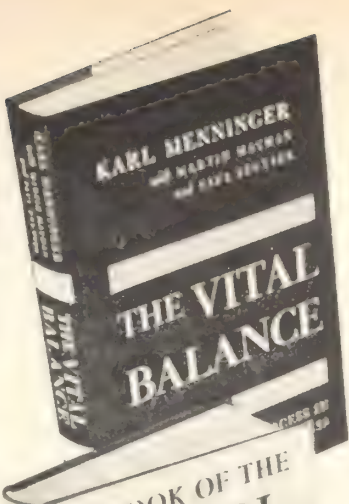
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The New Children's Books

How to Winnow the Good Ones out of the Heaps of Chaff

by Ruth Hill Viguers

Mrs. Viguers is editor of "The Horn Book Magazine" and co-author of "A Critical History of Children's Literature." She has also been a children's librarian, has three children, and teaches at Simmons College.

In 1903 Edith Wharton wrote an essay which began: "That 'diffusion of knowledge' commonly classed with steam heat and universal suffrage in the category of modern improvements has incidentally brought about the production of a new vice—the vice of reading." People who cannot read creatively but who read mechanically, who "make it a rule to read," and for whom the "penny-in-a-slot or touch-the-button books, which require no effort beyond turning the pages and using one's eyes," are especially designed, Edith Wharton considered a potential danger to the body of letters.

Still extant are people for whom reading is no more extraordinary than breathing—and just as necessary—but they are becoming rare. If the present trend to give children only the "penny-in-a-slot or touch-the-button books" continues, natural readers should be almost extinct by another generation.

The need for words to communicate recent astonishing developments of science and technology may be responsible for the preoccupation with reading as a practical necessity. Also mechanized entertainment has taken time that in the past was spent in reading. More significant, however, than either of these reasons for the decline of reading as a reflex action is that *relatively few people grow up seeing around them the kind of books that human beings of any age turn to naturally.*

Too many juvenile books are bright

packages containing very dull material. The "mechanical reader armed with a high conception of his duty" has invaded the general domain of letters today and, collaborating with the prospector and the merchant, has staked his claim to the field of children's books. And children who might be natural readers have been cut off from the opportunity to cultivate the art of reading.

Controversies over techniques of reading, publication of books that are "curricula-oriented," artificial tricks and gadgets devised to persuade the reluctant child that "reading is fun," the categorizing by grade or age even of books for reading outside of school—all emphasize reading as a purposeful activity directed toward a specific end. Reading is no longer taken for granted as one of the natural privileges of life, not to be noticed and thanked God for except after deprivation, as one would notice and be grateful for a sudden breath of sea air after months of city streets.

Exploitation of children did not end with child labor laws. It is their exploitation, not as a labor force but as a *market*, that has had the deadening effect on the reading habits of this country. No doubt children are being exploited as consumers in many ways, but since only in childhood do books make any deep impression on the human personality, exploitation in this area is a major destructive force.

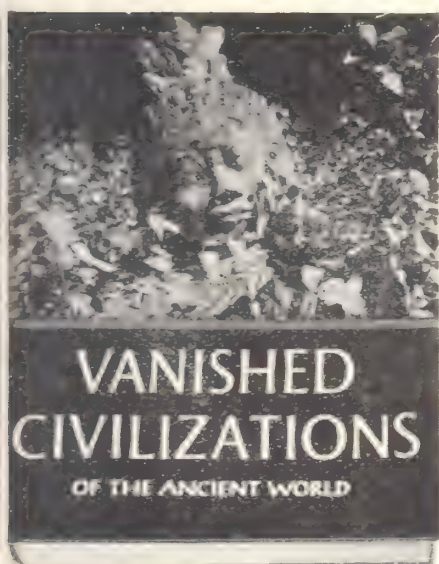
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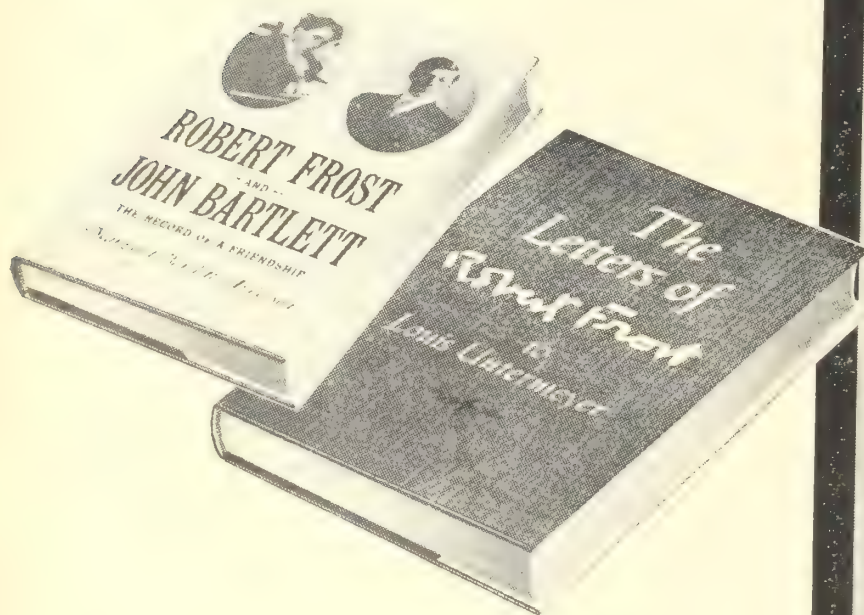
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children every advantage, parents are quick to take suggestion from anyone who poses as having more knowledge than they. They listen to the loud voice of the mechanical reader, invading literature and promoting the "penny-in-a-slot or touch-the-button books." They accept the idea that they need not trouble about what their children read. Just leave it to the experts and follow the signs. And the first signs say, "Just Beginning to Read Books," "Easy to Read Books," and so on, even the asinine "Beginner Books. I Can Read It All by Myself." One of the numerous desecrations of literature in the name of encouraging young children to read is a recent publishing of Andersen's "Ugly Duckling" in a book retitled *The Funny Baby* (Follett) and retold in "just forty preprime words."

Lure for Writers

Some writers are as ingenuous as some parents. Although they may have warm memories of books they read as children and want the best for their own, they are easily persuaded that children as a whole are stupid little monsters who must have books with limited vocabularies and limited horizons. Authors apparently respond with excitement when they get some such communication as this: "We are starting a superb new series of books for children written within limited vocabularies to meet the modern child's needs, and, since children should have the best, we are asking some of the great masters of English prose and poetry to write these books. We hope you will be one of them."

The naïve writer thinks he is making a great contribution to childhood, the naïve parent is impressed with the writer's name on a spectacular-looking but wholly ineffectual book, and the child is the loser.

For the older child help may come from a branch of a prominent book club. "Pleasurable reading at home is an absolute essential for doing well in every subject your child studies in school," says the promotion, which then asks, "Is it possible to make a youngster enjoy reading?" The answer is, "Yes, if you go about it sensibly. Under a simple subscription arrangement it is possible for

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

our children to receive at regular intervals books about history and science written by many of the most celebrated writers of our time. This is a commonsense plan designed to help parents who are anxious to instill in their children an abiding love of reading." And even book lovers who happen to be parents—or whom reading is a means of communication with great minds, a source of joy and spiritual growth as well as intellectual stimulation—will settle for "a commonsense plan" for their children.

A commonsense plan to instill in our child an abiding love of reading! The mechanical reader would catch a sunset in a nylon net.

Promotion for this plan boasts that, since 1950, twenty-five million copies of the books in its two informational series "have been received and devoured at home by eager readers." Undoubtedly these books have given several million earnest parents a comfortable sense of having done their duty. It would be interesting to know if any of today's young adults found their way into the world of literature along this dull path.

Gold in Series

Countless series of books, sometimes written as fiction but all patterned to inform, have given parents something to clutch at when buying children's books: Great Events Series, Landmark Books, All About Series, and all the rest are indicative of the gold to be found in publishing for American children, who are mightier numerically than ever before. And children must learn.

A work of art, whether a painting, a sonata, or a children's book, cannot be achieved by command or assignment. Creative geniuses may be few, but there are a number of talented and many adequate writers of children's books. The vast gold deposits in the very numbers of children who must be educated and informed have been so great a temptation, and competent writers so readily found, that the resulting trend to let textbook-type material supplant books as literature is not surprising.

Children are not going to discover what reading really means if they

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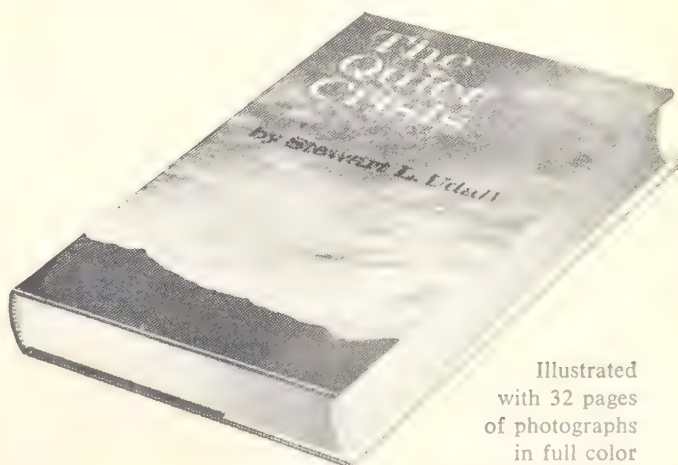
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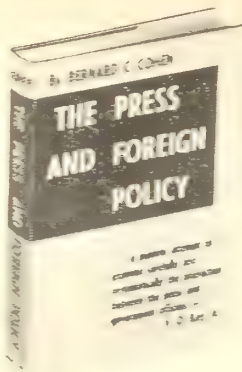
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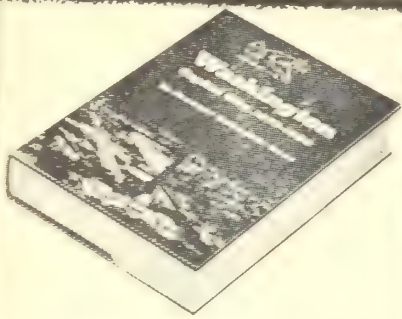


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come home from school to books from the Funways to Learning series instead of to the high adventure of *The Hobbit* (Houghton Mifflin), *Banner in the Sky* (Lippincott), *Daughter of the Moon* (Viking), or the wealth of great legends and fairy stories. Information showered upon children may help them develop a useful crust of knowledge, but true education begins in the heart and only the shaft of a creative work can pierce so deep.

From patterned, contrived writing the one thing children are likely to learn is that books are synonymous with duty, to be endured while parents and teachers have the upper hand, but one day to be rejected joyfully. Such books may have carried the school curriculum into the ubiquitous family room, but they have not liberated the child's mind to escape on its own business.

There are informational books—seldom found, however, among the labeled series—that are accurate, authentic, and creatively written and illustrated. Among those published in 1963 is such variety as Russell Davis and Brent Ashabraner's story of West Africa, *Land in the Sun* (Little, Brown); Dorothy Sterling's *Forever Free* (Doubleday), which chronicles the long, continuing struggle for freedom and puts in perspective the Negro's role in history; Jeannette Covert Nolan's *The Ship Heard Round the World* (Messner), which delves into the lives and personalities of the men behind the events at Concord and Lexington; Katherine Shippen's remarkable story of archaeology, *Portals to the Past* (Viking); Anthony Ravielli's scientific picture book, *The World Is Round* (Viking); and *Jewels for a Crown* (McGraw-Hill) by Miriam Freund, the story, illustrated with brilliant pictures, of Chagall's Jerusalem windows. But books like these are buried under the mounds of slight material, profusely illustrated and flashily bound in book form. A good young people's encyclopedia would serve children far better.

Sold by the Pound

The books adults are most inclined to notice, and often admire, are the tremendous oversized volumes so conspicuous in bookshops. ("They should

be sold by the pound," commented one reviewer.) Pretentiousness of important names may sell books to adults, but those qualities do not endear books to children. The Beat Potter books in the diminutive authorized editions have never been supplanted in the affections of young children. Though small and modest, these books are examples of human dignity, and complete lack of condescension in writing and illustrating for children. Unfortunately the child who must become acquainted with Andersen's *The Thumbelina* in a volume almost as wide and thirteen inches tall. A Radcliffe-graduate mother might be impressed that an essay by Isak Dinesen introduces the collection, but her children care not at all.

Howard Pyle's *Merry Adventures of Robin Hood* was one of the first books Theodore Roosevelt was reputed to have taken with him on his big-game hunting expeditions. The publishers, however, never used his name or picture to sell the book. It has continued through the years to stand without help and to be a reward in itself to the reader who finds very special meat in it. *Huckleberry Finn*, *Jane Eyre*, and many other classic stories do not need important names endorsing them or self-conscious introductions or afterword addressed to teen-agers. Such books need only to be available and they have been, in good editions, for many years. To have a choice of editions of favorite books is good, but five or six editions of *Little Women* or *Huckleberry Finn* or *Black Beauty* are quite enough. More evidence that publishers are wearing blinders: deliberately oblivious to what is already available, they are galloping toward the commercial carrot at the end of the stick.

A direct result of the mass production of books to fit labels and the creation of labels to entice the unwary buyer has been a lowering of the appreciation and status of all children's books. The term "juveniles" with its nonliterary connotation is applied to all books for children, from the feeblest easy readers, the "cutest" picture books, and the dullest allabouts, to the truly inspired books, written and illustrated with talent and power.

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

who would never attempt other writing, are sure they can write for children.

No wonder some authors admit with an air of apology to having written a children's book.

No wonder few educated parents will take time to read children's books.

No wonder few newspapers or magazines regularly review children's books, and those that do consider brief annotations sufficient. Almost never is an important book given the dignity of a real review by a reviewer with adequate background to evaluate it.

We need people like Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of the long-loved-and-lost *St. Nicholas*. When Kipling suggested he might write something for her magazine, she asked him, "Are you sure you are equal to it?"

The best children's books are long remembered and become part of the personalities of their readers because they make demands on the imagination and creativity of those readers and because they are read in the most impressionable years. *Miss Hickory* (Viking), *The White Stag* (Viking), *Charlotte's Web* (Harper), *The Borrowers* (Harcourt), *Roller Skates* (Viking), *The Wheel on the School* (Harper), *The Trumpeter of Krakow* (Macmillan), *My Side of the Mountain* (Dutton) come quickly to mind. All were published for children. All can be enjoyed by adults. All make demands on readers of any age. None was written or published to be a learning experience. Each is a work of art—to make a work of art a part of oneself is to make life richer forever after.

More than Merchandise

Children whose parents are not able to buy them books but who often use public libraries fare better than the ones whose mothers pick up children's books in the supermarket or keep their children supplied with the latest in a familiar series. Unless adults are willing to take time to be informed on good children's books before buying, they would serve their children better by making possible frequent visits to a library where they have the help of a good children's librarian. Personal ownership of books merely because they

are cheap is more profitable to the publisher than to the child.

Business reports show that "juveniles and textbooks are the fastest-growing segments" of publishing. Because children's book departments are sound business, new companies have been formed to publish only children's books; and long-established companies have, for the first time, been adding juvenile departments.

Sound business need not be harmful to the consumer. Companies that take pride in publishing only a few, but good, children's books each year have managed to survive. Their books will be enjoyed by continuing generations even while they are assets on the financial records. No longer is there doubt about the profitability of producing anything needed by children. What should not be forgotten is that books are more than merchandise and that books in childhood have power.

Worth Digging For

This is not news to people working with children and books. Some of them were no doubt surprised one morning last August to find this headline in the *New York Times*: "Nations' Destiny Linked to Books. Children's Reading Tends to Shape Countries' Outlook, Psychologist Suggests." The obvious had at last become news.

Now that children's book publishing is being noticed by the general public, adults blast forth with articles announcing that children's books are trash. Or they bemoan that children's books today have none of the power, beauty, and excitement of the ones they remember.

The good books do exist in encouraging numbers, but it is almost a full-time job to find them. Under the haystack of easy-to-reads, the overly cute, the proliferation of a Dr. Seuss, and the repetitious anthropomorphism, can be found, among 1963 publications alone, such picture books as Bruno Munari's handsome *Zoo* (World); James and Ruth McCrea's *The King's Procession* (Atheneum), with its gentle story and beautiful bookmaking; Leo Lionni's *Swimmy* (Pantheon), with its unusual treatment of lights and shadows and the wetness of the deep-sea world; Ro-

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

bert McCloskey's *Burt Dow* (Viking), with its tall-tale nonsense and spectacular armada of rainbow-hued whales; Sorche Nic Leodhas' Scottish tale, *All in the Morning Early* (Holt), with Evaline Ness's morning-fresh pictures; and Adrienne Adams' richly colored illustrations for the old Provençal carol, *Bring a Torch Jeanette, Isabella* (Scribner).

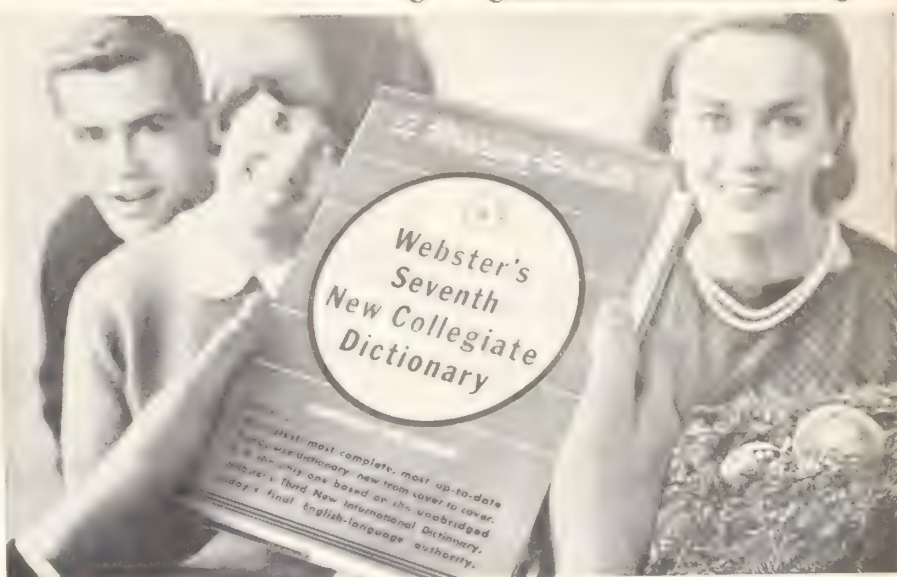
Under the load of blown-up fairy-tale books can be found the work of artists like Felix Hoffmann and Paul Galdone, creating from folk material picture books having spontaneity and humor and sometimes great beauty. Compared with the overillustrated books that some artists seem to use as opportunities to show off, Andersen's *Wild Swans* (Scribner), illustrated by Marcia Brown, shines out in beauty and integrity. The pictures flow from the story itself. And using only warm gray with strokes of black and tones of coral the artist has put her imagination and creativity completely at the disposal of the story.

In "On Three Ways of Writing for Children," C. S. Lewis says that the only way he could ever use "consists in writing a children's story because a children's story is the best art form for something you have to say," and later that he would be "inclined to set it up as a canon that a children's story that is enjoyed only by children is a bad children's story. The good ones last."

Nothing seems to me more fatal for this art, than an idea that whatever we share with children is, in the privative sense, "childish" and that whatever is childish is somehow comic. We must meet children as equals in that area of our nature where we are their equals. Our superiority consists partly in commanding other areas, and partly (which is more relevant) in the fact that we are better at telling stories than they are. The child as reader is neither to be patronized nor idolized.

Mr. Lewis' stories of the mythical world of Narnia are examples of books that are not left behind with the outgrown trappings of childhood. There are others who approach writing for children as an art demanding their best: Rumer Godden, Scott O'Dell, Madeleine L'Engle, Rosemary Sutcliff, Ruth Sawyer, Geoffrey Trease, Elizabeth George

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To be sure you're right — insist on

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Speare, and Meindert DeJong are only a few.

There are books published in 1963, of which the following is but a sampling, that seem to have qualities of permanence. Harry Behn's *Far-away Lurs* (World) is an unforgettable evocation of life three thousand years ago. Erik Christian Haugaard's *Hakon of Rogen's Saga* (Houghton) has excitement, reality, and the power of a Norse epic. Two fantasies have almost gemlike perfection of detail: Elizabeth Enright's *Tatsinda* (Harcourt) and Edgar Parker's *Dream of the Dormouse* (Houghton). Little-known incidents in history have inspired such unusual books as Elizabeth Coatsworth's story set in Abyssinia, *The Princess and the Lion* (Pantheon); Hester Burton's tale of Lord Nelson's time, *Castors Away!* (World); and Elizabeth Borton de Treviño's story of a mute Indian boy and a beautiful deer in seventeenth-century Mexico, *Nacar, the White Deer* (Farrar). There is strong reality in such historical tales as Barbara Leonie Piccard's *Lost John* (Criterion), a story of outlaws in the Forest of Arden in the Middle Ages; in John and Patricia Beatty's *At the Seven Stars* (Macmillan), a novel of eighteenth-century London and of the conspiracies to overthrow George II; and in Annabel and Edgar Johnson's story laid in the Colorado of gold-rush days, *A Golden Touch* (Harper). The style of Gwendolyn Bowlers' *Brother to Galahad* (Walck) shows the author's complete immersion in the sources of Arthurian legend. Edward Ormondroyd's *Time at the Top* (Parnassus) has its present-day heroine stepping back into the nineteenth century, but gives original treatment to this device. These books, written for reading, not for informing, come close to being works of art.

Behind the annual publication of the occasional excellent, original books and the few hundred very good books are children's book editors who possess creativity, wide knowledge of books, and understanding of their responsibility to children. As long as these editors have the freedom to be discriminating, there will be a core of important books each year to pass on to new generations of children.

For Christmas

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Spectaculars

Great Gardens of the Western World, by Peter Coats. Introduction by Harold Nicolson.

About 400 photographs, forty in full color, of some forty gardens, most of them elegantly formal, of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Russia, and Ireland. Selected and with most knowledgeable historical and horticultural text by the man who, among other things, "once resplendent in a gold and white uniform . . . presided over the Lutyens garden at Delhi."

Putnam, \$19.95 to Jan. 1, 1964
\$22.95 thereafter

Royal Portraits, by Cecil Beaton. Introduction by Peter Quennell.

Photographs of the descendants of George V of England, a mixture of elegance, informality, and Mr. Beaton's particular gift of radiance. A fairy tale of a book.

Bobbs-Merrill, \$15

The Book of the American West, edited by Jay Monaghan. Art Director, Clarence P. Hornung.

Mr. Monaghan, Consultant to the Wyles Collection of Lincolniana and Western Americana at the University of California, has, with the help of ten other authorities on various aspects of the American West, assembled this collection of text and pictures, fact and legend. More than 200 illustrations, many in color, and many Remington engravings from *Harper's Weekly*.

Messner, \$17.50 till Christmas
\$22.50 thereafter

The World in Vogue.

The subtitle reads: "Seven momentous decades of the names, the faces, and the writing that have held the public eye in the arts, society, literature, theatre, fashion, sports, world affairs." Jessica Daves in her foreword reminds us that in the first of those decades "the automobile was barely born, the aeroplane unknown; the motion picture was a Kinetoscope. No one had ever heard a radio or

looked at television; had ever talked across the ocean or across the continent—and very few had even talked across a city." We all know that, but only this kind of dramatic panorama of the changes can bring it home (*Vanity Fair* produced one last year). Remembered snobberies and delights—"high society," beloved heroes and heroines in every field—are captured here, forever young, no matter how ridiculous now the car, the costume, or the context.

Viking, \$16

For the Literary-minded
Selected Prefaces and Introductions of W. Somerset Maugham.

Comments on his own work and that of other writers which seem to me indispensable for young readers and writers of fiction and delightful stimulation for their elders.

Doubleday, \$4.50

Fiction of the Forties, by Chester E. Eisinger.

The Search for Self, the dominant theme of fiction in the 1940s, is discussed by Professor Eisinger under headings such as "Naturalism: The Tactics for Survival," "Fiction and the Liberal Reassessment," "In Search of Man and America." Challenging topics, full of an extraordinary number of specific references, titles, authors synthesized by a mind apparently encyclopedic in this area.

Chicago, \$7.95

An Uninhibited Treasury of Erotic Poetry, edited and with running commentary by Louis Untermeyer.

Dial, \$7.50

Erotic Poetry: The Lyrics, Ballads, Idyls and Epics of Love—Classical to Contemporary, edited by William Cole. Foreword by Stephen Spender.

Random House, \$8.95

It might seem excessive that two gigantic volumes of erotic poetry should have been carefully edited and presented within two weeks of each other. But here they both are, fat, frisky, tender, lustful, and unashamed. Both editors are veteran anthologists; both volumes include

FOR CHRISTMAS

classical to contemporary" poets; both contain (obviously) many of the same poets (Mr. Untermeyer among them), though I (without reading every poem) did not find much duplication. Mr. Cole's book includes more poets in fewer pages; has an interesting foreword querying how one defines erotic poetry; and also contains that invaluable aid, an index of first lines. On the other hand, Mr. Untermeyer's foreword and his comments on the poets and their poetry are continuously lively and useful.

For the Aficionado

A Gardner's Book of Plant Names, by A. W. Smith.

Four thousand botanical names, cross-indexed with their common equivalents, giving derivations, pronunciations, and all manner of interesting historical and linguistic lore. By a man who as a scholar, soldier, and gardener was a knowledgeable and dedicated participant in gardening in many parts of the world. Harper & Row, \$5.95

A Life in Photography, by Edward Steichen.

An autobiography, with 250 self-chosen photographs to illustrate the highlights of a lifetime's (eighty-four years') work. By one of the greatest photographers of all.

Doubleday, \$19.50

Photographs by Cartier-Bresson. Introduction by Lincoln Kirstein and Beaumont Newhall.

This is a new version of the book published by the Museum of Modern Art at the time it exhibited M. Cartier-Bresson's work in 1947. He is a photographer who captures in his magical lens visual moments as dramatic and evanescent as bird-song.

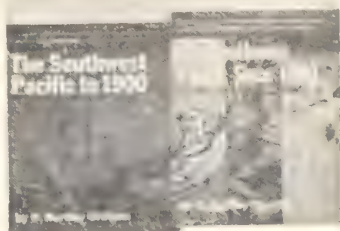
Grossman, \$2.50, paper, \$4, cloth

Know Your Toes, by William North Jayme and Roderick Cook. Drawings by Walter and Naiad Einsel.

A delightful miscellany of doggerel and devices one uses to remember how many days hath September, which side is port, whether it's stalagmite or stalactite, what befell Henry VIII's wives ("Divorced, beheaded, and died/Divorced, beheaded, survived/"). Good for all ages.

Potter, \$3.95

The University of Michigan History of the Modern World. Edited by Allan Nevins and Howard M. Ehrmann.



These are two of the most interesting volumes in The University of Michigan History of the Modern World because they treat a region of the globe commonly neglected by historians. (The volumes may be ordered separately.)

"...the Pacific is a world in itself; a region of the world with its own history and culture, its own problems and opportunities. Towards a wider recognition of its importance this book marks an important step. It is a well-written and well-produced volume and all who read it will look out for the sequel *The Southwest Pacific Since 1900*. ...One of the most valuable parts of this book is its list of suggested readings—not a mere list of titles but an analytical and descriptive guide to the literature available on this fascinating and important subject."

—C. Northcote Parkinson

"...remarkable volume...highly readable....Since *The Southwest Pacific to 1900* is such an excellent guide to colonial politics, we are bound to learn a great deal about the national and international politics of the area in *The Southwest Pacific Since 1900*."

—New York Times Book Review



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a Spanish
mystic?



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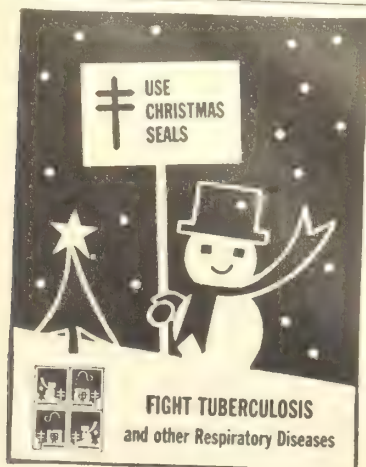
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MUSIC in the round

by Discus

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Nowadays singers follow the dictates of the composer—or else.... Has opera gained or lost by the new technique?

In musical circles, every age sees the death of singing. The old-timers, eyeing today's crop, laugh with derision and talk about the great days of Flagstad, Melchior, Rethberg, and Bori. In the days of Flagstad, Melchior, Rethberg, and Bori they were laughing with derision and talking about the great days of Caruso, Fremstad, Destinn, Melba, Galski. In *those* days they were laughing with derision and talking about Lilli Lehmann, Materna, Jan de Reszke. And so back to Patti, Malibran, Lablache, and the castrato singers.

But it is today's crop we must live with, and the last decade has brought unusual singers to the top. It may be that vocal greatness is not as common today as it was in previous generations. A look at a representative Metropolitan Opera cast of 1900 against one of today's is pretty devastating. There were a greater number of immensely gifted singers in those days. Whether or not we would respond to their type of singing is another matter. The singers several generations back (judging from their recordings) were interested first in voice, secondly in the music. They were trained vocally, not musically. In matters of rhythm and even pitch, they tended to be erratic. In matters of phrase they could be anarchic. *They* were the important ones, not the composer; virtuosity was more important than musicality; a long-held high note or a glittering trill meant much more than a subtle turn of phrase.

Today the entire philosophy has shifted. Where, in the olden times, composers were resigned to the fact

that singers were a law unto themselves, changing the music to suit their whims, adding interpolations to show themselves off, today all musicians are trained to respect the printed note. The result, of course, is a type of musicianship completely alien to the older singers.

Virtually the only living singer who is a throwback is Joan Sutherland. In her type of repertoire (Handel and the *bel canto* school) she consciously tries to restore an old tradition, which means that she looks with much freedom on the printed note. All other singers today are, in effect, slaves to the printed note (and that goes for all musicians). Gluck, in the eighteenth century, had tried to reform opera insisting that singers sing only what was written; but his attempt was swept away in the *bel canto* operas of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti. It was not until Verdi and Wagner that operas were written in which the singer was expected to follow the dictates of the composer—or else. But old traditions die hard, and singers still continued to place their egocentric little selves ahead of everything else. Not until the end of the first world war did the tradition of vocal supremacy die away.

But, one wonders, has opera gained or lost thereby? Does not a too-slavish textual adherence lead to an overwhelming uniformity in interpretation? Granted that every singer, by virtue of physiology, is different from every other singer in vocal texture, timbre, and technique. But can it not also be granted that the tendency today is for every singer to phrase much the same, use much the same tempos, without the individuality that the previous generations used to have? In short, is there not a way for today's singers to combine the best of the old and

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

the new—to achieve the personality of the old school without falling into its excesses?

In her new recording of *La Traviata* (London A 1366, mono; OSA 1366, stereo; 3 discs), Joan Sutherland has not solved the problem. In some of her previous albums (*La Sonnambula*, *Alcina*; miscellaneous coloratura arias) she has made a big impression by the strength of her coloratura and the size and beauty of her voice. But in the role of Violetta, a highly dramatic one, she sounds curiously inhibited. It is as if she is singing the notes by rote, and she seems unable to get the characterization across. In addition, she is developing some distressing vocal habits. A few off-pitch notes can be pardoned; but much more annoying is her increasing habit of attacking note after note with a swell preceded by a puff of breath. It adds up to mannered, artificial singing; and this is to be deplored from Sutherland, who has it in her to be the greatest soprano of the period (in the non-German repertoire).

The hero of this *Traviata* album is the tenor, Carlo Bergonzi, whose fluid voice and interpretive sensitivity put him at the top of today's Germonts.

Nor has Victoria de los Angeles solved the problem. She has just recorded the role of Rosina in *The Barber of Seville* by Rossini (Angel 3638, mono; S 3638, stereo; 3 discs), and on the surface she does everything expected of her. She sings the role in the original mezzo-soprano keys, her vocal timbre is as velvety as ever, and she never does anything without taste. Could one ask for more? Well, one thinks back to the blazing temperament of a previous Spanish singer, Conchita Supervia. Supervia had a voice far less beautiful than that of de los Angeles. But she used it as an expressive instrument, whereas de los Angeles is content in this album to produce only lovely sounds. When Supervia sang Rossini, one was always conscious of a vital woman, a crackling personality. She was an interpreter who could give an added dimension to a role. By comparison, de los Angeles is all tea-and-toast, little finger in air. Those interested in making the comparison are referred to a reissue of Supervia in eight Rossini arias (Wash-

ington VM 167). Supervia has a vocal flutter and can be inaccurate at times. But what sex appeal! What temperament! What musicality and sheer excitement!

Most of the other singers in this new *Barber*—they include Luigi Alva, Sesto Bruscantini, Carlo Cava, and Ian Wallace—are equally bland. They faithfully reproduce the notes but neither they nor the conductor, Vittorio Gui, manage to get the work's sparkle and Italianate quality.

And so we turn to another one of today's great sopranos, Leontyne Price, in her new recording of Puccini's *Tosca* (Victor LS 7022, mono; LDS 7022, stereo; 2 discs). As pure singing, her interpretation has much to admire (barring some off-pitch moments, such as the ending of *Vissi d'arte*). Price can pour flood upon flood of tone, and her rich sensuous voice is one of the century's great organs.

But here again is an instance of a singer making her points by lung power alone. The same applies to Cavaradossi, sung by Giuseppe Di Stefano, who—to put it bluntly—yells his way through the role. Price's singing is much less vulgar than Di Stefano's, but at the end of the opera, one does not say: What a moving *Tosca*! One says: What a well-sung *Tosca*! And the difference between a moving *Tosca* and a well-sung *Tosca* is the difference between an artist and a singer.

For, like so many singers who specialize in Italian opera roles, Price concentrates primarily on vocal values. Being a child of these decades, and being well trained, she is not innocent of other values. She has not yet reached the point, though, where she can sublimate herself in a role, wringing dry its emotional and dramatic content. Lucia Albanese, in her great days, could; so could Lucrezia Bori; so could Ezio Pinza; so could Tito Schipa. So could a half-dozen others, and they were the great ones. They were able to sing the notes as written and add to them their own personality. Fewer and fewer artists of that caliber are coming along. Today we have musical artists in all fields who are fine technicians and serious in their approach. The only trouble is that most of them are not particularly interesting.

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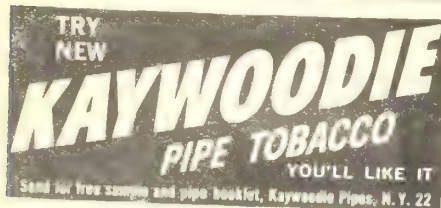
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JAZZ notes

by Eric Larrabee

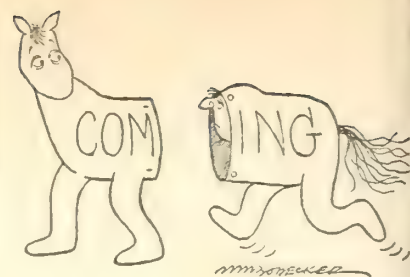
A Mix and a Miss

A hit record of a single song called "Washington Square" has served as an excuse for putting it on an LP together with other excursions into the idiom of "folk jazz" by the same group, the Village Stompers—the Village being Greenwich Village and most of the music being routine Dixieland. The folk element is expressed largely in the choice of tunes and in a twangy banjo, usually taking the lead—as in the title piece, a hypnotically monotonous affair more than a little reminiscent of "Wayfarin' Stranger." I mention it mainly as an example of cultural lag—the generation that found itself by rediscovering Appalachian ballads now rediscovers forty-year-old jazz. Each style is isolated and labeled in order to become a fad; combining them produces another fad, a process which can go on almost indefinitely. Fortunately the sense of incongruous mixtures is fun in itself. Does anyone remember Jimmie Rodgers, the Singing Brakeman or (as he was sometimes called) the Blue Yodeler? (See RCA Victor LPM-2112.) He mixed jazz with railroad-country-western-hillbilly plus a touch of Swiss mountaintop, and was a roaring success. The formula never fails.

Washington Square. The Village Stompers. Epic BN 26078.

With necessary reluctance, I would like to say a word or two on behalf of Miss June Christy. Hesitation is imposed by the fact that she is normally accounted a pop singer with jazz aspirations, and much of her style is derived. For all that, I must say I've found her singularly satisfying to listen to over years that have heard other songbirds come and go. She has a light, true voice with an appealing timbre, and she is steady and unaffected, without the wails and wheezes sometimes proffered as evidences of individuality. A depraved taste, beyond doubt, but mine own.

The Best of June Christy. Capitol ST 1693. June Christy, Big Band Specials. Capitol ST 1845.



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